GOOD WORDS

1899

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little"

HERBERT

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THE PAYMASTER'S BOY

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY NEIL MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "JOHN SPLENDID," "THE LOST PIBROCH," ETC.

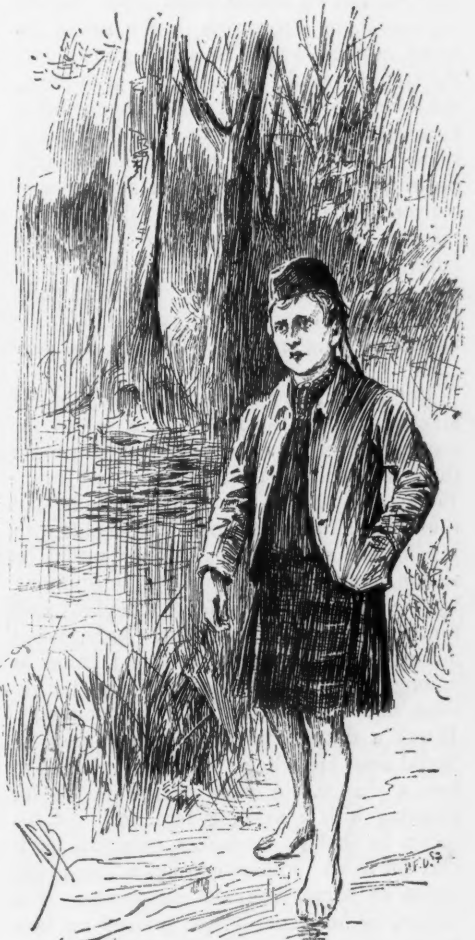
ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER I

WHEN THE GEAN-TREE BLOSSOMED

RAIN was beating on the open leaf of plane and beech, and rapping at the black doors of the ash-bud, and the scent of the gean-tree flourish hung round the road by the river, vague, sweet, haunting, like a recollection of the magic and forgotten gardens of youth. Over the high and numerous hills, mountains of deer and antique forest, went the mist, a slattern, trailing a ragged gown. The river sucked below the banks and clamoured on the cascades, drawn unwillingly to the sea, the old gluttonous sea that must be ever robbing the glens of their gathered waters. And the birds were at their loving, or the building of their homes, flying among the bushes, trolling upon the bough. One with an eye, as the saying goes, could scarcely pass among this travail of the new year without some pleasure in the spectacle, though the rain might drench him to the skin. He could not but joy in the thrusting crook of the fern and bracken; what sort of heart was his if it did not lift and swell to see the new fresh green blown upon the grey parks, to see the hedges burst, the young firs of the Blaranbui prick up among the slower elder pines and oaks?

Some of the soul and rapture of the day fell with the rain upon the boy. He hurried with bare feet along the river side from the glen to the town, a bearer of news, old news of its kind, yet great news too, but now and then he would linger in the odour of the bloom that sprayed the gean-tree like a fall of snow, or he would cast an eye admiring upon the turgid river, washing from bank to bank, and feel the strange uneasiness of wonder and surmise, the same that comes from mists that swirl in gorges of the hills or haunt old ancient woods. The sigh of the wind seemed to be for his peculiar ear. The nod of the long reeds on the banks was a salutation. There is, in a flutter of the tree's young plumage, some hint of communication whose secret we lose as we age, and the boy, among them, felt the warmth of companionship. But the sights were for the errant moments of his mind; his thoughts, most of the way, were on his message.



"A bearer of news"

He was a boy with a timid and wondering eye, a type to be seen often in those parts, and his hair blew from under his bonnet, a toss of white and gold, as it blew below the helms of the old sea-rovers. He was from Ladyfield, hastening as I say with great news though common news enough—the news that the goodwife of Ladyfield was dead.

If this were a tale of the imagination, and my task was not a work of history but to pleasure common people about a hearth, who ever love the familiar emotions in their heroes, I would credit my hero with grief. For here was his last friend gone, here was he orphaned for ever. The door of Ladyfield, where he was born and where he had slept without an absent night since first his cry rose there, a coronach in the ears of his dying mother, would be shut against him; the stranger would bar the gates at evening, the sheep upon the hills would have another keel-mark than the old one on their fleecy sides. Surely the sobs that sometimes burst up in his throat were the utter surrender of sorrow; were the tears that mingled with the rain-drops on his cheek not grief's most bitter essence? For indeed he had loved the old shrunk woman, wrinkled and brown like a nut, with a love that our race makes no parade of, but feels to the very core.

But in truth, as he went sobbing in his loneliness down the river-side, a regard for the manner of his message busied him more than the matter of it. It was not every Friday a boy had a task so momentous, had the chance to come upon households with intelligence so unsettling. They would be sitting about the table, perhaps, or spinning by the fire, the goodwife of Ladyfield still for them a living, breathing body, home among her herds, and he would come in among them and in a word bring her to their notice in all death's great monopoly. It was a duty to be done with care if he would avail himself of the whole value of so rare a chance. A mere clod would be for entering with a weeping face, to blurt his secret in shaking sentences, or would let it slip out in an indifferent tone, as one might speak of some common occurrence. But Gilian, as he went, busied himself on how he should convey most tellingly the story he brought down the glen. Should he lead up to his news by gradual steps or give it forth like an alarum? It would be a fine and rare experience to watch them for a little, as they looked and spoke with common cheerfulness, never guessing why he was there, then shock them with the intelligence, but he dare not let them think he felt so little the weightiness of his message that his mind was ready to dwell on trivialities. Should it be in Gaelic, or in English, he would tell them? Their first salutations would be in the speech of the glens; it would be, "Oh Gilian, little hero! fair fellow! there you are! sit down and have town bread, and sugar on its butter," and if he followed the usual custom he would answer in the same tongue. But between "*Tha bean Lecknamban air falbh*" and "The wife of Ladyfield is gone," there must be some careful choice. The Gaelic of it was closer on the feelings of the event; the words some way seemed to make plain the emptiness of the farmhouse. When he said them, the people would think all at once of the little brown wrinkled dame, no more to be bustling about the kitchen, of her wheel silent, of her foot no more upon the blue flagstones of the milk-house, of her voice no more in the chamber where they had so often known her hospitality. The English, indeed, when he thought of it with its phrase a mere borrowing from the Gaelic, seemed an affectation. No, it must be in the natural tongue his tidings should be told. He would rap at the door hurriedly, lift the sneck before any response came, go in with his bonnet in his hand, and say "*Tha bean Lecknamban air falbh*" with a great simplicity.

And thus as he debated and determined in his mind, he was hastening through a country that in another mood would be demanding his attention almost at every step of the way. Ladyfield is at the barren end of the glen, seven miles from the town—barren of trees, but rich in heather, and myrtle, and grass, surrounded by full and swelling hills. The river, but for the gluttonous sea, that must be sucking it down, would choose, if it might, to linger in the valley here for ever, and in summer it loiters on many pretences, twining out and in, hiding behind Baracaldine, and the bushes of Tom-an-Dearc, and pretending to doze in the long broad levels of Kincreggan, so that it may not too soon lose its freedom in so magic a place. But the glen opens out anon, woods and parks cluster, and the Duke's gardens and multitudes of roads come into view. The deer stamp and flee among the grasses, flowers grow in more profusion than up the glen where no woods shelter. There are trim houses by the wayside, with men about the doors talking with loud cheerfulness, and laughing in the way of inn-frequenters. A gateway from solitude, an entrance to a region where the most startling and varied things were ever happening, to a boy from the glen this town end of the valley is a sample of paradise for beauty and interest. Gilian went through it with his blue eyes blurred to-day, but for wont he found it full of charms and fancies. To go under its white-harled arch-ways on a market day was to come upon a new world, and yet not all a new world, for its spectacles of life and movement—the busy street, the clanging pavement, the noisy closes, the quay ever sounding with the high calls of mariners and fishers, seemed sometimes to touch a chord of memory. At the first experience of this busy community, the innumerable children playing before the school, and the women with wide flowing clothes, and flowered bonnets on their heads, though so different from the casual children of the glen and its familiar dames with piped caps, or maids with snooded locks—all was pleasant to his wondering view. He seemed to know and understand them at the first glance, deeper even than he knew or understood the common surroundings of his life in Ladyfield; he felt at times more comfort in the airs of those lanes and closes though unpleasantly they might smell (if it was the curing season and the gut-pots reeked at the quay) than in the winds of the place he came from, the winds of the wilds, so indifferent to mankind, the winds of the woods, sacred to the ghosts, among whom a boy in a kilt was an intruder, the winds of the hills, that come blowing from round the universe and on the most peaceful days are but momentary visitors, stopping but to tap with a branch at the window, or whistle mischievously in a vent.

In spite of their mockery of him, Gilian always loved the children of the town. At first when they used to see him come through the arches walking hurriedly, feeling his feet in unaccustomed shoes awkward and unmanageable, and the polish of his face a thing unbearable, they would come up in wonder on his heels and guess at his identity, then taunt him for the rustic nature of his clothing.

"Crotal-coat, crotal-coat, there are peats in your brogues!" they would cry; or "Hielan'-man, hielan'-man, go home for your *fuarag* and brose!"

They were strange new creatures to him, foreigners quite, and cruel, speaking freely a tongue he knew not but in broken parts, yet deep in his innermost there was a strange feeling that he was of their kind. He wished he could join them in their English play, or better far, that he might take them to the eagle's nest in Stob Bhan, or the badgers' hamlet in Blaranbui, or show them his skill to fetch the deer at a call, in the rutting time, from the mud-pools above Balantyre. But even yet, he was only a stranger to the boys of the town, and as he went down the street in the drenching rain that filled the syvers to overflowing and rose in a smoke from the calm waters of the bay, they cried "Crotal-coat, crotal-coat," after him.

"Ah," said he to himself, inly pleased at their ignorance, "if I cared, could I not make them ashamed, by telling them they were mocking a boy without a home?"

Kept by the rain closer than usual to the shelter of the closes, the scamps to-day went further than ever in their efforts to annoy the stranger; they rolled stones along the causey so that they caught him on the heels, and they ran out at the back ends of their closes as he passed, and into others still before him so that his progress down the town was to run a gauntlet of jeers. But he paid no heed; he was of that gifted nature that at times can treat the most bitter insults with indifference, and his mind was taken up with the manner of his message.

When he came to the Cross-houses he cast about for the right close in a place where they were so numerous that they had always confused him, and a middle-aged woman with bare thick arms came out to help him.

"You'll be looking for some one?" said she in Gaelic, knowing him no town boy.

He was standing as she spoke to him in a close that had seemed the one he sought, and he turned to tell her where he was going.

"Oh yes," said the woman, "I know her well. And you'll be from the glen, and what's your errand in the town to-day? You are from Drimfern? No, Lecknamban! It is a fine place Lecknamban; and how is the goodwife there?"

"She is dead," said Gilian hurriedly.

"God, and that is a pity too!" said the women, content now that the news was hers. "You are in the very close you are looking for," and she turned and hurried up the street to spread the news as fast as could be.

The boy turned away, angry with himself to have blurted out his news to the first stranger with the curiosity to question him, and half way up the stairs he had to pause a little to get in the right mood for his errand. Then he went up the remaining steps and rapped at the door.

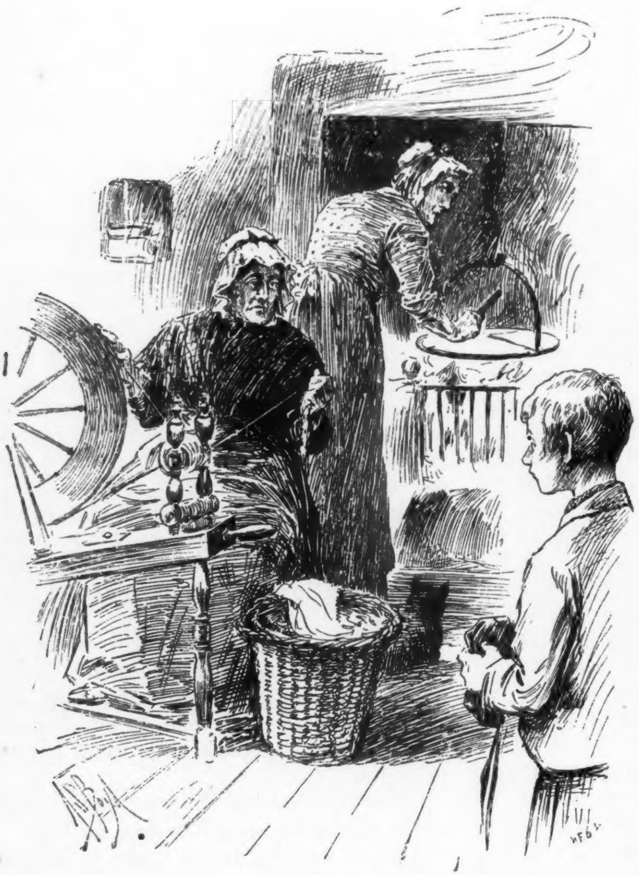
"Come in," cried a frank and hearty woman's voice. He put down the sneck with his thumb and pushed in the door and followed.

A little window facing the sea gave light to the interior, which would have been dull and mean but for the brilliant delf upon the dresser rack and the cleanliness of all things and the smiling faces of Jean Clerk and her sister. The hum of Jean's wheel had filled the chamber as he entered; now it was stilled and the spinner sat with the wool pinched in her fingers, as she welcomed her little relative. Her sister—Aliset Dhu they called her, and if black she was, it had been long ago, for now her hair was like the drifted snow—stood behind her, looking up from her girdle where oaten bannocks toasted.

He stood with his bonnet in his hand. Against his will the grief of his loss swept over him more masterfully than it had yet done, for those two sisters had never been seen by him before except in the company of their relative the little old woman with a face like a nut, and the sobs that shook him were checked by no reflection of the play-actor. He was incapable of utterance.

"O my boy, my boy," cried Jean Clerk. "Do I not know your story? I dreamt last night I saw a white horse galloping over Tombreck to Ladyfield and the rider of him had his face in his plaid. Peace with her, and her share of Paradise!"

And thus my hero, who thought so much upon the way of his message, had no need to convey it any way at all.



"He stood with his bonnet in his hand"

CHAPTER II

THE PENSIONERS

"Go round," said Jean Clerk, "and tell the Paymaster; he'll be the sorry man to lose his manager."

"Will he be in his house?" asked Gilian, eating the last of his town bread with butter and sugar.

"In his house indeed!" cried Jean, her eyes still red with weeping. "It is easy to see you are from the glen, when at this time of day you would be for seeking a gentleman soldier in his own house in this town. No! no! go round to Sergeant More's change-house, at the quay-head, and you'll find the Captain there with his cronies."

So round went Gilian, and there he came upon the pensioners, with Captain John Campbell, late Paymaster of His Majesty's 46th Foot, at their head.

The pensioners, the officers, ah! when I look up the silent street of the town nowadays and see the old houses empty but for weavers, and merchants, and mechanics, people of useful purposes but little manly interest, and know that all we have of martial glory is a dust under a score of tombstones in the yard, I find it ill to believe that ever wars were bringing trade for youth and valour to our midst. The warriors are gone; they do not fight their battles over any more at a meridian dram, or late sitting about the bowl where the Trinidad lemon floated in slices on the philtre of joy. They are up bye yonder in the shadow of the rock with the sea grumbling constantly beside them, and their names and offices, and the dignities of their battles, and the long number of their years, are carved deeply, but not deeply enough, for what is there of their fame and valour to the fore when the threshing rain and the crumbling frost have worn the legend off the freestone slab? We are left stranded high and dry upon times of peace, but the old war-dogs, old heroes, old gentles of the stock and cane; they had seen the glories of life, and felt the zest of it. Bustling times! the drums beat at the Cross in those days, the trumpeters played alluringly up the lanes to young hearts to come away; pipers squeezed out upon their instruments the fine tunes that in the time I speak of no lad of Gaelic blood could hear but he must down with the flail or sheep-hook and on with the philabeg and up with the sword. Gentlemen were for ever going to wars or coming from them; were they not of the clan, was not the Duke their cousin, as the way of putting it was, and by his gracious offices many a pock-pudding English corps got a colonel with a touch of the Gaelic in his word of command as well as in his temper. They went away ensigns—some of them indeed went to the very tail of the rank and file with Mistress Musket the brown besom—and they came back Majors-General with wounds and pensions. "Is not this a proud day for the town with three Generals standing at the Cross?" said the Paymaster once, looking with pride at his brother, and Turner of Maam and Campbell of Strachur standing together leaning on their rattans at a market. It was in the Indies I think that this same brother the General, parading his command before a battle, came upon John, an ensign newly to the front with a draft from the sea.

"Who sent you here, brother John?" said he, when the parade was over. "You would be better at home in the Highlands feeding your mother's hens."

In one way it might have been better, in another way it was well enough for John Campbell to be there. He might have had the luck to see more battles in busier parts of the world, as General Dugald did, or Colin, who led the Royal Scots at Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo; but he might have done worse, for he of all those gallants came home at the end a hale man, with neither sabre-cut nor bullet. To give him his due he was willing enough to risk them all. It bittered his life at the last, that behind his back his townspeople should call him "Old Mars," in an irony he was keen enough to feel the thrust of.

Captain Mars, Captain Mars,
Who never saw wars,

said Evan MaColl, the bard of the parish, and the name stuck as the bye-names of that wonderful town have a way of doing.

"Old Mars," paymaster, sat among the pensioners in the change-house of the "Sergeant More" when Gilian came to the door. His neck overflowed in waves of fat upon a silk stock that might have throttled a man who had not worn the king's stock in hot lands over sea; his stockings fitted tightly on as neat a leg as ever a kilt displayed, though the kilt was not nowadays John Campbell's wear but kerseymore knee-breeches. He had a figured vest strewn deep with snuff that he kept loose in a pocket (the regiment's gold mull was his purse), and a scratch wig of brown sat askew on his bullet head, raking with a soldier's swagger. He had his long rattan on the table before him, and now and then he would lift its tasseled head and beat time lightly to the chorus of Dugald MacNicol's song. Dugald was major once of the first Royals; he had carried the sword in the Indies, East and West, and in the bloody Peninsula, and came home with a sabre slash on the side of his head, so that he was a little weak-witted. When he would be leaving his sister's door to go for the meridian dram at the quay-head he would dart for cover to the Cross, then creep from close to close, and round the church, and up the Ferry Land, in a dread of lurking enemies; yet no one jeered at his want, no boy failed to touch his bonnet to him, for he was the gentleman in the very weakest moment of his disease. He had but one song in his budget:

> O come and gather round me, lads, and help
> the chorus through,
> When I tell you how we fought the French on
> the plains of Waterloo.

He sang it in a high quavering voice with curious lapses in the vigour of his singing and cloudings in the fire of his eyes, so that now and then the company would have to jolt him awake to give the air more lustily. Colonel Hall was there (of St. John's), and Captain Sandy Campbell of the Marines, Bob MacGibbon, old Lochgair, the Fiscal with a ruffled shirt, and Doctor Anderson. The Paymaster's brothers were not there, for though he was the brother with the money they were field-officers and they never forgot it.

The chorus was ringing, the glasses and the Paymaster's stick were rapping on the table, the Sergeant More, with a blue brattie tied tight across his paunch to lessen its unsoldierly amplitude, went out and in with the gill-stoups, pausing now and then on the errand to lean against the door of the room with the empty tray in his hand, drumming on it with his finger-tips and joining in the officers' chorus.

He turned in the middle of a chorus, for the boy was standing abashed in the entry, his natural fears at meeting the Paymaster greatly increased by this sound of revelry.

"Well, little hero," said the Sergeant More, in friendly Gaelic, "are you seeking any one?"

"I was sent to see the Paymaster, if it's your will," said Gilian, with his eyes falling below the scrutiny of this swarthy old sergeant.

"The Paymaster!" cried the landlord, shutting the door of the room ere he said it, and uplifting alarmed hands, "God's grace! do not talk of the Paymaster here! He is Captain Campbell, mind, late of his Majesty's 46th Foot, with a pension of £4 a week, and a great deal of money it is for the country to be paying to a gentleman who never saw of wars but skirmish with the Syke. Nothing but Captain, mind you, and do not forget the salute, so, with the right hand up and thumb on a line with the right eyebrow. But could your business not be waiting? If it is Miss Mary who sent for him it is not very reasonable of her, for he is here no longer than twenty minutes, and it is not her sheepshead broth day, I know, because I saw her servant lass down at the quay for herrings an hour ago. Captain, mind, it must be that for him even with old soldiers like myself. I would not dare Paymaster him, it is a name that has a trade ring about it that suits ill with his Highland dignity. Captain, Captain!"

Gilian stood in front of this spate of talk, becoming more diffident and fearful every moment. He had never had any thought as to how he should tell the Paymaster that the goodwife of Ladyfield was dead, that was a task he had expected to be left to some one else, but Jean Clerk and her sister had a cunning enough purpose in making him the bearer of the news.

"I am to tell him the goodwife of Ladyfield is dead," he explained, stammering, to the Sergeant More.

"Dead!" said John More. "Now is not that wonderful?" He leaned against the door as he had leaned many a time against sentry-box and barrack wall, and dwelt a little upon memory. "Is not that wonderful? The first time I saw her was at a wedding in Kames, Lochow, and she was the handsomest woman in the room, and there were sixty people at the wedding from all parts, and sixty-nine roasted hens at the supper. Well, well—dead! blessings with her; did I not know her well? Yes, and I knew her husband too, Long Angus, since the first day he came to Ladyfield for Old Mar—for the Paymaster—till the last day he came down the glen in a cart, and he was the only sober body in the funeral, perhaps because it was his own. Many a time I wondered that the widow did so well in the farm for Captain Campbell, with no man to help her, the sowing and the shearing, the dipping and the clipping, ploughmen and herds to keep an eye on, and bargains to make with wool-merchants and drovers. Oh! she was a clever woman, your grandmother. And now she's dead. Well, it's a way they have at her age! And the Paymaster must be told, though I know it will vex him greatly, because he is a sort of man who does not relish changes. Mind now you say Captain; you need not say Captain Campbell, but just Captain, and maybe a 'sir' now and then. I suppose you could not put off telling him for a half-hour or thereabouts longer, when he would be going home for dinner any way; it is a pity to spoil an old gentleman's meridian dram with melancholy news. No. You were just told to come straight away and tell him—well, it is the good soldier who makes no deviation from the word of command. Come away in then and—Captain mind—and the salute."

The Sergeant More threw open the door of the room, filled up the space a second and gave a sort of free-and-easy salute. "A message for you, Captain," said he.

The singing was done. The Major's mind was wandering over the plains of Waterloo to guess by the vacancy of his gaze; on his left Bob MacGibbon smoked a black segar, the others talked of townsmen still in the army and of others buried under the walls of Badajos. They all turned when the Sergeant More spoke, and they saw him push before him into the room the little boy of Ladyfield with his bonnet in his hand and his eyes restless and timid like pigeons at a strange gate fluttering.

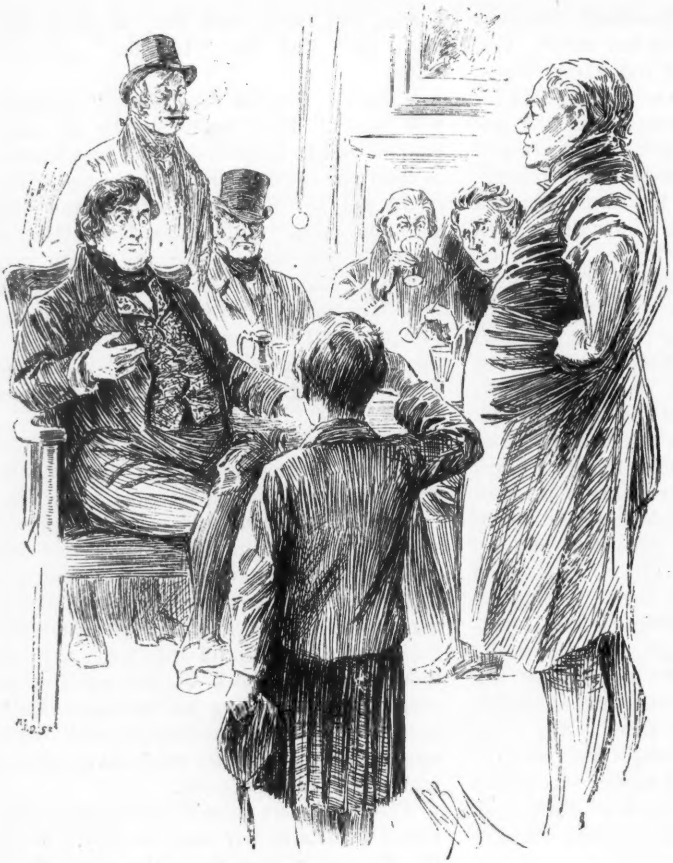
"Ho! Gilian, it is you?" said the Paymaster, with a very hearty voice; then he seemed to guess the nature of the message, for his voice softened from the loud and bumptious tone it had for ordinary. "How is it in Lecknamban?" he asked in the Gaelic, and Gilian told him, minding duly his "sir" and his "Captain" and his salute.

"Dead!" said the Paymaster, "Blessings with her!" Then he turned to his companions and in English—"The best woman in the three parishes and the cleverest. She could put her hand to anything and now she's no more. I think that's the last of Ladyfield for me. I liked to go up now and then and go about the hill and do a little bargaining at a wool market, or haggle over a pound with a drover at the fair, but the farm did little more than pay me and I had almost given it up when her husband died."

He looked flushed and uncomfortable. His stock seemed to fit him more tightly than before and his wig sat more askew than ever upon his bald head. For a little he seemed to forget the young messenger still standing in the room, no higher than the table whereon the glasses ranged. Gilian turned his bonnet about in his hand and twisted the ribbons till they tore, then he thought with a shock of the scolding he would get for spoiling his Sunday bonnet, but the thought was quickly followed by the recollection that she who would have scolded him would chide no more.

The pensioners shared their attention between the Paymaster and the boy. While the Paymaster gave them the state of his gentleman farming (about which the town was always curious), they looked at him and wondered at a man who had seen life and had £4 a week of a pension wasting life with a paltry three-hundred sheep farm instead of spending his money royally with a bang. When his confidence seemed likely to carry their knowledge of his affairs no further than the town's gossip had already brought it, they lost their interest in his reflections and had time to feel sorry for the boy. None of them but knew he was an orphan in the most grievous sense of the term, without a relative in the wide world and that his future was something of a problem.

Bob MacGibbon—he was Captain in the 79th—leaned forward and tried to put his hand upon the child's shoulder, not unkindly but with a rough playfulness of the soldier. Gilian shrunk back, his face flushing crimson, then he realised the stupidity



"'Ho! Gilian, it is you,' said the Paymaster"

of his shyness and tried to amend it by coming a little further into the room and awkwardly attempting the salute the Sergeant More had tutored him in.

The company was amused at the courtesy, but no one laughed. In a low voice the Paymaster swore. He was a man given to swearing with no great variety in his oaths, that were merely a camp phrase or two at the most, repeated over and over again, till they had lost all their original meanings and could be uttered in front of Dr. Colin himself without any objection to them. In print they would look wicked, so they must be fancied by such as would have the complete picture of the elderly soldier with the thick neck and the scratch wig. The Sergeant More had gently withdrawn himself and shut the door behind him the more conveniently to hear what reception the messenger's tidings would meet with from the Paymaster. And the boy felt himself cut off most helplessly from escape out of that fearful new surrounding. It haunted him for many a day, the strong smell of the spirits and the sharp odour of the slices floating in the glasses, for our pensioners were extravagant enough to flavour even the cold mid-day drams of the Abercrombie with the lemon's juice. Gilian shifted from leg to leg and turned his bonnet continuously, and through his mind there darted many thoughts about this curious place and company that he had happened upon. As they looked at him he felt the darting tremor of the fawn in the thicket, but alas he was trapped! How old they were! How odd they looked in their high collars and those bands wound round their necks! They were not farmers, nor shepherds, nor fishermen, nor even shopkeepers, they were people with some manner of life full of the deepest surmise. The Paymaster of course he knew; he had seen him often come up to Ladyfield, to talk to the goodwife about the farm and the clipping, to pay her money twice yearly that was called wages, and was so little that it was scarcely worth the name. Six men in a room, all gentle (by their clothes), all with nothing better to do than stare at a boy who could not stare back! How many things they had seen; how many thoughts they must share between them! He wished himself on the other side of Aora river in the stillness of Kincreggan wood, or on the hill among the sheep—anywhere away from the presence of those old men with the keen scrutiny in their eyes, doubtless knowing all about him and seeing his very thoughts. Had they been shepherds, or even the clever gillies that sometimes came to the kitchen of Ladyfield on nights of *ceilidh* or gossip, he would have felt himself their equal. He would have been comfortable in feeling that however much they might know about the hills, and woods, and wild beasts, it was likely enough better known to himself, who lived among them and loved them. And the thoughts of the gillie, and the shepherd, were rarely beyond his shrewd guess as he looked at them; they had but to say a word or two, and he knew the end of their story from the beginning. But these old gentlemen were as far beyond his understanding as Gillesbeg Aotram, the wanderer who came about the glens and was called daft by the people who did not know, as Gilian did, that he was wiser than themselves.

The Paymaster took his rattan and knocked noisily on the table for the landlord.

The Sergeant More stepped softly on his tiptoes six steps into the kitchen, then six steps noisily back again and put his head in.

"What's your will, Captain?" said he, polishing a tray with the corner of his brattie.

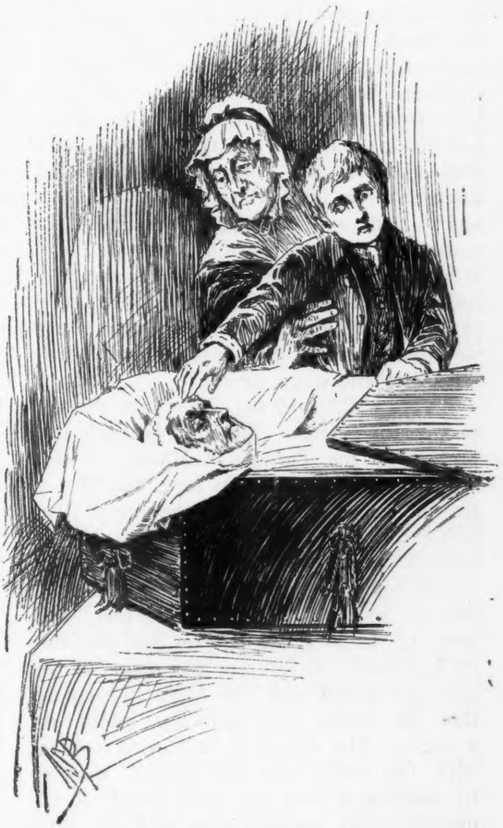
"Give this boy some dinner, for me," said the Paymaster. "There is nothing at our place to-day but herrings, and it's the poorest of meals for melancholy. Miss Mary would make it all the more melancholy with her weeping over the goodwife of Ladyfield."

Gilian went out with the Sergeant More and made a feeble pretence at eating his second dinner that day.

CHAPTER III

THE FUNERAL

All the glen came to the funeral, and people of Lochowside on either side from Stronmealachan to Eredine, and many of the folk of Glen Shira and the town. The coffin lay uncovered in the room, and the little wrinkled face looked more like a hazel-nut than ever, sunk in that flat white shrouding, that had lain for years in the bottom of the kist for the purpose of to-day. The looking-glass was turned to the wall, the clock was stopped, the fire was out, and a cold air chilled to the marrow. Over the chair backs were spread white napkins, and sheets covered the table and the spinning-wheel; it looked to Gilian's eye as he caught a glimpse of the interior once, passing the door in the morning, as if a washing had been set to dry within. Jean Clerk and her sister had made all the preparations. They had set out three bottles of wine and a seed-cake from the town on the little table in the lobby, and in the kitchen was a table loaded with bread and cheese and whisky. They went about all morning on tiptoe making these preparations, then dressed themselves in black and awaited for the funeral guests. Gilian sat with them, compelled to a miserable silence and immovability, with his hands chafed by white starched wristbands sewn to his jacket cuffs



"'Touch her brow,' she said"

and known as weepers, appalled by the picture he knew he would make when the bonnet with its great bow of crape was on his head, as he passed through the town in the sight of the boys there. And as he sat waiting in that silent house, whose solemnity the sisters dare only break in whispers, he felt for the first time the odour of death—that blending of laurel and frost that for ever after came to him in the presence of death itself, or at its approach in others, that gave him the certainty of the Second Sight almost, and filled him with pity when he would perceive it in companies where gaiety reigned.

Among the first to reach the house was the Paymaster. His two brothers were with him, very sedate and important gentlemen who had never any interest in his farm, but sat in their room in the town thinking "even-on" upon old days in camp and battlefield, or walking in the woods or ordering the shopkeepers to supply poor people of the burgh with provisions for which John had always to pay, they having no money of their own beyond their pensions. By noon there were close on two hundred people in Ladyfield, where the gentry took wine and seed-cake and the commonality contented themselves without exception with spirits and bread and cheese. The Paymaster made out the list of pall-bearers, and read it over to Jean Clerk and her sister, who had the right to object to any of the names proposed. "I think instead of Drimlee here we should have Major Turner," said Jean; "his first wife was a cousin."

"Very well," said the Paymaster shortly, making the change. He and his family had no love for the Turners of Maam. "Very well," said he, "if I'm to have the Major, the sooner he's away from the lug of that bottle the better, or this will be a funeral spoiled."

The coffin lay on a table; Jean rose, went into the room with Gilian by the hand, and went up to look the last on the goodwife of Ladyfield. Gilian was too short to see into the coffin and she lifted him up so that he could not get his knees on a chair. He shrunk a little from contact with the coffin that the wright, working by candlelight into the early hours of the morning, had whistled over with the carelessness of a man who has made more coffins than carts, and Jean Clerk observed his shudder. "Touch her brow," she said, "or you'll dream to-night you see her." He did so with the tip of his fingers, and a chill ran from that marble to his very heart. It was so different, this dead, from the birds he sometimes saw on the edge of the wood when they killed themselves in snowstorms against the fences; it was something far more dreadful than the death that stiffened the deer the gillies brought down from the corries in autumn, for they felt sometimes warm to the touch, their hides retaining the heat of the sun. "*Tha bean Lecknamban air falbh*," he found himself saying over and over again as he stood at the coffin side; it was his little piece of play-acting lingering in his mind, and he was saying the thing without any comprehension of its meaning or its grief. A little old woman in a box, with a white mutch on her head and her hands crossed before her, and a plate of bread and salt there for some reason that Doctor Colin blamed Jean Clerk for believing in. No more than that, and yet he must be feeling some strange void; separated from the love of this old woman, so indifferent to him now, he felt cast upon the air like a leaf from the tree, never again to have a tie with that native spot he stood on. The sorrow of the thing weighed on him like a numb pain, and he forgot what must be expected from him till it came to him with a start at the odour of tansy from Jean Clerk's handkerchief, as she drew it from her bosom.

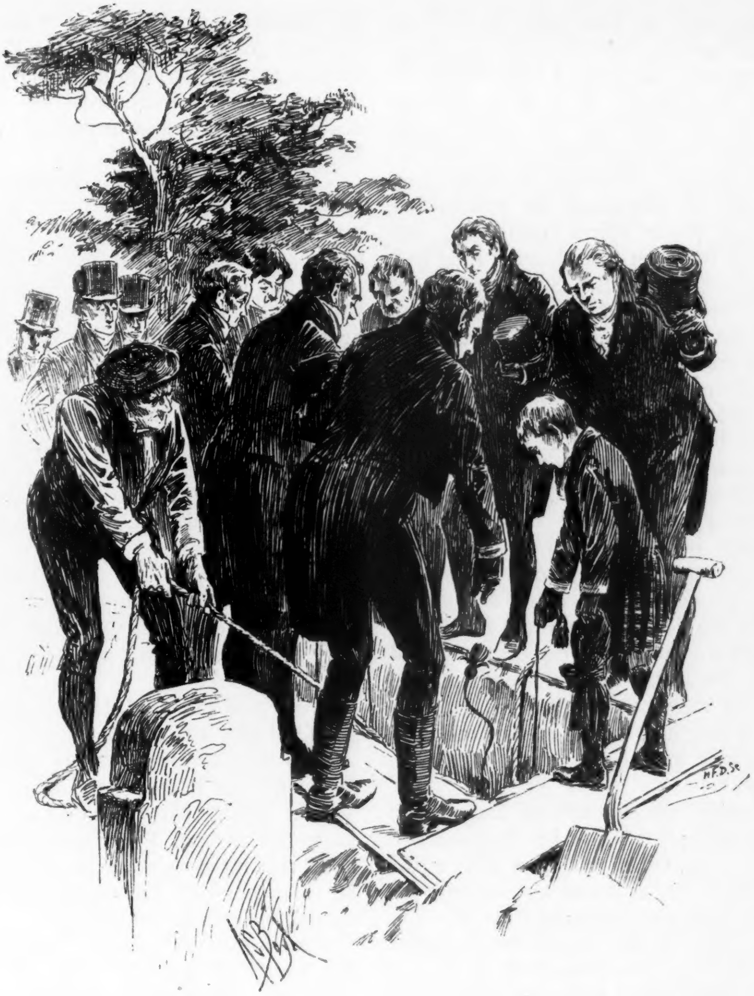
"I must be sorry," he said to himself, and then he checked the deep gnawing grief of his desolation and thought upon trivial sorrows, and the tears streamed to his eyes.

"Ah! the poor treasure!" said the women standing by, never thinking this child could play upon his feelings as a man might on a fiddle.

"It is time to lift," said the Paymaster.

Jean Clerk removed the salt, and with a new napkin covered the little brown face like a nut; Peter MacIntyre screwed down the lid; Dr. Colin read and prayed and the coffin was put out at the window and placed in the cart which bore it down the glen.

A high warm wind blew from the west, full of wholesome dryness for the soil that



"Gilian taking a cord at the head of the coffin"

still was clogged and heavy with the rains of spring. It filled the wood of Kincreggan with sounds, with the rasping and creaking of strong branches and the rustle of leaves, and the road by the river under the gean-trees was strewn with the broken blossom. Gilian, fretful of his weepers and the terrible bow on his head, was the first behind the cart, which was covered with a blue black velvet pall that made him ever after hate the sight of velvet, and behind the procession was a cart with refreshments. They broke bread and bottle at the cross-roads, the Paymaster (who had provided the food and drink) acting as host with the loud and burly hospitality of a man at a wedding. There was no stint of the liquor and every man had his three services, while Gilian nibbled his piece of short-cake and wondered why the grief of the company did not affect their appetite as it did his own.

The burial ground of Kilmalieu lies at the foot of a tall hill beside the sea, a hill grown thick with ancient wood. The roots come sometimes under the walls and below the old tombstones and set them ajee upon their bases, but wanting those tall and overhanging companions, the yard, I feel, would be ugly and incomplete. It is in a soothing melancholy one may hear the tide lapping on the rocks below and the wood-bird call in the trees above. They have been doing so in the ears of Kilmalieu for numberless generations, those voices everlasting but unheard by the quiet folk sleeping snug and sound among the clods. Sun shines there and rain falls on it till it soaks to the very bones of the old Parson, first to lie there, and in sun or rain there grow the laurel bushes that have the smell of death, and the gay flowers cluster in a profusion found nowhere else in the parish except it be in the garden of the Duke. The lily nods in the wind, the columbine hangs its bell, there the snowdrop first appears and the hip-rose shows her richest blossoms. On Sundays the children go up and walk among the stones over the graves of their grandfathers and they smell the flowers they would not pluck. Sometimes they will put a cap on the side of a cherub head that tops a stone and the humour of the grinning face will create a moment's laughter, but it is soon checked and they walk among the graves in a more seemly peace.

They buried the goodwife of Ladyfield in her appointed place beside her husband and her only child, Gilian taking a cord at the head of the coffin as it was lowered into the red jaws of the grave prepared for it. The earth thudded on the lid, the spades patted the mould, the people moved off and he was standing yet, listening to the bird that shook a song of passionate melody from its little throat as it becked upon a table tombstone. It was a simple song, he had heard it a thousand times before and wondered at the hidden meaning of it, and now it puzzled him anew, that it should encroach upon so solemn an hour in thoughtless love or merriment.

The men were on their way over the new Bridge, treading heavily, and yet light-headed, for they had the Paymaster's spirits in them, and the Paymaster himself was narrating to old Rixa, the Sheriff, and Donacha Breck his story, told a hundred times before, of Long Dan MacIntyre, who never came up past the new Bridge, except at the tail of a funeral, for fear the weight should some day bring that massive masonry down. "Ha! ha! is that not good?" demanded the Paymaster, laughing till his jowl purpled over his stock, "I told him he would cross the bridge to Kilmalieu one day and instead of being last he would be first."

The Fiscal hirpled along in his tight knee-breeches looking down with vain satisfaction now and then at the ruffles of his shirt and the box-pleated frills that were dressed very snodly and cunningly by Bell Macniven, who had been in the Forty-second with her husband the sergeant, and had dressed the shirts of the Marquis of Huntly, who was Colonel.

"I have seldom, sir, seen a better dressed shirt," said Mr. William Spencer, of the New Inn, who was a citizen of London and anxious to make his way among the people here. "It is quite the style, quite the style, sir."

"Do you think so, now?" asked the Fiscal, pleased at the compliment.

"I do, indeed," said Mr. Spencer, "it is very genteel and just as the gentry like it."

The Fiscal coloured, turned and paused and fixed him with an angry eye.

"Do you speak to me of gentry, Mr. Spencer," he asked, "with any idea of making distinctions? You are a poor Sassenach person, I daresay, and do not know that my people has been in Blarinarn for three hundred years and I am the first man-of-business in the family."

The innkeeper begged pardon. Poor man! he had much to learn of highland punctilio. He might be wanting in delicacy of this kind perhaps, but he had the heart, and it was he, as they came in front of the glee'd gun that stands on the castle lawn, who stopped to look back at a boy far behind them, alone on the top of the bridge.

"Is there no one with the boy?" he asked. "And where is he to stay now that his grandmother is dead?"

The Paymaster drew up as if he had been shot, and swore warmly to himself.

"Am not I the *golan?*" said he. "I forgot about the fellow, and I told the shepherd at Ladyfield to lock up the house till Whitsunday. I'm putting the poor boy out in the world without a roof for his head. It must be seen to, it must be seen to."

Rixa pompously blew out his cheeks and

put back his shoulders in a way he had to convince himself he was not getting old and round-backed. "Oh," said he, "Jean Clerk's a relative; he'll be going to bide there."

They stood in a cluster in the middle of the road, the Paymaster with his black coat so tight upon his stomach it looked as if every brass button would burst with a crack like a gun; Rixa puffing and stretching himself; Major Dugald ducking his head and darting his glance about from side to side looking for the enemy; Mr. Spencer, tall, thin, with the new strapped breeches and a London hat, blowing his nose with much noise in a Barcelona silk handkerchief. All the way before them the crowd went straggling down in blacks with as much hurry as the look of the thing would permit, to reach the schoolhouse where the Paymaster had laid out the last service of meat and drink for the mourners. The tide was out; a sandy beach strewn with stones and clumps of seaweed gave its saline odour to the air; lank herons came sweeping down from the larch trees over Croitivile, and stalked about the water's edge. There was only one sound in nature beyond the soughing of the wind in the shrubbery of the Duke's garden, it was the plaintive call of a curlew as it flew over the stable park. A stopped and stagnant world, full of old men and old plaints, the dead of the yard behind, the solemn and sleepy town before.

The boy was the only person left in the rear of the Paymaster and his friends; he was standing on the bridge, fair in the middle of the way. Though the Paymaster cried he was not heard, so he walked back and up to the boy while the others went on their way to the schoolhouse, where Old Brooks the dominie was waiting among the jars and oatcakes and funeral meats.

Gilian was standing with the weepers off his cuffs and the crape off his bonnet; he had divested himself of the hateful things whenever he found himself alone, and he was listening with a rapt and inexpressible face to the pensive call of the curlew as it rose over the fields, and the tears were dropping down his cheeks.

"Oh *'ille*, what's the matter with you?" asked the Paymaster in Gaelic, struck that the sorrow should so long remain with a boy.

Gilian started guiltily, flushed to the nape of his neck and stammered an explanation or excuse.

"The bird, the bird," said he, turning and looking at the dolorous piper of the marsh.

"Man!" said the Paymaster in English, looking whimsically at this childish expression of surprise. "Man! you're a queer callant too. Are there no curlews about Ladyfield that you should be in such a wonder at this one? Just a plain, long-nebbed, useless bird, not worth powder and shot, very douce in the plumage, and always at the same song like MacNicol the Major."

The little fellow broke into a stammering torrent of Gaelic. "What does it say, what does it say?" he asked; "it is calling, calling, calling, and no one will answer it; it is telling something, and I cannot understand. Oh I am sorry for it, and——"

"You must be very hungry, poor boy," said the Paymaster. "Come away down, and Miss Mary will give you dinner. Did you ever taste rhubarb tart with cream to it? I have seen you making umbrellas with the rhubarb up the glen, but I'm sure the goodwife did not know the real use of it."

Gilian paid no heed to the speaker, but listened with streaming eyes to the wearied note of the bird that still cried over the field. Then the Paymaster swore a fiery oath most mildly, and clutched the boy by the jacket sleeve and led him homeward.

"Come along," said he, "come along. You're the daftest creature ever came out of the glen, and what's the wonder of it, born and bred among stirks and sheep on a lee-lone country side with only the birds to speak to!"

The two went down the road together, the Paymaster a little wearied with his years and weight or lazied by his own drams, leaning in the least degree upon the shoulder of the boy. They made an odd-looking couple, dawn and the declining day, Spring and ripe Autumn, illusion and an elderly half-pay officer in a stock and a brown scratch wig upon a head that would harbour no more the dreams, the poignancies of youth. Some of the mourners hastening to their liquor, turned at the Cross and looked up the road to see if they were following, and they were struck vaguely by the significance of the thing.

"Dear me," said the Fiscal, "is not Old Mars getting very bent and ancient?"

"He is that," said Rixa, who was Sheriff Maclachlan to his face. "I notice a glass or two makes a wonderful difference on him this year back ever since he had his little bit towt. That's a nice looking boy; I like the aspect of him; it's unusual. What a pity the Paymaster never had a wife or sons of his own."

"You say what is very true, Sheriff," said Mr. Spencer. "I think there is something very sad in the spectacle, sir, of an old gentleman with plenty of the world in his possession going down to the bourne with not a face beside him to mind of his youth."

But indeed the Paymaster was not even reminded of his own youth by this queer child on whom he leaned. He had never been like this, a shy frightened dreaming child taken up with fancies and finding omens and stories in the piping of a fowl. Oh! no, he had been a bluff, hearty, hungry boy, hot-headed, red-legged, short-kilted, stirring, a bit of a bully, a loud talker, a dour lad with his head and his fists. This boy beside him made him think of neither man nor boy, but of his sister Jennet, who died in the plague year, a wide-eyed, shrinking, clever girl, with a nerve that a harsh word set thrilling.

"Did Jean Clerk say anything about where you are to sleep to-night?" he asked him, still speaking the Gaelic in which he knew the little fellow was most at home.

"I suppose I'll just stay in my own bed in Ladyfield," said Gilian, apparently little exercised by the thought of his future and dividing some of his attention to the Paymaster with the sounds and sights of nature by the way, the thrust of the bracken crook between the crannies of the Duke's dykes, the gummy buds of the limes and chestnuts, the straw-gathering birds on the road, the heron so serenely stalking on the shore and the running of the tiny streams upon the beach that smoked now in the heat of the sun.

The Paymaster seemed confounded. He swelled his neck more fully in the stock, cleared his throat with a loud noise, took a great pinch of snuff from his waistcoat pocket and spent a long time in disposing of it. Gilian was in a dream far off from the elderly companion and the smoking shore; his spirit floated over the glen and sometimes further still, among the hill gorges that were always so full of mystery to him, or further still to the remote unknown places, foreign lands, cities, towns, where giants and fairies roamed and outrage happened and kings were, in the tales the shepherds told about the peat fires on *ceilidh* nights.

"I'm afraid you'll have to sleep in the town to-night," said the Paymaster, at last somewhat relieved of his confusion by the boy's indifference; "the truth is we are shutting up Ladyfield for a little. You could not stay alone in it at any rate, and did Jean Clerk not arrange that you were to stay with her after this?"

"No," said Gilian simply, even yet getting no grasp of his homelessness.

"And where are you going to stay?" asked the Paymaster testily.

"I don't know," said the boy.

The Paymaster spoke in strange words under his breath and put on a quicker pace and went through the town, even past the school-house where old Brooks stood at the door in his long surtout saying a Latin declension over to himself as if it were a song, and into the Crosshouses past the tanned women standing with their hands rolled up in their aprons, and up to Jean Clerk's door. He rapped loudly with his rattan. He rapped so loudly that the inmates knew this was no common messenger, and instead of crying out their invitation they came together and opened the door. The faces of the sisters grew rosy red at the sight of the man and the boy before him. They were out of their mournings, having come to the town at the back of the funeral.

"Come away in, Captain," said Jean, assuming an air of briskness the confusion of her face belied. "Come away in, I am proud to see you at my door."

The Paymaster stepped in, still gripping the boy by the shoulder, but refused to sit down. He spoke very short and dry in his best travelled English.

"Did you lock up the Ladyfield house as I told you?" he asked.

"I did that," said Jean Clerk, lifting her brattie and preparing to weep, "and it'll be the last time I'll ever be inside its hospitable door."

"And you gave the key to Cameron the shepherd?"

"I did," said Jean, wondering what was to come next.

The Paymaster changed his look and his accent, and spoke again with something of a pawky humour that those who knew him best were well aware was a sign that his temper was at its worst.

"Ay," said he, "and you forgot about the boy. What's to be done with him? I suppose you would leave him to rout with the kye he was bred among, or haunt the rocks with the sheep. I was thinking myself coming down the road there, and this little fellow with me without a friend in the world, that the sky is a damp ceiling sometimes, and the grass of the field a poor meal for a boy's stomach. Eh! what say you, mistress Clerk?" And the old soldier heaved a thumbfull of snuff from his waistcoat pocket.

"The boy's no kith nor kin of mine," said Jean Clerk, "except a very far-out cousin's son." She turned her face away from both of them and pretended to be very busy folding up her plaid which, as is well known, can only be done neatly with the aid of the teeth and thus demands some concealment of the face. The sister passed behind the Paymaster and the boy and startled the latter with a sly squeeze of the wrist as she did so.

"Do you tell me, my good woman," demanded the Paymaster, "that you would set him out on the road homeless on so poor an excuse as that? Far-out cousin here or far-out cousin there, he has no kin closer than yourself between the two stones of the parish. Where's your Hielan' heart, woman?"

"There's nothing wrong with my heart, Captain Campbell," said Jean tartly, "but my pocket's empty. If you think the boy's neglected you have a house of your own to take him into; it would be all the better for a young one in it, and you have the money to spend that Jean Clerk has not." All this with a very brave show of spirit, but with something uncommonly moist about the eyes.

The Paymaster, still clutching the boy at the shoulder, turned on his heel to go, but a side glance at Jean Clerk's face again showed him something different from avarice or anger.

"You auld besom you!" said he, dunting the floor with his rattan, "I see through you now; you think you'll get him put off on me. I suppose if I refused to take him in, you would be the first to make of him."

The woman laughed through her tears. "Oh, but you are the gleg-eyed one, Captain. You may be sure I would not see my cousin's grand-child starving, and I'll not deny I put him in your way, because I never knew a Campbell of Kiels, one of the old bold race, who had not a kind heart for the poor, and I thought you and your sister could do better than two old maiden women in a garret could do by him." She was a sly quick old lady; she saw ere she revealed so much of her intrigue that the gentleman was not averse from the plan she had laid.

"You randy!" said he, "and that's the way you would portion your poor relations about the countryside. As if I had not plenty of poor friends of my own! And what in all the world am I to make of the youth?"

"You'll have nothing to do with the making of him, Captain Campbell," said Jean Clerk, now safe and certain that the boy's future was assured. "It'll be Miss Mary will have the making of him, and I ken the lady well enough—with my humble duty to her—to know she'll make him a gentleman at the very least."

"Tuts," said the Paymaster, "Sister Mary's like the rest of you; she would make a milksop of the boy if I was foolish enough to take him home to her. He'll want smeddum and manly discipline; that's the stuff to make the soldier. The uneasy bed to sleep on, the day's task to be done to the uttermost. I'll make him the smartest ensign ever put baldrick on—that's if I was taking him in hand," he added hastily, realising from the look of the woman that he was making a complete capitulation.

"And of course you'll take him, Captain Campbell," cried Jean Clerk in triumph. "I'm sure you would sooner take him and make a soldier of him than leave him with me—though before God he was welcome—to grow up harvester or herd."

The Paymaster took a ponderous snuff, snorted, and went off down the stair with the boy still by the hand, the boy wide-eyed wondering, unable to realise very clearly whether he was to be made a soldier or a herd there and then. And when the door closed behind them Jean Clerk and her sister sat down and wept and laughed in a curious mingling of sorrow and joy—sorrow that the child they were really fond of had to be turned from their doors with even the pretence at inhospitality, and joy that their device had secured for him a home and future more comfortable than the best their straightened circumstances could afford.

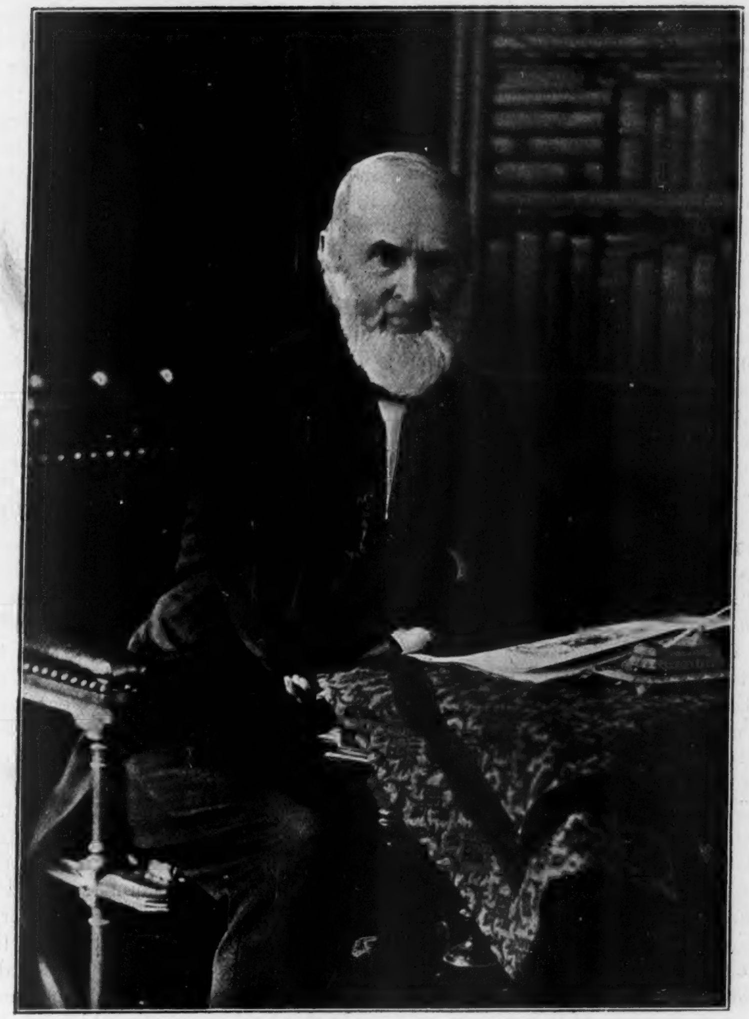
A VISIT TO WHITTIER

By EDMUND GOSSE

WHEN I was in Boston in 1884, my brilliant and hospitable friend Mr. W. D. Howells received a letter from the poet Whittier, expressing a most kind wish that I should visit him. It would have been a great satisfaction to me to have seen him in summer, and in his own beautiful home at Amesbury, where he settled in 1836, and where he resided until his death in 1892, although at the moment of his demise he happened to be visiting at Hampton Falls. It would have been delightful to carry away an impression of that noble, calm figure in the midst of its household gods. But, if I remember rightly, the mansion at Amesbury was at that time being altered in some way; at all events, Mr. Whittier was staying with friends at a house called Oak Knoll, near Danvers. It was, moreover, in the depth of the hard New England winter; all the landscape was choked with snow. Certainly, the visitor's attention would be the more exclusively concentrated on the appearance and conversation of his celebrated host. Accordingly, an appointment was made, and on the 6th of December I set forth on quite an arctic expedition to discover the author of "Snow Bound."

I have a superstition that all very agreeable adventures begin with a slight mishap. I was not prepared to believe Mr. Whittier so difficult to reach as I found him. We arrived early at the dismal station of Danvers, and a hack was persuaded to drive us to the entrance of Oak Knoll. All this Massachusetts landscape, doubtless enchanting at other times of the year, is of a most forbidding bleakness in mid-winter. The carriage drove off, leaving us to struggle up to the homestead, and we arrived with relief under the great pillars of an ample piazza. Doubtless, in leafy seasons, Oak Knoll may have its charms, but it was distinctly sinister that December morning. We rang, and after a long pause the front door opened slightly, and a very unprepossessing dog emerged, and shut the door (if I may say so) behind him. We were face to face with this animal, which presented none of the features identified in one's mind with the idea of Mr. Whittier. It sniffed unpleasantly, but we spoke to it most blandly, and it became assured that we were not tramps. The dog sat down, and looked at us; we had nowhere to sit down, but we looked at the dog. Then, after many blandishments, but feeling very uncomfortable, I ventured to hold the dog in conversation while I rang again. After another pause the door was very slightly opened, and a voice of no agreeable timbre asked what we wanted. We explained, across the dog, that we had come by appointment to see Mr. Whittier. The door was closed a second time, and, if our carriage had still been waiting, we should certainly have driven back to Danvers. But at length a hard-featured woman grudgingly admitted us, and showed us, growling as she did it, into a parlour.

Our troubles were then over, for Mr. Whittier himself appeared, with all that report had ever told of gentle sweetness and dignified cordial courtesy. He was then seventy-seven years old, and, although he spoke of age and feebleness, he showed few signs of either; he was, in fact, to live eight years more. Perhaps because the room was low, he seemed surprisingly tall; he must, in fact, have been a little less than six feet high.



(Notman Photographic Co., Boston, U.S.A.)

J. G. WHITTIER

The peculiarity of his face rested in the extraordinarily large and luminous black eyes, set in black eyebrows, and fringed with thick black eyelashes curiously curved inwards. This bar of vivid black across the countenance was startlingly contrasted with the bushy snow-white beard and hair, offering a sort of contradiction which was surprising and presently pleasing. He was careful to keep on my right side, I noticed, being presumably deaf in the right ear; even if this were the case, which he concealed, his hearing continued to be markedly quick in a man of his years.

His generosity to those much younger and less gifted than himself is well known, and I shall not dwell on the good-natured things which he proceeded to say to his English visitor. He made no profession, at any time, of being a critic, and his formula was that such and such verse or prose had given him pleasure,—"I am grateful to thee for all that enjoyment" was his charming way of being kind. But I will mention what he said about one book, the "Life of Gray," because I do not remember that Gray is mentioned in any of the published works of Whittier. He said that he had delighted in that narrative of a life so quiet and so sequestered that, as he put it, it was almost more "Quakerly" than that of any famous member of the Society; and he added that he had been greatly moved by the fulness and the significance of a career which to the outside world might have seemed absolutely without movement. "Thee were very fortunate," he went on, "to have that beautiful, restful story left to tell after almost all the histories of great men had been made so fully known to readers."

He asked me what and whom I had seen. Had I yet visited Concord? I responded that I was immediately about to do so, and then he said quickly, "Ah! thee should have come a little sooner, when we were still united. There were four of us a little while ago, but two are gone, and what is Concord without Emerson?" He spoke with great emotion of Emerson—"the noblest human being I have known," and of Longfellow, "perhaps the sweetest. But you will see Holmes," he added. I said it was my great privilege to be seeing Dr. Holmes every day, and that the night before he had sent all sorts of affectionate messages by me to Mr. Whittier. The latter expressed great curiosity to see Holmes's short "Life of Emerson," which, in fact, was published five or six days later. With reminiscences of the past, and especially of the great group of the poets his contemporaries, my venerable host kept me long entertained.

He presently said that he would leave me, that he might search for a portrait of himself, which he was so kind as to offer to me as a memorial of my visit. I proposed to take my leave, but he insisted that I must not go; he was absent about twenty minutes, resting, as I gathered, from the exertion of speaking, which had caused a noticeable hoarseness. He returned, entirely refreshed, and was once more delightfully communicative. I know not how he was induced to go back to the early anti-slavery days, but, this subject having been started, he pursued it with the greatest vivacity. I was left with the impression that on his sedentary and noiseless existence the troubles of 1835 had left an indelible impression,—that these formed, indeed, the most exciting pivot for his reminiscences. He told the story of the Concord riots eagerly and merrily; no doubt in almost the same words he had often told it before. His eyes flashed, he slapped his knees, he may almost be said to have gesticulated, and there was something less than Quakerly quietism in his gusto at the exciting incidents of the narrative. He was met in the streets of Concord by the rioters, who were looking for George Thompson, the abolitionist lecturer; Thompson was a man of about his own age, and the mob, supposing Whittier to be he, pelted the poet with rotten eggs, and, worse than that, with stones. Their aim was bad, for they scarcely touched Whittier with the more serious missiles, which rattled instead on the wooden fence behind him. He said it made him feel like the Apostle Paul. Another abolitionist, a Mr. Kent, at this moment providentially opened his street-door, and Whittier was pulled in out of the angry crowd. I forget exactly what happened next, but there was a great deal of shouting and firing, and in process of time George Thompson seems to have joined the anti-slavery men in their refuge. At all events, Mr. Whittier described, with immense animation and spirit, how it became necessary at length to make a dash, and how Thompson and he were brought in a carriage to a side-door, and the horse suddenly whipped through the unexpectant crowd out of the town and far away before any one thought of pursuing them. At this final recital, the old gentleman could remain seated no longer, but started from his chair and fought his battle o'er again. No doubt it was all recorded history, and could be reconstructed with clear accuracy from the books, but it was a delightful and quite sufficing experience to hear it thus told, by the most distinguished person engaged, after an interval of nearly fifty years.

If it is not too trifling, I must mention, in connection with his magnificent, lustrous eyes, that, the conversation turning upon the hues of things, Mr. Whittier greatly surprised me by confessing that he was quite colour-blind. He exemplified his condition by saying that if I came to Amesbury I should be scandalised by one of his carpets. It appeared that he was never permitted, by the guardian goddesses of his health, to go "shopping" for himself, but that once, being in Boston, and needing a carpet, he had ventured to go to a store and buy what he thought to be a very nice, quiet article, precisely suited to adorn a Quaker home. When it arrived at Amesbury there was a universal shout of horror, for what had struck Mr. Whittier as a particularly soft combination of browns and greys proved, to normal eyes, to be a loud pattern of bright red roses on a field of the crudest cabbage-green! When he had told me this, it was then easy to observe that the fulness and brilliancy of his wonderful eyes had something which was not entirely normal about them.

He struck me as very gay and cheerful, in spite of his occasional references to the passage of time and the vanishing of beloved faces. He even laughed, frequently and with a childlike suddenness, but without a sound. His face had none of the immobility so frequent with very aged persons; on the contrary, waves of mood were always sparkling across his features, and leaving nothing stationary there except the narrow, high, and strangely receding forehead. His language, very fluid and easy, had an agreeable touch of the soil, an occasional rustic note in its elegant colloquialism, that seemed very pleasant and appropriate, as if it linked him naturally with the long line of sturdy ancestors of whom he was the final blossoming. In connection with his poetry, I think it would be difficult to form in the imagination a figure more appropriate to Whittier's writings than Whittier himself proved to be in the flesh.

Two days later I received from Mr. Whittier a very kind letter, and the gift of his latest volume of poems, "The Bay of Seven Islands." It was far from being his last, for it was to be followed by two more in his lifetime and by a gleaning of posthumous verses. But it was the book of an old man, and in reading it one was reminded that fifty-three years had passed since "Legends of New England" had first given the name of Whittier to the lovers of poetry. In saying that "The Bay of Seven Islands" is an old man's book, however, I do not mean that it shows marks of senile failure, but only that the eye of the writer is constantly on the past, counting the sheaves, watching the red colour in the western sky. In verses, not less sincere because they are a little rough, he offers his own apologia. He desires, he says, that it shall be said of him when he is gone:

Hater of din and riot
He lived in days unquiet;
And, lover of all beauty,
Trod the hard ways of duty.

To all who dumbly suffered
His tongue and pen he offered;
His life was not his own,
Nor lived for self alone.

This, we can clearly assert, will always be admitted of Whittier. But what will impartial criticism, which is deaf to all the virtues if their expression is not enshrined and kept fresh in really fine literature, decide about the poetry of this good and graceful man?

Mr. Whittier was composing verses all his life, and the difference of quality between those he wrote at twenty and at eighty is remarkably small. He was a poet in the lifetime of Gifford and Crabbe, and he was still a poet when Mr. Rudyard Kipling was already famous. During this vast period of time his style changed very little; it had its ups and downs, its laxities and then its felicities, but it bore very little relation to passing conditions. There rose up beside it Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne, but none of these affected Whittier. His genius, or talent, or knack—whichever we choose to call it—was an absolutely local and native thing. It was like the Indian waters of strange name of which it sang, Winnepesaukee and Merrimac and Katahdin; it streamed forth, untouched by Europe, from among the butternuts and maples of the hard New England landscape. The art in Whittier's verse was primitive. Those who love his poetry most will wish that he possessed a better ear, that he could have felt that "mateless" does not rhyme to "greatness." In all his books there is a tendency to excess, to redundancy; he is apt to babble on when he has nothing very inspired to say.

But when all this is acknowledged, none but a very hasty reader will fail to recognise Whittier's lasting place in the history of literature. He is not rich, nor sonorous, nor a splendid artist; he is even rather rarely exquisite; out he has an individuality of his own that is of durable importance. He is filled with moral enthusiasm as a trumpet is filled with the breath of him who blows it. His Quaker quietism concentrates itself until it breaks into a real passion-storm of humanity, and when Whittier is roused he sings with the thrilling sweetness of a wood-thrush. By dint of simplicity and earnestness, he frequently hits upon the most charming phrases, instinct with life and truth; so that the English poet with whom it seems most natural to compare him in the lyrical order is the epic and didactic Crabbe. If the author of "The Borough" had been dowered with the gift of writing in octosyllabics and short stanzaic measures, and had been of stern Puritan stock in Massachusetts, and had been roused by the sight of a public iniquity, such as slavery, recognised and applauded in society, he might have presented the world with a talent very much resembling that of Whittier. But, as it is, we look around in vain for English or American poet of anything like the same merit who shares the place of Whittier.

The grave of the admirable Quaker poet at Amesbury is hemmed in by a hedge of vigorous arbor vitæ. His memory, in like manner, depends for its protection, not on the praise of exotic communities which can never, though they admire, rightly comprehend it, but on the conscience of New England, shy, tenacious, intrepid, to which, more than other poet has done, Whittier made a direct and constant appeal.

THE INHABITANTS OF AN EGG-SHELL

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

TO talk of the inhabitants of an egg seems, at first sight, to be sheer nonsense, for if any dwelling-place appeared destined for one single individual, and one only, that place is an egg. But though this was the obvious intention of the builder—the mother bird—yet, as with many other builders, plans sometimes miscarry, and a building does not always fulfil the first intention of the originators. An Englishman's house is said to be his castle, but there are times when, however unwilling he may be, he is forced to harbour and entertain unbidden and unwelcome guests. So it is with an egg: the chick is the only living being that it is intended for, yet nevertheless other intruders frequently enter without invitation or encouragement, and they too are unbidden and most certainly unwelcome guests.

These visitors are the smallest of living organisms, natives of the fungus domain of the great plant kingdom, and they creep in in the most untoward way. For one thing they are practically ubiquitous—it is more difficult to say where they are not than where they are—and because they are so excessively minute and insignificant in appearance they have passed unnoticed through the ages until quite recent times, though their works have always been known to us.

But even when their existence and ubiquity was recognised, a freshly laid egg was long supposed by the most exact scientists to be the very last place in the world where one would look for them. And this is still the popular view at the present day—a view which is, however, now shown to be erroneous, for in the freshest egg a careful examination will frequently reveal their presence. How they come to be there was at first somewhat of a mystery, but there is no doubt now that most of them were in the body of the mother bird, and during the formation of the egg lodged themselves in the white albumen, where they may be said to be, figuratively, in clover: they can wish for nothing better either in food or lodgment. Thus an egg, even from the earliest times, may be said to have many inhabitants.

One might imagine that organisms so infinitely minute in comparison with the embryo could make but little difference to the development of the chick, and if size were a criterion of power this might be so, but their work is out of all proportion to their appearance, and they can make all possible difference, as we shall see.

Now these organisms—certain species of bacteria—have great powers of growth and development, not in size but in numbers, if only the conditions of their life are favourable. They need plenty of air, for the oxygen in the air is an absolute necessity of their life; they require a certain amount of moisture, a certain temperature, and ample nutriment. And in an egg these conditions can readily be attained. Oxygen is generously provided, for the air can pass quite easily through the fragile egg-shell. This is an arrangement for the benefit of the legitimate inhabitant, as the embryo chick, in gaining form and size, is dependent on the oxygen also for its life, and it must draw its supplies through the shell from the outer air. Nutriment is abundantly provided also for the chick, so given a suitable temperature, and, above all, sufficient time, and the result is assured. The germs thrive, increase in numbers, and are in halcyon days, but with consequences disastrous to the egg from the bird's point of view as well as ours. For in feeding upon its contents they gradually alter them until they are practically unrecognisable. The originally white albumen becomes, first, greyish, and then grey-green, while the yolk blackens, and both become mixed up together into a common mass. A great quantity of fœtid gas—sulphuretted hydrogen—is formed during the decomposition, a decomposition at which the bacteria are working their hardest, and, as a final result of their labours, we have a "rotten" egg. The invaders have thus taken full possession of the dwelling, and the proper owner is starved out. One is glad to know that there comes a time when they, too, come to an end of the stolen food and are starved out, for their numbers increase so rapidly that they quickly use up the supplies within the shell.

Though this is the commonest kind of "bad" egg, yet there is another variety of rottenness, brought about by a second class of intruders slightly different to the first, though of the same brotherhood. These, too, grow and develop under the same conditions, and in their feeding transform the nutrition stored within the shell, but the results they bring about are easily distinguished from the first. The yolk and white rapidly run together, and the clear distinction between the golden centre and its bath of transparent albumen is altogether lost sight of. The two form a pulpy yellow mass with a most obnoxious smell, but no gas is given off. In the first kind of "rotten" egg the gas collects until at times it is sufficient even to burst the shell; in the second it is not even formed. When this latter kind of egg-bacteria are isolated and cultivated by themselves so that they can be carefully watched, they are seen to shine with a beautiful greenish colouring.

It is possible, now we know all this, to give the scientific explanation of the housewife's thrifty method of preserving eggs in the springtime, when they are plentiful, against the scarcity of winter. It is obvious that, if the eggs are to be kept good for man's consumption, some precaution must be taken which will prevent the growth of these inhabitants, both legitimate and otherwise. Stored away, as these germs are, in the albumen, it is not possible to get directly at them; but their mere presence is not hurtful, it is only their activity and increase that spoils the egg. And this can be prevented if some necessary condition of their life be cut off. Thus they cannot live without air, therefore, if the shells be coated over until they are made impermeable, the egg will remain in its original condition. Neither the proper inhabitant nor the intruders can get beyond the initial stage, and this is precisely what is wanted from a man's point of view.

Hence the housewife, primed with the inherited practical experience of generations, packs her eggs in vessels and pours over them milk of lime until every interstice is filled and every egg is covered. She has never thought why this should be done, she never troubles her head about bacteria or their conditions of life, nor has she in her mind's eye a definite plan of cutting off their vitalising oxygen; she simply knows that an egg will not "keep" if left in the air exposed to ordinary warmth and moisture, but that it will "keep" if she treats it in the manner described. A similar result can be arrived at by coating the egg-shell with lacquer or varnish if it is done very thoroughly, and for the same reason. The air-supply of the inhabitants is cut off and life is arrested. But varnish is a mere negative preventive, and milk of lime is surer as a preservative, for it is directly inimical to germ life of every sort, and, as it can penetrate somewhat into the interior, it can kill some of the germs as well as arrest the development of others.

From scientific experiments made on these bacteria, it has been shown that they cannot live if the temperature of their surroundings is above a certain point, namely, 104 degrees Fahrenheit, and that a dry atmosphere is prejudicial to them. Hence, if eggs were heated to a temperature slightly above this critical one, and then placed in a very dry place, all germs would be killed, and the eggs would "keep" as well as by the milk of lime method; but unfortunately for this simple plan the flavour of the egg is impaired by the heating, so nothing better than the housewife's recipe has yet been found.

Other kinds of intruders of a far more serious character can likewise swell the population of an egg, but they only appear when directly invited by dirt and ignorance. It was formerly thought that an egg must be safe eating whatever the surroundings, since its shell covered completely the part eaten; but it has now been shown unmistakably that germs of disease can even find their way through an egg-shell. For instance, the typhus bacillus and the cholera bacillus have both been found to make their way through an unbroken egg-shell in about sixteen hours, and locate themselves in the nutrient contents. This is a clear indication, therefore, that the greatest care should be exercised in the storage and handling of eggs, since they may thus be made vehicles for most deadly poisons. Doubtless the immunity from such evils which we enjoy in our use of eggs as food is due to the fact that we generally cook them in a high temperature before we eat them, and thus deal death to the germs and safety to ourselves. But this is not always the case, nor is it always sufficient, and now that the importation of eggs has increased to such an enormous extent, it would be well could we insist on sanitary measures in the country of export. The packing of the eggs is of great importance, and the substance used should be clean and pure, for did it come from a centre of infection and be contaminated, we could hardly hope that in such close contact with the shells some germs might not pass through into the tempting land of plenty within, with dire results to the consumers. Therefore the moral of it all is that we should, if possible, satisfy ourselves as to the source and nature of our egg-supply, or, failing that, invariably cook all eggs partaken of.

A DARK SHADOW

I NEVER saw my mother's face:
God drew a shadow o'er my baby eyes,
And there it lies,
Unchanged by time or place;

But I have felt her loving breast
Breathe heartsore sighing for the joys I miss,
And felt her kiss
Upon my eyelids pressed.

I never saw God's lovely world,
But I have listened to the whispering trees,
And felt the breeze
That Spring's sweet leaves uncurled.

I never gazed upon a rose,
But I have laid the flower against my cheek
And heard God speak
And mysteries disclose.

And He has made me understand:
Though dark the shadow that now holds me blind,
God is behind,
Unseen I feel His hand,

And know that from my darkened eyes
The lifelong shadow will be rolled away
One solemn day;
Oh, rapturous surprise!

My happy lips e'en now must sing;
These eyes, unclosing in the streets of gold,
Will first behold
The face of Christ, my King.

FEODORA BELL.

Siberian Silhouettes

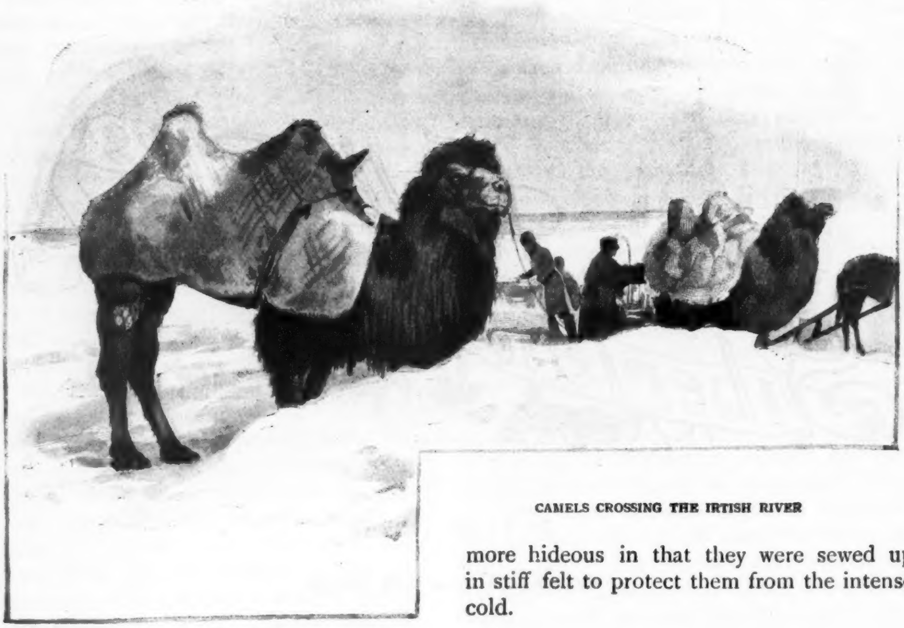
By EVAN ASPRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

THERE is an indescribable poetry in a return to Siberia after absence. A thrill of emotion vibrates as I drive up to the gate of the first village enclosure. This high straggling fence keeps the horses and cattle from wandering into the forest. I breathe again the delicious fragrance of the pine-woods. I scent the curling film of wood-smoke from the chimneys of the mossy-gabled ancient inn. Hard by stands the toy-like church with its green steeple. I hear the barking of innumerable dogs. It is early morning when I arrive, aching after a weary night ride in my *tarantass*, a boat-shaped vehicle swinging on roped springs. I leap down at the inn door, and on entering carefully salute the *icon*, and call for the *samovar*.

There is company within. Perhaps a Russian prince in his furs and platinum clasps, or it may be a large family of Tartars; the men with belts and pistols and wearing black lambskin caps; the women and children with flat noses and no eyebrows. All sit on the ground, eating bright purple horse sausage, odoriferous of musk or garlic. Eat but a crumb of their food and for the time you are a guest brother.

If it be Sunday we shall attend early service, standing in the little Byzantine church, listening to the long Slavonic chants with their venerable cadences. Behind the pictured screen and its gilded gates, the long-haired priest worships in a nasal tone. The stupefying gum benzoin smoke is quite distinct in odour from Catholic incense. In the afternoon the women will put on their red embroidery and silver trinkets, and will dance in slow ceremonious steps to minor music, played on instruments like accordions. After a while they sing. Gathered into a group, one begins a long shrill romance; the others break in with passionate dialogue, a story of romantic wooing ending in tragedy. Almost all Siberian songs are sad; the air's "wood notes wild" dropping much into the minor key. Sometimes a long band of exiles goes past, in lax order, watched by silent Cossack guards. These also sing—monotonous marching songs, falling at times to a sob or rising to a loud patriotic clangour. Their chains bright as silver with the friction; all the men bearded, ragged but alert.



CAMELS CROSSING THE IRTISH RIVER

It was a dim wintry moonlight when we came to the Angara river. Our driver had been warned at the last post-house that the ice was bad, and that an accident had happened a day or two before. As fast as the river was frozen it was again flooded, and once more frozen. Sleighing across, the horses broke through the top crust, and were fatally trapped in the rotten ice. Our own *istvostchik* had selected a point to cross where the ice seemed smoothest. As we swept along under the precipitous banks on the farther side, a ghastly sight met our eyes in the moonlight. A horse's head erect, frozen stiff, and a few yards off the legs of a second horse; the sleigh and its human occupants were beneath the ice. How joyful was the sound at last of the grating of our own runners on the gravel shore! On another night we were rudely awakened from sleep by being ricochetted through the air into deep snow. When we had struggled to our feet, we found the *troitka* had leaped the track to escape a long caravan of Bactrian camels that had stolidly passed in the dim moonlight. They were laden with tea from China. The poor beasts looked the more hideous in that they were sewed up in stiff felt to protect them from the intense cold.

The post-houses are under Government control. Horses are in sets of three. Officials can always seize the first *troitka*, so that private travellers have often to wait. Some of the houses are indescribably dirty. I have seen the paper of the room moving with the insect life beneath. If we had to sleep for an hour or two, I brought in the skins from the sleigh and lay upon the floor. At times I preferred the intense cold outside, and slept in the sleigh. The horses are small but very hardy. They are often left standing after a long ride in a cold of −40°. They are only fed once in twenty-four hours. I have seen icicles nine inches long hanging from the poor beast's nostrils and belly.

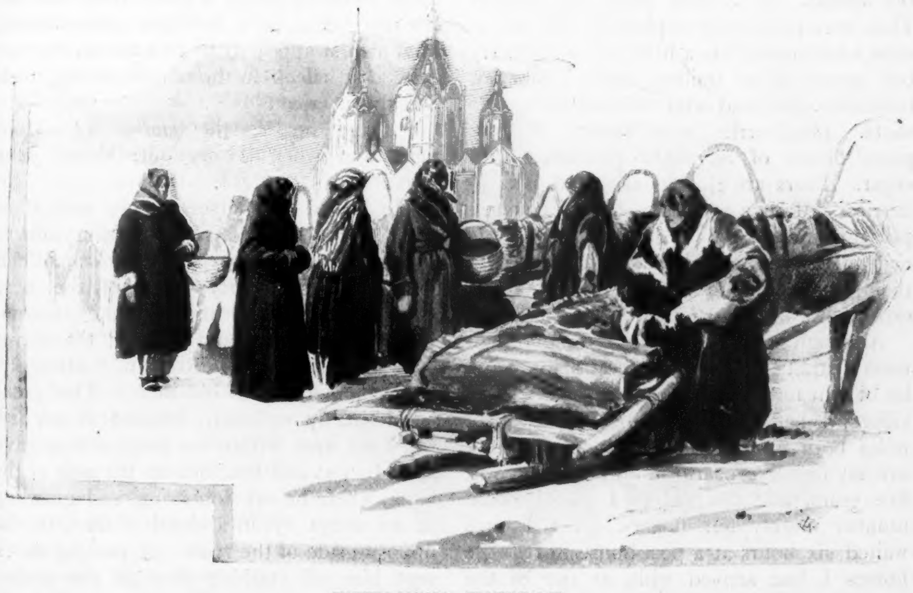
At Tichon Sadonsk in the intensely cold nights the silence was sometimes broken by a loud report as of a cannon. This was the bursting of one of the ice bubbles on the river; a phenomenon I had neither heard nor read of before.

The streams coming down from the hills were frozen on the surface some six to nine inches thick. The water beneath flowed faster than it could escape, and the pressure on the principle of a hydraulic press became irresistible. First the elasticity of the ice was seen by the rising of circular mounds some six to eight feet in diameter, and from four to five feet high. The bursting point came at last, with a report like an explosion. The water escaped but soon froze again. I have seen scores of these ice hillocks in a few versts of the river.

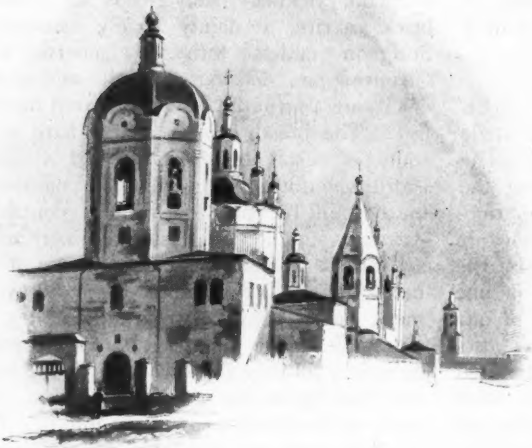
Our loghouse had four rooms on a floor. A great brick fireplace in the central angle warmed each room in the two stories. The heat was very grateful. On opening the door at night to admit a friend, the atmosphere of the room laden with the moisture of our breath was rolled in upon us by the cold outer air like steam, and fell in fine snow. Of course the wooden walls of our room were double, and the windows also. The landscape outside was always obscured by the frost on the panes. In the short summer we took off the outside sashes and laid them over trenches dug for them, and under them we raised cucumbers and cabbages. In winter the food is always frozen. Carcasses of sheep can only be divided by axe and saw. Fish caught through holes in the ice freeze while they jump. Eggs are as hard as flints. I have carried them in a sack over my horse's back.

The rivers of Siberia abound with excellent fish; amongst these a beautiful kind of grayling and the incomparable sterlet, quite the most delicious fish I know. Whilst descending the Yenisei we caught a gigantic sturgeon, yielding many *poods* of coarse black caviare, a dainty highly esteemed. Sturgeon cutlets with wild chervil for flavouring are delicious. Quails and dabchicks are a favourite broil for second breakfast. The bread I found dark, hard and sour, but sustaining. A great deal of *vodki* is drunk, but it is both perilous and nauseous on account of the fusel oil it contains. *Kwass* in summer time is refreshingly acid, and drunk from a small oaken bowl it is better than cider. Tea is taken at every meal, but it is very weak. Brick tea is detestable. The stamped bricks are used as money till they are worn and dirty; they are then made into a kind of broth. All sorts of abominations are flung into it. The Khirgis have an insatiable appetite for a brew "thick and slab," impossible to Western palates.

I had heard much of the beauty of the Steppes in early summer; but I found them more wonderful than I could ever describe. Only a few days after the snow had melted the flowers arrived in astonishing profusion.



MARKET SQUARE, KRASNOYARSK



CATHEDRAL AND CHURCHES, YENISEISK

Lilies came first, small flowers of intense crimson, stretching like pools of blood as far as the eye could see. To these succeeded a yellow flower, also a bulb, a tulip I think. At midsummer the forget-me-not turns the Steppes vivid blue, challenging the azure of the zenith. In August came the berries. They were principally raspberries, and *morushka*, which resembles a little yellow mulberry but grows in a trailing shrub. Siberian bilberries exist and wild red and white currants. Blackberries were fewer. We ate great dishes of *morushka* powdered with sugar. Bears are gluttonously fond of raspberries. Many a rencontre occurs between peasant and Bruin in the thickets while raspberries are ripe: Michael is a fruit feeder then; though children and women are I expect always in danger.

Although bears and wolves are plentiful in most districts, and splendid bear skins are to be bought for a few shillings in nearly every village, I had travelled some thousands of miles both in winter and summer before I saw my first live bear. I only saw three in five years, and the wolves I met I could number on my ten fingers. Yet I once waited six hours at a post-house to rest the horses I had arrived with, as two of the *troitka*, that should have taken me to the next station, had been eaten by wolves that evening while drinking at a little stream just outside the village. The forests teem with life and food for the bears and wolves, and these animals seldom "take to the road" as a means of livelihood.

Whilst living at Yeniseisk I heard from an angler friend of a little tributary of the Great Yenisei where the grayling were rising fondly at the gnats and mosquitoes. Taking a few flies, a couple of strong silk lines and a hatchet to cut an impromptu rod or two, we set out in an old *telega* with a couple of horses one delightfully hot afternoon in June, to drive the twenty versts to the little forest stream. Shortly before reaching it, we stopped at a quiet little village inn. Whilst the old mother handed us wooden bowls of *kwass* she said:

"You will probably find 'Meesha' just by the bridge, he has taken to coming there lately to bask in the sun."

We thought nothing of her words until upon galloping down a short steep hill we saw just below us, a hundred yards ahead, what at first appeared to be a brown cow or large dog asleep in the middle of the road. Our driver cried:

"There he is, the *sudkinski!* Hold tight and when I cry out, shout your worst."

He lashed his horses which, with their ears pricked forward, swerved from side to side of the road in a panic of fear. When we were within thirty yards of the bear sweeping down like an avalanche we commenced shouting and yelling, the driver cursing in explosive Russian "Michael," "his mother," and his race. The great beast sat up suddenly, blinked at us, and when we were within ten yards of him gave a loud snort and bounded up the side of the bank, where he sat slobbering and growling as we swept by, in a cloud of dust, on the opposite side of the road. A parting shriek sent him off crashing through the underwood. When we could pull up half a mile ahead, and the driver got down to adjust the rope harness, he cried:

"Pardon my sins! but 'Meesha' can't endure my cursing."

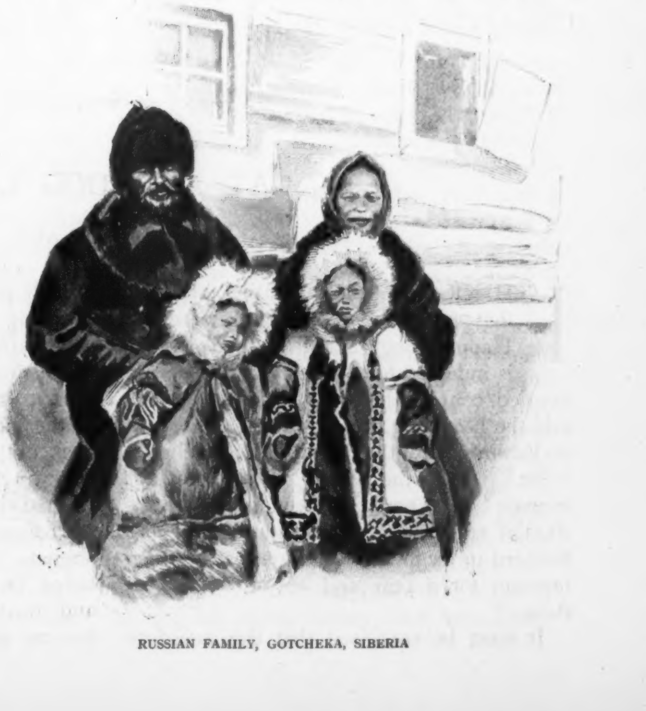
I felt a tingling excitement that made me break into long and loud laughter.

In Siberia murder is rarely punished by death; the criminal is only sent farther East. If the crime is repeated he is passed on to a distant and more inclement zone. Some convicts at the Lena mines were credited with being murderers to the fifth degree. The nurse of my motherless boy was an exile who had killed her husband. One lost the sharp sense of antipathy to the criminal so instinctive in the West. Robbery accompanied with murder is common enough. I saw four crosses on the road just as I entered Irkutsk, one of which marked the spot where ten people had been murdered in open daylight. At night robbers wrap themselves in white calico, and, invisible in the snow, cut the luggage from behind the sleighs. Near the mines a considerable trade in illicit spirits is carried on by the *spiriti nocu*, as the smugglers are called. These buy contraband *vodki* at Vitim and carry it into the mining districts, where they make a fabulous profit in exchange for stolen gold. They travel along obscure footpaths which cross the main road at well-known points. These are notoriously dangerous spots, from the murders that take place near them. Travellers gallop swiftly by, peering anxiously around. Shafts of old disused mines hold ghastly secrets. I was told that over a hundred frozen corpses lay in some of these, and that the company is afraid to re-open them for fear of the scandals that would arise.

Returning home one midnight from a distant mine, I rode towards a light in a dell, to find two mounted Cossacks keeping watch over the body of a man who had been murdered a few minutes before. Men are slain for a pair of boots or even for a passport.

I repeatedly met or overtook bands of exiles going East, in slow loose order, guarded by Cossacks. Escapes are not infrequent, but they are made at a terrible risk. Days may pass by without food, and flies and mosquitoes are more deadly than wolves. Escaped convicts travel by night, and peasants frequently put food outside their huts for these poor runaways. Forged or stolen passports are carried, but many a man is detected or captured by slight errors in their preparation. The Cossacks have to deliver at the journey's end the exact number of convicts they started with; and ghastly tales are told of peasants kidnapped to make up the number for those who have escaped *en route*.

Once when I was travelling on a by-road with a governor of the district, he pointed out to me a ragged man as an "escaped." He covered him with his revolver and called the man to him, saying, "Show me your passport!" The man turned white and trembled. "Unbutton your coat!" shouted the officer. The man obeyed and fell on his knees. There were the polished iron chains



RUSSIAN FAMILY, GOTCHEKA, SIBERIA

that he had not been able to remove. The officer broke into a merciful laugh, and throwing him a piece of silver, allowed him to escape.

In Siberia the most naïve and grotesque fetishism exists side by side with not a little Western emancipation. More than once we met with the stone that was going on pilgrimage; a large round block of granite journeying to a distant shrine or monastery. The orthodox are entreated to roll it a few yards on the way as an act of piety. It will be years on the road but it will arrive at last.

In the Museum of Tobolsk are relics of Ermsk the discoverer of Siberia in A.D. 1581. Here are some of the weapons of torture of Ivan the Terrible; knouts with lead balls at the ends of the thongs, and branding irons for convicts' faces. On my way out I saw the exiled bell, which had been banished from Ooglitch two hundred and fifty years ago for ringing the alarm which nearly betrayed a conspiracy. It was publicly flogged and its hammer removed. On my return to Tobolsk the bell was gone. It had served its full time, and had been sent back to Ooglitch!

For five days we journeyed up the Lena. I bought a long gondola-like boat. All day three horses with a long tow-line drew us, while they waded through the shallows. Forests came down to the water's edge. The scenery was impressive but very lonely. One long day our *troitka* had been ridden by a boy and a girl of ten and eleven. At night we roped up, and I saw with amazement the two children start back again in the twilight, laughing as they splashed through the shallows without a shade of fear.

But these memories are endless. There is witchcraft in them. I can never forget this amiable land or its hospitable people. A great calamity fell on me there; but the sympathy and inexpressible tenderness I met with will never fade from my memory while life lasts. I do not believe a nobler or more generous people exists in the world. I have been in the ice-bound tundras of the mouth of the Yenisei, on the Obi, the Lena, the Angara, and a score of other rivers; in Tomsk, Krasniarsk and Irkutsk and other cities; I do not say evil men are not to be found there. I only speak bare truth when I declare I met with nothing during five long years but good comradeship from men and gracious providence from women. I was never cheated, wronged or betrayed by great or simple.

May Siberia prosper!

CAT AND DOG LIFE

By F. G. AFLALO

I THINK it is to the versatile author of that agreeable treatise "How to be Happy though Married" that memory is indebted for the story of the newly-married couple who were seated on either side the hearthrug, the house-dog curled up at Edwin's feet, the Persian at Angelina's. "See," says the lady, "*they* do not wrangle!" (There had been an early post-nuptial coolness.) "No, my love," replies her lord in icy tones, "but you just tie them together for a year and see what's left of them!"

It must be confessed that this anecdote scarcely points the moral of the question I am going to ask further than to establish a remarkable, if apocryphal, case of amity between our two domestic carnivora. For, briefly, what I desire to know is the reason of the enmity between nine cats and nine dogs out of every ten. In his delightful work on "The Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence," Mr. Mills states, in the course of a comparison between the two animals, that the antipathy of the cat is based on self-preservation from intruders, and further expresses his doubts whether the cat might not show similar distrust of many other large animals, as those, for instance, kept in menageries, of which cats have the run on account of their uncivil treatment of superabundant mice. This was an interesting suggestion, and I acted on it so far as to correspond on the subject with Mr. Arthur Thomson, the head keeper at our Zoological Gardens, to whom I have so often been indebted for interesting and reliable information. As the relative size and strength of the two species is the reverse in nature—*i.e.*, the largest cats are, contrary to the rule in domestication, immeasurably superior in size and strength to the largest dogs—there seemed some chance of observing in this way the cat's behaviour under very interesting conditions, as well as of estimating roughly what proportion of initiative antipathy might be allotted to either species.

Before giving the gist of his reply, it may be as well to consider briefly the more apparent differences between the two animals in so far as these can be said to account for their invariable impolitenesses. The cat, then, is a solitary forest animal, waking up towards evening with a tardy activity that suggests its ancestry and the wild contemporaries of its race. I know of an aged cat at Richmond that, to this day, in utter forgetfulness of its failing powers of vision and locomotion, lies in ambush all the summer evenings, from about nine until eleven, in the vain hope of capturing some roosting bird, in which attempt it but occasionally succeeds. We make the cat at home on our premises for a specific purpose, already indelicately alluded to above, and we designedly keep it on a not more than supporting diet of biscuits and meat in order that it may fill up spare corners on those unpleasant little rodents, the mice, that have, all unbidden, taken up their quarters beneath our roof. All the cat's instincts are for solitude and self-help. It is the most difficult of animals to train, and the task has baffled almost every nation but the ancient Egyptians, with whom it was a cult. It is also, save when we want to sleep, a silent beast ("All cats are animals," said the professor of logic; "some cats," he added in resentful recollection of a much pampered tyrant of the family hearth, "are *beasts*"), deprecating intrusion either in its moments of fireside leisure, or, when on business bent, in the neighbourhood of the wainscot. Then, too, it is a singularly patient animal. Has it struck the reader what a marvellous fund of patience the cat has? There is a world of moral instruction in the mere sight of a cat waiting three or four hours beside a suspicious crack in the floor. Unfortunately, the little gentleman in brown on the further side is endowed with a very keen sense of smell, and knows something of the advantages of waiting, too.

In sharp contrast with all this we have the characteristics of the dog. He is a gregarious, joyful, noisy, faithful beast, full of animal spirits and impatience, at once the servant and the companion. He is willing to depend entirely on his master for supplies, is content to go to bed at a decent hour, and is ever amenable to discipline, having a distinct sense of differentiating between the right and the wrong, between his proper position across his master's front door, and his improper position half-way through one of his master's fowls. He is sociable and unsuspecting. Wake a cat from her eternal sleep before the fire, and she will, even as a preliminary to less hostile overtures, arch her back and show her claws. The dog, on the other hand, welcomes his owner from afar with much barking and wagging of the tail. A cat's tail is a selfish object, only of use in whiling away its time in childhood until it is old enough to persecute mice. The value of the dog's tail, on the other hand, is apparent to any one who has ever owned a dog and treated it with kindness. The comparison between the intelligence of these two animals is at once too delicate and too profound a subject to be discussed here. In support of the claims to first place of Angelina's favourite it must, however, be remembered that amenability to discipline is no longer seriously regarded as a test of intelligence. The supposed direct connection between the two may, it is true, serve a good and useful purpose in children's picture books, but the homiletics of the nursery are, however justifiable, not always sound. And against the dog it must also be remembered, at the sacrifice of much of Edwin's deep-rooted prejudice, that whereas cats stalk birds in a most wonderful manner, indicating something over and above mere inherited instinct, the dog will charge boldly, and with much noise, into the midst of a covey and lose all chance of a meal. On the other side of the argument, we must not overlook the pointing of dogs specially trained with a view to certain game-hunting qualities characteristic of the breed; and something must also be allowed for the punishment swiftly meted out on the death of a bird, where occasional dogs are so clever as to accomplish it. The experience would not invite second trial. But it is in disposition that the two differ most. The dog has a keen appreciation of decent treatment, loving his master and welcoming his friends. With few exceptions, the affections of cats are reserved for very old ladies and the cat's-meat-man.

I come now to Mr. Thomson's reply, not quite inappropriately, as it reached me while I was writing these few notes. He says:

"The cats here do not seem at all upset by the animals, as they seem to know they are caged. There are two cats at the small mammals' house, where the jackals are kept. They pay no attention to these, and may be seen at night sitting in the path waiting for mice. I have no doubt a *strange* cat would be frightened, although I have seen stray cats about here for months before I could shoot them. My own cat, a black Persian, pays no attention to any of the animals, but he was brought up here. The lynx is very much excited whenever she sees a cat or dog, and would, I am certain, kill either in a very short time if she had the chance."

Here, then, is evidence from one who has the best right to give it, that cats learn to regard without fear or apparent antipathy both their own wild congeners and wild dogs. The ferocity of the lynx towards other carnivora is interesting, and fully bears out all that has been written of that animal's unparalleled destructiveness, both on the farm and in the wilds. Mr. Thomson's allusion to mice in the small mammals' house reminds me of another communication I had from him some months ago, in which he told me that the mice at the Gardens were sufficiently discriminating to avoid the cages of all beasts or birds from which they might run any risks.

That horses have an instinctive fear of bears, monkeys of snakes, or donkeys of crossing streams (from a hereditary dread of lurking crocodiles, according to Dr. Louis Robinson), is well known, and not by any means mysterious. But why should two animals, whose methods of life in no way clash, keep up this bitter feud?

My question, then, is still unanswered, and I have perhaps been over-long in putting it. But I am sure that any observations at first hand that could tend to throw light on the apparently irreconcilable differences that, under artificial conditions, exist between these two most interesting species would be welcomed, not alone by those who take a general interest in natural history, but also by that large body of workers now unobtrusively engaged in two hemispheres in solving some of the more remarkable and interesting problems of animal psychology.

LINCOLN QUIRE

By the Rev. W. J. FERRAR, M.A.

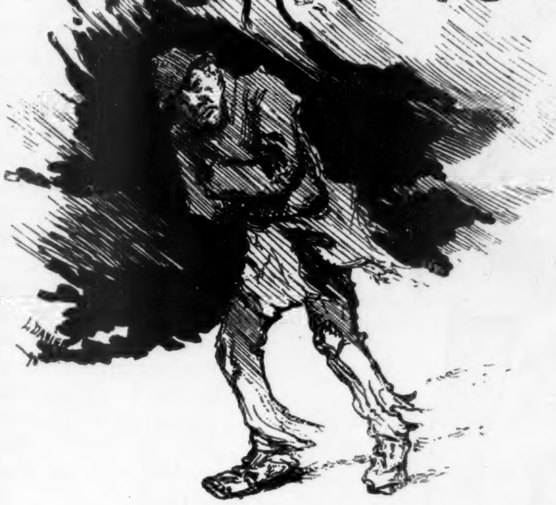
On one side springeth many a mimic spire
  From interlacing fretted canopies,
  'Neath which sweet voices morn and even rise
As flame that leapeth from an altar fire,
Up to the vaulted vastness, where the quire
  Of carven angels greet with placid eyes
  The children's praise, till with "Amen" it dies,
And voices tuned by worship play may tire.

But on the other side, the ruined grave
  Of young Saint Hugh, who sang as sweet as they
    And died for Christ, gives as it long hath given
This charge to boys and men: Be true and brave,
  For no sweet voices duty stern betray,
    Nor for false safety barter that fair Heaven.

VAGRANTS IN WINTER

By T. W. WILKINSON

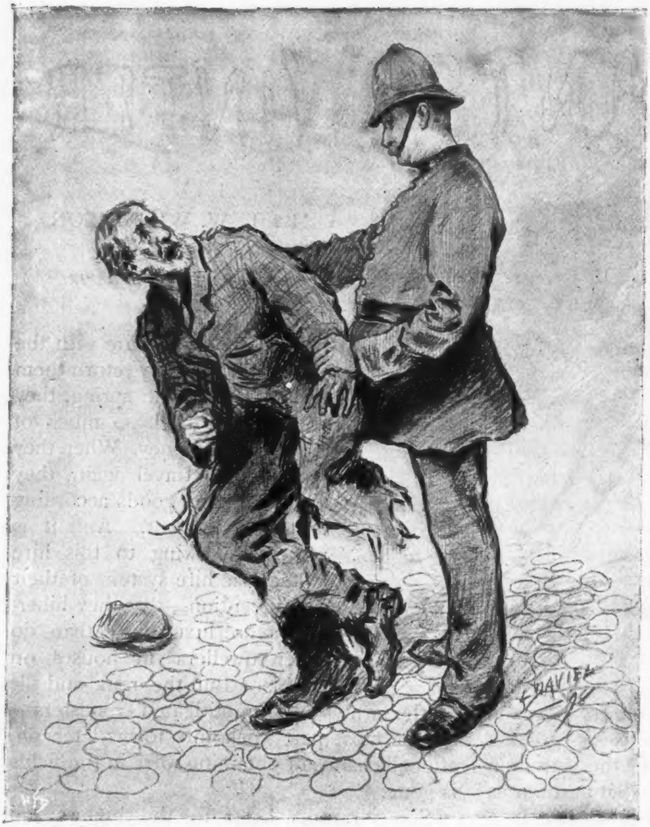
ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL



TO many excellent country-folk the life of the vagrant is as great a mystery as that of the common household fly. Like that pestiferous insect, he comes forth in the spring, is a nuisance for months, and then disappears at the first cold "snap." Rural dwellers appear to think, therefore, that frost is as fatal to him as it is to dahlias, or that, like the hedgehog, he retires into a hole, curls himself in a ball, and sleeps away the winter. Vagrants, as a class, certainly do hibernate, but not in the way, of course, that people rooted to one spot are prone to imagine.

When the brown and russet leaves litter the highway the captains of the vagabond army quickly disappear from their summer haunts. Van-dwelling gipsies rent fixed tenements in large towns and proceed to convert them into mere clothes-peg manufactories, leaving their movable homes dirty and tenantless in unexplored Slumdom. Showmen and "travellers" in general mostly do likewise, though their winter quarters are, as regards comfort and cleanliness, very different from those of their Romany congeners. Going to a broker's, they buy such articles as they require with the proviso that, if they return them undamaged in the spring, they shall receive back so much of the purchase money. When they are ready to travel again, they dispose of their goods according to this agreement. And it is principally owing to this hire system—a hire system of their own invention—that they hibernate more luxuriously than do other dwellers in houses on wheels. But the rank and file of the army—the unmitigated roadsters—for the most part flock into towns later on, after all chance of obtaining work in the fields is gone.

Some tramps keep to the highway all the winter, which they infinitely prefer to summer. Hundreds of these hardy vagrants may be found on the coldest nights about the Durham coke-ovens, the Derbyshire limekilns, and the pits, boilers, and brickyards in the Black Country of Scotland. Often a tramp sleeps by the same fire night after night, frozen on one side and roasted on the other. Numbers, too, patronise rural casual wards, which they invariably reach early, entering immediately the doors are opened. Certain of these Poor Law shelters, indeed, are crowded during cold weather. One in particular, situated in an out-of-the-way corner of Lancashire, is a favourite haunt of "spike-rangers" who elect to rough it in winter. It is simply an old shed, and bears the same relation to urban casual wards that a wayside tramps' hotel bears to one of Lord Rowton's lodging-houses. But vagrants, none the less, consider it an excellent resting-place. And,



"'If you don't be quiet, hang me if I don't let you go'"

indeed, it has its compensations. The bath is not obligatory; a roadster can retain any food which he has begged during the day and eat it at any time; clothes are not "stoved" or disinfected; the porter, if bribed with a halfpenny, will provide as much "hot water for tea" as the most thirsty wayfarer can require; and, above all, in the middle of the shed stands a huge stove, round which the inmates cluster, toasting themselves and spinning yarns till they are obliged to turn into their bunks.

Does it seem strange that some children of the open air should remain in the country during the cold months instead of herding with their fellows on urban soil? If so, the explanation is very simple: in the winter food can be obtained in abundance at farms and wayside cottages. One man of my acquaintance—he is a little bulky about the waistcoat—always spends the summer in the workhouse, and never begins to fend for himself till that hardy annual, the increase of vagrancy, crops up for discussion in the newspapers about October or November.

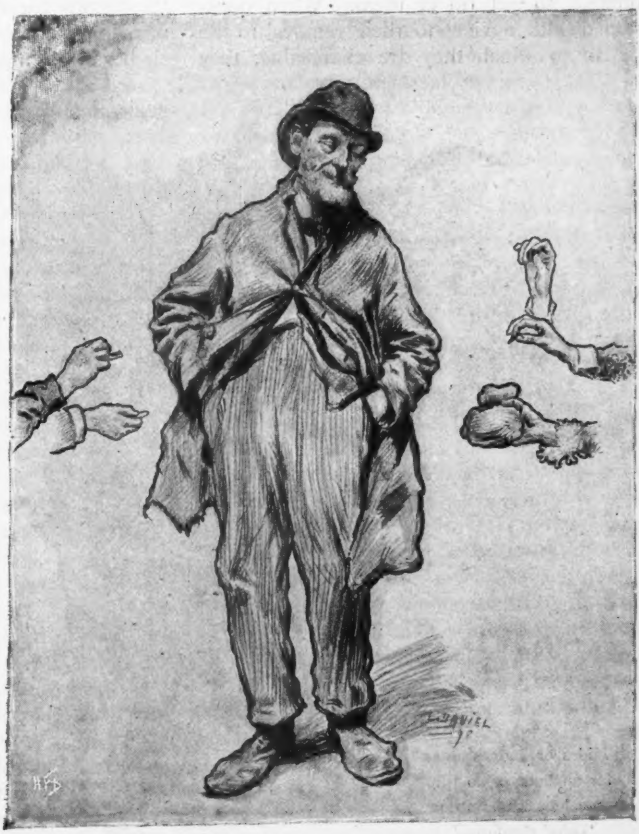
"What can a fat man get by 'mouching' in summer?" he asks with pathos. "What can any man get in the country, if it comes to that? They tells you to go and work. But in winter—*then* anybody can get tons of tommy."

Even those places where relief is obtainable all the year round are considered better worth "calling" in winter than in summer. At many Yorkshire farmhouses, for instance, tramps are given food—invariably pie about Goole, Thorne, and Market Weighton—only on condition that they pump sufficient water to fill the cistern. Now, if this receptacle happens to be empty, as it generally is when the first caller of the day arrives, a man honestly earns all he gets, while the vagrant who comes next obtains, as a rule, relief for practically nothing. In summer, a tramp, on arriving at a homestead, has no means of telling whether it has already been "called" that morning; but when snow is on the ground he can often see how the land lies. If the earth's fleecy mantle is unbroken—if there is not a single trail leading from the road to the farmer's door—he knows of a certainty that he is the first comer, and consequently hides or dodges about for an hour or so till some less wary vagrant "calls" the farm. So intense is the real tramp's horror of work, which is a thing to be avoided at any sacrifice of comfort.

But, while some vagabonds remain in the country during the winter, there is none the less a general exodus from the road in the autumn. In the south the professional wayfarer's last chance of obtaining work in the fields is at "hopping;" in the north, at "tater scratching." Thousands of vagrants rely on the one or the other industry to get a winter's stock or keep, or, at least, something with which to tide them over the beginning of the town season. Comparatively seldom, however, do they reach their winter quarters with much money. Incredible as it may seem, it is yet a fact that every autumn a number of London's wastrels tramp into Kent for no other purpose than that of "going through"—of robbing — poor "hoppers"; and vagrants, notwithstanding that they are versed in the ways of the sneak thief, and hide their money more regularly than they wash themselves, are victimised as readily as are toiling East-Enders. Other tramps squander their earnings before they reach town. Near Mansfield—I will cite a fairly typical case in point—I once met a man on his way from Thorne to Nottingham.

"Done it again!" he said dejectedly. "When I got to the tater district I'd £8; saved it from the hay and corn harvests. Me and the missus did thirty-three and a half days' 'scratching' at 4*s.* 6*d.* a day for the two of us. We spent next to nothing while we was working in the taters — not a 'bob' a day. The farmer give us as many spuds as we could eat and plenty o' milk to wash 'em down. An' he let us 'kip' [sleep] in the barn, too. Reckon that up. I couldn't count it exactly, but we'd a lump o' money, to be sure—a lump o' money. Well, after we'd started off coming back it begun raining great guns; so we went into a public-house, and then another, and then another. . . . Now we haven't got a 'brown' [penny] between us."

No sooner do tramps of hibernating habits reach towns than they enter on another life. Some take the earliest opportunity of getting sent to prison—a dodge so well known in some parts of England that a policeman will not arrest any known habitual vagrant for a trivial offence. Some time since a constable was taking into custody a tramp who,



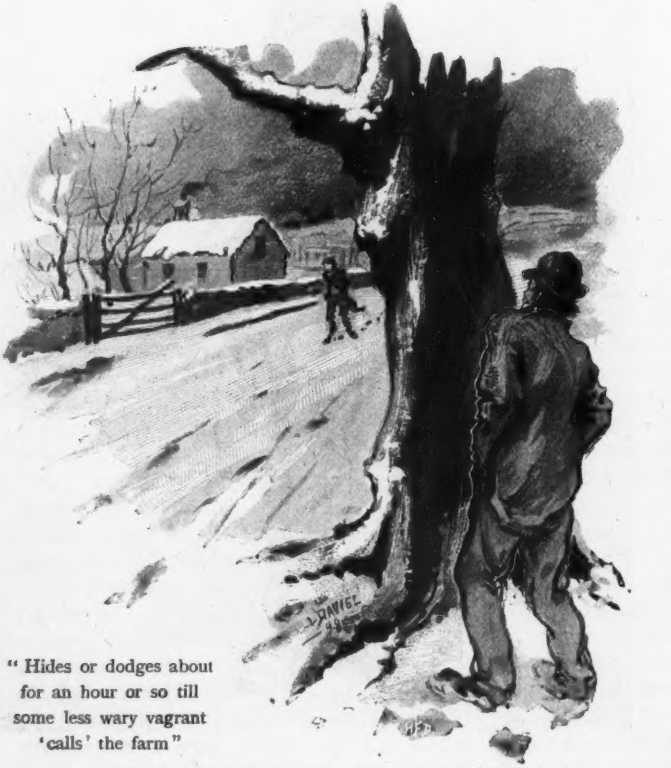
"He had not to search for food; it was pressed upon him" impressed with the necessity of "keeping it up," struggled violently as if determined to escape.

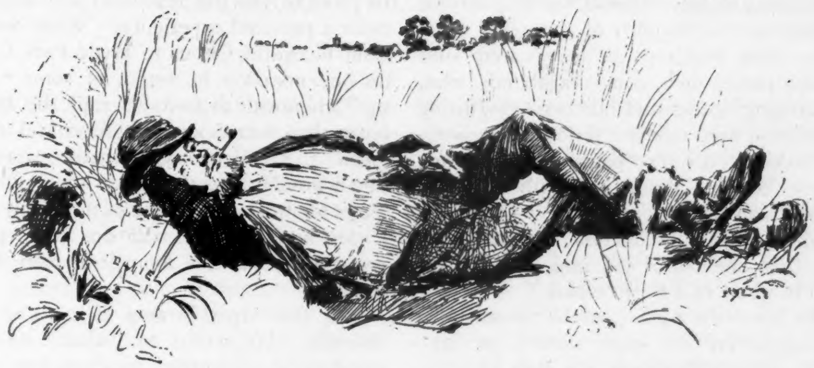
"Look here," eventually exclaimed the officer, giving him an admonitory shake, "if you don't be quiet, hang me if I don't let you go!"

A more common practice among vagrants is retiring into the workhouse for the winter. Most of those who adopt it are veritable experts in Poor Law administration. Born in the asylum for life's failures, they have never known any other home, and they are never away from it except during the summer months. They are consequently versed in all the moves on the board and can checkmate the smartest official. Many tramps of this class, on finding a more comfortable workhouse than that in which they first saw the light, determine to take up their residence in it for the winter, and it is extremely difficult to get rid of them. When questioned with a view to their removal to the parish to which they are chargeable, they state that they do not know their birthplace or even their age. "I never had a father or a mother," the professional pauper generally adds—meaning, of course, that his parents died when he was very young—"an' I've been on the road all my life." In these circumstances the officials cannot obtain a removal order for the unwelcome guest, unless, of course, his history should by some means become known.

Vainly do workhouse masters try to "choke off" tramping "ins-and-outs." Offend their dignity ever so little, and the chances are that they will make themselves intolerable nuisances as far as lies in their power. Generally they "get even" by "making the guardians smart." One spring a professional pauper who was hibernating in a Derbyshire workhouse felt aggrieved in consequence of his treatment. Discharging himself shortly afterwards, he roamed about the country for five or six months, working occasionally in the fields. When the night air began to nip he tramped into Cornwall and entered a workhouse. Very soon the officials asked him the usual questions, to all of which he replied truthfully; and consequently he was removed to his own union at the expense of the guardians of his native parish. Many tramps have resented an indignity in a precisely similar manner. It is, indeed, a common thing for a man to walk as far as possible from his birthplace merely that the guardians may have to pay to bring him back again.

If a professional pauper is refused admission to a workhouse, he usually adopts the same effective form of retaliation. One of these "butterfly roadsters" reached his winter quarters only to be told that, as he was


"Hides or dodges about for an hour or so till some less wary vagrant 'calls' the farm"



" They long for the spring, and nobody welcomes it more gladly than they "

quite able to work, he would have to go elsewhere.

"Then I shall walk to Land's End Workhouse," he said, "and you will have to pay my fare back again."

Scores of Poor Law officials have heard a similar threat—a threat which in many cases is carried out to the letter. And yet people talk about the inhumanity of the Local Government Board's regulations for the treatment of paupers! What better weapon could be placed in the hands of roadsters who are "ill treated" than the rule as to "removals"?

Some tramps who spend their annual spell of lethargy in the workhouse are eligible for admission to the hospital. A few are blessed (blessed is the word) with a chronic complaint, as, for instance, bronchitis and asthma, that enables them to walk into the infirmary and remain there during the whole of the winter, living a life of comparative luxury. More fortunate still, perhaps, are those who have a running sore in the leg—a sore which, while it does not make them really ill, yet entitles them to be classed as sick; for such roadsters can travel when they wish and take a rest when they feel that they require one. Sometimes a doctor takes certain measures to get rid of a patient of this kind. Strictly, the tramp is master of the situation, because he cannot legally be discharged except by order of the guardians or upon an order of removal. But occasionally a hospital is made so uncomfortable for him that he voluntarily quits it. When this happens he does not travel far, but enters the first "good" workhouse he comes to, previously treating the sore, if necessary, with brickdust or some other irritant. No more consummate rascals than these men can be found on the road.

The majority of hibernating tramps, however, exist in winter, as in summer, by one of the oldest of all arts—begging. Their town life is the same as their country life as far as their means of livelihood is concerned. Popular imagination pictures them as living in the cold months by abusing charities—one of the many mistakes concerning vagrancy. The London "dosser" and other town loafers, "spike-rangers" or habitual frequenters of casual wards, many self-styled "travelling tradesmen"—these individuals are ever on the alert for the doles of organisations. A place where relief is given to all comers attracts such members of the community as a full-blooded sleeper in a tropical country attracts a swarm of hungry mosquitoes. They descend on it ravenously, travelling, if needs be, miles to reach it.

During a severe winter a relief committee was formed in a small Worcestershire town to cope with the exceptional distress. Before it had been in existence a week the ranks of the "unemployed" were recruited from all directions. The strength of the local vagabond corps, normally less than 140, quickly rose to at least 250, and would have continued to rise had the lodging-house accommodation been equal to the demands made upon it. Every nomads' hotel was packed, and applicants for shelter were perforce turned away nightly. Bread was so plentiful —thanks to the liberality of the relief committee—that hundreds of loaves were sold for one penny each, some vagabonds who, by changing clothes and otherwise disguising themselves, were relieved thrice every morning, making only threepence per day from "rooty" alone. When at length the committee discovered how grossly they were being swindled, they imposed a task, and thereupon more than one-half of the impostors left the town in quest of a fresh "mark."

The lower the reading of the thermometer the happier are the more shiftless of vagabonds, since the greater are their opportunities of getting food without making a house-to-house forage. In the severe winter of 1894 the London "dossers" were in clover. The stream of charity, always wide and deep in the Great City, swelled till it afforded well-nigh unexampled scope for the man of the pavement. He had not to search for food; it was pressed upon him. A well-educated man, who has several times been homeless in London, and who has tramped thousands of miles in England, America, and Australia, told me that during that thrice-blessed spell of extreme cold the destitute could disdain the butterless bread of such old and excellent charities as the Gray's Yard and the Field Lane Ragged Schools. In proof of this he instanced with a cynical smile a personal experience. While walking from Piccadilly Circus to Hyde Park Corner on one occasion in search of some "hard-up" wherewith to feed his pipe, he had no fewer than four tickets for food and shelter given to him by sympathetic passers-by. Small wonder, therefore, that the "dosser" longs for frost and plenty of it. Only when icicles hang on the wall do many people remember that the homeless man has a mouth.

But the expert tramp is not as other nomads. He scorns to "work" a charity, not from conscientious motives, but simply and solely because his skill as a beggar makes him independent of any organised help. And if he is contemptuous of tickets for soup and the like in summer, he is doubly so in winter, which is emphatically his time of prosperity.

Like all nomads, however, he would rather hear the birds sing than the mouse cheep. He has all the vagabond's love of the open air. Wherever vagrants hibernate they long for the spring, and nobody welcomes it more gladly than they; for then they leave their winter retreats, and once more enter on the healthy, varied, and unconstrained life of the road.

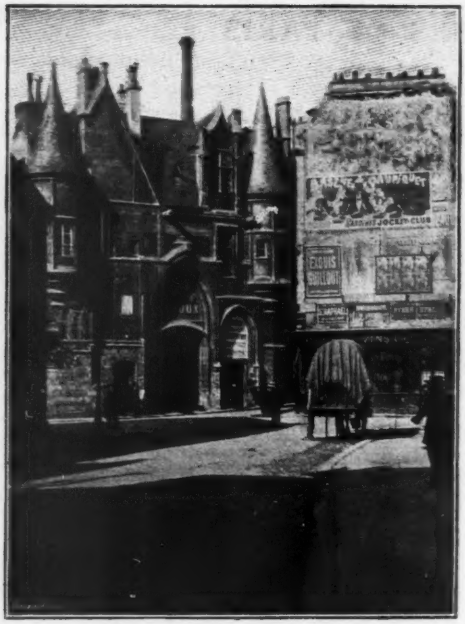
HISTORIC HOUSES OF PARIS

By G. A. RAPER

THE Paris Municipal Council is, from an English standpoint, an eccentric and unpractical body. It consists chiefly of rabid Radicals and Socialists, who vote the ratepayers' money to strikers and are in constant conflict with the Government. At the same time the Paris ædiles have always displayed at least one virtue of a very Conservative type—reverence for the past. In fact, the attention paid to matters of historical and archæological interest is one of the most remarkable and praiseworthy features in the municipal government of the French capital. Nearly twenty years ago the Council appointed a committee "to commemorate, by appropriate inscriptions, the houses and sites rendered famous in the history of Paris by any illustrious personage or memorable event." Quite recently another body, the Committee of Old Paris, was called into existence by the Municipal Council, with instructions to prevent, as far as possible, the destruction of really interesting relics of the past, and to draw up full descriptions, illustrated by drawings and photographs, of any important public or private buildings about to be demolished. It is to the first of these committees that Paris owes the mural tablets which no visitor can have failed to notice.

The Comité des Inscriptions consists of between thirty and forty prominent archæologists, littérateurs, scientists, and professional men, all of whom give their services. The President is M. Delisle, Director of the National Library. The expenses, amounting to about two hundred pounds a year, are paid by the Municipal Council. Regular monthly meetings are held to discuss evidence and decide on the wording of inscriptions. The result of the Committee's labours is that up to the present about one hundred commemorative tablets have been placed in position. Only a small part of the field open to investigation has been covered, but the Committee has wisely chosen to hasten slowly and make sure of its facts. It has of course been impossible to do more than approximately ascertain the site of certain historical events, and in these cases the Committee has preferred the judiciously vague to the dogmatically positive in the wording of the inscriptions. In the case of existing buildings the Committee has always required the fullest evidence, and consequently its white marble tablets may be freely accepted as the hall-mark of authenticity. The case of the Molière house in the Rue Richelieu is typical of the care bestowed on these investigations. In 1844 the proprietor of the house No. 34 Rue de Richelieu placed on it a marble tablet with an inscription declaring that Molière died in the house on February 22, 1673. The statement remained unchallenged until about fifteen years ago, when M. Auguste Vitu and other prominent archæologists resolved to investigate the matter. They ascertained the name of Molière's landlord from contemporary documents, and traced the transfers of the property down to the present day.

HÔTEL DE CLUNY



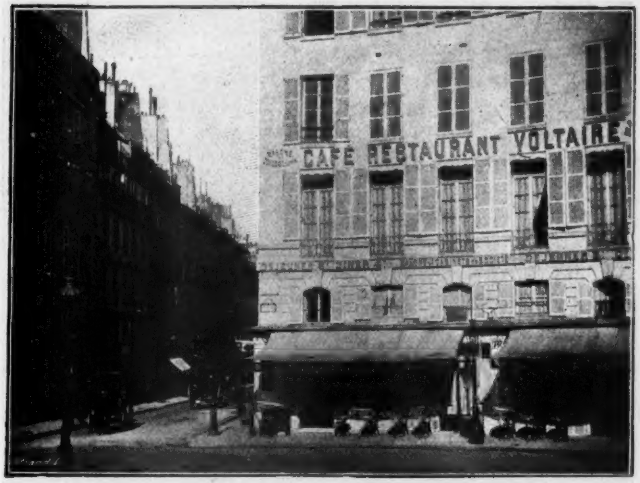
HÔTEL DE SENS

They satisfied themselves that the house stood on the ground occupied by No. 40, but they could not venture to assert that the existing building is the one in which Molière expired. One thing, at any rate, was clear. The great comedian could not have died in two places on the same day. The Committee placed their tablet on No. 40, but that on No. 34 was left provisionally *in statu quo*. The French saying "Il n'y a que le provisoire qui dure" certainly proved true in this case, for the rival tablets were left confronting each other, to the great amazement of the uninitiated, until early in the present year, when the *plaque* on No. 34 was finally consigned to oblivion after a mendacious existence of fifty-four years.

The Committee has generally met with cordial co-operation from property owners. In one or two cases, however, curious objections have been encountered. One landlord was asked for permission to place an inscription on a house once occupied by Danton. He replied that he was quite in sympathy with the Committee's object, but as his grandfather had narrowly escaped being guillotined by Danton's orders, he must respectfully decline to be a party to perpetuating the Revolutionary's memory. One ardent Republican objected to the fixing of a tablet recording the fact that his house was occupied by the king's comedians! Another landlord, in whose house the harmless Bernardin de St. Pierre had lived, absolutely declined to meet the Committee's wishes. He did not want to be bothered with inquiries about the author of "Paul and Virginia"!

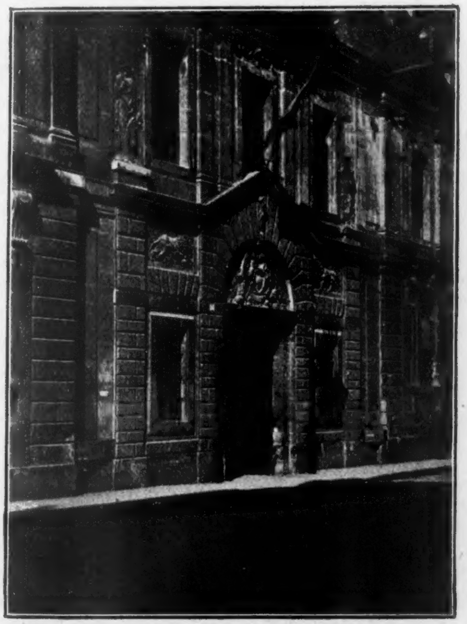
Paris has been so thoroughly modernised that it contains very few private houses of earlier date than the seventeenth century. There is a fourteenth-century house in the Rue Volta, near the Place de la République, but it has no connection with any historical personage. A much more interesting relic is to be found in the Rue des Archives: the portal of the *hôtel* of Olivier du Clisson, the companion-in-arms of Du Guesclin, and Constable of France in 1380. The arched gateway, the massive wall, and the two round towers with their pointed roofs formed part of the Hôtel de Guise from 1553 to 1704, and are now a corner of the Hôtel de Soubise, in which the national archives are stored. Du Guesclin himself must have passed many a time through this doorway. It was here that Du Clisson, after he had succeeded Du Guesclin as Constable of France, was brought, wounded almost to death by the assassin's dagger—an event which led to the expedition against the Duke of Brittany, and the dramatic incident of King Charles VI.'s sudden madness while on the march through the forest of Le Mans.

The finest remaining relic of these distant times is the Hôtel de Sens, which stands at the corner of the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville and the Rue du Figuier. It was built about the year 1500 by Tristan de Salazan, one of the fighting ecclesiastics of the period, as a town residence for the Archbishops of Sens, who were then the metropolitans of Paris. It was here that Cardinal Pellevé, one of the chiefs of the League, died of fright on learning that Paris had opened its gates to the Béarnais. Later it was the residence of the notorious Marguerite de Valois, after her divorce from the same Béarnais. On April 5, 1606, the Queen was returning to the house with her page Julien when the latter was stabbed to death, just outside the door, by the Count de Vermond, one of Marguerite's numerous discarded lovers. The Count was decapitated two days afterwards on the scene of his crime and in the presence of Marguerite. The Hôtel de Sens passed out of the Archbishops' possession in 1623, and has since undergone many vicissitudes. It was a coach office for some time during the middle of last century, and has been occupied by a wholesale dealer in rabbit-skins and a jam manufacturer. It is now devoted to the fabrication of glass bottles.



RESIDENCE OF CAMILLE DESMOULIN, PLACE DE L'ODÉON

Another fine old house is the Hôtel Carnavalet, in the Rue des Francs Bourgeois. Built about the year 1550 by Jacques de Ligneris, President of the Parliament of Paris, the house takes its name from a later owner, a Breton gentleman, the Sieur de Kernevenoy. The right wing was added by Mansard shortly before the arrival of the most famous occupant, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, who, as the tablet informs us, lived here from 1674 to 1696. Like many other large private residences the Hôtel Carnavalet subsequently passed into the hands of the State. Under Napoleon it was occupied by the School of Roads and Bridges. To-day it contains a museum of Paris antiquities, and Mme. de Sévigné's bedroom serves as the curator's office.



DOOR OF THE HÔTEL CARNAVALET

Several interesting places connected with early periods of French history have been identified by the Committee. Their investigations have gone as far back as the siege of Paris by the Normans in 886. At that time the city was confined to the small island in the Seine still called the Ile de la Cité. Two wooden bridges, the Grand Pont and the Petit Pont, each defended by a tower at the outer extremity, connected the island with the right and left banks of the river. The barbarians, as the French chroniclers contemptuously styled them, constructed a large three-storeyed wooden tower on wheels and brought it close to the Grand Pont, while at the same time they endeavoured to cut the piers of both bridges. While the battle was at its height a sudden rise of the river carried away the Petit Pont,

MAISON MORTUAIRE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, RUE DU BAC

and the twelve men in the tower found themselves cut off from help. They defended themselves with heroic desperation for an entire day, but were finally cut to pieces under the eyes of their fellow-citizens. Their names are recorded on a tablet erected in the Place du Petit Pont.

Another tower, with associations of a very different character, the Tour de Nesles, stood on the ground now occupied by the Institut de France. The Academicians deliberate where the infamous Jeanne de Bourgogne held high revel, and where, two hundred years later, the Duchesse de Nemours was wont to gaze upon the embalmed head of her lover Coconnas. On No. 218 Rue St. Jacques is a tablet stating that the house in which Jean de Meung composed the "Roman de la Rose," the most ancient relic of the French language, between 1270 and 1305, stood there. In the Rue des Jardins, near the Hôtel de Ville, Rabelais died, April 9, 1553, but the exact site of the house has not been determined. The Place des Vosges, the Grosvenor Square of seventeenth-century Paris, contains many interesting houses, though only one, the birthplace of Madame de Sévigné (1626) bears an inscription. No. 21 was the private residence of Cardinal Richelieu. No. 6 was occupied by the notorious Marion Delorme, and Victor Hugo lived in it between 1831 and 1848. A tablet on the wall of the new Post Office in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau marks the site of the house of M. d'Hervart, the friend of La Fontaine. M. d'Hervart, hearing of the death of Madame de la Sablière, in whose house the aged poet had lived for more than twenty years, went to invite La Fontaine to take up his abode at the Hôtel d'Hervart. "J'y allais," was La Fontaine's touchingly simple reply, and it was in his friend's house that he expired in 1696.

In regard to celebrities of later date the Committee's labours have naturally been more fruitful. Curiously enough, however, the name of the greatest Frenchman of them all is absent from the list of tablets. Napoleon is said to have lived at No. 19 Rue de la Michodière and at No. 13 Quai Conti during the early part of his career, but the Committee has not yet verified the tradition. The house in which Voltaire died in 1778 stands on the left bank of the Seine, close to the Pont Royal. The house belonged to Voltaire's friend the Marquis de Villette, and it was here that the great sceptic came from Ferney to superintend the rehearsals of his tragedy "Irene." The fatigue and excitement, coupled with excessive consumption of coffee, exhausted the remaining vitality of the old man of eighty-three. He was nevertheless able to attend the first performance of his tragedy, and it is on record that although the play was a failure, the audience refrained from expressions of disapproval. A cheering crowd followed Voltaire home, and within a few days of this last triumph he had ceased to exist. The recent controversy with respect to the remains of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau will be fresh in the public recollection. To set at rest a tradition that the bones were secretly removed by zealous Royalists during the Restoration, the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau in the Pantheon were opened on December 18, 1897, and the writer, with others, had the unique experience of handling the skulls in which the ideas of modern liberty were conceived.

As might be expected, the sites of events connected with the great Revolution have received special attention. One of the most interesting is marked by a tablet on a pillar of the Tuileries garden railing, opposite No. 230 Rue de Rivoli. Here stood the Manège des Tuileries, where the Constituent Assembly met in 1789, the Legislative Assembly in 1791, and the National Convention in 1792, and where the Republic was proclaimed in that year. Another relic of this stormy period is the house No. 1 Place de l'Odéon, where the unfortunate Camille Desmoulins lived up to the time of his last imprisonment. Only a few hundred yards away was the Luxembourg Prison, in which Desmoulins was confined. His young wife used to go every night to the Luxembourg gardens and stand under the window of her husband's cell. They could not see each other, but they could at least exchange farewells. Their separation was brief, for Madame Desmoulins was guillotined a week after her husband.

At No. 42 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Mirabeau, the aristocratic demagogue, died on a bed of flowers, April 2, 1791; Talma the tragedian expired hard by in the Rue de la Tour des Dames, October 19, 1826; Chateaubriand, the Louis XIV. of literature, old, solitary, and *ennuyé* like the great monarch, closed his eyes at No. 120 Rue du Bac; Lafayette, "the defender of liberty in America and one of the founders of liberty in France," died in a gloomy old house in the Rue d'Anjou, May 20, 1834; Alfred de Musset, the poet of youth, died at No. 6 Rue du Mont Thabor, May 2, 1857; Scribe the dramatist, Béranger the song-writer, Michelet and Henri Martin the historians, Sainte-Beuve the critic, Victor Hugo, Auber, Rossini, Auguste Comte, Alfred de Vigny, and Balzac, all these are amongst the famous figures evoked from the past by the Comité des Inscriptions.

As to the historic houses which have not yet received the Committee's consideration, their number is legion. No one who knows his Paris need be reminded of the Hôtel de Cluny. Built for the Abbots of Cluny at the beginning of the sixteenth century, this beautiful house is almost the only remaining complete speciman of mediæval domestic architecture in Paris. The Maison François I., built at Moret, near Fontainebleau, about the year 1530 and transplanted to Paris in 1826, is interesting not only as a fine specimen of Renaissance ornament, but through its associations with Diane de Poitiers. Many souvenirs are connected with the ancient mansion, No. 6 Rue des Poitevins. This was the residence of De Thou, the unfortunate companion of Louis XIII.'s favourite Cinq-Mars. It was here that Louis Napoleon's proclamation of the *coup d'état* was secretly printed during the night before December 2, 1851; and here was the old Pension Laveur, where Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Alphonse Daudet, and many other celebrities were wont to dine in the days when they were still unknown to fame. But no respect for the past stays the ruthless hand of the sanguine builder, and the old house is doomed.

MAISON MORTUAIRE DE LAFAYETTE

LORD LEIGHTON: THE PAINTER OF THE GODS

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

Far off, in the Elysian Fields, they rest
Whom the gods love; while slowly, one by one,
Their number grows complete. For us the West
Glows, flashes, crimsons, with a setting sun;
And darkness falls before our task is done:
For them there is no darkness; they shall climb
The eastern slope where Jove sits, they shall run
To meet the hours, triumphing over time.

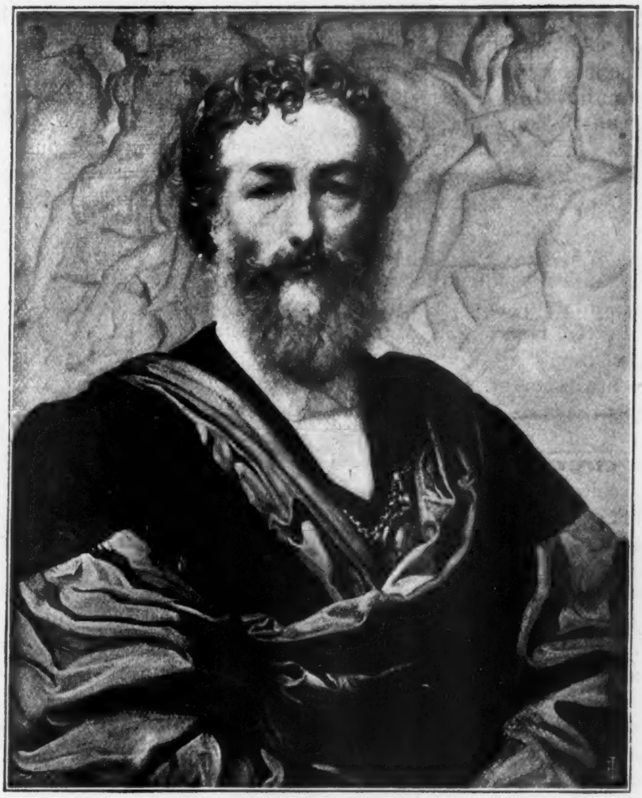
Hark! with what sudden force the waters rise!
Ah, Friend! is this the River we so dread?
Must thou take passage with the silent dead
To keep thy tryst in the far Paradise?
Take then the Golden Bough Æneas tore
From the weird tree that grows on Acheron's shore.

FREDERIC LEIGHTON was born on a rough English coast, he lived his life in Hellas, and died in London; that is to say, he was English of the English, Greek of the Greek, and wrought his work amongst men for mankind.

I know not whether it is more vital to a soldier that his sword should be made of good steel, or that it should be finely tempered; but I am sure that unless it possesses both these qualities it will break in the hand that trusts to it. In considering the records of Art in England the question of the true relation between the strength of the material and the conditions of its use has been too much overlooked. The vigour, the independence, the dogged perseverance, of an insular race have been compared with the academic training of the Continent—and the result of the comparison is not altogether in our favour. But it is not a scientific comparison. The true comparison should lie between the material of England and the material of France—the training in London and the training in Paris. In such a comparison there may be something to be said on both sides. If it should disclose a state of affairs to regret in the past, it may also afford reasons for hope in the future.

Of course Art is not a new thing, though true Art, however old the world may be, is always young. If we consider the people of England as students and competitors in the world's great school of design, we must take into account the fact that the century now drawing to its close is not the first term in which we have been taking lessons and competing for prizes. We were apprenticed in the twelfth century; in the thirteenth century we certainly took honours in architecture; in the fourteenth we at least held our own; and in more recent times Reynolds, and Gainsborough, and Constable, and David Cox, and Turner kept alive within us the consciousness that the Creator made the world beautiful, and that through beauty we might hope to look upon His face. But when Leighton came the knowledge of this access to the divine presence was uncertain, was in abeyance, or was expressed fitfully and with hesitation. The flame that a few great painters had kindled seemed to flicker and to be ready to die. That it did not die is the first glory of our great President.

I place this in the very forefront of what I have to say about Lord Leighton, because Leighton himself placed it in the very forefront of his life's work. He was a great painter, he was a sculptor, he was a scholar, he was a man of affairs, a linguist, a courtier,



(From the painting in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence)

LORD LEIGHTON

(Painted by Himself)

a fine speaker—but before all things he was President of the Royal Academy. Elected to that office in virtue of his splendid attainments, he will be remembered as one who through his presidentship raised the position of Art and the status of the artist to a level that England has only of late begun to realise. The effect of his life is far-reaching, and will be permanent. The dignity of his bearing, the sweetness of his disposition, the gracious sympathy he felt for younger and less fortunate men, the scholarship and mental culture he brought to the daily tasks of the studio, have created an ideal of what an artist should be—and may be—that will, I trust, never die out in our country.

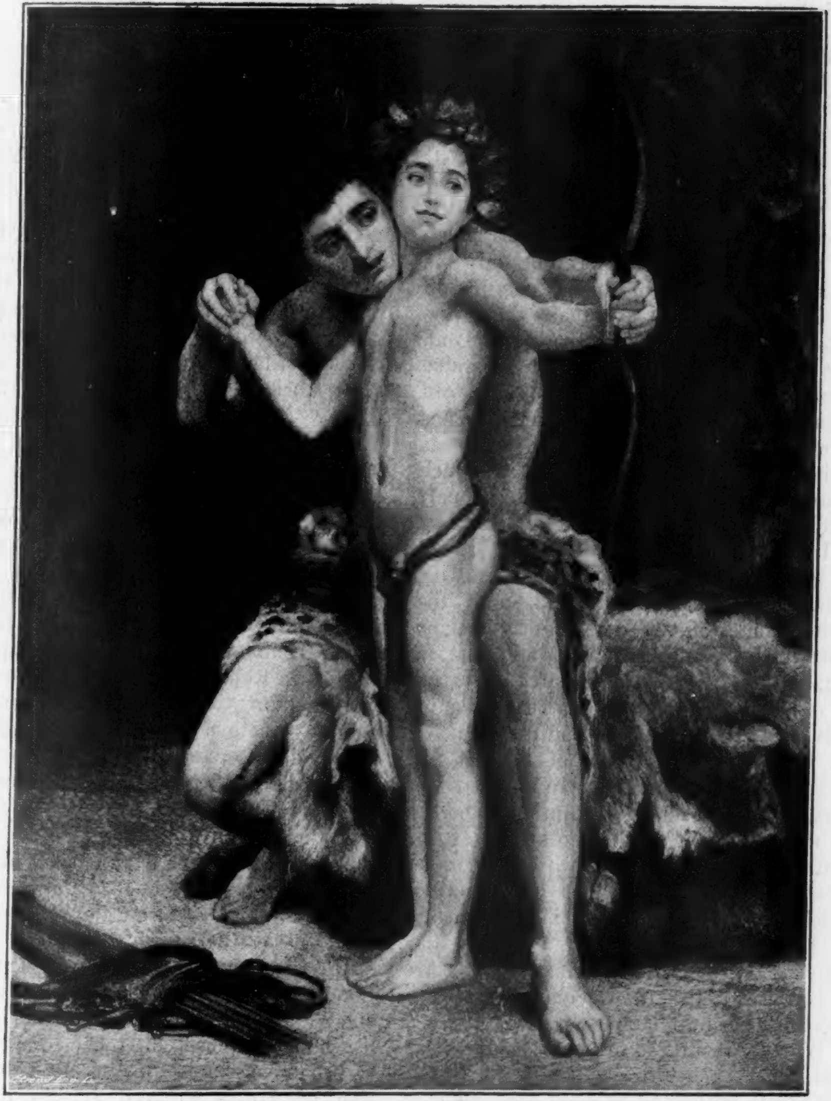
It is now thirty-four years since Leighton was elected an Associate of the Academy, and twenty years since he was chosen President. During that time we have seen upon its walls the whole round of his achievements—except in one beautiful phase of his Art to which I shall refer presently. The "Procession of Cimabue" and the "Daphnephoria" represent him as a great mural designer; "Hercules wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis" and the "Angel comforting Elijah in the Wilderness" are examples of his imaginative painting; the "Music Lesson" and the "Greek Boy discharging an Arrow from his Bow" reveal the fineness of his perception of the beauty of youth; the "Iphigenia" and the "Garden of the Hesperides" show his idealisation of woman; the "Sluggard" and the "Athlete wrestling with a Python" illustrate in sculpture the completeness of his academic knowledge of the human form.

What more can be added to this summary of Leighton's genius? This—that above and beyond all that we have so long known him to be, as a painter of the gods, we now know that he was a landscape painter as well. A landscape painter of the first rank—if fineness of perception, grace of form, purity and truth of colour, unity of composition, and directness of vision are qualities which place a landscapist in the first rank. And yet this phase of Leighton's Art appears to be a somewhat recent discovery. The public have from the first seen designs by Leighton, at Burlington House, in which the backgrounds were of trees, and skies, and rivers, and architecture; and have been content to think of the figures, and the story they tell, apart from their setting—never troubling to inquire from whence the trees and skies and rivers came into pictures painted for the most part in a London studio. Even to the Academy itself this must have seemed a mystery for quite thirty years. Ten years ago, however, in response to my desire, rather than for their own sake, Leighton began to gather together the landscape sketches he had made in Italy, and Spain, and Greece, and Palestine, as well as in our own land; and during a succession of seasons to exhibit them at the Royal British Artists, of which Society he was an honorary member. These sketches—of which there were more than a hundred—had never been shown before; but they covered the whole period of his life's work. Scenes in the Highlands, in rural England, on the rough coasts of Ireland; Oriental mosques, Moorish cafés, Spanish convents; islands of the Grecian Archipelago, mountains in the Holy Land, rivers in Italy; palaces of the Cæsars, streets in mediæval cities, remains of classic architecture; the Acropolis of Athens, Lindos—where the ships rode of which Homer gives the list in his Iliad; cataracts of the Nile, forests overhanging the Mediterranean; sunrise, noon, sunset, starlight, moonlight, the darkness that comes before the dawn—all these things, observed with clear eyes and painted with a sure hand, but never seen at the Academy, were to be found upon the walls at Suffolk Street. Looking at them with me, Leighton has told me that his passion had always been for landscape, and that he still hoped to paint an English cottage before he died. But so little does this seem to have been known that when he did die, and his works were collected together at Burlington House, only a few of these divine sketches were shown; and even those few were scattered in corners of a room, or placed under big frames to fill up odds and ends of vacant places on the walls. They will live, however, in the minds of artists, as long as Leighton's name is remembered.

It is my purpose in this place to limit what I say, as much as may be possible, to things that have never been said before. There is, I suppose, scarcely an English reader who is not familiar with some memoir of Lord Leighton or critique upon his works. It would serve no purpose to repeat these. If I can open another door of access to the creations of his mind, or give a clear impression of what he seemed to one who knew him well, I shall have done all I desire. And yet, for the sake of those who may not remember the outline of his career, I will give in a few brief sentences, taken from the authoritative and official statement which prefaces the Academy's catalogue of his collected works, enough to indicate the chief events of his life—for after all it is out of a man's life that his work grows.

Leighton was born at Scarborough, on December 3, 1830. His father and grandfather were physicians. Before he was ten years old he was taken abroad, and in 1840 began to learn drawing at Rome. From Rome he passed to Dresden and Berlin, where he attended classes at the Academy, and in 1843 was sent to school at Frankfort. It was at Florence, however, where the Leightons resided in 1844, that his future was decided; and his artistic education began at the Accademia delle Belle Arti in that city. In the course of a few months the lad returned to his school at Frankfort, and at the age of seventeen became a student in the Städtelsches Institut. From Frankfort he went to Brussels in 1848, and in the following year to Paris, working during that time without a master. It was at this period that he painted his first picture, "Cimabue finding Giotto in the Fields near Florence."

Leaving Paris in 1850, he returned to



(Published by permission of Messrs. Virtue & Co., Limited, London)

HIT!

Frankfort and became the pupil of Steinle, under whom he studied till the autumn of 1852, paying one short visit to London in 1851. At the end of 1852 he returned to Rome, and very soon afterwards began painting his first well-known picture, "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence." This was exhibited at the Academy in 1855, and purchased by the Queen. The next four years were divided between London and Paris and the South of Europe. It was not until 1860 that Leighton settled permanently in England.

It will be seen then that to this date —1860—when he was about thirty years of age, Leighton owed very little of his training to England or the English schools, and it is interesting to notice the light in which this fact is regarded by foreign writers upon Art. M. de la Sizeranne, for instance, the latest and perhaps most distinguished of French critics, says, with some justice and with much wit, that Lord Leighton was not only the official representative of English painting on the Continent, but was virtually the representative of Continental painting in England. This is a neat antithesis; but its value depends upon what we mean by the word "Continental." M. de la Sizeranne means "French." We are sure that he means French because he argues that all Art which is not English must be French. In support of this view he points out that "if, in visiting an International Exhibition, we pass through the galleries set apart for Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, even the United States of America, we may imagine ourselves to be still in France, and that, in fact, a great many labels are necessary in order to convince us that the Atlantic rolls between Mr. Sargent and the studio of M. Carolus Duran." But of English Art he speaks very differently. "In England," he says, "there is a school of painting; whereas on the Continent there is no school except that of France." Here then is a curious equation set up by this great French critic. Leighton studied in Belgium, in Germany, in Italy—but Belgium and Germany and Italy are on the Continent, and, so far as Art is concerned, the Continent is France—therefore Leighton studied in France.

Whether this be so or not, Leighton's Art was not French Art. Quick as he was to appreciate everything noble in conception or fine in craftsmanship, and generously as he was wont to express his admiration, it is certain that the schools of France never held a first place in his esteem. What does he say himself? In his Discourse on "The Art of the People of France" he says that "high as was the average of their achievements, they nowhere in the plastic arts reached those summits in which the loftiest imaginative quality is married to consummate artistic power." Of the architecture of France he finds it impossible to speak too warmly. Their cathedrals show "the very spirit of masculine independence, of tenacious grasp of central principles, of fearless sincerity in expression, of scorn of shams, of trust in truth." He admits, moreover, that "the French have at all times had famous and considerable sculptors." But when he turns to French painting he finds a difference. "We are not lifted out of ourselves," he says, "by the greatest of the achievements of the French painters as we are—how frequently!—by the works of the Italian masters. Where is the haunting charm of Lionardo; where the large serenity of Raphael; where the weird force of Tintoretto's fancies; where the ardour of Titian's colour? These things we look for in vain in the works of this great, unrestful, mercurial, light-hearted race."

The truth is that Leighton was an eclectic —one, that is, who chooses from every school, from every source, the elements that will best build up the fabric of his life. The shrine at which he worshipped was Hellas: the divinity he invoked was the Hellenic spirit. If he found that shrine, that spirit—whether in Rome, or Florence, or Dresden, or Frankfort, or Brussels, or Paris, or London—there he was content to make his offering and to receive his inspiration.

I am not underestimating Leighton's indebtedness to foreign influence—my point is that it was not French, but cosmopolitan, and that it did not denationalise him, nor make him what he was. It only tempered the metal, which had from the very first, and always, been true British steel.

In 1860 Leighton permanently settled in London; in 1864 was elected an Associate; and in 1866 took possession of the house he had built for himself in Holland Park Road. It is specially interesting to note the position of Art in England at this time, as represented by the artists of the day who were to be his companions. In the year when Leighton was elected, Millais, although only eighteen months his senior, had been an Associate for eleven years, and had passed from the influence of pre-Raphaelitism to the frank realism of genre. Watts, Leighton's senior by thirteen years, was still outside. Burne-Jones, exhibiting for the first time—but not known to the Academy—was being assailed by the critics of the Press with the most virulent ridicule. Holman Hunt had painted his "Light of the World," and had gone to the Holy Land—not as the Crusaders went, with fire and sword, but still for the love of Christ—dreaming that he "would paint His life in such pure truth that the sight of what Christ suffered would be enough in itself to move living souls, without the angels and halos, and Corinthian columns and baldachinos of the Italian masters."

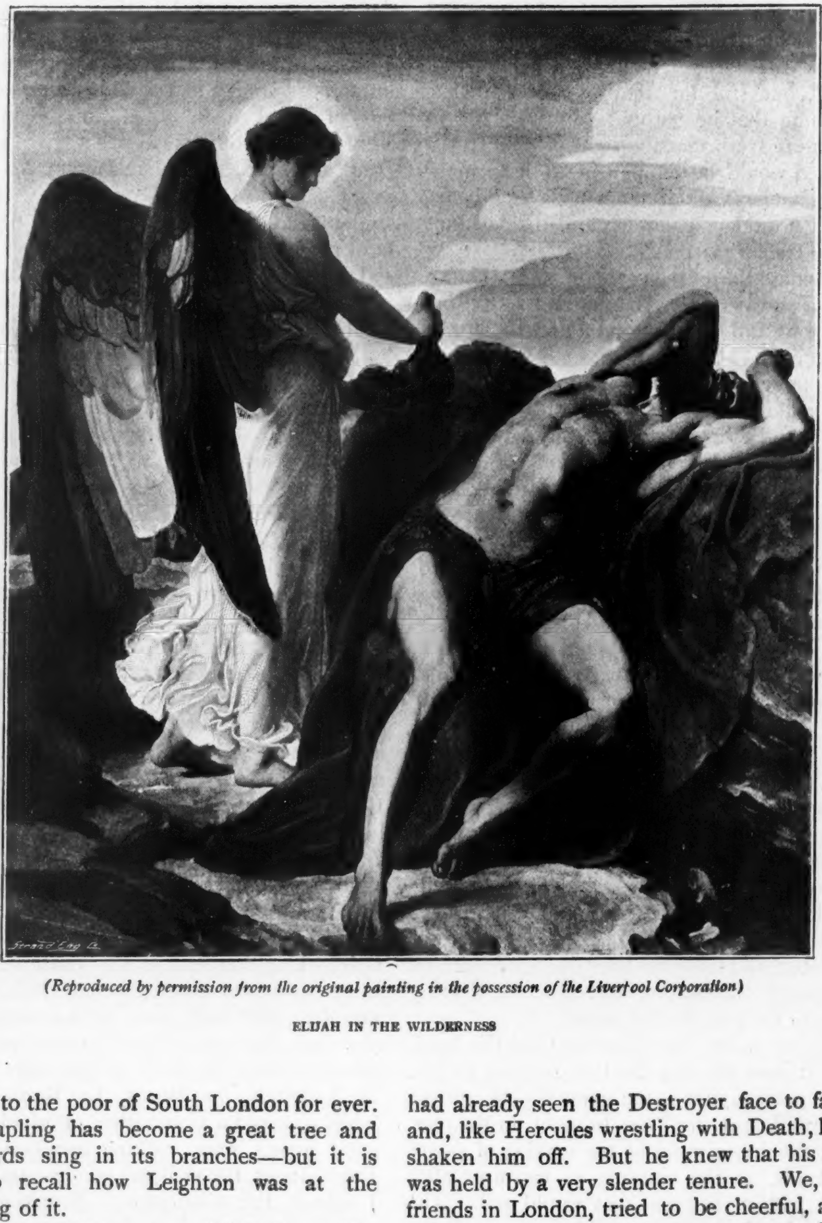
Besides these men there were Madox Brown and Dante Gabriel Rossetti; but they were little understood; and the Press, which in Art is the *vox populi* dressed for a little moment with the authority of a *vox Dei*, could not interpret them. It does not appear to be the function of the Art critic to reveal to the people the visions of beauty after which their artists are striving, but rather to intimate to the artists what the people desire. And the most popular painters of the period were Mr. Frith, R.A., and Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A. Londoners, visiting Ramsgate, could understand the one; country gentlemen, seeing three acres and a cow on the walls of the Academy, could understand the other; the Art critic could understand and appreciate both.

I know how sincere was Leighton's regard for the Art of the great painters whom I have named—Madox Brown, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones—but it never brought them Academic honours. Nevertheless, with his own election to the Academy began his work not only for the Academy but for Art in England. In 1868 he was made a full member, and ten years later the Academicians honoured themselves, and him, by electing him to the presidential chair.

Every artist, every student in the land, felt at once the impulse that he gave to Art. The movement became general—the people followed, and the Press brought up the rear. Art should no more be the making of pretty pictures, or the painting of canvases after this pattern because they would sell. The pictures should be beautiful, for beauty is the end and aim of Art; they should be precious, for gifts to the gods should be worthy of divine acceptance. Then came Leighton's discourses, delivered to the students every alternate year. The first of these was read on December 10, 1879, and in it he speaks of the relations which his office established between them, which a deep and sympathetic interest in their artistic growth and welfare made especially weighty in his eyes. There is a stately roll, an ornate magnificence in his phraseology that would ill become the lips of lesser men, but from Leighton it seemed right. His voice was a sharp tenor, clear and musical and resonant; his face, as the face of Jupiter Capitolinus. Happy students to have listened to him, and to have received rewards from his hands!

Leighton received the honour of knighthood on his election as President; he was created a baronet in 1886, and the further honour of a peerage was conferred on him by Her Majesty on the New Year's Day preceding his death. When death came Lord Leighton of Stretton had just time to say, "Give my love to all at the Academy," and passed away on January 25, 1896.

I have said that Leighton wrought his work amongst men for mankind. This is true not only of his life as an artist, but in a sense little known beyond the immediate circle of his personal friends. He did not live in this great metropolis without hearing the sighs of the weary, and seeing the dulness that hangs like a pall over the homes of the toiling masses. There is now, in the dreary waste of the Surrey side, one of the most beautiful of the Art Galleries that London can boast. But how small were its beginnings! An empty shop in a crowded and miserable neighbourhood — where William Rossiter, a follower of Maurice, gathered round him a few working men and lent them books to read—that was all. No artist—Leighton least of all—could refuse to bring sweetness and light into such a community. The walls were soon covered with pictures—such pictures as no shop ever contained before—pictures of priceless value, by Leighton, by Watts, by Burne-Jones. Then followed a Committee, of which these great artists were working members, Lady Burne-Jones the vivifying genius, and Lord Leighton the Chairman. Sometimes the meetings were held at the inchoate gallery—sometimes in the President's studio; but they were always presided over by him with the care, and attention, and dignity, he would give to an Academy council. Finally, help came from outside. Liberal men gave liberally, and the work went merrily on, till the beautiful galleries were built, and conse-



(Reproduced by permission from the original painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation)

ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS

crated to the poor of South London for ever. The sapling has become a great tree and the birds sing in its branches—but it is well to recall how Leighton was at the planting of it.

Leighton's life was essentially a happy life. Without happiness I do not think his work could have been accomplished. He was the painter of the gods, and on Olympus we hear no cries—we hear only laughter. I remember an incident that has never been recorded—so characteristic of the man, and of such pathetic interest, that it shall find a place here. He had already seen the Destroyer face to face, and, like Hercules wrestling with Death, had shaken him off. But he knew that his life was held by a very slender tenure. We, his friends in London, tried to be cheerful, and to hope for a favourable issue: but he had been ordered abroad, and was for the first time absent from the Royal Academy dinner. At the anniversary of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, of which he was president, it fell to my lot to speak of him. I described a scene on Mount Olympus, at Jove's table, when a little scandal arose about poor Hebe. Venus, I said, had been complaining to Jupiter that the Royal Academy did not invite ladies to their banquet. She laid the blame on the President. She knew it was Sir Frederic because, she said, he had never painted her portrait. He had painted everybody else. He had painted Ceres, who was certainly *passée*. He had painted Proserpine, who was but a chit of a thing. He had painted Phryne, who was no better than she should be. He would go and paint Hebe next! At that Hebe laughed, and so incurred the displeasure of the beautiful goddess. Leighton was then in Italy, but he read the speech in the papers, and wrote immediately from Bologna—"My dear Wyke Bayliss,—But I *did* paint her: she was kicking off her shoes for a bath." It was one of his last letters. He returned to England to be made a peer—and to die.

There is a fine passage in Virgil fit to be associated with Leighton's name—the painter of the gods. It is where Æneas approaching the river is seen by Charon, who refuses to take him into his boat because he is a living man:

> Quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis—
> Corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina.

But Æneas will not be resisted. He shows the golden bough with which Apollo has armed him, and Charon sullenly, reluctantly, ferries him over to Paradise. It was hard for us that Leighton should die. Artists do not believe that Leighton is dead. When we buried him in St. Paul's we felt that we were burying one of the immortals. That is what I have tried to express in the verses which stand at the head of this paper.

THE GAIETY OF MARTIN LUTHER

By the Rev. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

LIKE Shakespeare, Luther was a myriad-minded man. No matter on what side you approached him, you found him alert and sympathetic. He was a man of immense knowledge, and he could use his knowledge with tremendous effect. He knew human nature well. His eyes and ears were always open. He was keenly observant of all that was going on around him. There was much of the tragic in his character, as there is in that of all great souls, but it was toned and brightened by the gaiety and exhilaration of his spirit. He combined the deep melancholy of Dante, "an unnameable melancholy," and the droll humour of Rabelais, hence that compass of power which made him more than a match for Erasmus, Eck, Carlstadt, and others. The portraits of him which have come down to us give the impression that his was a buoyant, genial, good-tempered, happy nature, quick to enjoy a sally of wit or a stroke of humour, with an infinite fund of humour in himself, but under all a deep sense of the reality of life, and of the ever-ruling presence of God. An heroic soul with a strong faith in the righteous government of God, he yet had a healthy capacity for the purer forms of enjoyment. To the last his heart was young and fresh, and he could say with Henry V.: "A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or rather, the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly." Full of exuberant mirth he made the room resound with his laughter. and all who were with him on such occasions caught the infection. A contemporary, Mosellanus, says: "In society he is gay, jocund, and unembarrassed, and preserves a perfect serenity of countenance despite the atrocious menaces of his adversaries." What one would give to be present at those social gatherings in which Brother Martin and Justus Jonas and Philip Melancthon and Johann Matthesius and John Bugenhagen and Nicholas von Amsdorf and Lucas Kranach, the painter, take part! Questions of theological controversy are laid aside, and they give themselves up to free, unrestrained talk about the events of the passing time, the subjects of the hour. What sparkling epigram, and brilliant repartee, and sallies of wit, and cheery wisdom, and mirth-moving humour, flow round the table! No one is gayer or more brilliant than Luther himself. He excels them all:

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there:
And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark.

Mirth, jests, good cheer, pastimes, and music he regarded as capital expedients for driving away "the proud melancholy Satan." Hence the frequent references in his correspondence to what he ate and drank; in such allusions he was scoffing at Satan. "An efficient medicine against temptations," he says, "is to turn your thoughts to some pleasant subject, to tell or hear jests and merry stories out of Marcolphus or Eulespiegel, or some facetious book of the kind."

Like Dr. Johnson, Luther was a lover of good cheer. How Carlyle would envy the man's digestion and enjoyment of food! "If our Lord God," says Luther, "may make excellent large pike and good Rhenish wine, I may well venture to eat and to drink. Thou mayest enjoy every pleasure in the world that is not sinful; thy God forbids thee not, but much rather wills it. And it is pleasing to the dear God whenever thou rejoiceth or laughest from the bottom of thy heart." What a contrast to this saying of the Reformer is the astonishing confession of Peter Damiani, the great monk-cardinal, that the sin he found it hardest to uproot was his disposition to laughter! Luther, as is well known, did not despise the fruit of the vine. He used to say: "We ought to give our guests a good drink that they may be cheerful, for the Scripture says, 'Bread strengtheneth man's heart, but wine maketh him cheerful.'" His biographer tells us that when on some festive occasions he sat a generous host and grave father of a family, at the hospitable board, garnished by the happy faces of his children, and spread in honour of a few friends, Jonas, or Bugenhagen, or Amsdorf, or a stranger guest, with a Martinmas goose, or it might be venison sent him by the Elector from the seigneurial kitchen, or some carp or trout caught by Luther in his own fishpond . . . he was, if we may trust his own confession, happier than many a nobleman or prince, words of earnestness or pleasantry flowed in gracious alternation from his lips, and diligently did his guests gather up the spiritual crumbs which fell from the table that nothing might be lost. In 1546, during his last visit to Eisleben, the conversation having turned upon sickness and death, Luther playfully said, "If I get back to Wittenberg I will take to good eating and drinking, so that the worms may have a fine fat doctor to devour." A grim joke, but it was the way of the great man.

The devil figures largely in the jokes of the Reformer. And, as one has remarked, his Satan was not only something less than "archangel ruined," but was quite below the society of that Prince of Darkness whom mad Tom in "Lear" declares to have been a gentleman. Luther's devils were a set of athletic, cross-grained, ill-conditioned wretches, with vile shapes and fiendish faces, who, like the "Killkropff" of Germany, or the "Far Darrig" of Ireland, gave buffet for buffet, hate for hate, and joke for joke. At one time in the cloisters of Wittenberg, he heard that peculiar noise which attests the devil's presence. It came from behind a stove, resembling the sound of throwing a faggot on the fire. This sound, however, is not invariable. An old priest in the attitude of prayer heard Satan behind him grunting like a whole herd of swine. "Ah! ah! master devil," said the priest, "you have your deserts. There was a time when you were a beautiful angel, and there you are turned into a rascally hog!" The priest's devotions proceeded without further disturbance, "for," observed Luther, "there is nothing the devil can bear so little as contempt." He says elsewhere, "The world is an inn; Satan is the landlord; drop in when you will, the landlord is at home." Towards the end of life Luther often gave vent, as a gay companion, to his humour in sarcasms against his natural enemies—the Pope, the Emperor, the monks, and the devil. "My dear friends," he would say, "we cannot die before we have caught hold of Lucifer by the tail. I saw his back yesterday from the castle turrets." He tells us he had eaten more than one grain of salt with the devil. "The devil," he says again, "is a sad spirit and makes men sad, and he cannot abide cheerfulness, hence it is that he flees farthest from music and stays not when men sing." Luther loved music. It gave a zest to the cheerful meal and banished the gloom of many a sad hour of the Reformer. At the table, and after rising from it, he frequently sang or played on the lute; and when he had worked until he was weary, and was desirous of putting a check upon his thoughts, he instituted a little house concert in which he was assisted by his friends. "I am not satisfied," he says, "with any man who despises music, and this all fanatics do. For music is a gift of God, not a gift of man. It also drives away the devil and makes people cheerful." We are told he cherished "a lenient opinion of the practice of dancing." He was not, as he reminds us, one of "those long-visaged saints, who judge and condemn others, who upbraid a maiden, if she do but go to the dance, or wear a red dress." The strong common sense of the man, as well as his genial disposition, comes out here. "Faith and love are not driven away by dancing," he says again, "or children could not be permitted to dance."

The Pope, as we can imagine, comes in for much of the Reformer's banter. He says of Paul III.: "My little Paul, my little Pope, my little donkey, take care how you go, it's very slippery. If you don't mind, you'll fall and break a leg or so, and then the folks will say, 'What the devil's this? why, the poor popelet has hurt himself!'" Here is another of his memorabilia: "God made the priest. The devil set about an imitation, but he made the tonsure too large, and produced a monk." Luther has been condemned for his coarseness, but even that quality of his theological temper, so common to the controversialist of the time, had its uses. Heine well says, "The subtilty of Erasmus, the gentleness of Melancthon, would never have carried us so far as did often the divine brutality of Brother Martin." Milton defends the Reformer from this charge. "There may be," he observes, "a sanctified bitterness against the enemies of the truth."

In the family circle Luther's gaiety found constant expression. Life in the household and in the cheerful intercourse of friends sweetened many an hour for the hard-pressed Reformer. What fun he pokes at his wife! How merrily he jests with his children! He addresses his wife as "My Lord Catherine," or "My sweet wife, Catherine Luther von Bora," or "The very learned and deeply profound dame, Catherine Luther," or "Emperor Kate," jesting at the love of rule common to the sex. In the year of his death he wrote to his "heart-loved housewife, Catherine Lutherin Doctoress Zeilsdorforess, Lowmarketress, and whatever more she may be. Grace and peace in Christ, and my old poor love in the first place." At one time he says, "Catherine, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an Empress, thank God for it." His conjugal meditations were often in a gayer mood, as, for example, "If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way." He moralised in gay fashion once on seeing his infant son pressed to its mother's bosom: "That babe, and everything else which belongs to us, is hated by the Pope, by Duke George, by their adherents, and by all the devils. Yet, dear little fellow, he troubles himself not a whit for all these powerful enemies, he gaily sucks the breast, looks round him with a loud laugh, and lets them storm as they like."

With the birds of his native country Luther had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and moralising over their habits. "That little fellow," he said of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him." What a sunny and sportive interest in the garrulous birds does he show! When he was at Coburg, on his way to the Diet of Augsburg, he was greatly charmed with the immense colony of birds which filled the air with its clamours under his window. With instinctive humour he discerns in a moment the analogy between the assemblage of jackdaws and the assemblies of divines and diplomatists, princes and statesmen, that meet and dispute at Diets of Augsburg and the like. In one of his letters he says he has a Diet under his window where crows and jackdaws transact their noisy businesses. What a cry they do raise! Age croaking against youth, youth chattering down age, as if drink were in the heads of all. What a rushing along there is, not in clumsy carriages, but on wheels of glossy wings that scornfully evade the shot of the huntsmen! Their Kaiser he can't distinguish, but their nobles and big swells (grosse Hausen) strut about and grandly swing their tails. He cannot interpret the particular import of their debates, but he has gathered that they propose to make war upon wheat, barley, oats, and all kinds of grain. What beaming good nature the man must have had! How bright, buoyant, and benevolent his spirit! How full of kindly sympathy with life in all its forms! He was a great admirer of Æsop's fables. The book always lay on his table with the book of Psalms, and it supplied him with endless jests and allusions, as, for example, "The dog in charge of the butcher's tray, unable to defend it from the avidity of other curs, said, 'Well, then, I may as well have my share of the meat,' and fell to accordingly, which is precisely what the Emperor is doing with the property of the club." "I call this Luther," writes Carlyle, "a true great man, great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity, one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain, so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all . . . Ah yes, unsubduable granite piercing far and wide into the heavens, yet in the cleft of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers."

THE FIRST FOOT

MOTHER only laughed when I told her I was going to "first-foot" Nellie Gardner; for was not I the Eighth Sleeper? But she did not know that Jack Forster was going too, and that Nellie was to be won by whichever of us was first to wish her a happy new year.

The moonlight lay in a silvery lane across the room when I suddenly awoke, and by a happy chance the big oak clock on the stairs struck three. I dressed quickly, stole downstairs, and let myself out as noiselessly as I could. I listened a moment, and then raced down the road and over the low ridge to the fields. The snow was knee-deep, except for the narrow track to the ferry. It was bitterly cold, but almost as bright as day.

It was a strange, unreal, eerie world to be alone in; but when a boy of twelve is in love he does not feel afraid. His heart beats quick and loud; he thrills with the delight of danger; he sings and hurries on; he wonders where Jack is; he sees Nellie's rosy face and magical eyes. There is a rapture in the adventure which no adventure in later life ever brings.

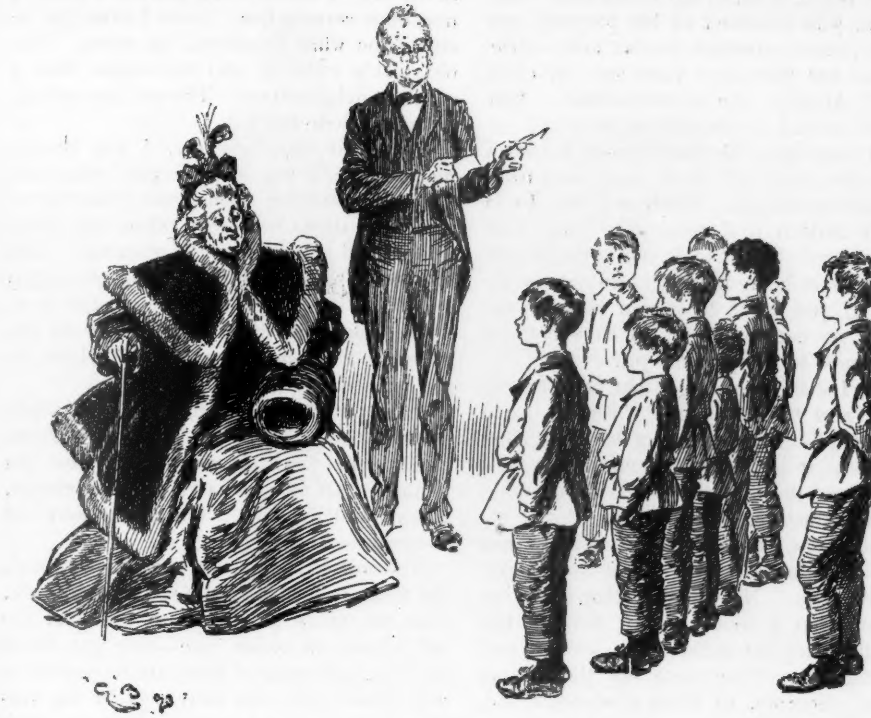
Across the river sparkled a track where the ice had been broken for the ferry-boat, but it was all frozen fast, and alongside there was a path blackened with cinders, where it was safe to pass. I crossed quickly, and in a little while came to Dead Man's Wood. It was the shortest way to Nellie's, but even in summer that wood was a ghastly haunted region. The wind, sighing and shivering through the bare, twisted branches, brought one's heart into one's mouth. I had barely got into the gloom when a loud voice cried "Hy!" A very echo of that shout was jerked out of me, but I did not stop to answer; in a fit of blind terror I dashed in among the trees.

I do not know how long I had run, when suddenly I found myself falling, falling, falling into a smother of snow. It seemed impossible ever to get out again. I wondered if any one would track and find me. I think I should have broken down in despair had I not heard a voice calling to me:

"Pappa! pappa! Happee noo 'ear!"

As I lifted the little man into bed, hugged him, and made him an aboriginal hunting-lodge with the pillows and eider-down, I thought with what unforeseen happiness life compensates us for our vanished dreams and disillusionings.

G. W. Wood.



"'My dears,' she would say, 'always remember that I love you as if you were my own children, and not common children at all'"

ALL MY STORY

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

IT happened many years ago. But it is all my story. I know that many years must have elapsed, because I was a young man at the time. And now I'm middle-aged. When one's life is just the same, day after day, year after year, one loses count of time. Still, my blood flowed faster in those days: I don't think I should do it now. And I'm bald. And—and Sarah's hair's got a deal of grey in it.

When I came to this town from the country, my lot was an uninteresting one: it has always been that. I was an orphan: I had been brought up in a small asylum. As a youth I had been set to do the writing connected with the place; for from childhood I have written a beautiful hand, equal, tidy, like copper-plate. And I can do sums. I have never been good at anything else.

I was twenty-two when the old lady died whose beneficence had supported our institution. She was the only protectress or sort of parent I had ever had—too far above me to be anything like a real mother, but animated by the best intentions. "My dears," she would say, very grand in her silks and furs, "always remember that I love you as if you were my own children, and not common children at all." When she died they closed the institution, and I was turned adrift. No, it is hardly fair to say that. Her nephew, who inherited all her property, got me my present situation in this town—dear me, that was thirty-four years ago—as clerk to old Abrams, the money-lender. Old Abrams is dead: I am with his son.

So I came up to the town, a young fellow of twenty-two, that had never been away from a country orphanage. Needless to say, I was terribly forlorn and miserable. Ah, how lonely I was! What fools young people are to care about being lonely! And old people too! If you come to reason it out—but no, it's no use reasoning. I have not got accustomed to being lonely yet.

Still, I shall never forget that first evening in my new town lodging. 'Tis the same lodging still: I have nothing to say against the room: it is airy, and from the window you can see the tops of trees. They belong to the cemetery. But Widow Both, my landlady—she has been dead these last ten years—was taciturn and, when she spoke, cantankerous. Nobody can deny that: her daughter has a touch of her temper, but then the daughter suffers from asthma, and is deformed. They were not the sort of people, certainly, to cheer a lonesome lad, nor did they make any attempt to do so. I do not think that I shed actual tears that first night. I hope not. But, undoubtedly, I was very miserable, more miserable, on the whole, than I have ever been since.

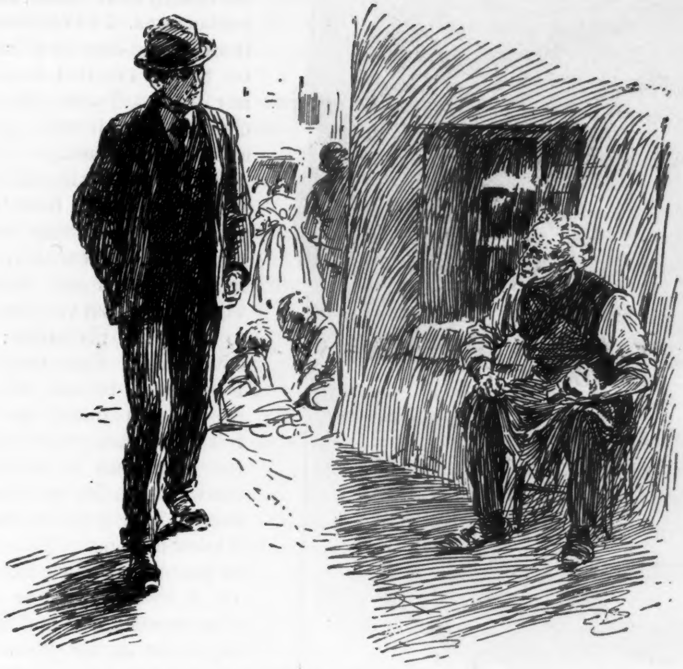
I got up from a restless bed next morning and, with a beating heart, I went to my new situation. Dear me, I waited in the little ante-room for a few minutes till my master came in. How many people have I seen wait there since, whose hearts must have beat worse than mine! I must say hard things of Isaac Abrams, though he be dead, and, in fact, why should I spare him? He was a usurious landlord and money-lender, a scoundrel that lived by exploiting human wickedness and folly and innocence. "There's no fool like a good fool," that was a favourite axiom of his. On the very first day I saw what a blackguard he was, and I loathed the whole business. Yet there was nothing really criminal in it, nothing even absolutely wrong, if you come to analyse each separate transaction. If fools want money why should wiser men not lend it them? *I* was a fool to object to a reasonable and lucrative form of business. Lucrative to others. I earned forty pounds a year: I now earn seventy-five. Soon I even got to enjoy, the while I loathed, the work. The old man's cunning and cleverness were a constant delight to me. The son has neither, but now I help the son.

That first day, however, I felt doubly melancholy: I was heartily glad when the hour of deliverance struck, and I could leave the dingy desk, the dingy office, the dingy papers, and get out into the open air. Not the "fresh" air, as we country people understand it. Though I don't miss that now, I have taken an occasional holiday in the country: I am not sorry, on the whole, to get back to my work.

I had purposely got a room at some slight distance from the office. The walk of about half a mile used always to take me ten minutes. Of late it has got to be eleven, I could not say why. For a man isn't old—surely—at fifty-six!

The walk isn't much to boast of—through the mean back streets of a second-rate town. You can easily picture it to yourself: the tall houses on either side—they get lower later on, but many of them are tenements—with flower-pots and dirty rags in the windows, the narrow roadway between, with costers' carts, and organs, and dancing children, the dull strip of sky above, a watery grey or a sultry blue. That first afternoon—I went back at five—the streets seemed more sordidly ugly than I ever have thought them since. Perhaps because the July day was so hot and glorious. Perhaps because no one knew me of all this jostling crowd. In our village, the night before last, with all the sweet smells and shadows upon the shining earth, it had been "Good-evening, Mr. Spannet!" from mouth to mouth, from door to door. God! in this cheerless life of mine—oh, but that is wrong: I have had my share of blessings—there never has been a gloomier night than that brilliant July Thursday along the very streets I have walked this afternoon.

I walked, then, that bright evening on my own sad thoughts intent. I fear that I hung my head. But I had to lift it at the corners to make sure of my unaccustomed road. And it was at the corner of—no, I dare not mention the name of the street even now—it was there the great thing happened which began the whole wonderful story — pooh,



"He nodded 'Good-evening'; that was all"

how absurd it sounds—the old man looked up from his cobbling, and gazed at me for one instant and nodded; that was all.

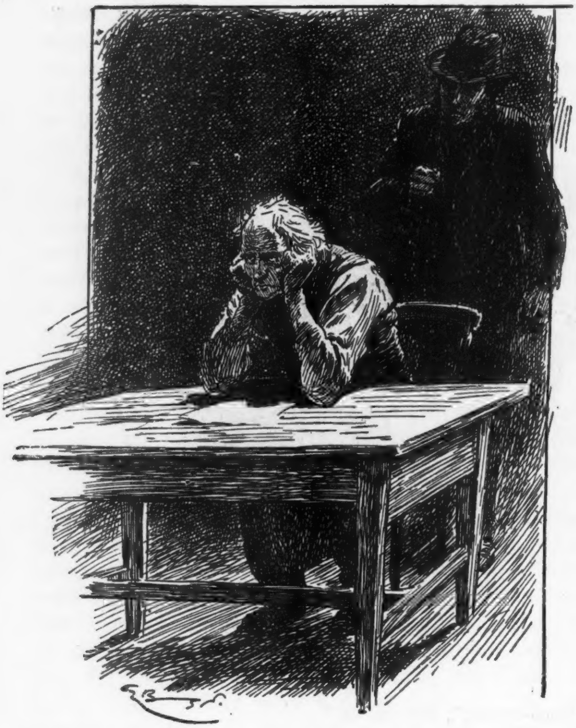
He was sitting in front of his poor little house, on a straw-bottomed chair: he was cobbling. A little way off some children were playing battledore and shuttle-cock. He was an old man with a worn, kind-tempered face. He nodded "Good-evening"; that was all.

I nodded back and passed on. But I fancy my step was a great deal lighter: I know that my heart was. I had found, somehow, a friend. The world, after all, is not so lonely a place as it seems.

I thought of the old cobbler frequently in the evening: I slept better that night. The office and its master of course engrossed my interest, but every now and then would come the vague recollection of something pleasant, and when I reflected what it might be, it was the cobbler.

Next morning I looked forward with some anxiety to meeting him again. Would he be at the street-corner? I wondered. As I approached the spot, I could hardly restrain my curiosity. I hurried on till I could get a sight of it—he was sitting there; in another moment I was beside him, expectant—doubtless last night's coincidence would not again repeat itself, he had taken me, doubtless, for some other—I laughed at myself for my foolishness, he looked up and nodded me a solemn "Good-morning." I nodded back and passed on. Not till then did I realise how much I should have missed my new friend's recognition! How ridiculous it seems, how important! in my ridiculously unimportant life. I am sure I worked more cheerfully that second day, although Abrams now showed himself in his full temper, an abusive, evil-thinking old man.

And the cobbler's morning and evening salute—oh, laugh if you like!—became the constant pleasure of my life. Yes, of course I had other pleasures, not many. I suppose I am a dull man, and might have done other things or done things different. I suppose I might have looked out for another situation than the one which had been found for me.



"'What is the matter?' I said aloud. 'Can I help you?'"

Such an idea never entered into my head: I should have thought it black ingratitude to my honoured benefactor. Some men take life as they're told to. On the whole I did very well, earning my bread and butter, eating it quietly in my room. I had a nervous horror of dismissal, want of employment, poverty, pauperism. The cobbler and I, we always nodded to each other solemnly, without exchanging a word. All summer he would sit outside; he went indoors on the 1st of October and took his place behind a cracked window-pane. I have never known it otherwise than cracked.

So my life went on for seventeen years, a long time, if you come to think of it, but not unless you do. A long time in which nothing happens, though it may pass very slowly, is very quickly past. My daily work was monotonously regular, but then so was my weekly pay. Both slowly increased as the business flourished. I cannot say I was satisfied with my lot, nor yet was I dissatisfied. The best thing, I always fancy, is to take life exactly as it comes, not weighing pros or cons. I was interested during those young days in Abrams' daughter Sarah, but that is neither here nor there. To-day she has seven children, a frowsy grey fringe, and an awful waist.

The cobbler slipped on through life, unperceived, from about sixty years of age to very near eighty. Morning and evening, we never missed our salute. Sometimes he would smile, but very rarely. I used to wait for his smile: it did not come more than once a month. I had got to call him "Amos" in my own mind, for no reason but that I thought the name would suit him, and I invented endless stories about his possible career as I walked along the streets. In reality I knew nothing. There were plenty of people about the house he lived in: I could not trace any connection between him and them. During those earlier years he was not as prominent in my life as I have made him afterwards. I had my own interests at the office and at home. I had made a few friends. He was just—in the daily walk to my business—the old man at the corner who nodded "good-day."

Yet, when he was absent from his place one summer morning, my heart stood still. Somehow I had never realised the possibility of this: of course he must be ill. Before I knew what I was doing, I had turned into the house, had pushed open the door which leads to the room where the cracked window is, and stood looking in.

The old man sat by the table, his face resting on his hands—a paper lay before him.

"What is the matter?" I said aloud. "Can I help you?" It seemed incredible that, after these seventeen years, I should actually be speaking to "Amos."

He looked up with a start, "Ah, good-morning!" he said, "Is it you? Thank you, no." There was such misery in his face and voice that I could not pass on.

"What is it?" I said, "Tell me. We are almost old friends."

He smiled in spite of himself. "You

cannot help me," he answered bitterly. "Nobody can: it's too late. What do such fools as we with such sharks as money-lenders?"

I pricked up my ears. "I—I know a good deal about money-lending," I said, "I—I have friends in the business. Is that paper a bond? If any one can do anything for you, I can."

'Tis a bad business; you should have no friends in it," he said; but he held out the paper, and the first thing I saw was that it was in my own handwriting.

It was a bond from a certain James Ranklin, one of Abrams' rascally transactions. Rascally? Well, really, it all depends. The man, a greengrocer, had got a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds, on condition that if he did not return the money, with ten per cent. interest, on or before the 22nd of July, his whole business should become the property of the money-lender. I put down the paper. The 22nd was that very day.

"'Tis my daughter's husband," said the cobbler. "The silly things only ventured to tell me this morning. They'd been putting it off from day to day. There's the seven of them, father, mother, and five children, turned out on to the streets to-night."

I hesitated, not knowing what to suggest.

"And the thing not even inevitable!" he continued. "I could have got them the two hundred and fifty pounds,—I could just about have got them that—but not in half a day!"

"You could?" I stammered.

"Ay, I could: I've got about that in the world, but I'd need twenty-four hours to get at it."

"The deed leaves you till six to-night."

"'Tis no use. The cowardly simpletons. And the business worth eight hundred pounds if 'tis worth a penny!"

"Your name isn't Amos?" I said abruptly.

He glanced up, annoyed. "My name's Thomas Ruff," he answered. "What of that?"

"I'm glad to know," I responded, "Mr. Ruff—'tis your daughter, you say?"

"Ay, my only daughter, as good a girl as ever stepped. And James is good enough, though a trifle timid. And the children—dear sweet children"—he broke off with something like a smothered oath. "That such blackguards should be allowed to exist," he said. "Would that I had the killing of the man who drew up that deed!" He pointed to my paper on the table.

"Mr. Ruff, did I understand you to say you could have that money to-night?"

"To-morrow morning, at the earliest."

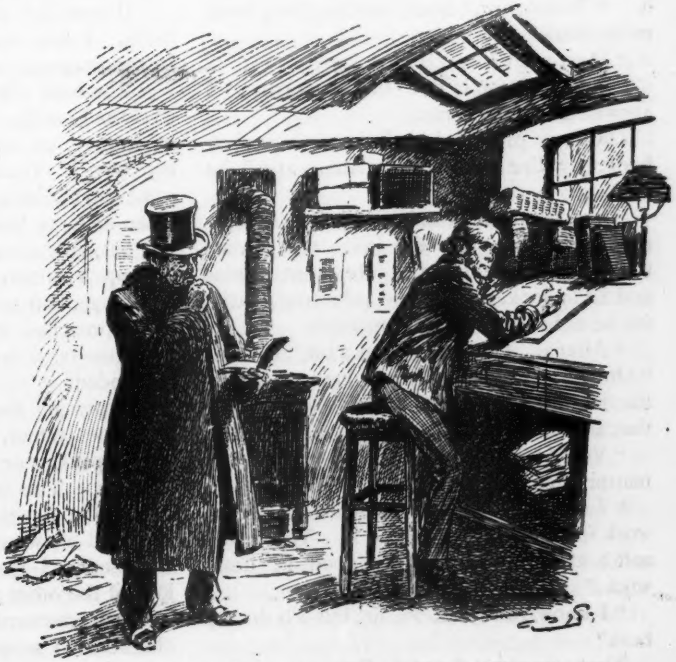
"But to-morrow, you are *sure*, you could have the whole amount?"

"Certain sure."

"Thomas Ruff, will you let me look at that paper again?" He handed it across. I took it leisurely, looked over it, and tore it in two.

"What on earth are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"You are mistaken," I calmly answered.



"'I've got it down the 22nd,' he said"

"The date is the 23rd. You have till to-morrow night."

"What folly is this? Here, give me those scraps! Are you mad?"

"Get your money," I replied, burying the fragments in my trousers pocket. "You have time till to-morrow. It will not be called for till to-morrow at six. Then, mind that your son-in-law has it. The money and ten per cent. interest. The less any of you talk about it the better. Don't say a word, but promise the money. Good-day." I left the house and, hurrying to the office, got the same bond re-written, with the altered date, and replaced amongst the others before my master came in. Of course I tore up the original deed, as I had torn up Amos's duplicate.

Presently, while Abrams was arranging his business for the day:

"There's a loan falls due this afternoon," he said. "A good speculation, I fancy; I don't think the fellow can pay," and he rubbed his hands softly.

"Which is it?" I asked, going across to the cupboard where these things were kept.

"Name of Ranklin," replied old Isaac. "James Ranklin, greengrocer."

I got out my new copy and looked over it. "To-morrow," I said coolly, going back to my desk.

"Hey, what?" exclaimed Isaac.

"The bill isn't due till to-morrow," I answered, writing away.

Old Isaac produced his little black pocket-book. "I've got it down the 22nd," he said.

"You've made a mistake," I answered, dipping my pen into the ink. "It's down the 23rd in the bond." He went across and had a look, pishing and pshawing a little, for he didn't like making mistakes.

"After all, it doesn't matter a bit," he said, "Only, 'tis awkward: you'll have to go for the money. I have to travel to-morrow to that sale."

"Yes, I remember," I said. "It doesn't matter, I can go."

"I don't like you to. It's not the sort of work for you. You bungle it. You're too soft-hearted. You're only good at desk-work."

"I know you think so, sir, but I'll do my best."

That evening the cobbler was missing from his doorstep, and next morning, in my nervousness, I went a roundabout way.

My employer was absent all day as I knew he would be: at six I got my hat, and went across to the street where Ranklin lived.

As soon as the man came into the shop I recognised him and he me. "Walk inside," he said. In the back-parlour were Thomas, his comely daughter, and a couple of fair-haired children.

"Sit down," said Ranklin. But I preferred to stand.

"Well?" said Thomas.

"Have you got the money?" I asked.

"Yes, it's here."

"Then pay it to me."

"To you!" exclaimed both men together.

"Yes, to me. Please ask no questions. Here is the receipt."

They paid the money across the table in silence. I found the sum was correct, pocketed it, and gave them old Isaac's receipt, with my name to it.

"You will do me a kindness," I said, "by never alluding to this matter again. That is in your interest as much as in mine." I held out my hand. The younger man took it: old Amos did not.

"It *was* the 22nd," said old Amos suddenly. I did not answer but turned to go. In the doorway, however, I paused.

"Absolute silence!" I said, as impressively as I could. "Mind, absolute silence is imperative, as much on your behalf as on my own." Then I went away, and that same night, late, on his return, I brought Isaac Abrams the money. He was terribly put out, and abused me, but the sale—selling up a farmer—had been much to his advantage, and next day he apologised to me for reproaches which he himself declared to have been utterly irrational. I barely responded.

On passing the cobbler's, with some considerable tremor, I found his usual place unoccupied, nor did he appear at the window. This time I did not enter to seek him. He never sat out again: he never occupied his winter-corner. Once only, unexpectedly, I met him in the street. He looked the other way.

Soon afterwards he went to live with his children. I suppose he is not dead. His room is occupied by a rag and bone woman, who drinks. Nobody says good-day to me along my daily road.

Well, that deed I have just narrated has been the one great event of my fifty-six years of life. In fact it seems about the only thing I have ever *done*, the only actual act. All the rest has just been letting happen. Most people I suppose, would call the deed a crime. The law would, of course, and the judges, and the lawyers. When a man has been in the midst of such work as mine for more than thirty years, he laughs to think what lawyers and judges call a crime, and what they don't. But some people, the good people, would say it was a sin? I suppose it was. Perhaps I am all wrong—I don't know: I'm not a clever man, and my life has been so tiresome—I suppose it was a sin, but though it was, I cannot help thanking God I had the courage to commit it.

A DIPLOMATIC SCRAMBLE

By Vice-Admiral A. H. MARKHAM

I PROPOSE relating in the following article an event that I have every reason to believe is an unrecorded episode of the war between the republics of Chili and Peru, which terminated so disastrously to the Peruvians some seventeen years ago.

Prior to the outbreak of this war, there was perhaps no city in the Southern Hemisphere that could vie in gaiety, pleasure and hospitality with Lima, the capital of Peru, one of the most important cities in South America. In its attractions and luxurious mode of living, and in all that appealed to the gratification of pleasure and mirth, it compared very favourably with its sister capital in France.

But at the time of which I write, namely, the early part of 1881, the inhabitants of Lima were in a state of intense alarm and excitement. The hateful Chilians had successfully invaded their country and were, practically, at the gates of Lima.

There was, it must be confessed, great cause for this alarm and excitement, for the Peruvian army had just sustained a disastrous defeat at Chorillos on the 13th of January, and the victorious Chilians, flushed with success, were now occupying a strong position in the neighbourhood of Miraflores, only eight miles from Lima. The remains of the Peruvian army, augmented by the garrison of Lima, about 12,000 men in all, were entrenched behind some sandhills on the outskirts of Miraflores, and not more than a mile distant from the position occupied by their enemies, who numbered about 14,000.

The Peruvians well knew that the fate of Lima depended on the battle that was imminent, and they trembled for the city of which they were so justly fond and proud, feeling sure that it would share the same fate as the pretty little seaport town of Chorillos (the Brighton of Peru), which had just been ruthlessly destroyed by the victorious Chilians directly after their victory.

Under these circumstances, a great number of the wealthy inhabitants had already left Lima with their wives and families, while a large proportion of the foreigners, as well as natives, sought safety by going on board some old hulks and other ships that had been hurriedly fitted for their occupation, and which lay anchored in Callao Bay under the protection of the guns of a strong neutral squadron that had assembled for the purpose of protecting foreign interests. In these ships the wives, mothers and relatives of those who were engaged in the sanguinary struggle at Chorillos could distinctly hear the incessant fusillade of the opposing armies, with the continuous patter of the gatlings and the bursting of the shells, that they knew were dealing death and destruction to their loved ones on the battlefield.

The spacious Exhibition building in Lima had been temporarily converted into a military hospital, for which it was admirably adapted, and here the wounded men who were brought in from the front were attended to by the medical officers belonging to the neutral men-of-war, who, with commendable zeal and self-sacrificing devotion, had placed their services at the disposal of the authorities immediately news of the fight had been brought to Lima. The excitement the day after the battle increased as fugitives from the army thronged into the capital, acting on the principle that discretion was the better part of valour. These valiant soldiers discarded their arms and uniforms as they hurried away from the scene of strife, intent only on saving their own worthless lives, and leaving their comrades at the front to do their best to stem the advance of the victorious Chilians.

The accommodation on board the ships and floating hulks was, of course, very limited; a great number of women and children, therefore, were compelled to seek refuge in the various foreign legations and consulates, hoping that the flag that waved over them would afford them sure and ample protection. It is estimated that no fewer than seven hundred women and children flocked to the British legation, where they were well looked after and hospitably entertained by the English minister and his staff, until the crisis was over. Although the Peruvians had received a very severe check at Chorillos, they did not altogether abandon the hope of saving Lima. They knew that their position at Miraflores was fairly strong, and this, they were well aware, would have to be attacked and captured before the invading force could possibly occupy the capital.

Before resuming hostilities, the Chilian commander-in-chief, being desirous of avoiding further bloodshed, and being well acquainted with the demoralised state of the opposing army and its impotence to resist his attack, sent a flag of truce to the President of Peru, who had placed himself at the head of his army, pointing out the inutility of further resistance on his part, and suggesting the desirability of making terms with a view to the cessation of hostilities; at the same time he hinted in very plain language that, in the event of hostilities being renewed in such close proximity to Lima, he would not hold himself responsible for the safety of the city, which, he implied, might possibly share the same fate as Chorillos. One of the conditions stipulated by the Chilian general, as a preliminary to negotiations, was the evacuation and surrender of the lines occupied by the Peruvian troops at Miraflores.

The mission was, however, unsuccessful, but although the President absolutely refused to discuss peace proposals on the conditions demanded, it had the effect of inducing him to summon a council of his principal officers and advisers, in order to discuss the situation. The result of this conference, which was held on the evening of the 14th (the day after the battle of Chorillos) was an invitation to the foreign ministers resident in Lima, requesting them to use their good offices as mediators, and giving them full powers to act in the interests of Peru. This service was willingly undertaken by the different foreign representatives, who at once hastened to Miraflores to place themselves in personal communication with the President, the British minister taking, as he invariably had done, the leading part in their efforts to obtain peace and to restore tranquillity.

It was then agreed to send two neutral naval officers to the Chilian headquarters, with a request that the Chilian general would be pleased to receive the foreign ministers as soon as possible, in order to confer with them as to what preliminary steps should be taken preparatory to discussing terms of peace.

A verbal and somewhat curt reply was brought from the Chilian general about midnight, to the effect that he would be willing to receive the ministers at seven o'clock the next morning.

Accordingly at that hour a deputation from the Corps Diplomatique repaired to the headquarters of the Chilian commander-in-chief.

In the interview that ensued it was expressly laid down by the Chilian general, as a preliminary to all discussion, that Callao with its fortifications, together with all the ships of war belonging to Peru, must be surrendered to the Chilians. This was agreed to after some discussion, but the mediators on their part demanded in the most emphatic manner a guarantee that the city of Lima must, in any case, be spared from the horrors of an assault, and that when it surrendered it should only be occupied by a specially selected *corps d'élite* whose members would not be likely to break out in the same undisciplined and ungovernable manner as was displayed by the Chilian soldiery at Chorillos, and furthermore, that all neutral property was to be inviolably respected.

Such a firm stand did the English minister take on these points, that the Chilian authorities could not fail to perceive that in his demands he was evidently negotiating with the knowledge of being backed by material and substantial support, and being aware of the presence of a very powerful neutral squadron at anchor off Callao, they very wisely assented and gave the necessary pledges.

It was also arranged that hostilities should be suspended until midnight, in order to give the ministers time to report the result of the conference to the President of Peru; but the contending armies were to be at liberty to move their troops with a view to further operations, provided those movements were restricted to positions *inside* their respective lines.

During all this time the excitement in Lima was intense. None were so fatuous as to suppose for a moment that the Peruvian army, although holding a fairly strong position, would be able to resist the attack of the Chilian soldiers, flushed with victory and eager to follow up the successes they had already achieved with the capture of Lima, and thus terminating the war. Women and children—ay, and able-bodied men also—continued to flock to the foreign legations, convents and other asylums in the city, in which they hoped they would be safe from their savage enemies, whose riotous and discreditable excesses in Chorillos had earned for them an unenviable reputation for lawlessness and bloodshed.

On the return of the ministers to Miraflores, they were met by the English and French admirals and the Italian commodore, who had come out with the object of aiding their respective representatives with their counsel and, if necessary, to support them in the event of strenuous and coercive measures being considered desirable. The ministers included those accredited to Peru from San Salvador, England, France, Germany, United States, Italy and Brazil.

Shortly after 1 P.M. the Chilian general, accompanied by a large staff, rode out to make a personal inspection of the disposition of his troops, which it must be remembered were drawn up in a position only about 1000 yards from the Peruvian lines. Relying on the absolute security of the truce, the Chilian soldiers had fallen out from the ranks, some were asleep, and the majority were cooking and eating their mid-day meal.

During his tour of inspection, the Chilian general approached to within about 800 yards of a small body of Peruvian infantry posted behind a stone wall. He was, undoubtedly, in *advance* of the Chilian lines.

Whether the Peruvians regarded this as a breach of the armistice will never clearly be known, but without a word of warning, or the display of a flag of truce, they immediately opened a brisk fire on the Chilian headquarter staff, and thus commenced the battle of Miraflores.

Whether this was a deliberate act of treachery on the part of the Peruvians, or whether they thought they were justified in firing on a party of the enemy who had approached their position to within the proscribed distance, will always remain a mystery. There is, however, but little doubt that the Chilian commander-in-chief, whether intentionally or not, it is difficult to say, distinctly violated the terms of the armistice, by advancing *outside* his own lines.

In a very few minutes the battle became general along the entire position, the Chilian men-of-war stationed in the Bay of Chorillos joining in it by a lively cannonade on the town of Miraflores, and the right wing of the Peruvian army.

At the moment of this sudden and unexpected resumption of hostilities, the President of Peru, secure as he thought from any disturbance from the enemy, was entertaining the foreign ministers and naval officers at an excellent and *recherché* luncheon, in one of the charming suburban residences in Miraflores, which had for the occasion been selected as the Presidential headquarters.

Never was a company assembled round the table of an exalted personage so quickly dispersed.

No ceremony was observed regarding the laws of procedure and etiquette; the entire party jumped up simultaneously, each individual taking advantage of the nearest and most convenient mode of exit; the Peruvian officers, as they rushed out buckling on their swords, giving vent to their feelings by imputing, in no measured terms, treachery to the Chilians, who they imagined had basely and wilfully broken the truce. The very fact that the foreign ministers and admirals were present at the headquarters of their army was in itself, they thought, a full and sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of the truce. The rattle of the musketry and the screeching of the shells fired by the Chilian ironclads, as they hurtled over their heads, or crashed through the roofs of the houses, bursting with a loud noise, was, however, convincing proof, if proof was necessary, not only that hostilities had been renewed, but that a fierce and terrible battle was being waged.

Never had an assemblage of foreign diplomatists exhibited so much unanimity of opinion as did the Corps Diplomatique on this occasion. Their one desire, their one thought was to endeavour to get as far away from Miraflores as possible. In this decision there was not a single dissentient voice; diplomacy was for the time laid aside, and all, ministers, admirals, secretaries, and aides-de-camp, rushed from the house, and started in a helter-skelter race across country in the direction of Lima and safety. They certainly evinced wisdom in their decision—to have remained would have been almost certain death at the hands of either Peruvians or Chilians, who would not have been able in their excitability to distinguish them as neutrals. Even during their retreat the bullets were falling around them in a very disagreeable and objectionable manner.

Over the walls then at breakneck speed flew the President's guests with all the agility of schoolboys, regardless of the bullets that whistled past them, or the shells that hissed through the air and burst over their heads. It was truly an undignified retreat, but bullets are no respecters of persons, and dignity of office had, in the emergency of the moment, to be disregarded in favour of personal considerations of far greater importance.

The English minister had a narrow escape, being slightly wounded in the hand by a fragment of stone, which had been hurled against him by the explosion of a shell. The French admiral had a still more narrow escape. Shortly after leaving Miraflores, a tall Peruvian trooper rode up to him with uplifted sabre and was on the point of cutting him down. In this trying moment the admiral's coolness and presence of mind did not desert him. Being unarmed, he drew himself up to his full height (he was a remarkably handsome man of commanding stature), folded his arms, and without uttering a word, gazed proudly and defiantly into the face of his cowardly assailant. The man hesitated, then lowered his sword as if cowed by the attitude of the admiral; then suddenly, as if repenting his act of clemency, with a bitter imprecation he raised his sword again and rushed at him, when he was fortunately saved by some of the many fugitives who were hurrying towards Lima; and who, recognising him as the "Almirante Francesca," at once proclaimed his identity, when the ruffian rode off in the direction of Lima, and, it is needless to add, *away from where the battle was raging!*

One of the representatives of a foreign nation, being of a somewhat rotund form, and ill adapted, from his habits and general mode of living, to the unusually rapid progression which was necessary in order to get out of the range of the bullets which were flying in all directions, and being also much out of breath from his unwonted exertions, was literally dragged along by the English minister and admiral, in spite of his urgent entreaties to be left to his fate. As he was much too heavy to be lifted bodily over the walls, and incapable from exhaustion of climbing over them himself, he was, thanks to the nautical experience and ready resource of the admiral, what in ship phraseology is termed "parbuckled" over them, which consisted in dragging his helpless body up one side of the wall, and rolling him down the other.

The result of this treatment was to reduce the distinguished diplomat to a more exhausted state than ever, and with only sufficient breath in his body to ejaculate the single monosyllable "Hoch." "Hoch," cried one of the bystanders who had been assisting the minister, "that's German for water," and without more ado he seized the diplomatic bell-topper from the head of the minister, rushed to a neighbouring stream that was meandering by, filled it with water, and dashed the contents over his face and head.

The remedy was efficacious, for it had the desired effect of reviving the wearied official, and thus enabled him to push on out of danger. In his predicament he was much assisted by a French naval officer who had only arrived on the station the previous day, and who was, therefore, unacquainted with the appearance of the different ministers. This officer succeeded in catching a riderless horse, on which he placed the minister, wet and exhausted, like a sack of potatoes across the saddle, and in this undignified manner escorted him into Lima. It was only on their arrival at the German Legation that the officer discovered that the person to whom he had been so attentive was no other than the German minister!

Another member of the Corps Diplomatique being much overcome by the intense heat and his own unaccustomed exertions, took off his coat and gave it to a Chinaman who was near by to hold while he climbed over a wall. It is needless to add that by the time his Excellency had alighted on the other side, the astute Chinaman was two fields ahead, making good time towards Lima with the ministerial coat, and the contents of its pockets, in his possession!

The road to Lima was literally thronged the whole of that afternoon with a stream of fugitives from the Peruvian army, camp followers, ambulances conveying the wounded, and with a strange motley crowd consisting of all sorts and conditions of men, all intent on one object, namely, to gain a place of safety for themselves as soon as possible, and entirely oblivious of everything else.

It was late in the evening before the representatives of the Powers reached Lima; their arrival was quickly followed by the news of the complete victory gained by the Chilians and the practical annihilation of the Peruvian army.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JANUARY

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

ON BUYING UP THE OPPORTUNITY

THE New Testament has two words for time: one expressing merely duration, another meaning a definite period, suitable for certain purposes or exhibiting certain characteristics. The latter word is that used in the exhortation to redeem the time (Eph. v. 16), which we may well take as a New Year's motto. In the word "redeeming," a metaphor is drawn from the conduct of a purchaser, who goes into the market and there secures for a price that which he desires to possess. We are to regard each passing moment as having a specific character and definite purpose, and we are to utilise the sum of all, which is our life as a whole, to the utmost.

What a solemn but often forgotten conception of life as a whole, and of its minutest parts, that is which regards it as a specific period, rigidly limited and charged with a great purpose which should ever gleam distinct before us! There are many nearer and minor purposes, but the great end is to make ourselves "after the pattern showed us in the Mount," to make ourselves like God as He is manifested in Jesus. But each moment has its specific purpose, and is an opportunity for some definite duty. How are these to be ascertained? Most of us have defined paths along which to travel, like tramways—and that is a blessing. But we have to try to feel that each moment, as it comes fresh and glittering from God, comes with a purpose which it is blessed to recognise and fatal to miss or to neglect. The beat of the pendulum is solemn, when we feel that it registers not merely the passing of a moment of time, but the coming, the brief standing open to us, and the swift gliding into the irrevocable past, of a great opportunity.

We must make distinct effort to realise habitually the true significance and solemnity of life if we are to buy up its opportunities. It needs such effort to lead a life apart from the hand-to-mouth life, moulded by sense and circumstance, which so many are content to live. It is a blessing when we get habit on the side of goodness, and do duties almost automatically. But life is a poor affair unless we do at each moment recognise the mystical greatness of each, and the large results put within reach by it.

We redeem the opportunity in proportion as we make mind and conscience regulate life. Reason should govern appetite and inclination; conscience should govern reason, and God should be allowed to illuminate conscience. Burns was foolish enough to sneer at "cold-blooded folk who live by rule." How much better for him if he had so lived! It is irksome to have to take an observation daily at noon, to mark latitude and longitude daily in the log, to prick out the course daily on the chart, to steer by compass, and not let the ship's bow point and its sails fill or sag as they will—but that is how shoals are shunned and port is made.

Further, we have to make sure of God's will, as the apostle goes on to say: "Be not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." That will gives each moment its purpose and may be ascertained by us. Circumstances may be messengers, proclaiming what God desires that we should feel and do. If we will keep clamorous inclinations dumb until His voice is heard, and will stop our ears from the strife of tongues, and if we have courage to do nothing when we do not see clearly what He would have us to do, we shall not look in vain for the guidance of God's guiding will.

We cannot buy up opportunity without paying its price. What has to be surrendered that we may utilise to the full, and for the highest ends, the successive moments? In one word—self. If we yield ourselves to be God's organs and instruments, we shall win that knowledge of "the secret of the Lord" which "is with them that fear Him." So then, let us realise the mystic solemnity of each moment and of life as a whole. Let us bring intellect and conscience to bear upon all our ways. Let us seek to know God's will, and be willing to pay the price.

The days are evil. No doubt they were specially so for the little group of Christians in brilliant, corrupt Ephesus. But they are so for us all, since we are brought into contact with a "world" sadly unconscious of the meaning of life. Therefore, we are the more bound to keep our consciousness of it strong and constant, as Lot had more need to make efforts to retain his faith in Sodom than Abraham had on the breezy, pure uplands.

Opportunity is dwindling, as the apostle says in another place: "The time"—that is, the occasion—"is being shortened." It is shorter by twelve months than this day last year; how short for some of us God knows. Each moment wears away some of the thickness of the mass, and for some of us it has been worn very thin. Life is a definite period. We stand on "this bank and shoal of time," and the waves are ever washing round our feet and eating away our standing-ground. The wheels of time have no reverse motion. If the work of a day is not done in its day, it can never be done. Occasion has a forelock and is bald on the hinder head. "And the door was shut"—those outside did not buy the opportunity, and all the answer that their despairing hammering at the closed door brings is:

Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now!

SECOND SUNDAY

THE ALTAR OF INCENSE

PRESENT discussions as to dates are apt to obscure the consideration of the meanings of the Jewish ritual. Whensoever the plan of the tabernacle or temple and their furniture was drawn, it had a symbolical religious significance, the perception of which is, in some aspects, more important than the questions as to period of origin which now overshadow it. The later down it is brought the more surely must it have been significant. In the inner court of the tabernacle three sacred articles were appointed to be set: in the centre, an altar on which incense was burned; and on either side of it, a table on which twelve cakes of bread were laid and a great lamp-stand with seven lights. Each of these pieces of sacred furniture symbolised a side of the Religious Life, and, taken together, they suggest a beautiful conception of it, which is as imperative and as vital to-day as of old. What does that altar of incense say to us modern Christians?

Incense is a symbol of prayer, as the Psalmist had learned when he said: "Let my prayer be directed before Thee as incense," using the technical word for laying a sacrifice on the altar. In Isaiah's vision of

Israel's true King, the "house was filled with smoke" when the Seraphim sang their "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." So, too, the Apocalyptic seer saw the twenty-four elders with golden censers full of incense, which are the prayers of saints. What is the point of comparison between symbol and reality? How was the fragrance of the incense set free to rise in wreaths of smoke? By being kindled. Whence was it kindled? By coals from the altar of sacrifice. "Which things are an allegory," and mean that cold prayer is no prayer, that when a spirit is touched with the divine fire it will exhale upwards to God, and be sweet to Him. The cold stick of incense had neither fragrance nor power to rise, and could not but ascend in fragrant wreaths when winged by fire. Too many of our prayers are but dead sticks of unkindled incense. They are heavy and cling to earth, like evening mists that hug the damp ground where they were born. The soul that is touched to flame is volatilised, and its aspirations and desires go up to God. If we know nothing of that spontaneous ascent of a soul on fire towards God, we do not know what prayer is. It is a poor notion of praying which limits it to petitions. The truest prayers do not say, "Give," but lose themselves in God, and, in contemplating Him, are too conscious of blessed fruition to be conscious of want. There is a prayer that if not "careful and troubled" is at least concerned and supplicatory "about many things"; and there is another which, like Mary, sits "satisfied with goodness and full of the favour of the Lord" and is communion and interchange of love.

There were specific directions for ensuring the perpetuity of the incense-burning. Twice a day the ministering priest carried a censer-full to be laid on the altar. Kindled in the morning from the altar of sacrifice, it glowed and glimmered all day—perhaps much of it white ashes, but with a little spark at its heart. In the evening it was renewed, and in like manner smouldered all night. If the incense of our prayer is to glow all day, it has to be renewed and rekindled daily. The modern talk about being independent of times and seasons, being ready to worship always, and so not needing definite periods of worship, is worse than rubbish. No man will have reverence diffused through his life, unless he has a concentrated reservoir of worship in the background of his life. We plead for no mechanical observance of times of prayer, but still there must be the frequent recurrence of special seasons of devotion, if devotion is to run like a golden thread through our lives.

The altar of incense stood in the centre of the inner court, and was thus in line between the altar of sacrifice in the outer court, and the Mercy Seat with the Shekinah blazing above it, in the holy place. That position is plainly significant, and sets forth the truth that we must stand at the altar of sacrifice before we can lay our incense on the altar of incense, and that we must pass by way of that altar into the secret place of the Most High, where the glory gleams lambent. Our prayers must be preceded by our faith in the One Sacrifice, through whom we can lay our grain on the altar of incense, and thence, by such communion, can pass into the light of the glory which is Love.

Once a year atonement was made on and for the altar of incense. The more truly we use the privilege of continual fellowship and prayer, the more shall we feel that our prayers need forgiveness, need atonement and the interceding High Priest. The Seer of the Apocalypse saw an angel bringing much incense and offering it with the prayers of saints. Our incense needs to be perfumed with Christ's sacrifice, that it may be indeed "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE SHEWBREAD

We have seen that in the second temple court, the altar of incense, symbolising the offering of prayer, stood in the centre, flanked on either side by the table of shewbread and the golden lamp-stand. These, too, were significant. We have now to consider the import and lessons of the former of them. Twelve cakes of bread, obviously one for each of the twelve tribes, were laid or piled in two rows on the table. Bread is the result of man's labour on corn, which is God's gift. So the loaves stood for the whole class of things to which they belonged, and may be taken to represent the sum of human activities. The literal translation of the words rendered shewbread is "bread of the face"—that is to say, bread which is to lie before the face of Jehovah, and on which His pure eyes rest.

These twelve loaves, then, put into a striking visible form the thought, more true for us than even for Israel, that the religious life must include the offering of all our activities to God. And, so regarded, their place, like that of the altar, by which the table of shewbread stood, is eloquent with the lesson that the mercy of God, focussed into a burning-point in the great sacrifice offered on the Cross which is the world's altar, is the only motive that moves men to offer themselves and their activities as living sacrifices. That fire only will melt the ice of our nature, and make it flow down in sweet waters of thankful service.

What, then, is the conception of life set for our adoption in that table? The presentation by ourselves of ourselves and our acts, both those of hand and foot, and those of mind and heart, before the "pure eyes and perfect judgment" of Him "whose eyes our inmost substance see," but who desires that we should spread them and ourselves before Him, and not only feel but rejoice in the thought: "Thou God seest me." We lay our acts before God, when we set God before us, and as the Psalmist long ago had learned, we "shall not be moved" if, by the meditations of our minds, by the outgoings of our hearts, by the submission of our wills, by the consecration of our efforts, we set Him always before us.

It was appointed that, on the top of the rows or piles of loaves, incense was to be laid. We have seen that incense was a symbol of prayer. So, on the acts of our busy lives should be sprinkled a grain or two of incense. We must manage somehow to unite the blessings of the active and of the contemplative life. Prayerless work is not Christian work; and idle prayer is vain prayer. If incense is laid on the bread, both are fit to lie before God in the holy place.

But the shewbread said something about God as well as about us. It expressed the great, wonderful truth that our poor work is all a delight to Him. To speak of men's works as God's food is a bold piece of anthropomorphism, but it is no bolder than the other more familiar representation that they are an odour of a sweet smell. One sense is no grosser than another. Taste and scent may be paired off together, and it is no more unworthy of God to speak of food for God than to speak of fragrance delightsome to Him. We read that He found Israel as grapes in the desert, as a thirsty traveller would be delighted by an unexpected vine, with its juicy, cool clusters, growing amid the sandy waste. Our Lord has taken the same great thought, and applied it to express His satisfaction in His servants and their works, when He has promised to come in and sup with them, if they open the door. He delights in our poor deeds when they are laid before Him. That belief should give dignity and blessedness to life, and make us feel that we do great things when we do small things as in His sight and for the love of Him.

Every Sabbath the loaves were renewed, and the old ones taken away, to be eaten by the priests, who had, as the representatives of the people, offered them. Our life's activities offered to God will nourish ourselves. Every noble desire and act, every self-surrendering and self-oblivious deed, every piece of service which has "For His dear sake" written on it, will come back in benediction and satisfy and strengthen its doer. We, too, may find that our meat is to do the will of the Father. All other kinds of activity, sweet as they may be to the taste, starve a man and fill his mouth with gravel; but if we yield ourselves and our works to God, He will give us them back and, in a blessed sense, we shall be filled with the fruit of our doings.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE GOLDEN LAMP-STAND

THE meaning of the golden lamp-stand, which was the third piece of furniture in the inner court of the tabernacle, is unmistakable. It represented the office of Israel, as destined to ray out the light of God into a dark world. It is referred to in Zachariah's vision of a golden lamp-stand fed with oil by two "anointed ones," and in our Lord's first words after the Beatitudes, when He described his disciples collectively as "the light of the world." It is significantly modified in the vision in the Apocalypse, where, instead of the lamp-stand with seven bowls, we have seven separate lights, with Jesus walking in the midst.

The general thought thus set forth is that the Church is Light. It is so in two ways. Our Lord laid emphasis on one of the two, when He bade us let our light so shine before men that, seeing our good works, they may glorify our Father in heaven. We are to shine by righteous, Christ-like living, and in such a fashion that *we* may be overlooked, and He who helps us so to live may be seen and praised. Sunbeams are unseen, but they show everything else and the sun from which they stream. So we should shine, unostentatious yet conspicuous, drawing and desiring neither notice nor praise, but leading feeble eyes to see in us a tempered ray from the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, and to adore. The ray that is impelled by force sufficient to carry it over the abysses between sun and earth yet falls so gently that an infant's eye is not hurt. It shines as lovingly on filth as on jewels. It reveals everything but itself, and is silent as strong. "Let your light *so* shine before men."

But we are to shine by word as well as by deed, as Paul has taught by his modification of this image, when he tells us that we are to appear as lights, by holding forth the Word of Life as the arm of a candelabrum does its lamp. Good deeds are more likely to reveal God when they are accompanied by words that tell of God. We have not only to live the Gospel, but to confess the Gospel by which we live. We fail to be Christ's witnesses unless, when occasion serves, we are ready to avow the principles which mould our lives, and unless we always mould them by the principles of Christ's revelation.

Another thought suggested by the golden lamp-stand is that of derived light. The priests lit its lamps, and then they shone out welcome and good cheer over the dark desert. "He shall not quench the dimly burning wick," but fan and tend it into brightness. He alone is "the light of the world." All others are, as He said of His forerunner, "lamps kindled and [therefore] shining"; and every kindled lamp will be an extinguished lamp some day, and "for a season only do men rejoice in its light"; but the unkindled Light will shine for ever. The lamp once kindled has to be fed. If there is no oil in the reservoir there will be a moment's flame and then a charred wick, smoke and foul smell. Oil must be poured in, and the light will be bright. So our light must be nourished by continual reception of the oil of the Holy Spirit, which softens and makes flexible our wills, nourishes our spiritual life, communicates the gifts which feed the holy fire in our souls, that shines out in our lives. Though the Christ Himself lit the flame, it will die unless we have oil in our vessels, and will become what so many professedly Christian lives are—a feeble flicker which is darkness rather than light.

The light of the lamps was clustered light. The seven were set on one stem and blended their rays into one beam. So with us: it is best when the individual is merged in the mass, and when we are less desirous of showing our own brilliance than of joining with many another twinkle to make one steadfast flame, like the one circle of light into which the jets from a hundred little openings in a burner melt. "Ye are the *light* of the world," said Jesus—not the *lights*. There must be individualism, there ought to be unity.

The altar of incense must stand in the midst, and on either side, the table of shewbread, and the lamp-stand. Communion with God through the sacrifice for the world's sins must come first, and then our activities must be, on the God-ward side, offered to Him, and, on the man-ward, must shine before men. Unless we begin with the altar of incense, the bread on the table will be scant and mouldy, and the light in the lamp will be flickering and dim. If we are to shine in a naughty and dark world, as prophets of sunrise and dispersers of gloom, we must live by faith in the One Offering, and be very familiar with the secret place of the Most High.

The golden lamp-stand is supposed to be at the bottom of the Mediterranean; and the seven candlesticks of the Asiatic churches, where are they? Let us learn the lesson of the removal of these, when the light which they should have borne was extinguished by the fault of the Churches. "If God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not thee."

FIFTH SUNDAY

ONE PRAYER AND TWO PLEAS

"I am a stranger in the earth; hide not Thy commandments from me."

"The earth, O Lord, is full of Thy mercy; teach me Thy statutes."—Ps. cxix. 19, 64.

THE petitions in these two fragments of

the great Psalm extolling God's "Word" are substantially identical, but the pleas on which they are respectively grounded are strikingly different. They complete each other. From each, and still more from the union of both, the Psalmist's desire is heartened to become a prayer. They are like two great piers on either bank of a stream, from which springs the bridging arch.

"The earth is full of Thy mercy," as a cup is brimming with rich wine or as the flowers are full of morning dew. The Psalmist's point of view is not the scientific nor poetical. It lies back of all science, and is quite unaffected by it. He is sure that God is at work in the world, so that every creature that lives, and every thing that is, lives and is because God is operative on it, and that the whole creation is the object of God's loving thought, and has some reflection of His smile cast across it as "the light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread." A deeper faith than most men have is needed to feel thus. For sadly many of us the world has come to be very empty of God, and we rather hear the creaking of the wheels of a machine or see the workings of impersonal force than hear the sound of His going or catch the gleam of His garment. But all the growth of physical knowledge may be accepted thankfully, and yet beneath all we may see the living will and work of God. There is no reason why nineteenth-century savants, full to the finger-tips of modern physical science, may not say as heartily as, and more intelligently than, the Psalmist said: "The earth, O Lord, is full of Thy mercy."

But when we include ourselves in "the earth," a different aspect is presented. The sunny play of gladness is shadowed. "I am a stranger upon earth." Man is out of joint with the great whole, out of tune with the concert, the only hungry guest at the feast. All other creatures fit their "environment," and it them, like a glove on a hand; but we, "the roof and crown of things," have been made "acquainted with grief," have learned what they "amidst the woods have never known—the weariness, the fever, and the fret." We have burdens of toil and care, are cursed with forecast and saddened by remembering, and torn with desires. We need something more than the "mercy," of which the earth is full, to make us as completely blessed as the lowest little life that crawls or buzzes about us.

"Hide not Thy commandments from me." The one thing that will give us rest and blessedness to the height of our capacity is that we should have the knowledge and the love of the will of God. If we delight to do His will, and lay ourselves beneath the mould of God's impressing purpose to be shaped as He will, then care and toil and sorrow and restlessness and the sense of transiency and the sorrow of homelessness cease to pain. Like some black cliff, smitten by sunrise into rosy and golden glory, the ills of life are tinted and glorified, when the light of God's recognised will falls on them. With His will in our hearts we can cease to feel that it is sad to be as strangers and sojourners here, for then can we say: "We seek a better country, that is an heavenly." We need the "statutes of the Lord"; we need no more, and they will "be our songs in the house of our pilgrimage."

If the thought, "I am a stranger upon earth," teaches us our need of God's commandments, the thought, "The earth is full of Thy mercy," assures us that we shall receive what we need. He who opens His hand and satisfies the desires of every living thing will not leave us to sit, the only hungry ones at His table. We are not intended to lie dry and dusty, like Gideon's fleece, while every blade of grass holds its own drop of dew. In a world full of God's mercy, am I to be empty of the highest mercy, the knowledge and love of God's will? Never, never can that be so.

The Psalmist's prayer on *our* lips becomes a prayer for more knowledge of that Christ who is God's uttered will and our law, more love to Him whom to love is to be a stranger nowhere and to be filled with God's mercy. "The earth is full of Thy mercy," but the Word who dwelt among us is "full of grace and truth," and of His fulness can we all receive. Then we shall be strangers no longer, and our spirit shall be replenished with richer mercy than all the universe beside is capable of receiving.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

LIKE the Hesperus of Sappho's lyric the Star of Bethlehem brings many things home—children from school, old friends from a distance, scattered members of a family who seldom have now the chance of meeting under the same roof-tree and chatting round the companionable fire. And now as the time draws nigh, the thought of these merry gatherings comes uppermost in my mind, with a dim imagery of holly and mistletoe and fragmentary remembrances of the verse and music of old-world carols and Christmas lyrics. I try to piece together my recollections of various lines and stanzas, but to no purpose. I glance round my shelves, but no volume there contains any of the quaint old folk-songs which tell how the new-born Babe came to His wintry poverty.

Happily it does not greatly matter. Most of my readers will remember some carol or other, devout or merry, and overflowing with that feeling of peace and goodwill which was the burden of the first carol that was ever sung; and I have no doubt they have noticed in how many instances the bitterness of the season has counted for much in quickening sympathy for the poor, the aged, and the distressed. I cannot but think it was a blessed dispensation which fixed Christmas Day on the 25th of December. The date of Our Lord's birth is unknown; by various investigators it has been assigned to the 6th of January, the 1st of February, the 5th, 21st and 22nd of April, the 20th of May, the 1st of August, and to September and October; but who will not agree that had some day in a summer month been chosen, Western Christendom would have been the loser in warmth of charity, in practical benevolence, in the alleviation of want and suffering when these are most keenly felt—in the inclemency of the "dead season"? It was around the crib of Bethlehem and the watch-fires of the shepherds that the poetry of winter culminated.

This date of the 25th has been traced as far back as the fourth century, and it was first adopted in the West; its validity seems to have been first called in question in this country by the Puritans towards the middle of the seventeenth century; but most of the popular modern writers of the life of Christ give it to-day their support. We read of Joseph and Mary starting from Nazareth "early on a December morning when the trees were bare and shaken with cold winds" and when it was "hard and even dangerous to travel." On the other hand travellers familiar with the country have pointed out that the pasturing of flocks by night takes place only in the hot season, and that the sheep are sent out after the Passover and brought in about October, before the "former rain." Against this contention, however, two arguments are arrayed—first that it is not certain that all sheep were brought under cover at night during the winter months, and next that these Bethlehem flocks were destined for Temple sacrifices and, it may have been, "lay out all the year round, since they are spoken of as in the fields thirty days before the Passover—that is, in the month of February, when in Palestine the average rainfall is nearly greatest."[*] Obviously we cannot count with any certainty on the presence of the shepherds in the field as conclusive evidence that the journey to Bethlehem was made in the summer and not in the winter, but Professor Ramsay, in his interesting monograph "Was Christ born at Bethlehem?"* adduces a train of reasoning which, coupled with the night-watches of the shepherds, seems to me to go very far towards settling the question of season in favour of the summer as against the winter.

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[*] "St. Luke: The International Critical Commentary." T. & T. Clark. 12s.

The journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem was occasioned by the edict, in obedience to which the Jews "all went to enrol themselves, every one to his own city"; and this detail of tribal registration is one of supreme interest, for if the census, organised in virtue of the decree of Cæsar Augustus, had been carried out on the usual Roman lines there would have been no such gathering of the kinsfolk who had left their native place, and Joseph and Mary would have been registered at Nazareth. It is unnecessary to enter here into the relationship of Palestine to the Empire or the policy of Herod in adopting the form of enrolment least likely to excite the suspicion and antagonism of the Jews; (these matters will be found discussed in "The International Commentary," and still more fully in Professor Ramsay's volume); the important point is to realise what these tribal gatherings for enumeration would involve, and the arrangements that must have been made to enable them to take place with the least inconvenience and hardship. Though Palestine is "the least of all lands," with an area about equal to that of Devonshire and Cornwall, and a length of a hundred and twenty and an average breadth of less than thirty miles, it was necessary that the census day should be fixed for a season when favourable weather might be counted on. In winter considerable discomfort and some danger would be experienced, and the success of the work would be at the mercy of storm and flood. The requirements of the agricultural population had also to be considered, and the census must not interfere with the harvest—the reaping and the garnering of the year's crop which would extend from April to July. "Taking these circumstances into consideration," concludes Professor Ramsay, "we may say with considerable confidence that August to October is the period within which the numbering would be fixed." An argument based on the priestly periods leads Lewin in his *Fasti Sacri* to select August 1 as the day and month of the enrolment, but without laying stress on this, Professor Ramsay attaches considerable weight to the night-watching of the shepherds as confirming the view that the census took place in the summer.

When we reflect that the mobility of the dates on which we commemorate the Crucifixion and the Resurrection in nowise prejudices our religious sensibilities, we need not be concerned about the uncertainty that rests on the date of the Saviour's birth. It has been too long and too beneficently associated with our snowy Yule-tide to be ever transferred to a season of flowers and sunshine. Even in that greater England where the sun shines at midnight and December goes like St. Elizabeth with an apron full of flowers, Christmas Day brings with it an ancient feeling of frost and snow-flakes. And doubtless, too, there is some wise purpose in the mystery which rests on the date of each of these three great events of Christianity which one would have thought that men could never have allowed to slip into oblivion—the Birth at Bethlehem, the Agony of Calvary and the Rising of the Lord. Even in the early Eastern Church, where one naturally looks for the most ancient traditions, the great feast equivalent to our Christmas seems to have been a purely spiritual festival divested of historic literalism, for the Epiphany, celebrated on January 6, commemorated the manifestation of Christ to the world in four several aspects—His nativity or appearance in the mortal image of man, the appearance of His star and His manifestation to the Gentiles, His manifestation as the Son beloved when the Holy Spirit descended in the shape of a dove at His baptism, and finally, the demonstration of His divinity when He changed water into wine at the marriage-feast at Cana. And this primitive treatment of what I may call the human side of all that concerned Our Lord seems quite in keeping with the uncertainty which hangs over the identity of all the "holy places" and which has deprived us of any unquestionably authentic portraiture, verbal or otherwise, of His personal appearance.

As I think over these things, it occurs to me to wonder how many of us have clearly mastered all that the Gospels tell us of the birth and childhood of Christ. I notice in the shop-windows that the Christmas cards depict the Magi offering their gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Babe in the manger, and, if I remember rightly, more than one great artist has made the "stable" the scene of that vividly Oriental act of worship. Turning to the poets, I read of that mystic star,

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* "Was Christ Born at Bethlehem? A Study on the Credibility of St. Luke." By W. M. Ramsay, M.A., D.C.L. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

> whose pilot ray
> Illum'd the Magis' doubtful way;
> Bright wanderer through the fields of air
> Which led the inquiring sages, where,
> Cradled within a worthless manger,
> Slept on that morn the immortal Stranger.

Mrs. Browning makes "the stalls at Bethlehem" and the dumb kine,

> Softening their horned faces
> To almost human gazes
> Towards the newly Born,

the background not only for the simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks, but for the Magi of the East, in sandals worn. Even Archbishop Trench asks whether the Gentile world has sent these Kings of Seba to pay tribute;

> Or have Israel's scattered race,
> From their unknown hiding-place,
> Sent to claim their part and right
> In the Child *new-born to-night?*

Yet when the details in the account of St. Luke are read alongside those in the account of St. Matthew it is obvious that a long interval elapsed between the worship of the shepherds and the adoration of the Magi. According to St. Matthew, the visit of the Wise Kings was instantly followed by the flight into Egypt, where the Holy Family found refuge till the death of Herod. According to St. Luke, when the days of Mary's "purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished"—that is, after a seclusion of forty days from the nativity—the child was brought to Jerusalem and presented to the Lord. These forty days could not have been spent in the rude shelter to which Mary had been driven by the crowding of "the inn"; the travellers who had come to be enrolled had long since departed homeward; one may even conjecture that there were kinsfolk in Bethlehem who were able to welcome under their roof the mother and the little child. In any case they must have returned from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and there the Magi found them in "the house," six weeks and more after that night of "the glory of the Lord."

A curious paper might be written on the misconceptions of artists and authors—and especially the former—who have treated sacred subjects and have been satisfied with a cursory reading of the text. It may be that the story is apocryphal which tells how an English sculptor carved a group of angels weeping bitterly as a rendering of the passage in the *Te Deum*: "To Thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do *cry*"; but a reference to Professor Kaufman's little paper in the October number of the *Jewish Quarterly* will show that the misreading is a fair instance of the verbal literalness and whimsical fancy which the mediæval sculptors and illuminators applied to biblical texts. It is no doubt because Ishmael is spoken of as a "child" that he is so often depicted as a mere babe lying under a shrub, with Hagar sitting "over against him a good way off"; but when the bondwoman was driven forth, early in the morning towards the wilderness of Beersheba, Ishmael was a lad of fourteen. Similarly Benjamin, the "child" of Jacob's old age, "the little one," appears in countless pictures as a lad of fourteen or fifteen; but as Joseph was thirty-seven when the seven years of famine began, Benjamin must have reached his twenty-third year, and may have been considerably over thirty. The princess who drew Moses from the tall papyrus reeds appears not unreasonably as a fair and stately maiden, and "the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne" fills us with pity as he lies a little child across his nurse's knee, stricken dead on the night of "the great cry"; but if the ingenious speculations of the Egyptologists prove to be well-founded, this first-born was a ruling prince (by the way, in the original, does the phrase "that sat on his throne" refer to the first-born or to Pharaoh?), and the princess a young girl, younger even than Miriam, who was about sixteen. It may be that to many persons the consideration of minutiæ of this description is more curious than edifying, but it seems to me that any little glimmer of side-light which brings more clearly and more closely to us any single detail of Scripture is worthy of attention.

Let me return for a moment to Professor Ramsay's book, which covers too large an extent of ground and contains too complicated an argument to be disposed of in a few sentences. The author regards St. Luke as one of the great historians—by the by, how little are most of us accustomed to consider the Gospel bearing his name and the Acts as two books of a complete history!—and so absolutely deserving of implicit confidence on all matters of importance that he is willing to stake the credibility of the Evangelist as an historical authority on what has been described as a complication of blunders in the first vitally important episode, viz., the birth of Christ. The statements impeached in this vigorous fashion are contained in a couple of sentences: "Now it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrolment, made when Quirinius was governor of Syria." Regarding which it is contended that we have no evidence of a decree from Cæsar Augustus for a world-census; that even had such a census been decreed it could not have extended to Palestine which was not a portion of the Empire; that the first and only census and valuation of Palestine made by the Romans was that about A.D. 6–7, recorded by Josephus; that St. Luke transferred this census, with the officer Quirinius who held it, to a different period about nine or twelve years earlier. Naturally the question arises, What value can we attach to the evidence of a historian who "imagined that Christ was born 'in the days of Herod the King,' during a census held about ten or eleven years after the death of Herod?" Thanks to recent discoveries of census papers in Egypt and inscriptions elsewhere, and to the diligence and alertness of modern scholarship, these objections are answered frankly and fairly. If it cannot yet be claimed that St. Luke's credibility has been proved to demonstration, ample testimony has been adduced to satisfy an impartial mind that had the Evangelist been a pagan historian his statements would have been accepted as trustworthy indications of the lines on which the investigation of an obscure question should be carried out, and that each new discovery of papyri and inscribed stones goes to confirm and not to contradict the veracity of the Scriptures even in details in the modern equivalents of which more than one eminent historian of our own times might have been caught tripping.

I should have liked to touch on Professor Ramsay's remarks on the "Star of Bethlehem," but that subject must stand over. As it is, I have left myself scant space to mention a few of the books that have come my way which would make acceptable presents at this, or indeed at any time of the year. First I must name the "Dream of the Foolish Virgin, and Other Poems," by Robertson of Irvine, a companion volume to the dainty selection from his prose writings published a little while ago by Arthur Guthrie and Sons, Ardrossan (*2s. 6d.* net). Then there is a delightful edition of Jane Austen's "Emma," with eighty-seven illustrations by Chris Hammond (George Allen, *6s.*); an edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" (Macmillan, *6s.*) with a sympathetic preface by Mrs. Ritchie and forty coloured illustrations and sixty pen and ink sketches by Hugh Thomson; "More Australian Legendary Tales" (David Nutt, *3s. 6d.*), collected by Mrs. K. Langloh Parker, with an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang and illustrations by a native artist—a second series worthy to range with the first, full of strange fancies and irresistible black-fellow names; and—not to forget the small folk—Mrs. Molesworth's fairy story "The Magic Nuts" (Macmillan, *4s. 6d.*) with admirable pictures by that exquisitely imaginative artist, Rosie M. M. Pitman.

As I draw these pages to a close I revert to the thought of home-gatherings with which I started; and as the recollection of that ancient census which took every man to his own city blends with the thought of the happy season which draws so many families once more together, the sacred parody of a profane ballad of the seventeenth century keeps repeating itself (by some subtle association) in my head:

Come home again, come home again;
My blood so red
For thee was shed,
My own sweet heart, come home again.
You're gone astray
Out of your way,
Come home again, come home again.

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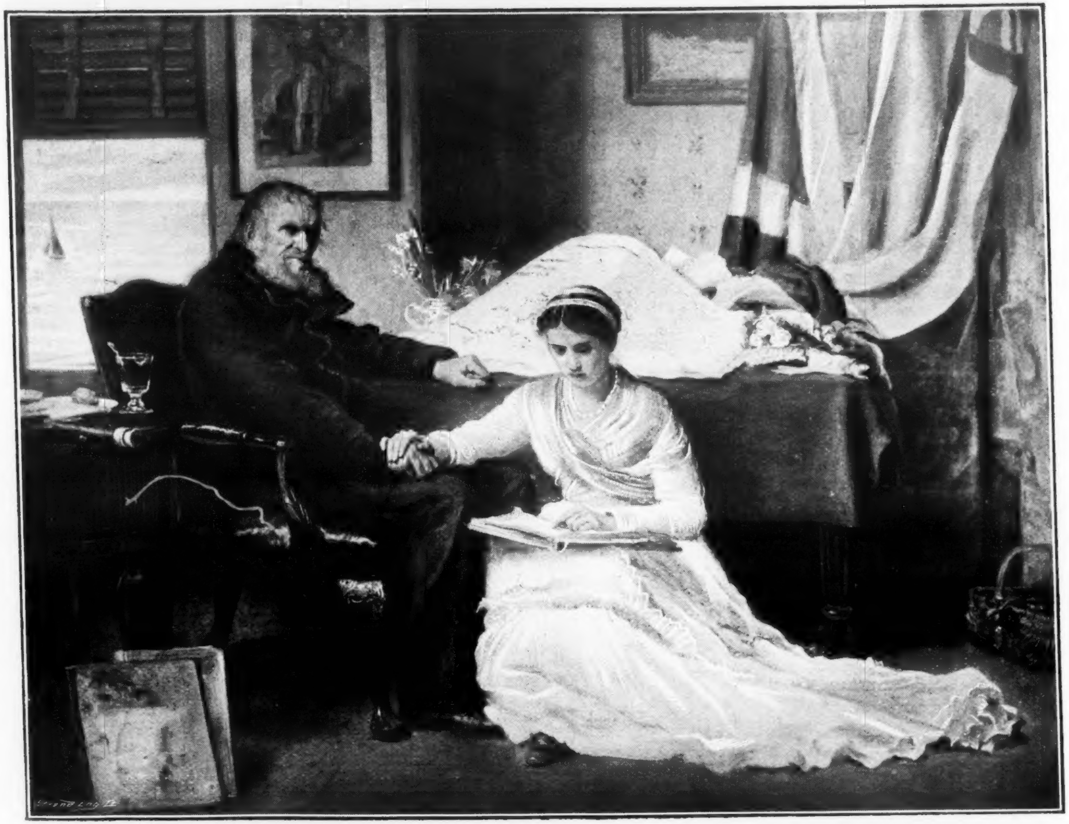

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THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE—"It might be done, and England should do it"

By Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart.

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By **NEIL MUNRO**, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER IV

MISS MARY

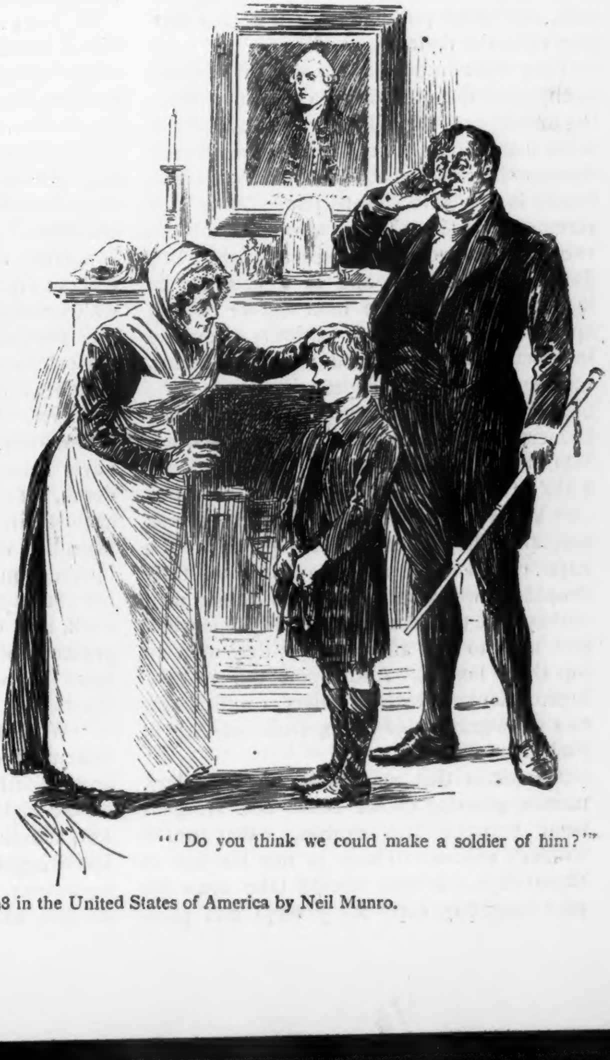
THE Paymaster and his two brothers lived with sister Mary on the upper flats of the biggest house of the burgh. The lower part was leased to an honest merchant whose regular payment of his rent did not prevent the Paymaster, every time he stepped through the close, from dunting with his cane on the stones with the insolence of a man whose birth and his father's acres gave him a place high above such as earned their living behind a counter.

"There you are, Sandy!" he would call, "doing no trade as usual; you'll not have sold a parcel of pins or a bolt of tape to-day, I suppose. Where am I to get my rent, I wonder, next Martinmas?"

The merchant would remonstrate. "I've done very well to-day, Captain," he would say. "I have six bolls of meal and seven yards of wincey going up the glen in the Salachary cart."

"Pooh, pooh, what's that to the time of war? I'll tell you this, Sandy, I'll have to roup out for my rent yet." And by he would sail, as red in the face as a bubbly-jock, swelling his neck over his stock more largely than ever, and swinging his rattan by its tassle or whacking with it on his calves, satisfied once more to have put this merchant-body in his own place.

To-day he paid no heed to the merchant, when, having just keeked in at the schoolroom to tell Dr. Colin and old Brooks he would be back in a minute to join the dregy, he went up the stairs with Gilian. "I'm going to leave you with my sister Mary," he explained. "You'll think her a



"'Do you think we could make a soldier of him?'"

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droll woman, but all women have their tiravees, and my sister is a well-meaning creature."

Gilian thought no one could be more droll than this old man himself. Before indifferent to him, he had, in the past hour, grown to be afraid of him as a new mysterious agent who had his future in his hands. And to go up the stairs of this great high house, with its myriad windows looking out upon the busiest part of the street, and others gazing over the garden and the sea, was an experience new and bewildering. The dwelling abounded in lobbies and corridors, in queer corners where the gloom lurked, and in doors that gave glimpses of sombre bedsteads and high-backed austere chairs, of china painted with the most wonderful designs (loot of the old Indian palaces), of swords and sabertaches hung on walls, and tables polished to such degree that they reflected their surroundings.

They went into a parlour with its window open, upon the window-sill a pigeon mourning among pots of wallflowers and southernwood that filled the entering air with sweetness. A room with thin-legged chairs, with cupboards whose lozens gave view to punch-bowls and rummers and silver ladles, a room where the two brothers would convene at night while John was elsewhere, and in a wan candle light sit silent by the hour before cooling spirits, musing on other parlours elsewhere in which spurs had jingled under the board, musing on comrades departed. It was hung around with dark pictures in broad black frames, for the most part pictures of battles, "Fontenoy," "Stemming the Rout at Steinkirk," "Blenheim Field," and—a new one —"Vittoria." There were pictures of men too, all with soldier collars high upon the nape of the neck, and epaulettes on their shoulders, whiskered, keen-eyed young men —they were the brothers in their prime when girls used to look after them as they went by on their horses. And upon the mantlebrace, flanked by tall silver candlesticks, was an engraving of John, Duke of Argyll, Field-Marshal.

"Look at that man there," said the Paymaster, pointing to the noble and arrogant head between the candles, "that was a soldier's soldier. There is not his like in these days. If you should take arms for your king, boy, copy the precept and practice of Duke John. I myself modelled me on his example, and that, mind you, calls for dignity and valour and education and every manly part and——"

"Is that you blethering away in there, John?" cried a high female voice from the spence.

The Paymaster's voice surrendered half its confidence and pride, for he never liked to be found vaunting before his sister, who knew his qualities and had a sense of irony.

"Ay! it's just me, Mary," he cried back, hastening to the door. "I have brought a laddie up here to see you."

"It would be wiser like to bring me a man," cried the lady, coming into the room. "I'm wearied of washing sheets and blankets for a corps of wrunkled old brothers that have no gratitude for my sisterly slavery. Keep me! who's *ballachan* is that?"

She was a little thin woman, over fifty, with a lowland cap of lace that went a little oddly with the apron covering the front of her merino gown from top to toe. She had eyes like sloes and teeth like pearls that gleamed when she smiled, and by constant trying to keep herself from smiling at things, she had worn two lines up and down between her eyebrows. A dear fond heart, a darling hypocrite, a foolish bounteous mother-soul without chick or child of her own, and yet with tenement for the loves of a large family. She fended, and mended, and tended for her soldier brothers, and they in the selfish blindness of their sex never realised her devotion. They sat, and over punch would talk of war, and valour, and devotion, and never thought that here, within their very doors, was a constant war in their behalf against circumstances, in their interest an unending valour that kept the little woman bustling on her feet, and shrewd-eyed over her stew-pans while weariness and pain itself, and the hopeless unresponse and ingratitude of the surroundings, rendered her more appropriate place between the bedsheets.

"What *ballachan* is this?" she asked, relaxing the affected acidity of her manner and smoothing out the lines upon her brow at the sight of the little fellow in a rough kilt, standing in a shy unrest upon the spotless drugget of her parlour floor. She waited no answer, but went forward as she spoke, as one who would take all youth to her heart, put a hand on his head and stroked his fair hair. It was a touch wholly new to the boy; he had never felt before that tingling feeling that a woman's hand, in love upon his head, sent through all his being. At the message of it, the caress of it, he shivered and looked up at her face in surprise.

"What do you think of him, Mary?" asked the brother. "Not a very stout chap, I think, but hale enough, and if you stuck his head in a pail of cream once a day you might put meat on him. He's the *oe* from Ladyfield; surely you might know him even with his boots on."

"Dear, dear," she said; "you're the Gilian I never saw but at a distance, the boy who always ran to the hill when I went to Ladyfield. O little hero, am I not sorry for the goodwife? You have come for your pick of dinner and——"

"Do you think we could make a soldier of him?" broke in the Paymaster, carrying his rattan like a sword and throwing back his shoulders.

"A soldier," she said, casting a shrewd glance again at the boy in a red confusion, "we might make a decenter man of him. Weary be on the soldiering! I'm looking about the country side and I see but a horde of lameter privatemen and half-pay officers maimed in limb or mind sitting about the dram bottle, hoved up with their vain-glory, blustering and blowing, instead of being honest, eident lairds and farmers. I never saw good in a soldier yet, except when he was away fighting and his name was in the *Courier* as dead or wounded. Soldiers, indeed! sitting round there in the Sergeant More's tavern, drinking, and roaring, and gossiping like women—that I should miscall my sex! No, no, if I had a son——"

"Well, well, Mary," said the Paymaster, breaking in again upon this tirade, "here's one to you. If you'll make the man of him I'll try and make him the soldier."

She understood in a flash! "And is he coming here?" she asked in an accent the most pleased and motherly. A flush came over her cheeks and her eyes grew and danced. It was as if some rare new thought had come to her, a sentiment of poetry, the sound of a forgotten strain of once familiar song.

"I'm sure I am very glad," she said simply. She took the boy by the hand, she led him into the kitchen, she cried "Peggy, Peggy," and when her servant appeared, she said, "Here's our new young gentleman, Peggy," and stroked his hair again, and Peggy smiled widely and looked about for something to give him, and put a bowl of milk to his lips.

"Tuts!" cried Miss Mary, "it's not a calf we have; we will not spoil his dinner. But you may skim it and give him a cup of the cream."

The Paymaster, left in the parlour among the prints of war and warriors, stood a moment with his head bent and his fingers among the snuff listening to the talk of the kitchen that came along the spence and through the open doors.

"She's a queer body, Mary," said he to himself, "but she's taking to the brat I think—oh yes, she's taking to him." And then he hurried down the stair and up round the church corner to the schoolhouse, where the company, wearied waiting on his presence, were already partaking of his viands. It was a company to whom the goodwife of Ladyfield, the quiet douce widow, had been more or less a stranger, and its solemnity on this occasion of her burial was not too much insisted on. They were there not so much mourners as the guests of Captain Campbell, nigh on a dozen of half-pay officers who had escaped the shambles of Europe, with the merchants of the place, and some of the farmers of the glen, the banker, the sheriff, the fiscal and the writers, of whom the town has ever had more than a fair share. Dr. Colin had blessed the viands and gone away; he was a new kind of minister and a surprising one, who had odd views about the drinking customs of the people, and when his coat skirts had disappeared round the corner of the church there was a feeling of relief, and old Baldy Bain, "Copenhagen" as they called him, who was precentor in the Gaelic end of the church, was emboldened to fill his glass up to a more generous height than he had ever cared to do in the presence of the clergyman. The food and drink were spread on two long tables; the men stood round or sat upon the forms their children occupied in school hours. The room was clamant with the voices of the company. Gathered in groups, they discussed everything under heaven except the object of their meeting—the French, the sowing, the condition of the hoggs, the Duke's approaching departure for London, the storm, the fishing. They wore their preposterous tall hats on the backs of their heads with the crape bows over the ears, they lifted up the skirts of their swallow-tail coats and hung them on their arms with their hands in their breeches pockets. And about them was the odour of musty, mildewed broadcloth, taken out of damp presses only on such occasions.

Mr. Spencer, standing very straight and tall and thin, so that his trousers at the foot strained tightly at the straps under his insteps, looked over the assembly, and with a stranger's eye could not but be struck by its oddity. He was seeing—lucky man to have the chance!—the last of the old Highland burgh life and the raw beginnings of the new; he was seeing the real *doaine-uasail*, gentry of ancient family, colloguing with the common merchants whose day was coming in; he was seeing the embers of the war in a grey ash, officers, merchants, bonnet lairds, and tenants now safe and snug and secure in their places because the old warriors had fought Boney. The school-room was perfumed with the smoke of peat, for it was the landward pupils' week of the fuelling, and they were accustomed to bring each his own peat under his arm every morning. The smoke swirled and eddied out into the room and hung about the ochred walls, and made more umber than it was before the map of Europe over the fireplace. Looking at this map and sipping now and then a glass of spirits in his hand, was a gentleman humming away to himself "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife." He wore a queue tied with a broad black ribbon that reached well down on his waist, and the rest of his attire was conform in its antiquity, but the man himself was little more than in his prime, straight set up like the soldier he was till he died of the Yellow in Sierra Leone, where the name of Turner, Governor, is still upon his peninsula.

"You are at your studies," said Mr. Spencer to him, going up to his side with a little deference for the General, and a little familiarity for the son of a plain Portioner of Drimlee who was to be seen any day coming down the glen in his cart, with a mangy sporran flapping rather emptily in front of his kilt.

Charlie Turner stopped his tune and turned upon the innkeeper.

"I scarcely need to study the map of Europe, Mr. Spencer," said he, "I know it by heart—all of it of any interest at least. I have but to shut my eyes and the panorama of it is before me. My brothers and I saw some of it, Mr. Spencer, from Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees, and I'm but looking at it now to amaze myself with seeing Albuera and Vittoria, Salamanca and Talavera and Quatre Bras, put on this map merely as black dots no more kenspeckle than the township of Carnus up the glen. Wars, wars, bloody wars! have we indeed got to the last of them?"

"Indeed I hope so, sir," said the innkeeper, "for my wife has become very costly and very gaudy in her Waterloo blue silks since the rejoicings, and if every war set a woman's mind running to extravagance in clothing, the fewer we have the better."

"If I had a wife, Mr. Spencer (and alas! it's my fate to have lost mine), I should make her sit down in weeds or scarlet, after wars, the colour of the blood that ran. What do you say to that, General?"

He turned, as he spoke, to Dugald Campbell, who came to dregies * because it was the fashion of the country, but never ate nor drank at them.

"You were speaking, General Turner?" said Campbell.

Turner fingered the seal upon his fob, with its motto "Tu ne cede malis," and smiled blandly, as he always did when it was brought to his recollection that he had won more than soldiers' battles when the odds against him were three to one.

"I was just telling Mr. Spencer that Waterloo looks like being the last of the battles, General, and that one bit of Brooks' map here is just as well known to some of us as the paths and woods and waters of Glen Shira."

"I'm not very well acquaint with Glen Shira myself," was all the General said, looking at the map for a moment with eyes that plainly had no interest in the thing before them, and then he turned to a nudge of the Paymaster's arm.

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* DREGY: The Scots equivalent of the old English *Dirge-ale*, or funeral feast. From the first word of the antiphon in the office for the dead, "*Dirige, Domine meus.*"

Turner smiled again knowingly to Mr. Spencer. "I put my brogues in it that time," said he in a discreet tone. "I forgot that the old gentleman and his brothers were far better acquaint with Glen Shira in my wife's maiden days than I was myself. But that's an old story, Mr. Spencer, that you are too recent an incomer to know the shades and meanings of."

"I daresay, sir, I daresay," said Mr. Spencer gravely. "You are a most interesting and sensitive people, and I find myself often making the most unhappy blunders."

"Interesting is not the word, I think, Mr. Spencer," said General Turner coldly; "we refuse to be interesting to any simple Sassenach." Then he saw the confusion in the innkeeper's face and laughed. "Upon my word," he said, "here I'm as touchy as a bard upon a mere phrase. This is very good drink, Mr. Spencer; your purveyance, I suppose?"

"I had the privilege, sir," said the innkeeper. "Captain Campbell gave the order——"

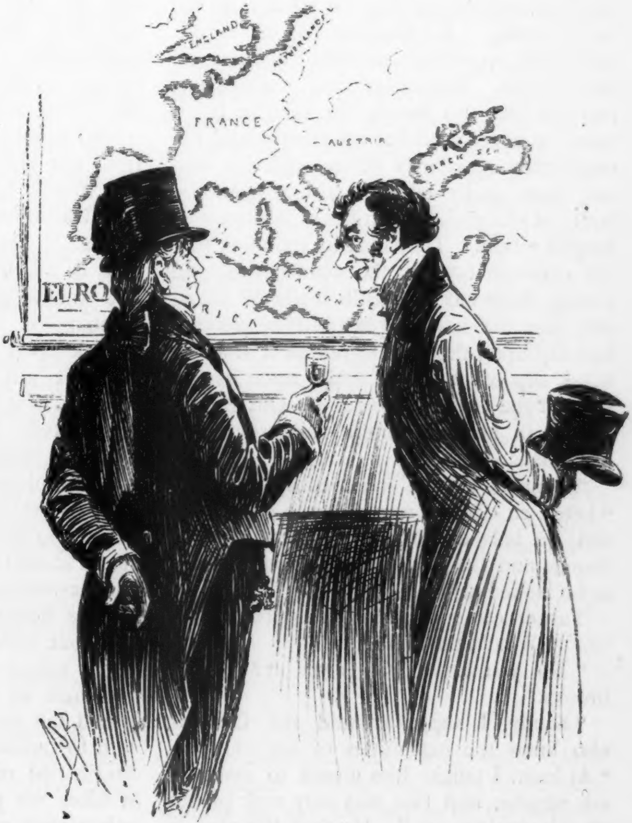
"Captain Campbell!" said the General, putting down his glass and drinking no more. "I was not aware that he was at the costs of this dregy. Still, no matter, you'll find the Campbells a good family to have dealings with of any commercial kind, pernickety and proud a bit, like all the rest of us, with their bark worse than their bite."

"I find them quite the gentlemen," said the innkeeper.

Turner laughed again.

"Man," said he, "take care you do not put your compliment just exactly that way to them; you might as well tell Dr. Colin he was a surprisingly good Christian."

Old Brooks, out of sheer custom, sat on the high stool at his desk and hummed his declensions to himself, or the sing-song *Arma virumque cano* that was almost all his Latin pupils remembered of his classics when they had left school. The noise of the assembly a little distressed him; at times he would fancy it was his scholars who were clamouring before him, and he checked on his lips a high peremptory challenge for silence, flushing to think how nearly he had made himself ridiculous. From his stool he could see over the frosted glass of the lower window sash into the playground where it lay bathed in a yellow light, and bare-legged children played at shinty, with loud shouts and violent rushes after a little wooden ball. The town's cows were wandering in for the night from the common muir, with their milk-maids behind them in vast wide petticoats of two breadths, and their blue or lilac short-gowns tucked well up at their arms. Behind,



"Charlie Turner stopped his tune and turned upon the innkeeper" the windows revealed the avenue, the road overhung with the fresh leaves of the beeches, the sunlight filtering through in lighter splashes on the shade. Within, the drink was running to its dregs, and piles of oat-cake farls lay yet untouched. One by one the company departed. The glen folks solemnly shook hands with the Paymaster, as donor of the feast, and subdued their faces to a sad regret for this "melancholy occasion, Captain Campbell"; then went over to the taverns in the tenements and kept up their drinking and their singing till late in the evening; the merchants and writers had gone earlier, and now but the officers and Brooks were left, and Mr. Spencer, superintending the removal of his vessels and fragments to the inn. The afternoon was sinking into the calm it ever has in this place, drowsing, mellowing; an air of trance lay all about and even the pensioners, gathered at the head of the school-room near the door, seemed silent as his scholars to the ear of Brooks. He lifted the flap of his desk and kept it up with his head while he surveyed the interior. Grammars and copy-books, pens in long tin boxes, the terrible black tawse he never used but reluctantly, and the confiscated playthings of the children who had been guilty of encroaching upon the hours of study with the trifles of leisure, were heaped within. They were for the most part the common toys of the country-side, and among them was a whistle made of young ash, after the fashion practised by children who tap upon the bark to release it from its wood, slip off the bark entire upon its sap, and cut the vent or blow-hole. Old Brooks took it in his hand and a smile went over his visage.

"General Turner," he cried up the room, "here's an oddity I would like to show you," and he balanced the pipe upon his long fingers, and the smile played about his lips as he looked at it.

Turner came up, and "A whistle," said he. "What's the story?"

"Do you know who owns it?" asked Brooks.

"Sandy, I suppose," said the General, who knew the ingenuities of his only son. "At least, I taught him myself to make an ash whistle, and this may very well be the rogue's contrivance." He took the pipe in his hand and turned it over and shrilled it at his lip. "Man," said he, ' that makes me young again! I wish I was still at the age when that would pipe me to romance."

The schoolmaster smiled still. "It is not Master Sandy's," said he. "Did you never teach the facture of it to your daughter Nan? She made it yesterday before my very eyes that she thought were not on her at the time, and she had it done in time to pipe Amen to my morning prayer."

"Ah! the witch!" cried the General, his face showing affection and annoyance. "That's the most hoyden jade I'm sure you ever gave the ferule to."

"I never did that," said the schoolmaster.

"Well, at least she's the worst that ever deserved it. The wind is not more variable, nor the sea less careless of constraint. She takes it off her mother, no doubt, who was the dearest mad-cap, the most darling wretch ever kept a sergeant's section of lovers at her skirts. I wish you could do something with her, Mr. Brooks; I do not ask high schooling, though there you have every qualification. I only ask some sobriety put in her so that she may not always be the filly on the meadow."

Old Brooks sighed. He took the whistle from the General and thought a moment and put it to his lips and piped upon it once or twice as the moor-fowl pipes in spring. "Do you hear that?" he asked. "It is all, my General, we get from life and knowledge—a very thin and apparently meaningless and altogether monotonous squeak upon a sappy stem. Some of us make it out and some of us do not, because, as it happens, we are not so happily constituted. You would have your daughter a patient Martha of the household, and she will be playing in spite of you upon a wooden whistle of her own contrivance. What you want of me, I think, General, is that I should make her like her neighbours to pleasure you and earn my fees and Queen Anne's Bounty. I might try, yet I am not sure but what your girl will become by her sunny nature what I could not make her by my craft as a teacher. And this, sir, I would tell you: there is one mischief I am loth to punish in my school, and that's the music that may be inopportune, even when it takes the poor form of a shrill with an ashen stick made by the performer during the morning's sacred exercise."

The whistle had brought two or three of the company back to see what Old Brooks was doing, and among them was the Paymaster. He was redder in the face than ever, and his wig was almost off his head, it was so slewed aside.

"Giving the General a lesson?" he asked with some show at geniality. He leaned a hand upon a desk, and remembered that just on that corner he leaned on he had placed many a shilling as Candlemas and Han'sel Monday offerings when he was a school-boy, before the farming, before the army and India, and those long years at home on the upper flat of the house up the street where Miss Mary sat the lee-lone homester among her wanderers returned.

"I was but showing him the handiwork of his daughter Miss Nan," said Old Brooks pleasantly. "A somewhat healthy and boisterous lady, I assure you."

"Oh, I have heard of her," said the Paymaster, taking a pinch of snuff from his pocket, and leisurely lifting it to his nostril with the indifference of one with little interest in the subject. There was insult in the contempt of the action. The General saw it and flamed very hotly.

"And you have heard of a very handsome little lady," said he, "remarkably like her handsome mother, and a very good large-hearted daughter."

The Paymaster had an unpleasant little laugh that when he chose he could use with the sting of a whip though accompanied by never a word. He flicked the surplus of his snuff from his stock and gave this annoying little laugh, but he did not allow it to go unaccompanied, for he had overheard the General's speech to Mr. Spencer.

"No doubt she's all you say or think," said he dryly, "I'm sure I'm no judge, but there's a rumour abroad that she's a big handful. A want of discipline perhaps, no more than that——"

"You know the old saying, Captain," said the General, "bachelor's bairns are aye well trained."

The Paymaster started in a temper, and "I have a son," said he, "and——"

The General smiled with meaning.

"——A son; at least I'll make him that, and I'll show you something of training——"

Turner smiled anew, with a mock little bow and a wave of the fingers, a trick picked up abroad and maddening in its influence on a man with the feeling that it meant he was too small to have words with.

"I'll train him—I'll train him to hate your very name," said the Paymaster with an oath.

"I'm obliged for your cake and wine," said the General, still smiling, "and I wish you all good day." He lifted his hat and bowed and left the room.

"This is a most unfortunate contretemps," said Brooks, all trembling. "If I had thought a little whistle, a mere *tibia* of ash, had power to precipitate this unlucky and unseemly belligerence I would never have opened my desk."

The great bell upon the roof of the church swung upon its arms like an acrobat in petticoats, and loudly pealed the hour of seven. Its hammer boomed against the brassy gown, the town rang from end to end with the clamour of the curfew, and its tale of another day gone rumoured up the glens. Near at hand the air of the playground and of the street was tossed by the sound into tumultuous waves, so that even in the school-room the ear throbbed to the loud proclamation. Into the avenue streamed the schools of crows from their wanderings on the braes of Shira, and the children ceased their shinty play and looked up at the flying companies, and called a noisy song—

> Crow, crow, fly away home,
> Your fires are out and your children gone.

"That's a most haughty up-setting crew, and the queue-haired rover the worst of the lot!" said the Paymaster, still red and angry. "What I say's true, Brooks; it's true I tell you! You'll not for your life put it out of the boy's head when you have the teaching of him; he must hate the Turners like poison. Mind that now, mind that now!"

And turning quickly on his heels, the Paymaster went out of the school-room.

CHAPTER V

THE BROTHERS

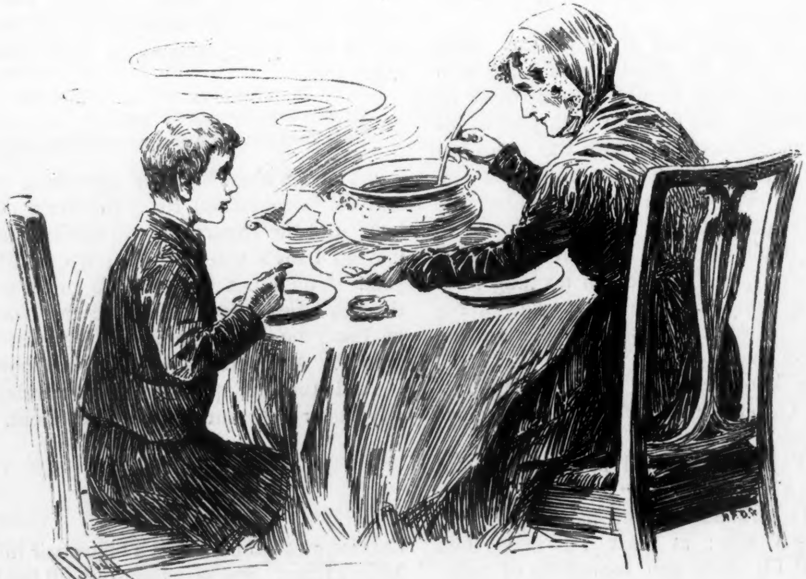
GILIAN, meanwhile, sat on a high chair in Miss Mary's room. She gave him soup till her ladle scraped against the bottom of the tureen; she cut for him the tenderest portions of the hen; she gave him most generously of cheese—not the plain skim-milk curd cheese of Ladyfield, the leavings of the dairy, but the Saturday kebboch as it was called, made of the overnight and morning's milk, poured cream and all into the yearning-tub. And as she served him, her tongue went constantly upon themes of many varieties, but the background of them all, the conclusion of them all, was the greatness of her brothers. Ah! she was a strange little woman with the foolish Gaelic notion that an affection bluntly displayed to its object is an affection discreditable.

"You will go far," said she to Gilian, "before you will come on finer men. They are getting old and done, but once I knew them tall and strong and strapping, not their equals in all the armies. And what they have seen of wars, my dear! They were ever going or coming from them, and sometimes I would not know where they were out in the quarrelsome world but for a line in the *Saturday Post* or the *Courier* or maybe an old hint in the General Almanack itself. Perhaps when you become acquainted with the General and the Cornal you will wonder that they are never at any time jocular, and maybe you will think that they are soured at life and that all their kindness is turned to lappered cream. I knew them jocular, I knew them tall, light-footed laddies, running about the pastures there gallivanting with the girls, and I knew them the best dancers in the shire, and I knew them full of stories and songs and laughing so that many a braw young girl in the country-side would be proud to get a smile from them. But that, my dear, was long ago, and I feel myself the old woman indeed when I see them so stiff and solemn sitting in there over their evening glass."

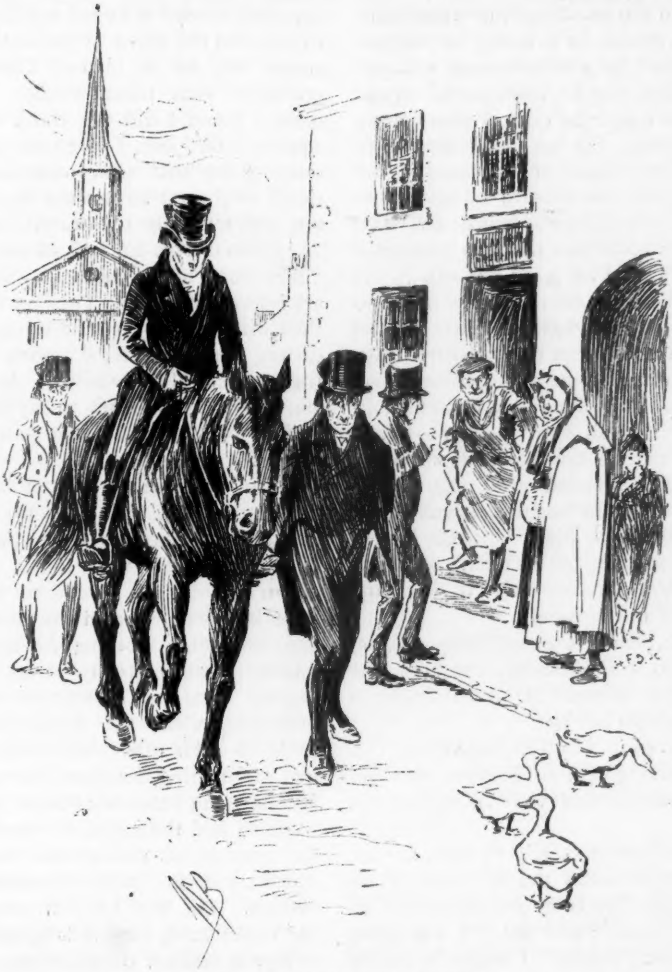
"I have never seen them; were they at the funeral?" asked Gilian, his interest roused in such survivals of the past.

"That they were," said Miss Mary; "a funeral now is their only recreation. But perhaps you would not know them because they are not at all like the Captain. He was a soldier too, in a way, but they were the ancient warriors. Come into the room here and I will show you, if you have finished your dinner."

Gilian went with her into the parlour again among the prints and the hanging swords, that now he knew the trade and



"She gave him soup until her ladle scraped against the bottom of the tureen"



"The funeral people passing home"

story of the men who sat among them, were imbued with new interests.

Miss Mary pointed to the portraits. "That was Colin and Dugald before they went away the second time," she said. "We had one of James too—he died at Corunna—but it was the only one, and we gave it to a lady of the place who was chief with him before he went away, and dwined a great deal after his death. And that's his sword. When it came home from Spain by MacFarlane, the carrier round from Dumbarton, I took it out and it was clagged in the scabbard with a red glut. It was a sore memorial to an only sister."

The boy stood in the middle of the floor feeling himself very much older than he had done in the morning. The woman's confidences made him almost a man, for before he had been spoken to but as a child, though his thoughts were far older than his years. Those relics of war, especially the sheath that had the glut of life in it corrupting when it came back with the dead man's chest, touched him inwardly to a brief delirium. The room all at once seemed to fill with the tramping of men and the shrilling of pipers, with ships, quays, tumultuous towns, camps, and all the wonders of the shepherds' battle stories round the fire, and he was in a field, and it was the afternoon with a blood-red sky beyond the fir trees, dense smoke floating across it and the cries of men cutting each other down. He saw—so it seemed as he stood in the middle of the floor of the little parlour with the crumbs of his dinner still upon his vest—the stiff figure of a fallen man in a high collar like the man portrayed upon the wall, and his hand was still in the hilt of a reddened sword and about him were the people he had slain. That did not much move the boy, but he was stirred profoundly when he saw the sword come home. He saw Miss Mary open out the chest in the kitchen and pull hard upon the hilt of the weapon, and he saw her face when the terrible life-glut revealed itself like a rust upon the blade. His nostrils expanded, his eyes glistened; Miss Mary hurriedly looked at him with curiosity, for his breath suddenly quickened and strained till it was the loudest sound in the room.

"What is it, dear?" she said kindly, putting a hand upon his shoulder, speaking the Gaelic that any moment of special fondness brought always to her lips.

"I do not know," said he, ashamed. "I was just thinking of your brother who did not come home, and of your taking out his sword."

She looked more closely at him, at the flush that crept below the fair skin of his neck and more than common paleness of his cheek. "I think," said she, "I am going to like you very much. I might be telling my poor story of a sword to Captain John there a hundred times, and he could not once get at the innermost meaning of it for a woman's heart."

"I saw the battle," said he, encouraged by a sympathy he had never known before.

"I know you did," said she.

"And I saw him dead."

"*Ochanie!*"

"And I saw you dropping the sword when you tugged it from the scabbard, and you cried out and ran and washed your hands, though they were quite clean."

"Indeed I did!" said Miss Mary, all trembling as the past was so plainly set before her. "You are uncanny—no, no, you are not uncanny, you are only ready-witted, and you know how a sister would feel when her dead brother's sword was brought back to her, and the blood of the brothers of other sisters was on its blade. That's my only grievance with those soldier brothers of mine. I said I did not think much of the soldiers; oh! boy, I love them all. I sometimes grieve that God made me a woman that I might not be putting on the red coat too, and following the drum. And still and on, I would have no son of mine a soldier. Three fozy, foggy brothers—what did the armies do for them? They never sharpened their wits, but they sit and dover and dream, dream, even-on, never knowing all that's in their sister Mary's mind. And here you are, a boy, yet you get to my thoughts in a flash. Oh! I think I am going to be very fond of you."

Gilian was amazed that at last some one understood him. No one ever did at Ladyfield; his dreams, his fancies, his spectacles of the inner eye were things that he had grown ashamed of. But here was a shrewd little lady who seemed to think his fancy and confidence nothing discreditable. He was encouraged greatly to let her into his vagrant mind, so sometimes in passionate outbursts, when the words ran over the heels of each other, sometimes in shrinking, stammering, reluctant sentences he told her how the seasons affected him, and the morning and the night, the smells of things, the sounds of woods and the splash of waters, and the mists streaming along the ravines. He told her—or rather he made her understand, for his language was simple—how at sudden outer influences his whole being fired, and from so trivial a thing as a cast-off horseshoe on the highway he was compelled to picture the rider, and set him upon the saddle and go riding with him to the King of Erin's court that is in the story of the third son of Easadh Ruadh in the winter tale. How the joy of the swallow was his in its first darting flights among the eaves of the old barn, and how when it sped at the summer's end he went with it across shires and towns, along the surface of winding rivers, even over the seas to the land of everlasting sun. How the sound of the wave on the rock moved him and set him with the ships and galleys, the great venturers whipping and creaking and tossing in the night-time under stars. How the dark appalled or soothed as the humour was, and the sight of a first flower upon a tree would sometimes make him weep at the notion of the brevity of its period. All the time Miss Mary listened patient and understanding. The high-backed chair compassed her figure so fully that she seemed to shrink to a child's size. It was a twelve-window house, and so among the highest taxed in all the town, but in the parlour there were two blind windows and only one gave light to the interior, so that as she sat in her chair with her back to the window, her face in the shadow, leaning against the chair haffits with the aspect of weariness her brothers never had revealed to them, it seemed to Gilian the little figure and the ruddy face of a companion. She was silent for a moment after his confessions were completed, as if she had been wandering with him in the realm of fancy, and with wings less practised had taken longer to fly back to the narrow actual world. The boy had realised how much he had forgotten himself, and how strange all this story of his must be even to a child-companion with her face in the shadow of the chair haffits, and his eyes were faltering with shame.

"You are very thin, sweetheart," said she, with the two lines darkly pencilled between her eyebrows. "You are far too white for a country boy; upon my word we must be taking the Captain's word for it and putting your head in the cream."

At this Gilian's confusion increased. Here was another to misunderstand, and he had thought she was shivering to his fancy as he was himself. He turned to hide his disappointment. At once the lines disappeared. She rose and put an arm over his shoulder and stooped the little that was necessary to whisper in his ear.

"I know, I think I know," said she; "but look, I'm very old and ancient. Oh, dear! I once had my own fancies, but I think they must have been sweat out of me in my constancy to my brothers' oven-grate and roasting-jack. It must be the old, darling, foolish Highlands in us, my dear, the old people and the old stupid stories they are telling for generations round the fire, and it must be the hills about us, and the constant complaint of the sea—tuts! am not I foolish to be weeping because a boy from Glenoara has not learned to keep his lips closed on his innermost thought?"

Gilian looked up, and behold! she was in a little rain of tears, at least her eyes swam soft in moisture. It comforted him exceedingly, for it showed that after all she understood.

"If you were a little older," she said, "so old as the merchants of the town that are all too much on the hunt for the bawbees and the world to sit down and commune with themselves, or if you were so old as my brothers there and so hardened, I would be the last to say my thoughts ever stirred an ell-length out of the customary track of breakfast, beds, dinner and supper. Do not think I do not love and reverence my brothers, mind you!" she added almost fiercely, rubbing with her lustre apron the table there was nothing to rub from save its polish. "Oh! they are big men and far travelled men, and they have seen the wonderful sights. They used to get great thick letters franked from the Government with every post, and the Duke will be calling on them now and then in his chariot. They speak to me of nothing but the poorest, simplest, meanest transactions of the day because they think I cannot comprehend nor feel. Gilian, do you know I am afraid of them? Not of John the Captain, for he is different, with a tongue that goes, but I'm frightened when the General and the Cornal sit and look at me saying nothing because I am a woman."

"I do not like people to sit looking at me saying nothing," said Gilian, "because when I sit and look at people without saying anything I am reading them far in. But mostly I would sooner be making up things in my mind."

"Ah!" said she, "that is because your mind is young and spacious; theirs, poor dears, is full of things that have actually happened, and they need not fancy the orra any more."

They moved together out of the parlour and along the lobby that lighted it. With a low sill it looked upon the street that now was thronged with the funeral people passing home or among the shops, or from tavern to tavern. The funeral had given the town a holiday air, and baxters and dealers stood at their doors gossiping with their customers or by-goers. Country carts rumbled past, the horses moving slowly, reluctant to go back from this place of oats and stall to the furrows where the collar pressed constantly upon the shoulder. One or two gentlemen went by on horses—Achnatra and Major Hall and the through-other son of Lorn Campbell. The sun, westering, turned the clean rain-washed sand in the gutters of the street to gold, and there the children played and their calls and rhymes and laughter made so merry a world that the boy at the window, looking out upon it, felt a glow. He was now to be always with these fortunate children whom he knew so well ere ever he had changed words with them. He had a little dread of the magnitude and corners of this dwelling that was to be his in the future, and of the old men who sat in it all day saying nothing, but it was strange indeed (thought he) if with Miss Mary within and the sunshine and the throng and the children playing in the syver sand without, he should not find life more full and pleasant than it had been in the glen. All these thoughts made warp for the woof of his attention to the street as he stood at the window. And by-and-by there came a regret for the things lost with the death of the little old woman of Ladyfield—what they were his mind did not pause to make definite, but there was the sense of chances gone with no recalling, of a calm, of a solitude, of a more intimate communion with the animals of the wilds and the voices of the woods and hills.

The woman as well as the boy must have been lost in thought, for neither of them noted the step upon the stair when the General and Cornal came back from the dregy. The brothers were in the lobby beside them before Miss Mary realised their presence. She turned with a flushed face and, as it were, put herself a little in front of the boy, so that half his figure found the shelter of a wing. The two brothers between them filled the width of the lobby, and yet they were not wide. But they were broad at the shoulders and once, no doubt, they filled their funeral suits that of their own stiffness seemed to stand out in all their old amplitude. The General was a white-faced rash of a man with bushy eyebrows, a clean-shaven parchment jowl, and a tremulous hand upon the knob of his malacca rattan; his brother the Cornal was less tall; he was of a purpled visage, and a crimson weal, the record of a scar in Corunna, slanted from his chin to the corner of his left eye.

"What wean is that?" he asked, standing in the lobby and casting a suspicious eye upon the boy, his voice as high as in a barrack yard. The General stood at his shoulder, saying nothing, but looking at Gilian from under his pent brows.

Into Miss Mary's demeanour there had come as great a change as that which came upon the Paymaster when she broke in upon his vaunting. The lines dashed to her brow; when she spoke it was in a cold, constrained accent utterly different from that the boy had grown accustomed to.

"It is the *oe* from Ladyfield," she explained.

"He'll be making a noise in the house," said the Cornal with a touch of annoyance. "I cannot stand boys; he'll break things, I'm sure. When is he going away?"

"Are you one of the boys who cry after Major MacNicol, my old friend and comrade?" asked the General in a high squeaking voice. "If I had my stick at some of you, tormenting a gallant old soldier!" And as he spoke he lifted his cane by the middle and shook it at the limbs of the affrighted youth.

"O Dugald, Dugald, you know none of the children of this town ever annoyed the Major; it is only the keelies from the low country who do so. And this is not the boy to make a mock of any old gentleman, I am sure."

"I know he'll make a noise and start me when I am thinking," said the Cornal, still troubled. "Is it not very strange, Dugald, that women must be aye bringing in useless weans off the street to make noise and annoyance for their brothers?" He poked as he spoke with his stick at Gilian's feet as he would at an animal crossing his path.

"It is a strange cantrip, Mary," said the General; "I suppose you'll be going to give him something. It is give, give all the day in this house like Sergeant Scott's cantonniers."

"Indeed and you need not complain of the giving," said Miss Mary; "there was nobody gave with a greater extravagance than yourself when you had it to give, and nobody sends more gangrels about the house than you."

"Give the boy his meat and let him go," said the Cornal roughly.

"He's not going," said Miss Mary, turning quite white and taking the pin carefully out of her shawl and as carefully putting it in again. And having done this quite unnecessary thing she slipped her hand down and warmly clasped unseen the fingers of the boy in the folds of her bombazeen gown.

"Not going? I do not understand you, Mary; as you grow older you grow stupider. Does she not grow stupider, Dugald?" said the Cornal.

"She does," said the General. "I think she does it to torment us, just." He was tired by this discussion; he turned and walked to the parlour.

Miss Mary mustered all her courage, and speaking with great rapidity explained the situation. The boy was the Ladyfield boy; the Paymaster was going to keep him hereafter.

The Cornal stood listening to the story as one in a trance. There was a little silence when she had done, and he broke it with a harsh laugh.

"Ah! and what is he going to make of this one?" he asked.

"That's to be seen," said Miss Mary; "he spoke of the army."

"Fancy that now!" said the Cornal with contempt. "Let me see him," he added suddenly. "Let me see the seeds of soldiery." He put out a hand and—not roughly but still with more force than Gilian relished—drew him from the protection of the gown and turned his face to the window. He put his hand under the boy's chin; Gilian in the touch felt an abhorrence of the hard, clammy fingers that had made dead men, but his eyes never quailed as he looked up in the scarred face. He saw a mask; there was no getting to the secrets behind that purple visage. Experience and trial, emotions and passions had set lines there wholly new to him, and his fancy refused to go further than just this one thought of the fingers that had made dead men.

The Cornal looked him deeply in the eyes, caught him by the ear and with a twist made him wince, pushed him on the shoulders and made his knees bend. Then he released him with a flout of contempt.

"Man! Jock's the daft recruiter," he said coarsely with an oath. "What's this but a clerk? There's not the spirit in the boy to make a drummer of him. There's no stuff for sogering here."

Miss Mary drew Gilian to her again and stiffened her lips. "You have nothing to do with it, Colin; it's John's house and if he wants to keep the boy he'll do it. And I'm sure if you but took the trouble to think that he is a poor orphan with no kith nor kin in the world, you would be the first to take him in at the door."

The Cornal's face visibly relaxed its sternness. He looked again more closely at the boy.

"Come away into our parlour here, and the General and I will have a crack with you," said he, leading the way.

Miss Mary gave the boy's hand a gentle squeeze, and softly pushed him in after her brother, shut the door behind them, and turned and went down to the kitchen.

CHAPTER VI

COURT-MARTIAL

Gilian was in a great dread, but revealed none of it in the half dusk of the room where he faced the two brothers as they sat at either side of the table. The General took out a bottle of spirits and placed it with scrupulous care in the very centre of the table; his brother lifted two tumblers from the corner cupboard and put them on each side of the bottle, fastidious to a hair's breadth as if he had been laying out columns of troops. It was the formula of the afternoon; sometimes they never put a lip to the glass, but it was always necessary that the bottle should be in the party. For a space that seemed terribly long to the boy they said no word but looked at him. The eyes of the Cornal seemed to pierce him through, the General in a second seemed to forget his presence, turning upon him a flat, vacant eye. Gilian leaned upon his other foot and was on the verge of crying at his situation. The day had been far too crowded with strangers and new experience for his comfort; he felt himself cruelly plucked out of his own sufficient company and jarred by contact with a very complex world.

With a rude loud sound that shook the toddy ladles in the cupboard the Cornal cleared his throat.

"How old are you?" he asked, and this

roused the General, who came back from his musings with a convulsive start, and repeated his brother's question.

"Twelve," said Gilian, first in Gaelic out of instinct, and hurriedly repeating it in English lest he should offend the gentlemen.

"Twelve," said the Cornal, thinking hard. "You are not very bulky for your age. Is he now, Dugald?"

"He is not very bulky for his age," said the General, after a moment's pause as if he were recalling all the boys he knew of that age, or remitting himself to the days before his teens.

"And now, between ourselves," said the Cornal, leaning over with a show of intimacy and even friendliness, "have you any notion yourself of being a soger?"

"I never thought anything about it," Gilian confessed in a low tone. "I can be anything the Captain would like me to be."

"Did you ever hear the like?" cried the Cornal, looking in amazement at his brother. "He never thought anything about it, but he can be anything he likes. Is not that a good one? Anything he likes!" And he laughed with a choked and heavy effort till the scar upon his face fired like blood, and Gilian seemed to see it gape and flow as it did when the sword slash struck it open in Corunna.

"Anything he likes," echoed the General, laughing huskily till he coughed and choked. They both sat smiling grimly with no more sound till it seemed to the boy he must be in a dream, looking at the creations of his brain. The step of a fly could have been heard in the room almost, so sunk was it in silence, but outside, as in another world, a band of children filled the street with the chant of "Pity be"—chant of the trumpeters of the Lords.

Gilian never before heard that song with which the children were used to accompany the fanfare of the scarlet-coated musicians who preceded the Lords Justiciary on their circuit twice a year; but the words came distinctly to him in by the open window where the wallflower nodded, and he joined silently in his mind the dolorous chorus and felt himself the prisoner, deserving of every pity.

"Sit ye down there," at last said the Cornal, "with my brother the General's leave." And he waved to the high-backed haffit chair Miss Mary had so sparely filled an hour ago. Then he withdrew the stopper of the bottle, poured a tiny drop of the spirits into both tumblers, and drank "The King and his Arms," a sentiment the General joined in with his hand tremulous around the glass.

"Listen to me," said the Cornal, "and here I speak, I think, for my brother the General, who has too much to be thinking about to be troubling with these little affairs. Listen to me. I fought in Corunna, in Salamanca, Vittoria and Waterloo, and at Waterloo I led the Royals up against the yetts of hell. Did I not, Dugald?"

"You did that," said Dugald, withdrawing himself again from a muse over the records of victory. And then he bent a lustreless eye upon his own portrait, so sombre and gallant upon the wall, with the gold of the lace and epaulettes a little tarnished.

"I make no brag of it, mind you," said the Cornal, waving his hand as if he would be excused for mentioning it. "I am but saying it to show that I ken a little of bloody wars, and the art and trade of sogering. There are gifts demanded for the same that seriatim I would enumerate. First there is natural strength and will. All other trades have their limits, when a man may tell himself, 'That's the best I can do,' and shut his book or set down the tool with no disgrace in the relinquishment. But a soger's is a different ploy; he must stand stark against all encountering, nor cry a parley even with the lance at his throat. Oh, man! man! I had a delight in it in my time for all its trials. I carried claymore (so to name it, ours was a less handsome weapon, you'll observe), in the ranting, roving humour of a boy; I sailed and marched; it was fine to touch at foreign ports; it was sweet to hear the drums beat revally under the vines; the camp-fire, the——"

"And it would be on the edge of a wood," broke in the boy in Gaelic; "the logs would roar and hiss. The fires would be in yellow dots along the country-side, and the heather would be like a pillow so soft and springy under the arm. Round about the soldiers would be standing, looking at the glow, their faces red and flickering, and behind would be the black dark of the wood like the inside of a pot, a wood with ghosts and eerie sounds and——"

He stammered and broke down under the astounded gaze of the Cornal and the General, who stood to their feet facing his tense and thrilled small figure. A wave of shame-heat swept over him at his own boldness.

Outside, the children's voices were fading in the distance as they turned the corner of the church singing "Pity be."

Pity be on poor prisoners, pity be on them;
Pity be on poor prisoners, if they come back
again,

they sang; the air softened into a fairy lullaby heard by an ear at eve against the grassy hillock, full of charm, instinct with dream, and the sentiment of it was as much the boy's within as the performers' without.

"This is the kind of play-actor John would make a soldier of," said the Cornal, turning almost piteously to his brother. "It beats all! Where did you learn all that?" he demanded harshly, scowling at the youth and sitting down again.

"He has the picture of it very true, now, has he not?" said the General. "I mind of many camps just like that, with the cork trees behind and old Sir George ramping and cursing in his tent because the pickets hailed, and the corn-crake would be rasping, rasping, a cannon-carriage badly oiled among the trodden wheat before."

Gilian sank into the chair again, his face in shadow.

"Discipline and reverence for your elders and superiors are the first lesson you would need, my boy," said the Cornal, taking a tiny drop of the spirits again and touching the glass of his brother, who had done likewise. "Discipline and reverence; discipline and reverence. I was once cocky and putting in my tongue like you where something of sense would have made me keep it between my teeth. Once in Spain, an ensign, I found myself in a wine-shop or change-house, drinking as I should never have been doing if I had as muckle sense as a clabbie-doo, with a dragoon major old enough to be my father. He was a pock-pudding Englishman, a great hash of a man with the chest of him slipped down below his belt, and what was he but bragging about the rich people he came of, and the rich soil they flourished on, its apple-orchards and honey-flowers and its grass knee-deep in June. 'Do you know,' said I, 'I would not give a yard's breadth of the shire of Argyll anywhere north of Knapdale at its rockiest for all your lush straths, and if it comes to antique pedigrees here am I, Clan Diarmaid, with my tree going down to Donacha Dhu of Lochow.' That was insolence, ill-con-considered, unnecessary, for this major of dragoons, as I tell you, might be my father and I was but a raw ensign."

"I'll warrant you were home-sick when you said it," said the General.

"Was I not?" cried the brother. "'Twas that urged me on. For one of my company, just a minute before, had been singing Donacha Ban's song of 'Ben Dorain,' and no prospect in the world seemed so alluring to me then as a swath of the land I came from."

"I know 'Ben Dorain,'" said Gilian timidly, "and I think I could tell just the way you felt when you heard the man singing it in a foreign place."

"Come away, then, my twelve-year-old warlock," said the Cornal, mockingly, yet wondering too.

"This is a real oddity," said the General, drawing his chair a little nearer the boy.

"I heard a forester sing 'Ben Dorain' last Hogmanay at home—I mean in Ladyfield; he was not a good singer, and he forgot bits of the words here and there, but when he was singing it I saw the sun rise on the hill, not a slow grey, but suddenly in a smother of gold, and the hill-side moved with deer. Birds whirred from the heather and the cuckoo was in the wood."

"That was very unlucky about the cuckoo before breakfast," said the Cornal, and he quoted a Gaelic proverb.

"Oh! if I was in a foreign place and some one sang that song I would be very, very sick for home. I would be full of thoughts about the lochs and the hunting roads, the slope of the braes and stripes of black fir on them; the crying of cattle, the sound of burn and *eas* and the voices of people I knew would be dragging my heart home. I would be saying, 'Oh! you strangers, you do not understand. You have not the want at your hearts,' and there would be one little bit of the place at home as plain to my view as that picture."

As he spoke, Gilian pointed at "The Battle of Vittoria." The brothers turned and looked as if it was something quite new and strange to them. Up rose the Cornal and went closer to peer at it.

"Confound it!" said he. "You're there with your tale of a ballant, and you point at the one picture ever I saw that gave me the day-dreaming. I never see that smudgy old print but I'm crying on the cavalry that made the Frenchmen rout."

From where he sat the boy could make out the picture in every detail. It was a scene of flying and broken troops, of men on the wings of terror and dragoons riding them down. There was at the very front of the picture, in a corner, among the flying Frenchmen pursued by the horses, the presentment of a Scottish soldier, wounded, lying upon his back with his elbows propped beneath him so that he had his head up, looking at the action, a soldier of a thin long habit of body, a hollow face and high cheekbones.

Gilian forgot the two old men in the room with him when he looked intently on this soldier in the throes; he stood up from the chair, went forward and put a finger as high as he could to point out the particular thing he referred to. "That's a man," said he, "and he's afraid. He does not hear the guns, nor the people crying, but he hears the horses' feet thudding on the grass, and he thinks they will go over him and crush his bones."

"Curse me," cried the Cornal, "but you have the thing to a nicety. That's the man's notion, for a guinea, for I have been in his case myself, and the thud of horses was a sound that filled the world. Sit down, sit down!" he went on sharply, as if he had of a sudden found something to reproach himself with in any complacent recognition of this child's images. "You are not canny; how old are you?"

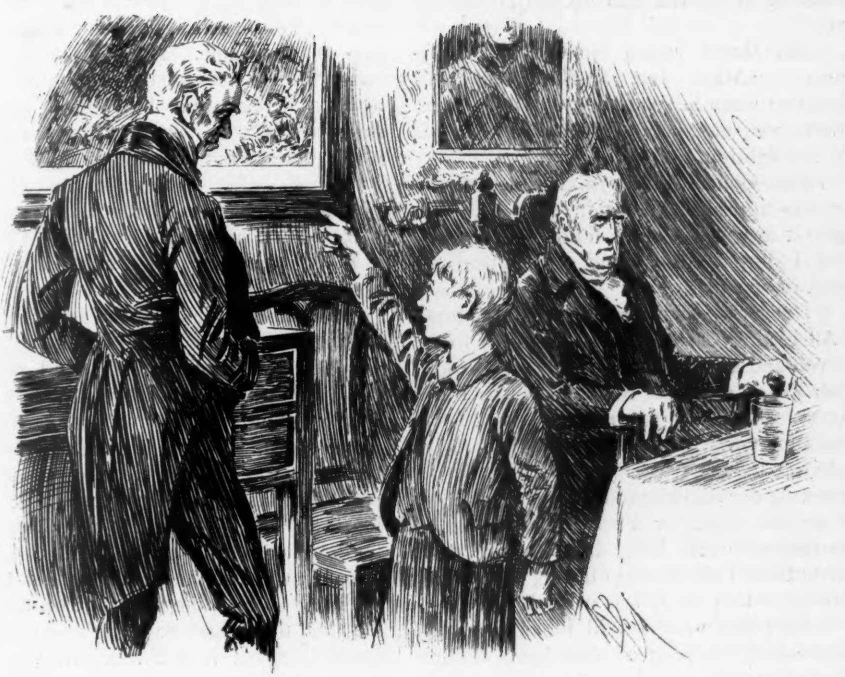
Gilian was trembling and parched at the lips now, awake to the enormity of his forwardness. "I am twelve," he repeated.

"It is a cursed lie," said the Cornal hotly; "you're a hundred; don't tell me!"

He was actually a little afraid of those manifestations, so unusual and so remarkable. His excitement could with difficulty be concealed. Very restlessly he moved about in his chair, and turned his look from the General to the boy and back again, but the General sat with his chin in his breast, his mind a vacancy.

"Look at the General there; you're fairly scunnering him with your notions," said the Cornal. "I must speak to John about this. A soldier indeed! You're not fit for it, lad; you have only the makings of a dominie. Sit you there, and we'll see what John has to say about this when he comes in: it is going on seven, and he'll be back from the dregy in time for his supper."

Gilian sat trembling in his chair; the brothers leaned back in theirs and breathed heavily and said no word, and never even stretched a hand to the bottle of spirits. A solemn quiet again took possession of the house, but for a door that slammed in the lower flat, shaking the dwelling; the lulled sound of women's conversation at the oven-grate was utterly stilled. The pigeon came to the sill a moment, mourned and flew away; the carts did not rumble any more in the street; the children's chorus was altogether lost. A feeling came over the boy that he had been here or somewhere like it before, and he was fascinated, wondering what next would happen. A tall old clock in the lobby, whose pendulum swung so slowly that at first he had never realised its presence, at last took advantage of the silence and swung itself into his notice with a tick—tack. The silence seemed to thicken and press upon his ears; no striving after fancy could bring the boy far enough off from that strange convention, and try as he might to realise himself back in his familiar places by the riverside at Ladyfield, the wings of his imagining failed in their flight and he tumbled again into that austere parlour sitting with two men utterly beyond his comprehension. There was, at last, one sound that gave a little comfort, and checked the tears that had begun to gather on the edges of his eyes. It came from the direction of the kitchen; it was a creaking of the wooden stairs; it was a faint shuffle of slippers in the lobby; then there was a hush outside the door deeper even than the stillness within. Gilian knew, as if he could see through the brown panelling, that a woman was standing out there listening with her breath caught up and wondering at the quiet within, yet afraid to open a door upon the mystery. The brothers did not observe it;



"'That's a man,' said he, 'and he's afraid'"

all this was too faint for their old ears, though plainly heard by a child of the fields whose ear against the grass could detect the marching of insects and the tunnelling of worms. In a little the slippers sped back along the lobby, the stair creaked, in the lower flat a door slammed. Gilian felt himself more deserted and friendless than ever, and a few moments more would have found him break upon the appalling stillness with sobs of cowardly surrender, but the church bell rang. It was the first time he had heard its evening clamour, that, however far it might search up the glens, never reached Ladyfield, so deep among the hills, and he had no more than recovered from the bewildering influence of its unexpected alarm when the foot of the Paymaster sounded heavily on the stair.

"You're here at last," said the Cornal, without looking at him.

"I was a thought later than I intended," said the Paymaster quickly, putting his cane softly into a corner. "I had a little encounter with that fellow Turner and it put by the time."

"What!—the Major?"

"No; Charlie."

"Man! I wonder at you, John," said the Cornal with a contempt in his utterance and a tightening of the corner of his lips. "I wonder at you changing words with him. What was it you were on?"

The Paymaster explained shortly, guardedly, because of Gilian's presence, and as he spoke the purple of the Cornal's face turned to livid and the weal became a sickly yellow. He rose and thumped his fist upon the table.

"That was his defiance, was it?" he cried. "We are the old sonless bachelors, are we, and the name's dead with the last of us? And you argued with him about that! I would have put a hand on his cravat and throttled him."

The Paymaster was abashed, but "Just consider, Colin," he pleaded. "I am not so young as I was, and not so young as Turner by twenty years, and a bonny-like thing it would be to throttle him on the ground he gave."

"Old Mars!" cried the Cornal, with a sneer. "Man! but MacColl hit your character when he made his song; you were always well supplied by luck with excuses for not fighting."

To the General the Paymaster turned with piteous appeal. "Dugald," said he, "I'll leave it to you if Colin's acting fairly. Did ever I disgrace the name of Campbell, or Gael, or soger?"

"I never said you did," cried the Cornal. "All I said was that fate was a scurvy friend to you and seldom put you face to face with your foe on any clear issue. Perhaps I said too much; I'm hot-tempered, I know; never mind my taunt, John. But you'll allow it's galling to have a beggarly upstart like Turner throwing our bachelorhood in our teeth. Now if we had sons, or a son, one of us, I'll warrant we could bring him up with more credit than Turner brings up his long-lugged Sandy, or that randy lass of his."

"Isn't that what I told him?" said the Paymaster, scooping a great heap of dust into his nostrils, and feverishly rubbing down the front of his vest with a large handkerchief. "I wish——"

He stopped suddenly; he looked hard at Gilian, whose presence in the shadow of the big chair he had seemingly forgotten; seeing him gaze thus and pause, the Cornal turned too and looked at the youth, and the General shrugged himself into some interest in the same object. Before the gaze of the three brothers, the boy's skin burned; his eyes dropped.

"This is a queer callant you've brought us here," said the Cornal, nudging his brother and nodding in Gilian's direction. "I've seen some real diverts in my time, but he beats all. And you have a notion to make a soger of him, they tell me. You heard that yourself, didn't you, General?"

The General made no reply, for he was looking at the portrait of himself when he was thirty-five, and to sit doing nothing in a house would have been torture.

"I only said it in the by-going to Mary," explained the Paymaster humbly. "The nature for sogering is the gift of God, and the boy may have it or he may not; it is too soon to say."

"There's no more of the soger in him than there is of the writer in me!" cried the Cornal; "but there's something by-ordinar in him all the same. It's your affair, John, but—" He stopped short and looked again at Gilian and hummed a little and fingered his stock. "Man, do you know I would not say but here's your son for you."

"That's what I thought myself," said the Paymaster, "and that's what I said. I'll make him a soger if I can, and I'll make him hate the name of Turner whether or not."

And all this time Gilian sat silently by, piecing out those scraps of old men's passion with his child's fancy. He found this new world into which he had been dragged, noisy, perplexing, interested apparently in the most vague trifles. That they should lay out his future for warfare and for hate, without any regard for his own wishes, was a little alarming. Soldiering—with the man before him in the picture, sitting propped up on his arms, frantic lest the horses should trample on him—seemed the last trade on earth; as for hate, that might be easier and due to his benefactor, but it would depend very much on the Turners.

When the brothers released him from their den, and he went to Miss Mary, standing at the kitchen door, eager for his company, with a flush on her cheek and a bright new ribbon at her neck, he laid those points before her.

"Tuts!" said she, pressing food on him—her motherhood's only cure for all a child's complaints—"they're only haverils. They cannot make a soger of you against your will. As for the Turners—well, they're no very likeable race in my mind. A dour, sour, upsetting clan of no parentage. Perhaps that does not much matter, so long as people are honest and well-doing; we are all equals before God except in head and heart, but there's something too in our old Hielan' notion that the closest kith of the King are aye most kindly, because the habit is born in them to be freehanded and unafraid. Am not I the *oinseach* to be sticking up for pedigrees? Perhaps it is because our own is so good. Kiels was ours three hundred years, and my grandfather was good-brother to an earl—a not very good nor honest lord they say—and the Turners were only portioners and tenants as far back as we ken."

A TRIP ON THE FOOTPLATE

BY THE REV. V. L. WHITECHURCH

NO one knows what railway travelling really is until he has stood on the foot-plate of a locomotive, his iron steed darting ahead at the rate of a mile a minute. The passenger in his comfortable padded seat knows little as he skims his paper, glances at the surrounding scenery, hears the prolonged shriek of the whistle, or feels the grinding of the brake, of the two men at work in front of him, two men black and greasy with coal dust and oil, who hold in their hands and steady brains the power and knowledge that enable them to drive their load of precious human freight over the iron road.

Owing to the kindness of the Locomotive Superintendent of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, I was privileged, some time since, to take a run on one of his fine new four-wheels coupled bogie engines drawing an express from London Bridge to Portsmouth. The driver, an old veteran of forty years' "running," greeted me warmly as I stepped aboard, motioning me to stand on the right side of the "cab," so as to be as little in the way as possible, the driver on this line always standing on the left. I buttoned my coat and put on a cap, making myself snug for the journey; a shrill whistle sounded somewhere back on the platform, the driver opened the regulator, the great engine began to glide forward, and we were off with a run of seventy odd miles in front of us before we were scheduled to pull up.

Leaving London Bridge Station, with its maze of points and cross roads, behind, we were soon bowling merrily along with the coast clear ahead. The driver had "notched her up"; that is to say, he had taken a few turns with the "reversing wheel" (the wheel is universally supplanting the old lever and notched quadrant of the reversing gear), so that the rush of steam into the cylinders was "cut off" after part of the stroke, the object being both to economise and to expand the steam—it also prevents much resistance of used steam on the other side of the piston on the return stroke. The fireman, meanwhile, was taking a look at his gauge-glass, the indicated pressure of which was rapidly rising to one hundred and seventy pounds pressure on the square inch, the "working pressure" and "blowing-off point" of our engine. And here let me mention that it is by no means the fireman's duty merely to "shovel on coals." He has a great deal more to think about than that. In the first place, "coaling" itself is a very skilful operation, the secret being to distribute the coal equally in the firebox and to keep the shape of the fire therein concave. Then he has to keep up a uniform pressure of steam, and this is only done by watching the gauge-glass attentively, by coaling frequently and not much at a time, and by opening the "damper" when an ominous hissing white cloud, coming from the safety valve, shows that "she's blowing off." Besides all this, a certain amount of coal is allowed for the trip. If this is exceeded, there is a "fine"; if, on the other hand, less is used, it goes towards a "premium." A strong lesson in practical economy is it, therefore, to watch the fireman's work while the engine is running.

A good speed was soon attained as we flew through the stations, and a shaking, rocking motion as the iron steed leaped ahead. The noise was deafening, a constant thudding with a "bang, bang" like the report of a pistol at times as we "took" the points at the various junctions. I use the expression "jumping forward" advisedly, for one of the strangest experiences to a novice is the feeling that the engine every now and then appears to *jump* upward and forward, doubtless due to a certain amount of oscillation on the springs. Another curious sensation is the view of the road ahead. You look through the "weather glass" adown the great boiler, beyond the snorting "smoke jack," and see the glint of the metals converging to a distant point, and seem to feel that the track with its adjacent hedges or buildings is rushing on to you with a force that must end in overwhelming destruction.

"Hold on, sir!" came as a note of warning from the old driver as he drew the regulator over to "shut," and laid his other hand on the little handle of the cock of the "Westinghouse brake," that most wonderful invention which brakes the wheels all along the train by means of compressed air pumped into a reservoir on the engine as we hasten along, and conveyed thence by means of the familiar coupled pipe to cylinders beneath the carriages.

We were about to round the sharp curve going into Mitcham Junction. A glimpse of a large board by the side of the track with a "Reduce speed" warning, a sharp *hiss* as the air rushed out of the pipes, a lurch over to the left and a grinding noise as the brakes go on, and a hasty clutch on my part at the edge of the cab to keep myself from falling. The driver gave me a grin and a few reminiscences about this particular curve, and we were off again, flying past the signal-posts with the warning red arm lowered to "safety," all carefully noted by the driver and his mate with their eagle eyes—eagle, indeed, to be able to pick the particular arm they want out of the forest of semaphores that arises at a big junction, or to tell by night the particular spark of "green" in the maze of lights that flashes the signal for them to "Go ahead." No wonder the companies impose severe "sight tests" on their drivers.

"Ha!" growled the fireman as we neared Sutton, while the driver shut off steam. A "bit of stick," the notched arm of a "distant signal," was stretched out horizontally against us, a warning that the "home signal" beyond likewise barred our way. We commenced to slow down, but at the same moment down went the obstructing arm, opened was our regulator, and in a few seconds we had flown through Sutton and were bowling away on the straight bit of line beyond. Presently we approached a falling gradient. This presents a curious effect from the foot-plate. The level line before it seems to end abruptly with a dip over a precipice beyond, and it appears that you *must* be on the point of being hurled to destruction.

Epsom, with its two stations and terrific curve, was passed with a warning whistle and many a hiss of the brake, and we plunged shortly into the magnificent scenery beyond Leatherhead. Another sharp curve, a towering mass of hills in front of us with the gleaming metals leading to a smoke-begrimed opening—a shriek as of despair at entering the mouth of the tomb, and we plunged into the darkness of the tunnel. The sensation now became very curious, the rushing and roaring of the air at our sides as we cleft our way through it, and away beyond a little round hole of light growing larger every moment. I thought of the time when this same Dorking tunnel had fallen in, and imagined the awful feeling that would ensue if that little spark of light became suddenly blocked.

Out into the open country, and we were the other side of the North Downs. The driver gave a sweep of his arm behind to call my attention to the lovely scenery. Then we scudded through woods, around curves, over embankments, down cuttings, and the veteran turned to me and said:

"Pretty road, isn't it? Ah, I know it well. Many's the time I've come down here in a pitch black night when you couldn't see a yard on the track ahead, in all sorts of weathers, rain, wind—the bitter cold when you're almost frozen behind as the draught sweeps in, the blinding snow, when your weather-glass gets clogged and you have to put your head out over the side of the cab to catch sight of your signals. It's no child's play, is a driver's work, sir, and there's few think of the responsibilities of it either."

A signal against us, and we stopped dead for a minute or two. We could hear impatient passengers behind us pulling down the windows to look out. The driver glanced at his watch; we were getting a bit late.

"Never mind," he said, "we've got the best of the run before us yet. Ah! off we go!" and the good iron horse snorted as the steam once more rushed into her cylinders. Horsham was passed in fine style, and a mile or so beyond the driver pitched out a folded newspaper as we tore by a signal-box. "It's a lonesome bit o' duty there," he explained, "and they're glad of something to read." This was one of the many kindly little acts on the line of men who, perhaps, never get the chance of speaking to one another from year's end to year's end.

The pace increased, and the half-way point, Billingshurst, could hardly be discerned as we went through. Twilight was beginning to close in and the faint glimmer of green lamps ahead told us that the signalmen were alive to the growing darkness. We approached Pulborough and I consulted my watch.

"More than five minutes late by your scheduled time," I remarked.

The driver grinned once more as we ran out into the open and level plain beyond.

"Now," he said, "here's where I make my running, and you'll see what driving is."

I stepped back out of the way and hung on as best I could while the fireman shovelled more coals into the roaring furnace. When I got back to my place the driver produced his tea tin and offered me some refreshments. The engine had kept it warm. A novel situation for "afternoon tea" is the footplate of an engine, especially when she's doing close on sixty miles an hour. That was our rate as we dashed through Amberley, through the little tunnel beyond, until Arundel Castle showed up grimly against the darkening sky on our right. A flash of a row of lamps, and we run through Arundel Station. Beyond us was a tremendous curve, where the "Mid Sussex," on which we were running, joins the "South Coast" portion of the line. With his regulator closed and his hand on the brake-handle, the steady old driver peered ahead. "Hiss! Cr-r-r-r!" and I grasped the edge of the cab once more with all my might. "Bang-bang!" we thundered over the crossing points with a jolt and a rattle, our pace now but a slow one. A minute more and the Arun was crossed and we ran through Ford Junction.

"Now time us," said the driver as he threw open the regulator, and I took out my watch and noted the time as the furnace door flew open for more coal, sending forth a glare of ruddy light. From Ford to Chichester is a run almost as straight as an arrow and almost dead level, the distance being about ten miles. We did this bit of the run at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and in parts of it this speed was increased, but, owing to the nature of the road, we did not seem to be going nearly as fast, so much easier was the motion. It was quite dark now, and soon a glare of lights ahead warned us that we were approaching our first stopping-place, Chichester. Full half a mile before we arrived there, the driver shut off steam, and we ran in with our own impetus, the fireman screwing down the hand-brake while his companion applied the vacuum, stopping to a nicety at the end of the platform.

"What's the time?" asked the driver.

"We're a minute early," I said, consulting my watch.

"Told you we'd make it up, sir," he replied with a chuckle; "we did that last bit in fine style, didn't we?"

"Right away!"

"Snort-snort," and we were off once more into the darkness of the night, our destination being Portsmouth. Many a friendly green light flashed before us from time to time as we sped along with roar and thunder. The fireman was resting very soon now—saving his last shovelful of coals. The furnace was dying down from its leaping flames into red embers, the tell-tale hand on the steam-gauge glass was going gradually back and back. The iron horse was preparing for his rest—to be preceded by a good "rubbing down" when his master "signed off" and delivered him into the hands of the "cleaners" at the terminus-shed. A stop at Fratton for the collection of tickets. A few minutes more and Portsmouth Town was reached, and shaking the honest hands of the trusty driver and his mate I bade them good-night after an exciting and thoroughly enjoyable two hours with them "on the foot-plate."

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS: THE PAINTER OF MEN AND WOMEN

BY SIR WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

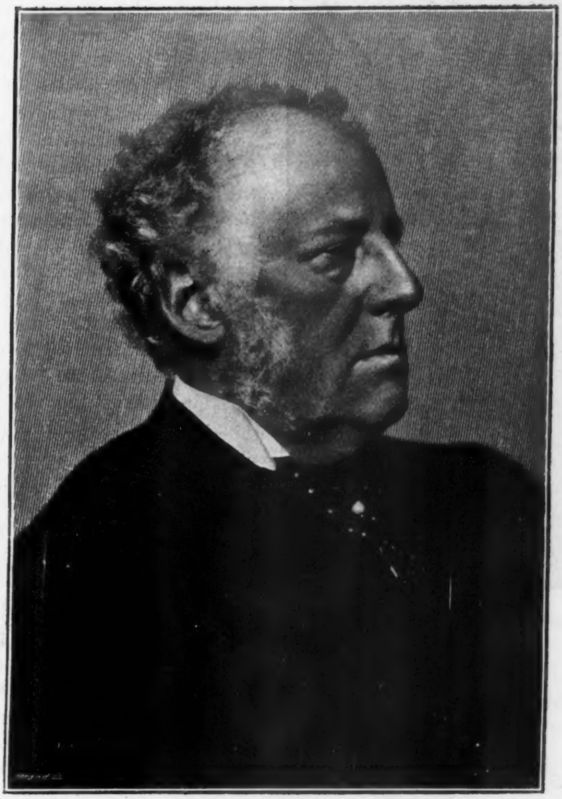
How low the sun on the horizon lies!
Its rim dips, and the land is overcast
With darkness, and the air is thick with cries
Of ghosts unhouseled in the pitiless blast:
I stand upon the shore where Leighton passed;
Will he look back to greet me, with the eyes
I know so well?—those eyes which see at last
The beauty they desired—in Paradise!

Then, lo! on the other side, as in a dream,
Stood a great company, of whom came one—
Alone, down, into the tenebrous shade,
Even to the very margin of the stream—
And it was Leighton; but the rest were made
Invisible for the glory of the sun.

THE difference between Lord Leighton and Sir John Everett Millais may be defined in a word. Leighton was an artist, Millais was a painter.

Now, to be an artist is to see with a mental vision; to be a painter is to see with one's eyes. To understand Leighton we must consider what Nature intended when she made man—and particularly, as Burns suggests, when she made woman—the beauty of form, the delicacy of colour, the softness of the texture of the skin, the capability of heroic action. To understand Millais we must consider what men and women have become, through the stress and strain of life, of love, of hope, of fear, of happiness, of pain. The actions of Leighton's heroes and heroines are the actions of the race. The expressions of Millais' faces are of personal joy or suffering. Leighton's Alcestis, whose life hangs on the issue of the struggle between her husband and the grim enemy; or his Andromache, awaiting her turn to fill the water-pot she must carry as a slave, while laughing girls crowd round the fountain and the busy life of a strange people surges round her;—these represent *woman*, always the same, happy in the sweetness of love and life, or suffering because through physical weakness she can resist neither the forces of barbarism nor of civilisation. But in Millais' pictures—how different! The mother stretching out her arms for her child rescued from fire; or the exultant wife showing to the gaoler the order for her husband's release;—these are *women*—two different women—alike only in that they are both seen in the supreme moment of passing from agonising suspense to inexpressible joy. Without fully realising this difference it is quite impossible to do justice either to Leighton or to Millais.

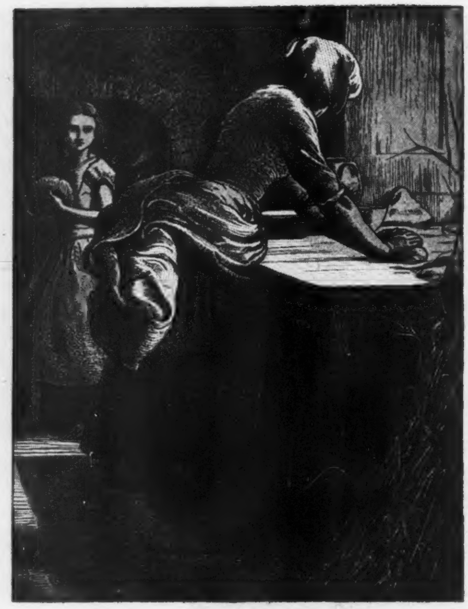
For the difference of which I speak underlies not only their aim, but their method of working out their aim—that is, their technique. With Leighton everything passes through the alembic of his imagination—his pictures are incarnations of ideas. With Millais everything is taken direct from the visible world—his pictures are transcripts from nature. To Leighton it was all the same to paint an angel as to paint a man; he had seen angels, as he had seen men—in visions. To Millais an angel was an unknown quantity; he had never seen one. If one had come to him in his studio the world would have known for the first time precisely what an angel is like.



(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, London)

SIR J. E. MILLAIS

There is an extraordinarily apposite illustration of this in two pictures which may be compared. The one is "Elijah in the Wilderness," by Leighton: the other is "Death the Reaper," by Millais. In Leighton's picture the angel is bringing the mystic bread and water, in the strength of which the prophet shall go forty days unto Horeb, the Mount of God. See how Leighton treats the wings of this angel. The painter does not hesitate, or slur over this part of the vision. The wings are magnificent, such wings as would become an angel of God. The articulation is decisive and perfect. There are six pen-feathers—dark. We cannot count the lighter ones, for they are partly hidden by the splendid perspective of the other wing, but we are sure that they are right, because they are as Leighton saw them. Nobody else may have seen them; he fetched them out of the darkness of the past, just as Herakles fetched the apples from the Gardens of the Hesperides, or Jason the Golden Fleece from Colchis. Now turn to Millais' picture. The Reaper is an old man, but he also has wings, and they are disposed on the canvas much the same as in the Leighton design. But, again, how different! They are but a confused, uncertain, hesitating, tentative sketch. The precision of touch, the decision of intention, so characteristic of Millais, are not discernible. And this not because Millais considered symbols should be painted less realistically, for the scythe of the Reaper, the greatest symbol of all—the pitiless



THE PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN

scythe which ever since the world began has been mowing down the human race like grass—is painted with a realism that only Millais could have achieved. The secret is that he had *seen* the scythe—it was no doubt brought from the fields into his studio; but the wings of Death Millais had *never seen*, and so he could not paint them.

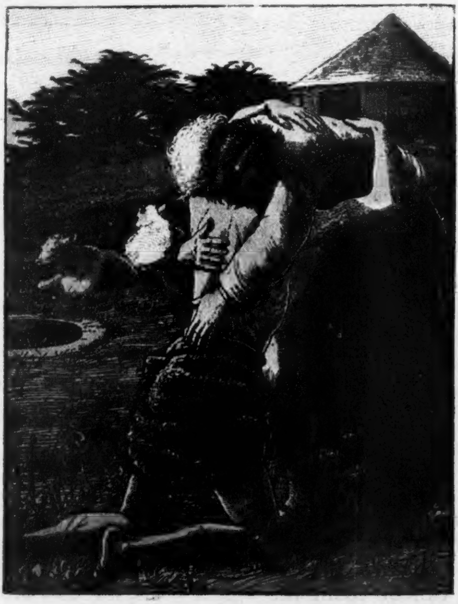
For Millais was not a designer. The difference between Millais and Leighton may be stated thus: Given a wall to cover with celestial shapes, or with the pageantry of life, or the splendours of form and colour—given, as Andrea del Sarto is made to say by Robert Browning,

> Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
> Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
> For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo, and me to
> cover—

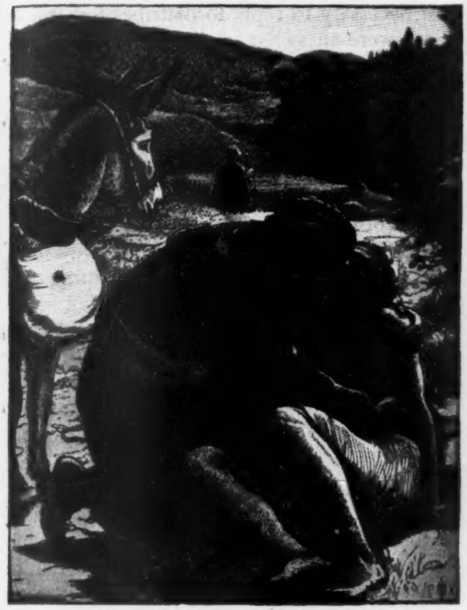
and the space would not be sufficient—one wall would have to be reserved for Leighton. But given an object to be rendered as we see it—beautiful or ugly, exalted or commonplace, animate or inanimate—then Millais, with palette and brush and a little colour, putting the right touch and the right colour in the right place, with the minimum of effort and the maximum of result, will paint it as neither Leighton nor Angelo nor Raphael could have painted it, as it never has been painted, except, perhaps, by Velasquez.

Let me recall one of the greatest discouragements I ever received. I had been lecturing on the five great painters of the Renascence, showing, as I thought clearly, the special characteristics of each—the fineness of Titian's colour, the academic mastery of his art by Leonardo da Vinci, the godlike imagination of Michael Angelo, the tender grace of Correggio, the completeness of Raphael. After the lecture a beautiful girl, who had listened to my words with great attention, asked me, quite innocently, which of these great painters I considered the greatest. If I had named one she would have believed me, and have endeavoured to admire him accordingly. But my purpose was, as it is always, to show that best is not in kind but in degree. I hope no reader of GOOD WORDS will expect me to say which was the greater—Millais or Leighton.

For that is the very root of bitterness underlying all weak and false Art criticism—the inability to determine whether a thing is good without inferring that everything else is, therefore, bad. Look at a painting by



THE PRODIGAL SON

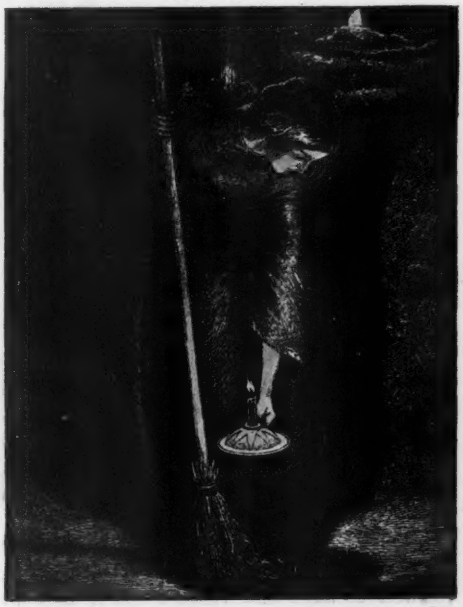


THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Leighton, and you will find that white linen is white. But look at a painting by Millais. There you will find that white is white with a difference. 1. The sheets of the bed are of white linen, and are therefore white. 2. But the child's nightdress is white too, and yet being of a different texture is of a different white. 3. The counterpane differs still more, for it is silk, and yet it is still white. 4. The white blanket is again distinct, for it is woollen. Then turn to the table at the side of the bed, and we have to begin counting again. 5. The tablecloth is unlike anything else, for it is twilled and reflects less light, and yet it is white too. 6. Its edging is another variety of the same colour, for it is of lace. 7. The china cup brings a new element into the game—the reflection of light from a polished surface—but it is still white. There are not words enough in ordinary language to distinguish these subtle changes, but Millais paints them all, and then goes on to differentiate them from: 8, the whiteness of silver; 9, the whiteness of paint; 10, the whiteness of the leaves of an open book. At this language rebels.

For when you come to think of it, if you place half-a-dozen open books upon a table you will find that while every one is white, every one is also of a different tint. Art, however, does not rebel—at least it does not when Millais is its master. Millais paints ten different kinds of white while Leighton paints only one. Is Millais, therefore, ten times as clever as Leighton? No. Both painters are right. What Millais sees is the natural world, which in its subtle changes and fantastic tricks of colour even Millais can but faintly render. But Leighton paints the gods, and the gods do not wear linen and flannel and silk and cotton and lace—they are much more humble in their wardrobe; they are content to wear drapery, and if that drapery is white it is white.

This brings us to the great issue. Turn again to one of Millais' pictures, and you will see the result of his mastery of the material elements of light, and colour, and shade, and texture. Millais is the painter of men and women, and the human face has its elements of light, and colour, and shade, and texture; so that Millais simply brings the magic of his skill to the rendering of these, as he does to the differentiation of white from white. The marks left on the



THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER

face of a man, by age, by endurance, by suffering, by ambition, by courageous action, are as real as are the different tones of white to which different fabrics will bleach in the sun—if only we have eyes to see them. And the painter who has eyes to see them can paint the one as surely as he can paint the other. It is in this that Millais' greatness lies.

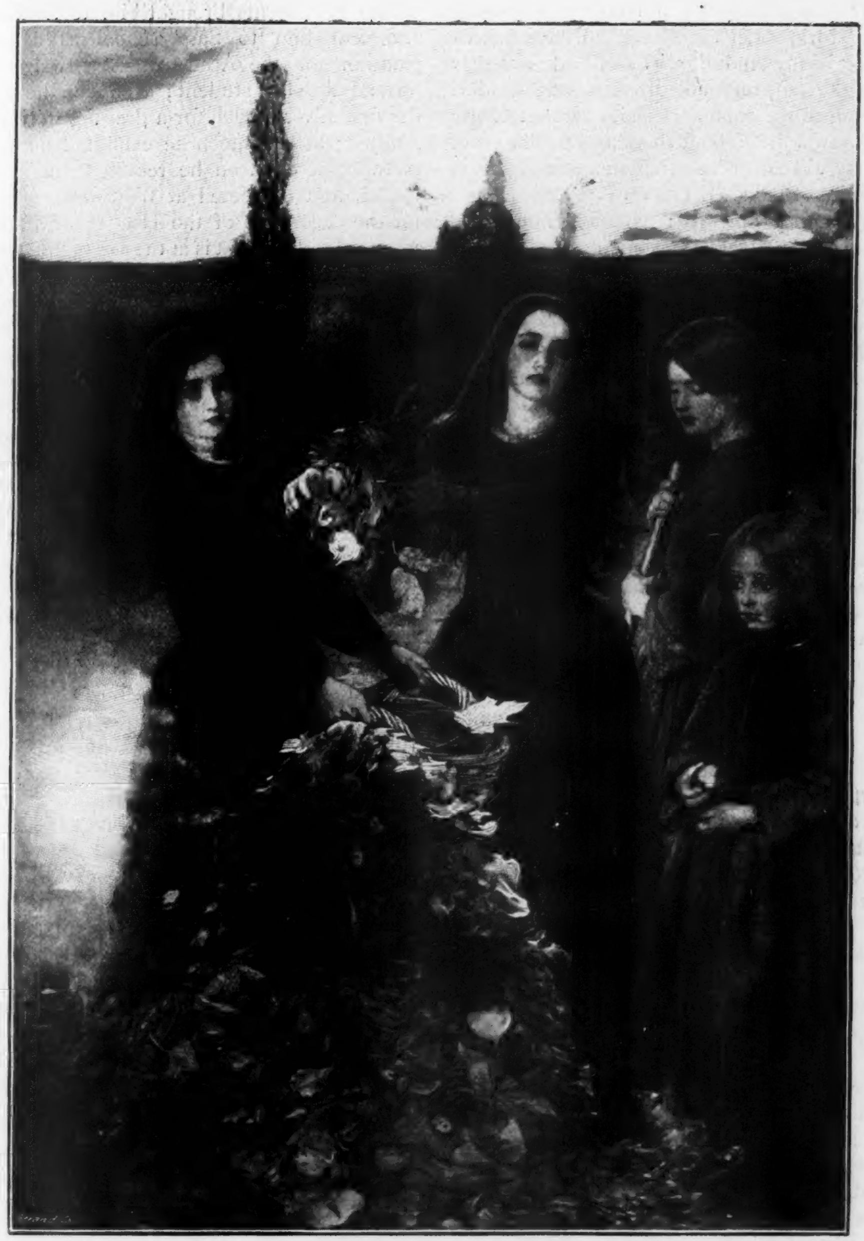
For I have spoken only of white, and of a man's face. These, however, are typical instances. There are seven colours in the rainbow, and Millais paints them all. There are seven ages in life, and this painter of men and women paints them all. The infant in the arms of the fireman—rescued; the child showing his pierced hands to his mother—comforted; the youth and maiden plighting their troth—happy; the wife, exultant, thrusting the order of release, of which however she keeps a firm grip, before the eyes of the gaoler; the sailor, dreaming that he will yet make the North-West Passage; the Yeoman of the Guard—serene, stern, true. Death the Reaper—is he not old? Has he not been a long time at his work? Is his scythe not rusty yet? Millais painted that figure in 1895 and died in 1896.

Again I turn to the French critic—M. de la Sizeranne—who thinks that Lord Leighton, in some mysterious fashion, represented or reflected continental Art. He does not say that of Millais. But he thinks that Millais was a lucky man. For Sir John Millais had a handsome face, frank adventurous manners, and a manly bearing. He was moreover a good shot, a good rider, and loved salmon-fishing. Such qualities M. de la Sizeranne thinks might do anything— in England. "As a Pre-Raphaelite he was welcomed by the crowd. When he deserted Pre-Raphaelitism to paint sentiment and expression he was followed by a still larger crowd. He gave up emotional subjects for portraiture, and the crowd increased and lauded him to the skies. His success would not have been less had he adopted any sort of art theories." Thus M. de la Sizeranne, the last new authority of Paris on Art matters, as translated by Miss Poynter.

Is this, then, the Parisian idea of luck, or only M. de la Sizeranne's? Is it luck for a painter to have fine vision? Is it luck to have a sure hand? If so, it is much to be regretted that there are not more lucky men, not only in London but in Paris too. It is not necessary to reply to diatribes like these. They were answered two thousand years ago by Theocritus in one of his Idyls of the Decadence. He describes two ladies, Gorgo and Praxinoe, going to a performance on the occasion of a great religious ceremonial—the dedication of a new shrine to Adonis. A great hymn is sung or recited by a great singer of the day. At its conclusion a voice is heard on the outskirts of the crowd—it is the voice of Gorgo, who—anticipating M. de la Sizeranne of to-day—cries, "That lucky woman, to know all that, and to have such a splendid voice! And now we must be getting home. My husband has not had his dinner. That man is all vinegar and nothing else; and if you keep him waiting for his dinner he is dangerous to go near."

And Millais himself—what did he think of this modern Art—not his own art—but of this power of brush and material of which the ancients knew nothing? I have before me a little pile of letters, written to me on many different occasions, which reveal the spirit of the man—his tolerance—his confidence—his practical way of looking at things—his contempt for cant—his turning to nature for illustration of his argument, just as he turned to nature when painting. "It is ridiculous," he writes, "to talk of the decline of Art. Would they call it a decline in God's work because after making the lily He made the violet or the daisy? Greek painting, from the nature of the materials used, is puerile beside that of Titian, or Rembrandt, or Sir Joshua, or Turner. Hogarth is greater than Apelles in his own department."

This is a true view of the question, fairly stated. Millais does not say Greek *Art* is puerile beside that of the moderns. He understood the friezes of the Parthenon as well as any man. In his time he had drawn them as few had ever drawn them before. It is *painting* of which he speaks, and his comparison is just. In another letter he writes: "For the most part unprofessional lectures and articles on Art are beautiful nonsense—of no greater value than the ravings of the Hyde Park preacher on religion or politics. One writes 'paint the soul—never mind the arms and legs.' What would that poet say if he was recommended to write with the soul and never mind grammar?



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AUTUMN LEAVES

—*Us* sprang to the stirrup &c! I would rather he said 'paint with the soul and mind your extremities,' for a blemish will spoil your work. Let them rave. I have known a dog in my studio growl and bark violently at a portrait, undoubtedly mistaking it for a person in the room. I claim without vanity to know a little about the subject. The art of to-day will flourish and command admiration in spite of talk. Let them rave."

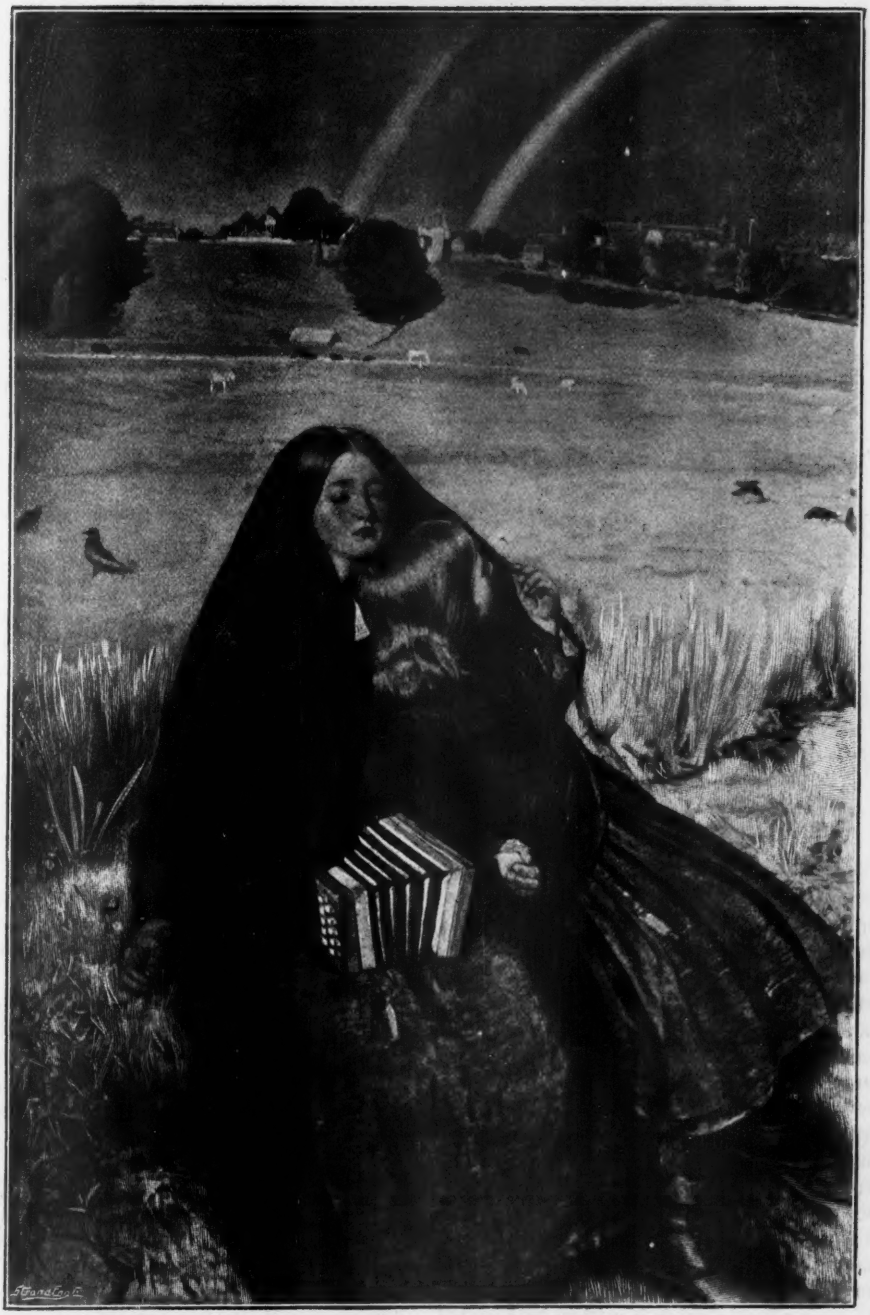
And they do rave: have we not heard them? And Millais is better understood to-day even than when the Academy desired to elect him, but could not because he was so very young.

No account of the life and work of this great painter can be complete without reference to his drawings in black and white. Millais was one of a band of distinguished artists who drew on wood for the illustrated magazines before the modern processes of reproduction revolutionised the press. With Sir John Gilbert, Fred Walker, Pinwell, Leighton, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Arthur Hughes, and others, he made the periodicals of the time rich with imagination and fine draughtsmanship. Old volumes of GOOD WORDS, of *Once a Week*, of the *Cornhill Magazine*, dating in the fifties and sixties, are mines in which lovers of the beautiful art of story-telling with the pencil as well as the pen may search for treasures with the certainty of finding them. It is impossible to overestimate the influence of those illustrations in raising the standard of taste throughout the country. The four examples here reproduced from the wood engravings of the drawings made by Millais for GOOD WORDS forty years ago, have all the realistic fidelity and majesty of line that characterise the greatest of his paintings. If through his Academy pictures he educated thousands, through these he educated millions. And the effect is accumulative. For in Art, as in other actions of life, there is a great law of supply and demand. The eyes which have once seen and learned to appreciate the fineness of fine Art, will never be content with the broken patois of inferior craftsmanship. Every artist at this, the end of the nineteenth century is doing his work the better, because Millais did his work so well.

Millais' success was early, and his career brilliant. He was born on June 8, 1829, of a family which had for some generations resided in Jersey. When nine years of age his parents brought him to London, and sent him to Sass' school as a preparation for the Academy. At twelve he was admitted a student; at fifteen he won the first silver medal, for a drawing from the antique; at seventeen he exhibited his first picture; at eighteen he received the gold medal, and competed at Westminster Hall for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. In 1848, that is at the age of nineteen, he was one of the three founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the other two being William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. How different has been the issue with these three youngsters who revolutionised Art in England! The first became the idol of the schools, the spirit incarnate of the Academy; the second is as strong in the affections of the people as any painter has ever been of whom the country is most proud—as sturdy in his independence of the Academy as Millais was in its support; the third was beaten down with disappointment, and died half broken-hearted, leaving behind him, however, visions of beauty that shall make his name also immortal.

And still Millais is only a boy. He is up for election at the Academy, but there is a rule that Associates must be not less than twenty-four years old, and the boy must wait. The rest need scarcely be recounted. Year after year he flashed his splendours before us—pictures, looking at which men find their eyes troubled with tears—tricks of the brush that affect one like leger de-main—portraits of men and women who will live because he painted them—landscapes that have led landscapists into new fields. And all this time honours and wealth crowded their gifts upon him; a Baronetcy from her Majesty; Honorary Degrees from the Universities; Membership of the Academies of Belgium, Vienna, Rome, Madrid; Orders of the Legion of Honour, of Leopold, of St. Maurice, of Pour le Mérite; and at last the Presidentship of his dear Academy, the Royal Academy of England.

Presiding at the banquet a little while before his death, Sir John Millais said, "I must tell you briefly my connection with this Academy. I entered the antique school as a probationer when I was eleven years of age, then I became a student in the Life



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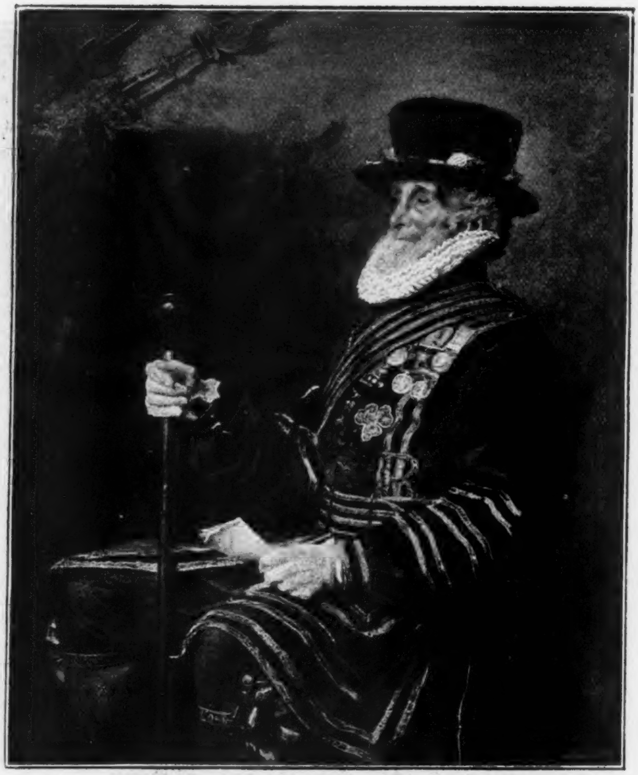
THE BLIND GIRL



(From the picture in the National Gallery)

THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD

school, and I have risen from stage to stage until I reached the position I now hold; so that, man and boy, I have been intimately connected with the Academy for more than half a century. I have received here a free education as an artist, an advantage any lad may enjoy who can pass the qualifying examination, and I owe the Academy a debt of gratitude I never can repay. I can, however, make it this return: I can give it my love. I love everything belonging to it—the casts I have drawn from as a boy, the books I have consulted in our library, the very benches I have sat upon."

Millais died on August 13, 1896. As he painted a ghost story, it will not be wrong for me to tell one before I lay down my pen. There is a castle which is said to be haunted by the spirit of a lady who had lived her life there and had been its happy mistress. Every one who visited the castle saw the beautiful vision. But every one described what he saw differently. The children saw her, and were not afraid. They said she was a blue-eyed child with golden hair, like one of themselves. The young women saw her, and said she was dressed as a bride and smiled upon them. The old men remembered that she had silver hair and looked like what the Madonna must have been when she was a little aged. One saw her and was comforted, for he recognised the friend, the sweetheart, the companion of his life. And it is so with Art. We have all seen something, but we have all seen different visions. Phidias saw it, and lo! it was Pallas Athene. Raphael saw it, and it was the Madonna San Sisto. Turner saw it, and it was an old warship tugged to her last berth. And it is because Millais has seen it, in its highest form—that is, in the expression of human life and passion—and has given us so clear a record of its beauty that I count him so great a painter of men and women.

MY SEA-GIRT RETREAT AND WHAT I FOUND THERE

BY THE REV. JOHN M. BACON

I HAVE always felt that there is a special charm about the story of Robinson Crusoe that no other tale ever possessed. I thought so as a boy of five, and think so still as a man of fifty, and sure I am in my own mind that of all the host of romances that appear year by year in modern periodicals few come within measurable distance of that simple legend.

It was then like realising a dream of childhood when I lately found facilities granted me for entering upon a period of existence which should be as like the enforced seclusion of Crusoe as present civilisation will allow of, and which, moreover, could be turned to account in the prosecution of work of a practical and serviceable character.

By no ordinary means or favour could such an end have been attained, but by one of those strokes of good fortune which come only once in a lifetime I was allowed to make a special request to that high power which, omnipotent at sea, holds dominion over the islets of the deep, and, with a graciousness and goodness surely unexampled, my request was granted.

ON BOARD THE TRINITY YACHT "VESTAL"

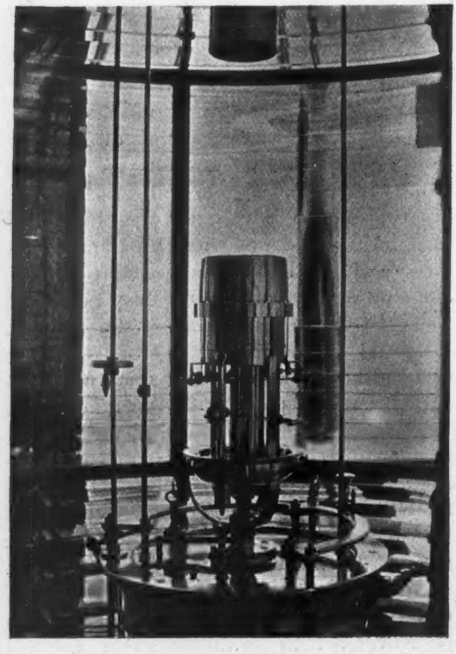
THE START FROM HOME

To make my narrative more intelligible, let me at once explain that the power I refer to is that which dwells within the walls of Trinity House on Tower Hill, and that the desert land to which, as with the wand of a magician, I was presently transported, was the Maplin Lighthouse, standing proudly alone on massive piles sunk deep below the waves far out in the estuary of the Thames.

My mission is soon explained. I was to carry on under new and special surroundings certain lines of physical investigation which I had been following up through the summer in many travels in the skies, as well as across silent stretches of open down. These researches were all and intimately connected with the secrets of the air, and will be made sufficiently clear as my short story proceeds. In compliance with the orders I had received, I started from home on the afternoon of November 14, with somewhat unusual belongings, of which the following is an inventory: First, a formidable collection of instruments—cameras, telescopes, meteorological instruments, appliances used in investigating sound and light, &c.; next a large bundle which was simply personal, including bed and bedding; and, lastly, a case containing a month's supply of fresh and tinned provisions, and a huge jar of spring water.

"FRIDAY" AT HOME. THE SITTING-ROOM

For the sake of my experiments I was particularly anxious for some foggy weather, but at the moment of my leaving home the afternoon was so brilliant that my start was taken with a snap-shot photograph. It was most beautifully clear also when I got to London; it was clear in the City and for some miles out of Fenchurch Street. But with startling suddenness, as though the spirits of the mist were awaiting me, the train presently after plunged into the densest and most impenetrable fog, and on my arrival at Blackwall, though only 6 P.M., all objects were shrouded in one dark pall of blackest night. I was wholly ignorant of my surroundings, not a soul could be expected to be abroad, and the whole railway staff were on fatigue duty up and down the line with fog signals. I was told, however, that if I felt my way along the wall outside I should presently come to where the constable of the dock might be on duty, and that he might afford me some assistance. I accordingly groped along as best I might, but found no constable. What I did find was a chain drawn across the road, and, thinking I had not gone far enough, I got under this, and tried a little farther on, until the pitchy blackness suggested that I was wrong. Thereupon I turned, and felt my way back to the station, where I learned that the chain was meant to keep passengers from the river into which I had been on the verge of falling, and from which there could have been no extrication.



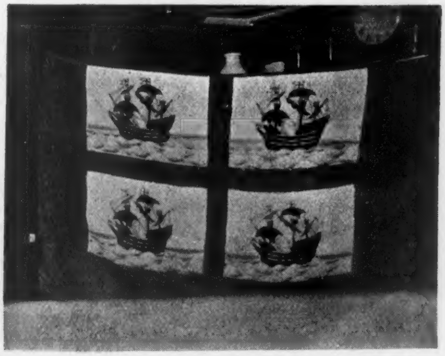
THE LANTERN

In this unpleasant emergency I found a true and resourceful friend in the stationmaster, who eventually took me by train to Poplar, and committed me to the care of a servant of the company who could be spared for half-an-hour, and who, carrying a railway lamp, piloted me, though not without difficulty, to Trinity Wharf, where I found the superintendent expecting me.

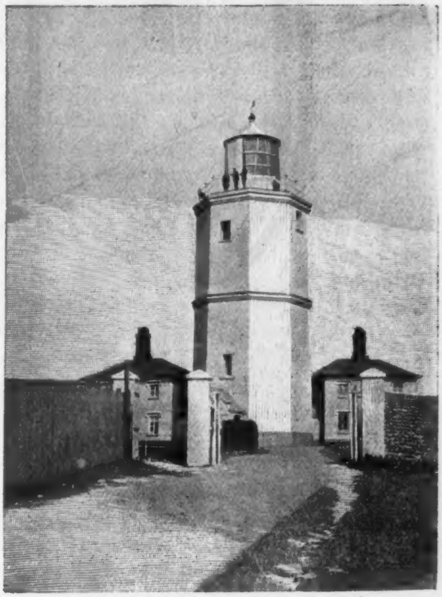
It has never been, nor can ever be, my fortune to meet a more hearty and courteous English gentleman than Captain Browne, who has known forty years of busy, eventful life in the service of Trinity House, and who until lately commanded the well-known Trinity yacht *Irene*. From the moment of my being placed under his charge all troubles were at an end, and I found myself treated with the utmost consideration and kindness. I was placed that same night on board the Trinity district steamer *Vestal*, where I found a luxurious cabin and private saloon, usually occupied by one of the Elder Brethren, reserved for my use. The vessel was at the time full of stores intended for the monthly relief of all light stations from beyond Gravesend to the open sea. She carried some hundreds of casks of water, coal, and oil, as well as a buoy to replace one which was known to be carried away. There were also on board those men of the service who, for their term of two months then commencing, were going to their several stations. Thus I presently discovered my own future companion, Friday, who was to share my Crusoe solitude, and we soon became the fastest friends.

Coming alongside the "Nore" lightship I was allowed to board her, and note the smart discipline and service that are kept up at these all-important floating beacons. The old skipper, a weather-beaten sailor who already knew of my mission, greeted me cordially and gave me some of his own experiences with regard to such observations as I was going to make. "Mind you," said he, "thick weather varies very much, and one kind of fog will behave very differently from another as regards the sounds we hear." This was hardly according to the text-books, but, as will be seen, it has been fully justified by my own results.

The night closing in, we dropped anchor within a short distance of the "Mouse" lightship, solemnly revolving her weird green lights on our starboard beam. I stood on deck listening a long while to our genial captain's tales of bygone days, and the times when Professor Tyndall had been on board the same vessel carrying out his own unrivalled experiments. As he bade me good-night he added for my benefit, "When a fog clears up like this, wind generally follows. Mind this, and be ready with your kit by earliest dawn."



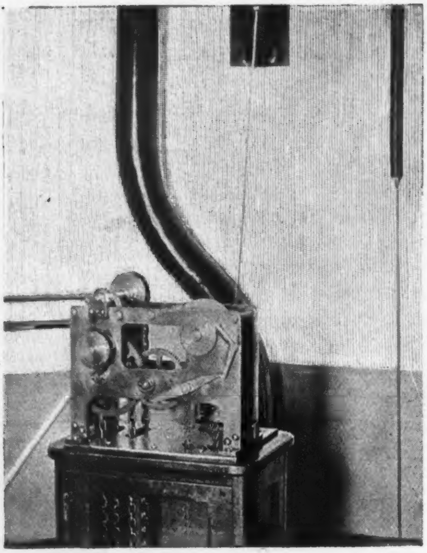
TRINITY HOUSE FLAG



NORTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE

It was with the keenest zest then that I turned out at 5.30 the following morning, and swallowing a hot cup of tea hurried on deck in time to catch the first glimpse of the "Maplin" looming out of the gloom, and hear her warning bell tolling hoarsely across the water. Approaching to within four hundred yards, we dropped anchor, and I was at once put out in one of the boats, together with the month's supply of stores, which after a busy hour were all hauled up the perpendicular ladders and snugly stowed away. Then the boats put back, the *Vestal* blew a farewell whistle, and I was left alone in my sea-girt home.

But no, not alone. Friday was with me, and on the island I found a native of



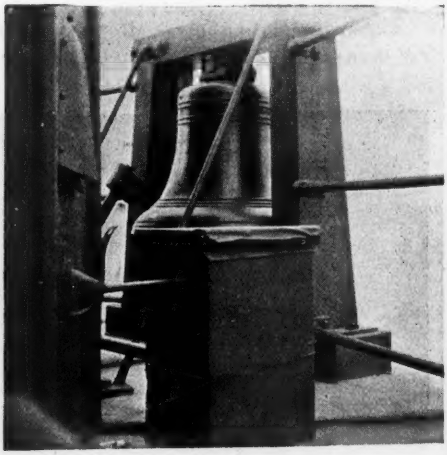
THE DRIVING CLOCK

strikingly prepossessing appearance, and whose name, dictated by the day of the week, I settled must be "Wednesday."

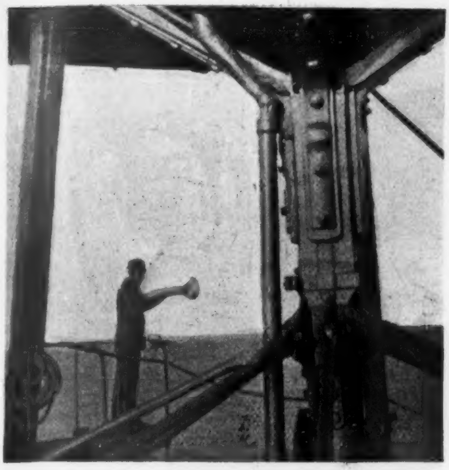
I now had time to take a survey of my territory, which was in truth not many feet across, and standing, not in the water, but perched actually above it. The main structure consisted of one chief room, with odd-shaped side and store rooms, and three cabins. While above all, and full thirty feet above the water's edge, was a lofty lantern surrounded by a gallery. And it was up into this eerie look-out that I now climbed and gazed long with feelings of delight and satisfaction on the wide unbroken waste around me. My reverie was presently broken in upon, however, by Wednesday's cheery voice calling me to breakfast, and I sat down to the first of many hearty repasts which I enjoyed under that snug and hospitable roof with such good homely fare and good company as I would not have exchanged for a Lord Mayor's banquet. Breakfast over, my instruments were conveyed up to the gallery and, note-book in hand, I was quickly in the middle of my work, which, ere twenty-four hours were over, had shaped itself into the following routine.

Three A.M. called by the retiring watchman, a cup of hot Bovril, two hours' watch on the gallery, and back to bed for two more hours till dawn. After which, rising for good, the day's work was broken only by stated meals. Let it be mentioned, however, that, though not included in the orders, there were sundry times when I found additional hot cups of tea or Bovril awaiting me, supplied in the middle of some cold vigil by the attentive care of my companions, who also, in the intervals of duty, would frequently aid me in my work, and give me their own experiences. A brief sketch of some of the more noteworthy results gathered in, and a running commentary thereon, shall here follow.

I had scarcely completed my first hour's watch before I detected a change taking place in my environment. A gentle wind which had been mainly from the west was veering towards the north, the glass was rising, and the mist was growing thinner. But the bell of the "Maplin" tolled on, proclaiming still that all buoys and beacons continued practically hidden from our view. Under these circumstances I could only devote my best attention to the warning sounds around me, and these it was all-important to observe narrowly in such a fog as then prevailed, which was peculiar from the fact that it lay thicker in some directions than others. An anomalous but by no means unprecedented condition of affairs was soon put beyond question. Sounds, whether from foghorns, passing vessels, or the waves



THE "MAPLIN" BELL

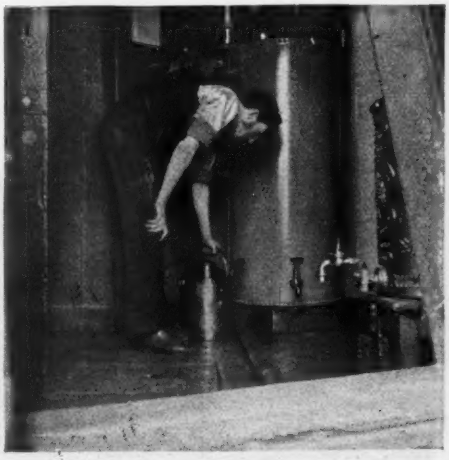


ACOUSTICAL EXPERIMENTS ON LOWER GALLERY

themselves, came louder against the gentle breeze than with it. Moreover, six hours later, when the wind had changed almost completely round, and the tide, as well as the bank of fog, was turned about, the same perversity in the sounds reaching us was maintained. As evening approached, however, circumstances altered, and the Channel cleared up east and west, while over a far stretch of sea the many and varied lights shone clearly and so continued until past midnight, when obscurity once more began closing in, and by 1.50 our solemn bell was again sounding. But the clear interval had given the desired opportunity for making observations of distances, &c., and a valuable record was already secured.

There is a great difference of opinion as to the influence of fogs on sound. Thus in GOOD WORDS, in an early article on "Lighthouses," it is recorded that so great an authority as Stephenson asserted that "sound is much lost in foggy weather, and is heard at a comparatively short distance." Professor Tyndall in a general way would maintain exactly the contrary. I myself have proposed the question in printed form to a large number of coastguardsmen serving on different parts of our coasts. Forty-five out of every hundred give one answer, the remaining fifty-five give the exact opposite. The fact is there are fogs and fogs, and the mistakes that have been made are mainly due to three facts. First, a fog, unknown to the observer, may be very deep, or on the other hand extremely shallow. Secondly, a quiescent fog behaves very differently from a rolling fog, and again even each calm and uniform fog has a mood of its own. It is here that balloon observations have such advantage, and it will doubtless be established that, just as the realm of air when free from visible cloud varies greatly in the degree in which it is pervious to light, so too, when free from what is recognised as acoustic cloud, its transparency to sound is a very variable quantity. It will then already be easy to understand how, as in my first day's experience at the "Maplin," the audibility of sounds may be much more powerfully affected by local low-lying banks of mist than by wind, when the wind is slight.

I can now add an example of another important though little-known caprice of sound. My intended retirement to the "Maplin" had got into the papers, and had been the subject of some little talk and curiosity, and on the second day of my sojourn the pilot on a passing German boat clearly recognised me on the gallery, and greeted me with two blasts from his hooter, which blasts instantly echoed back in prolonged reverberation *from the empty air*. I had been searching for these aerial echoes all the summer in balloons, but with only doubtful success, and even now I was not to be gratified a second time. The very next

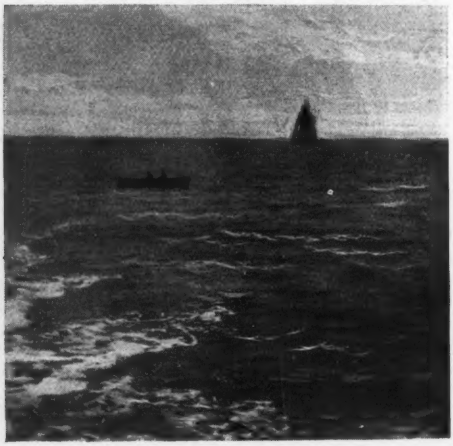


THE STOREROOM

day the *Vestal*, at almost the same spot, blew her own whistle, but though the sky outwardly wore the same aspect no echoes were lurking then.

But, as will be supposed, there was excellent scope for investigations of another class. Light had its message for us, an agent fitter than sound to convey signals in fair weather, though far more the slave of the air. Sometimes the green glances of the "Mouse" would seem to vie with the white beams of another lightship equidistant in the opposite direction, yet within half-an-hour the green ray might have failed altogether while the white light had but turned to yellow. So greatly affected is the passage of light through air by the matter which the air is holding in suspension, and so rapid and varied are the atmospheric changes that may take place within the scope of the sea horizon.

But matter held in the air performs other functions and conveys other secrets. Twenty-two miles to the south-east on the high sea front of the Kentish headland, the lofty beacon of the "North Foreland" nightly sheds its powerful beams out to sea, twenty-five seconds in, five seconds out, ceaselessly. It is a long stretch across shoal and channel and broken water from the "Maplin," and when the light is seen it foretells coming wind and rain. Thus it will be seen that, properly understood, the guardian fires around our coast may become something more than guiding lights. Distant beams, whether brilliant or bleared, may have each their own message, and even the far-off shimmer in the sky from remote town or harbour lights may suffice to give the earliest warning to the mariner from the home of wind and weather.



MY ISLAND HOME

"WEDNESDAY" OFF DUTY

It may seem surprising that for signal purposes the electric light is not a favourite, but it is known not to pierce the fog so well as the yellower flame of gas or oil, while at all times its peculiar radiant, yet unsteady brilliance, lacks the definiteness of less dazzling lights, and its distance is often hard to judge. As if for my own special benefit, however, the monarch of all lights was displayed to advantage ere I left my watch tower. Late one evening, standing on the highest outlook, I glimpsed far down on the ocean highway such a piercing glare approaching as justified me in calling to my companions, and soon we had a spectacle unwonted even in their experience. Some vessel of modern warfare, whose own outline was hard to distinguish, was coming up at prodigious speed and sweeping the waste of waters with one broad far-reaching sheet of light, now ahead, now on one side, now on the other, and as our own retired spot came under that searching gaze every waif of ocean around could be clearly seen riding among the waves gleaming brightly with their curved white slopes and crests of purest silver. It was an instructive as well as striking spectacle, and was one of my last observations of importance, for, true to the prediction of Captain Eastham, wind from the north-east had been for some time setting in with steadily augmenting strength, banishing wished-for changes of weather and creating billows that hushed all such other sounds as I had come to investigate. My note-book, however, was already well stored with valuable memoranda. I had lecture engagements awaiting me, back in my native land, and it was hourly becoming a question of increasing gravity how I should be able to effect my escape from my happy imprisonment so as to fulfil them.

I placed entire reliance, however, on the aid of my friendly natives, whose methods of resource were boundless, and of whose varied gifts I have indeed spoken too sparingly. Friday was a self-taught but enthusiastic musician, Wednesday had cultivated literary tastes, and among other treasures in his cabin possessed the entire works of Shakespeare. Both were clever cooks and handy at any kind of mechanical work. These able and trusted allies undertook my deliverance, and one morning, at slack water, noticing a friendly sail to windward, managed by signals of their own to attract attention, and soon I found myself snugly bestowed on board a small trader bound for the east coast of England.

HOW HE FOUND THE NAME AND ADDRESS

By J. E. ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. RICHARDSON

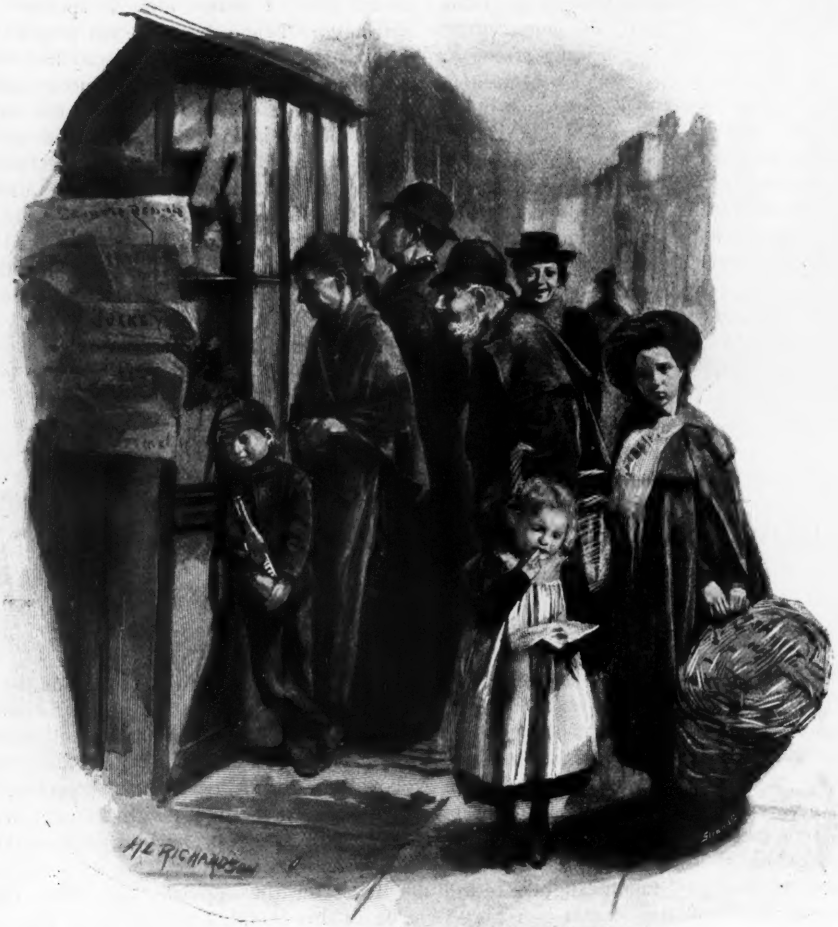
GARDEN PLACE, E.C., was a backwater in the river of civilisation, and like most other backwaters, the uneasy and stagnant resting-place for much "flotsam and jetsam" from the main stream. This was indicated at one corner by a gaudy tavern, which stood there from year's end to year's end, quite unabashed at the perpetually dignified and reproving stare of the doctor's red-brick residence at the other. After these, up the backwater, the houses rose only two storeys above pavement level. They were grimy and dirty and in sad need of repair, for men and women might be seen at all hours of the day, journeying backwards and forwards with jugs and cans to the corner.

But signs of enterprise were not altogether wanting.

Some of the occupants had hung out diminutive, home-made cages where linnets and larks languished.

One of the window-fasteners supported a card which formerly offered lodgings to a respectable man, but it had hung so long in the centre house of seven on one side of Garden Place as now only to be a landmark, and on the rare occasions when a stranger inquired of David Sugg, who was to be found all day outside the tavern, where a certain resident lived, he would not be told —the end house next the railway line, or so many doors down, or at No. So-and-so, but the door next the house with the card in the window, or the door beyond, or two doors off, as the case might be.

Then on the opposite side, Mrs. Sugg, wife of this David, kept a shop. The signboard, swinging on an iron rod, once, when it was new, bore the legend "Confectionery, News, and Toys;" now it was buried, like the aforesaid, card in dirt and oblivion. Still the window acted as a counter-irritant in some small degree to the tavern. A large, red, illustrated paper, stuck up against its lower half, served the double purpose of curtain and advertisement. Men and women would stop to look and discuss the fearful and harrowing scenes that took place in this paper every week. Then a knot of ragged children, amongst whom was a halfpenny, would stand outside the shop and hold solemn council on the comparative merits of Dutch dolls, long black strips of liquorice—nicer than they looked—or sticky, curly, wafery, brown stuff known as "jumbles," all



"Then on the opposite side Mrs. Sugg kept a shop"

laid out on a newspaper on the inside sill of the window. Flies very much preferred the last delicacy, and a certain similarity of taste in these things between children and flies induced Mrs. Sugg to be a little reckless in the purchase of "jumbles." All the flies and children in the neighbourhood knew instinctively whenever a fresh consignment arrived, and hurried to inspect it.

Mrs. Sugg was the sole woman in those fourteen houses who never patronised the public-house — not from virtuous scruples on her part, but because, sad to say, it was the dangerous rival to whom her husband had largely transferred his affections. There was a time, years ago, before little Davie was born, when her husband had good work and good wages, and they had lived near the Park, and life had been happiness for a short time; but a long succession of hard work, hard words, and trouble had made that period an almost impossible memory now.

How Sugg relapsed from his former

honourable state, he would have told you himself. He had been unfortunate, he had had an attack of asthma or something soon after he was married, and became unable to work. You might wonder that with such a feeble constitution he could stand outside the tavern all day in all weathers, and that it did not occur to him that this was harder than hard work. He boasted of the time when he earned his thirty bob a week regular. He would do it now if he could. Sometimes, when he felt well enough, he carried a basket of washing for his missus. Thank Heaven he had married an able-bodied woman, or he didn't know what would have become of him, but the kids were growing up and would be a help soon.

Sugg was only one of a large class of "unfortunate men." The end comes for them when the able-bodied woman sinks under her burdens, and the "kids" undutifully escape from supporting idleness.

Little Davie had already become a "help" to his father. He sold daily papers, specials, and extra specials in the neighbourhood of Ludgate Circus, and as he came home round the corner at night, it was his regular duty to assist his father with the profits of the day's work. These varied from a few pence to a few shillings, according to the time of year or the news of the day. Sugg senior was incredulous of such fluctuations, and poor Davie came in for many a clout when funds happened to be low. He would be dead tired oftener than not, yet after he had finished his supper, his mother in her turn made a call on his services—washing had to be sent home or fetched.

Davie's return from his daily work, when times were at all good, was invariably preceded some considerable distance by a shrill whistle. The notes of some popular air would rattle in reckless profusion down the main street, and the elder Davie was wont then to prick his ears and smile in anticipation.

We have all heard it as well as Davie's father—the street boy's whistle. It has reached us in moments of great good fortune, in the flush of our success and happiness, and we have blessed him for it, and wished he were within reach so that we could give him something. Again, at night or early morning, when slumber will not come, on the bed of sickness, or in the still, darkened room where the spirit of, perhaps, some one we love dearly, is departing, the street boy's whistle rises to our ears, taunting us with the insignificance of our sorrow in the eyes of the great everyday world-life outside, and reminding us that we shall have to face it all again when the time of trouble is over.

Sunday was much the same to Davie as other days. Papers had to be taken out and sold just the same, so never since he could remember had he been to church or Sunday-school. He had gone to day-school of course, as his sister and two little brothers did now. When the time came for him to work he rejoiced in his freedom. When he was fresh at it, he never minded at all selling papers, but the days grew to be too long and the labour too heavy; the only moment of happiness came each night when nothing more was wanted from him, and he could creep upstairs to his straw in the first-floor room, alongside his brothers and sister, and rest in spite of the clothes that were hung to dry across the room.

"If I was you, Dave, I'd hook it and live on my own."

That was the advice often given by his *confrères* at Ludgate Circus, and he had come to seriously think of doing it.

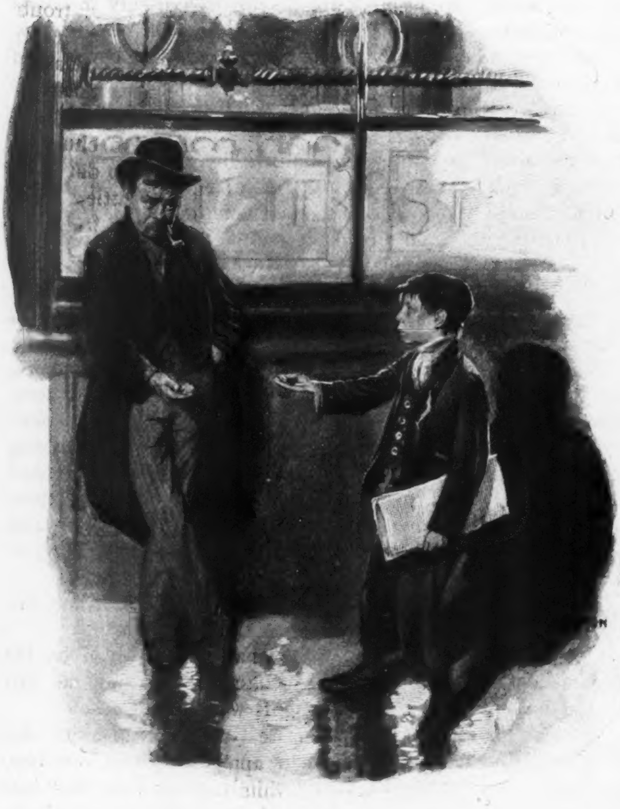
One night—it had been pouring with rain all day and business had been bad, very bad, indeed his profits were lower than they had ever been before—there was no whistle to herald Davie's approach. It would have betrayed him while he stood for a full hour under the porch of a house in the main street, watching his father outside the public-house, hands in trousers pockets, shuffling his feet on the pavement to keep them warm, for the night was cold, now and again peering anxiously down the street.

Davie well knew whom his father was looking for, and still hesitated as to whether he should go forward with the fourpence-halfpenny nervously clutched in his hand, or "hook it and live on his own."

At last he mustered up courage to walk forward, holding out his hand with the money, but keeping some distance away, for he well knew what was in store for him.

"Please, father, the day's bin bad; I've only took four and a half D."

"Four and a half D! You young Turk! Four and a half D, and expect your father



"'Please, father, the day's bin bad; I've only took four and a half D'"

to buy a drink of beer (whack) and an ounce of 'baccy (kick) out of that!"

Davie waited for no more, but flung the money on the pavement and bolted home, pursued by his injured parent.

His mother came out and interfered, but the result was that Davie was turned out of doors.

He waited close by till long after the lights inside had been put out before he realised that he had been forgotten. No doubt his mother had fallen asleep after her day's work. His father, he knew, would not give him a thought. To knock at the door and bring him out meant more ill-usage, so he stood sobbing under a lamp-post, until his thoughts were distracted by a piece of paper which fluttered in the air above his head and blew up against the lamp-glass. It stayed there and did not come down again. There was some writing on it. Davie wondered what it could be, and why it stuck up there. His curiosity grew so strong that he climbed up and seized it. It was the leaf of a book covered with some dirty marks. He guessed what they were. To make sure, he put the paper in his mouth. Yes, it had been used in his mother's shop to wrap up "jumbles" for some lucky capitalist in Garden Place. He was about to throw it away when the printing caught his eye. He read some words that were new to him. Extremely simple and so well known to us that it might seem impossible that Davie should be ignorant of them, but he was. There are hundreds of others like him. The words seemed a direct invitation to himself, wet through, hungry, tired, as he was, and an offer of what he needed most.

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest."

Rest!

A policeman stopped at the corner, and seeing the little figure under the lamp, walked slowly up Garden Place.

"Now then, youngster, what are you doing here at this time o' night? Where do you live, eh?"

"If you please, sir," asked Davie boldly, looking up into the policeman's face, "can you tell me the address of the kind gen'l'man as wrote this 'ere a'vertisement?"

You see Davie had recently devoted himself to the "Wanted" column in the papers, with the vague hope of seeing something that might help him out of his misery, and coming to him, weary in body and mind, he thought this was the advertisement he had been all along looking for.

The policeman took the paper from him, read it, and looked down at the anxious, expectant face. There was no mistake—the boy was in earnest. He had never been in trouble with the police either, that was clear, or he would not have stood his ground so confidently.

"So you want the name and address of the gen'l'man that wrote this, do you? Well, maybe it's in Garden Place, maybe it's not. Let's 'ope, my boy, we'll both find it one of these days. You'd best get along to the Shelter—third turning on the left under the big lamp. They'll give ye a bed there and a cup of coffee in the mornin'."

"Does he live there, sir?" asked Davie, walking by the man's side.

The policeman laughed.

"Cut along now, boy, and get to the Shelter. It's a-coming on to rain again."

Davie hung back.

"Well, ain't you going?"

"Yes, sir, but please, sir, can I have the writin'?"

The constable gave it to him, and stood watching him gravely from the corner out of sight down the third turning on the left.

The Shelter was full. The prospect of a wet night always fills shelters. But the porter not unkindly added if Davie came round about six o'clock he could have a cup of hot coffee.

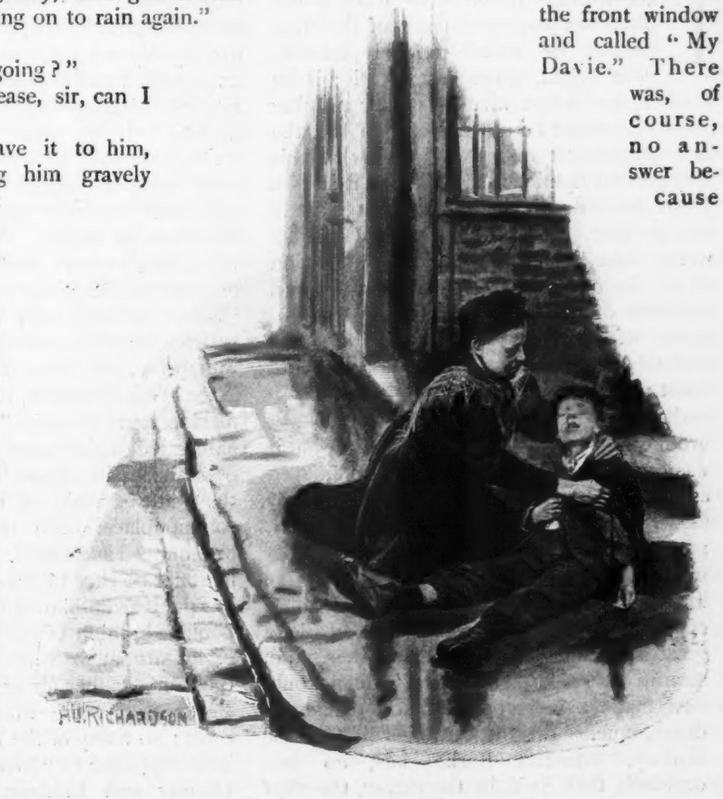
The boy shuffled off, shivering, and sat down on a step close by, and thought and thought over the "a'vertisement." He wondered and wondered where the address of that "kind gen'l'man" could be. One of the newsboys had told him the story of a wonderful place down by the sea, where he had been sent on his recovery from an illness. It was the most wonderful place Davie had ever heard of, ships and streams and sunshine, cakes and tea, and meat, and chickens, and fruit—a Land of Promise, in fact. Probably that was the place. Next day he would ask his friend more about it. And so he fell asleep within sight of the Shelter where he was to have a cup of hot coffee at six o'clock.

The rain fell heavily and splashed off the pavement on to him as he lay. It dripped through the roof of Mrs. Sugg's shop, too, and woke her husband, who woke her. Morning was just dawning and she remembered her first-born.

"Did ye let Davie back in?" she asked.

"Let 'im in. Kep' 'im out you mean. I'll teach him to bring home four and a half D."

Words were useless. His wife knew that of old. She put her head out of the front window and called "My Davie." There was, of course, no answer because



"'Davie, my poor Davie,' she cried"

Davie was asleep on a doorstep in the third turning on the left off the main street.

She put on her things and hurried out. The policeman was still on his beat.

"Yes, I did see a lad—a good little lad, just as it was a-comin' on to rain. I sent him round to the Shelter. Nice mother you are to leave a boy out a night like this!"

He accompanied her on the way and told her about his conversation with Davie till tears stood in her eyes, for it reminded her of better times. As they turned the corner, her quick eyes espied the little figure huddled up on a doorstep opposite.

"Davie, my poor Davie," she cried, running over to him.

There was no answer.

She raised him up. He was limp and motionless. But folded small, clasped tight in his cold hand, lay the "a'vertisement," and on his pale face there was the sweet, satisfied smile of one who has received a royal loving welcome, and they knew then that there on the cold doorstep opposite the Shelter, little Davie had found the name and address he wanted.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. HARTPOLE LECKY

By Professor HUGH WALKER

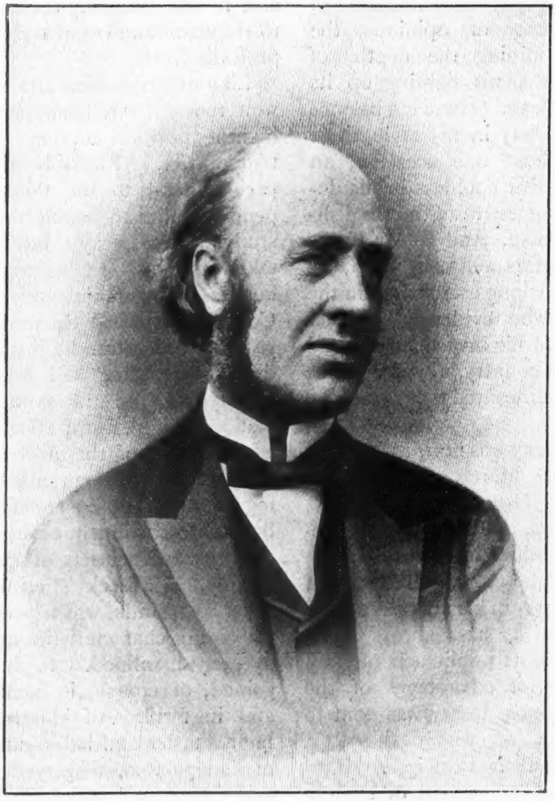
IF the average Briton were asked to say what was the special gift of the Irish people, he would probably answer, their bright, good-natured wit; if he were further asked what was their peculiar defect, he would be not unlikely to say, the lack of political wisdom. In view of this very general opinion, supported as it is by a great deal of evidence, it is not a little strange that several of the greatest Irish writers have shown little or none of the kind of wit in question, while they have given evidence of quite an extraordinary endowment of political wisdom. Swift was probably the greatest genius Ireland could boast of during the eighteenth century—perhaps the greatest literary genius she ever produced. He had abundance of wit, but it was of a bitter, sardonic kind, as far removed as possible from that which is commonly associated with the Irish name. He had, moreover, though it is less generally recognised, a very high political gift, both of the kind displayed in his tract on the "Conduct of the Allies," which would have made a great statesman; and of that other kind, seen in the "Drapier Letters," which would have made a most powerful and dangerous demagogue. In the latter half of the century, Edmund Burke was, no less decidedly than Swift in the earlier, the chief of Irish literary men; and Burke's style is characterised by majestic and sonorous eloquence, not by wit, while his great bequest to posterity is a political philosophy certainly unsurpassed and probably unequalled in the English language for its scope and profundity. If we pass on to the present century we find still the same strange contrast between popular opinion and actual fact, both in Irish men of letters and in Irish men of affairs. Wellington is a man whose most trivial letter is striking. "You may read a despatch of his," says Bagehot, "about bullocks and horseshoe-nails, and yet you will feel an interest." But the interest will spring, not from the wit or the literary grace of the despatch, but from the "rugged maxims hewn from life," which are apt to get embedded even among the bullocks and horseshoe-nails—those maxims which made the statesmanship of Wellington far from commonplace, even though it cannot be pronounced successful. If space permitted, it would be easy to draw a contrast between the popular opinion of the Irishman and the popular opinion of the Scotchman, as tested by literature; so many of the former are distinguished rather for gravity and weight, like Burke, or for the wrong kind of wit, like Swift; so many of the latter, who are popularly supposed to "joke wi' deeficulty," from Dunbar and Lindsay, and Knox himself, down to Burns and Scott and Carlyle, have shown themselves to be brimming over with a humour which often irradiates the most unpromising subjects.

Among living men the same contrast between what we expect and what we find is still discernible. No Irishman of the present day stands higher in literature than the Right Hon. W. E. Hartpole Lecky; but Mr. Lecky, too, is distinguished as the investigator of politics and society, the learned historian of the growth and decay of opinions, the student laboriously mining the depths of human nature, not the wit lighting up its surface with his persiflage. There is a balance in his thought, a sobriety in his style, there was visible, on at least one occasion, an imperturbable impassive coolness in his demeanour, far more suggestive of the Englishman than of the Irishman. And yet Mr. Lecky is an Irishman in heart as well as by birth, the descendant of a family long established in the country, a student who evidently feels an access of ardour when his investigations lead him back to his own country, a writer whose style glows with an unwonted heat when he touches upon it.

W. E. Hartpole Lecky was born at Newton Park, near Dublin, on March 26, 1838. He was the son of John Hartpole Lecky, Esq., of Longford Terrace, Dublin, and a descendant of a family which has owned land in Ireland for two hundred years. He received the education customary in his rank in society. Ireland, like Scotland, has always been inferior to England in its public schools, and to secure the superior advantages of the latter country the young Lecky was sent to Cheltenham College, of which the Rev. William Dobson was then Principal. Naturally the Cheltonians are proud of such a distinguished alumnus, and in 1892 they elected him President of the Cheltonian Society. It is worthy of remark that his predecessor in this office was Mr. John Morley, the most distinguished literary champion of Home Rule for Ireland, just as Mr. Lecky is the most distinguished among the Irish literary advocates of Unionism. Those who are curious in coincidences may like to note the further fact that the two leaders were born in the same year. From Cheltenham the boy moved back to Dublin, where at Trinity College he completed his education, graduating B.A. in 1859 and M.A. in 1863. It was intended that he should become a clergyman of the Protestant Church of Ireland, and to that end he attended divinity classes at the University. The choice of a profession was not dictated merely by family convenience, but indicated the real bent of the young student's mind, as is shown by a small anonymous book on religion, published as early as 1856. But changes of opinion came with mental growth, and it was probably these changes that led to the abandonment of the idea of the clerical profession.

Like not a few men who have subsequently won renown, Mr. Lecky failed to reach the highest position among his College contemporaries. Probably this was due, in part at least, to the tendency of an independent mind to search out its own lines of study. Mr. Lecky's intellect had already taken its bent. In his undergraduate days he was an eager and active member of the College Historical Society, and not many years passed before he proved how wide and deep his reading had been. In 1865 the history of the "Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe" was published. It is surely one of the most astonishing books ever written by a man under thirty; astonishing not only for the mass of reading necessary, but quite as much, or even more, for the maturity and sobriety of thought it displays. Plainly, Mr. Lecky's mind belongs to the order of minds which develop early, and whose full characteristics are already present in early manhood. In later years he has gained, of course, in wealth of knowledge and in fertility of illustration, but all the mental tastes and habits, and all the essential mental powers, displayed in "Democracy and Liberty" are already present in "Rationalism in Europe." The latter work showed that Mr. Lecky was to be an historian, and a learned and laborious one, but one interested more in the development of institutions and the history of opinions—in a word, in the philosophy of history—than in details and isolated facts. Mr. Lecky is a member of that small group of English writers among whom Buckle and Sir Henry Maine are his chief rivals. The warm admiration he more than once expresses for Buckle indicates the bent of his own mind; and the "History of Civilisation" directly influenced him in his studies in rationalism. "The History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," published in 1869, was a subject of the same kind; and if the great "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," the first volume of which appeared in 1878, and the last only in 1890, appeared to take Mr. Lecky into a different sphere, the manner of treatment showed the persistence of the same mental habits and predilections. His object, as he proclaims in the preface, is "to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life." In what direction this purpose leads the historian may be seen from the fact that he proclaims his belief that the career of the elder Pitt and his victories, though these secured to England the dominion of India and her supremacy over France in the New World, were less important than the religious revolution begun by Wesley and Whitfield. It is still more striking to observe that while the campaign of Blenheim is dismissed in a few lines, almost as many pages are devoted to the practice of touching for the King's Evil.

The list of the books he has written proves that Mr. Lecky is before all things a student, and the life of a student is almost invariably quiet and uneventful. His has been no exception to the rule. Absorbed in his studies, the years have passed away, marked chiefly by the publication of one treatise after another. But it would be a mistake to regard Mr. Lecky as nothing but a reader and writer of books; a still greater mistake, but one into which his readers are not likely to fall, to look upon him as an historian of the arid species of Dryasdust. In the year 1891 he surprised the world, or at least that portion of it which was not admitted into his confidence, by the issue of a small volume of poems, "written," as the dedication to his wife tells us, "in many years and in many moods." This volume entitles Mr. Lecky to an honourable place among minor poets. The verses are in a high degree graceful and pleasant, and they exhibit a keenness of poetic feeling much beyond what the usually severe restraint of his prose style would lead the reader to expect. As a rule, the prose writer who is occasionally tempted to express himself in verse will be found to be peculiarly personal in his verse. The professed poet utters all his thoughts in poetry; the man who only now and then resorts to verse does so most commonly when he is specially stirred by


(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, London, W.)

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. H. LECKY

some emotion or thought that comes home to his own bosom. The reader of Mr. Lecky's poems will find in them many such notes of his intellectual and emotional life. In such pieces as the lines: "On an Old Song," "Homeward Bound," "I cannot bend before the shrine," and "Deflecting Influences," we see the marks of the spiritual conflict through which the author of "Rationalism" and "European Morals" passed. Another class of pieces, also personal, will in many rouse a keener interest, as connected with that romantic side of life which in Mr. Lecky's case culminated in 1871 in marriage. The lady was Elizabeth, Baroness de Dedem, whose father, the Baron de Dedem, was a Lieutenant-General in the Dutch service.

After this event, as before it, Mr. Lecky continued to lead the quiet life of a student, interested, it is true, in politics, but taking no part in public affairs, until in 1886 Mr. Gladstone's proposal of Home Rule astounded the people of England and stirred to exultation or struck with something like dismay the two sections of the people of Ireland. The attitude Mr. Lecky might take could not fail to rouse interest. He stood in the very first rank of men of culture; and among students of politics, as distinguished from practical politicians, he had certainly no superior. As a Protestant and a landlord he was, it is true, in a sense identified with the class in Ireland hostile to Home Rule. But no one could accuse him of bigotry in his Protestantism, and in all his works he had shown a judicial habit of mind, a capacity to weigh evidence and to see the good even in the side he thought wrong, which gave his judgment every *à priori* right to respect. Moreover, in his previous writings he had shown a marked sympathy with Irish aspirations and respect for Irish nationality. As early as 1861 he had published anonymously a book entitled "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," in which he reviews the careers of Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell. The opinions there expressed cannot be dismissed as those of a mere boy, for the volume was reissued, with an acknowledgment of the authorship, in 1871. In this book Mr. Lecky expresses his strong belief in the sterling character of O'Connell's patriotism; and during the Home Rule controversy Sir W. Harcourt, in a letter to the *Times*, referred to it as "the best text-book of Home Rule with which I am acquainted." Further, in the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" Mr. Lecky pronounces a strong condemnation, not on all forms of union with England, but on the Act of Union as it was actually carried through by Pitt. Not unnaturally, therefore, the Nationalists hoped that if the great historian emerged at all from his retirement it would be to throw the weight of his authority into their scale. They were speedily and bitterly disappointed. Mr. Lecky did emerge from his retirement, but it was not to pronounce a blessing on Home Rule. "What is now wanted for Ireland," he proclaimed, "is not an extension of local government, but a restoration of the liberty of the people, of the first fundamental condition of liberty—a state of society in which men may pursue their lawful business and fulfil their lawful contracts without danger or molestation." This is not the place to inquire whether Mr. Lecky was right or wrong. Of course he was attacked and denounced. He was accused not only of inconsistency, but of changing his opinions for unworthy motives. The latter accusation does not deserve an answer: as regards the former, the impartial student will probably find that Mr. Lecky has not modified his opinions more than almost all men modify them through the lapse of years and the change of circumstances. Change there certainly has been, for changelessness is the characteristic of the "finished and finite clod." Mr. Lecky is far too active-minded not to have developed and altered his opinions on many points; but he is not an inconsistent man: he is rather singularly the opposite.

The influence of this event in Mr. Lecky's life is visible in his next great book, "Democracy and Liberty," published in 1896. It is in many respects akin in subject-matter and in treatment to "Rationalism" and "European Morals," but there is an instructive difference. In these books the ethical and religious aspects of civilisation are brought into prominence; in "Democracy and Liberty" political machinery is much more conspicuous. Further, it can hardly be doubted that there is a tone of lessened hopefulness with regard to the influence of the masses on government, as compared with that which pervades Mr. Lecky's earlier references to this subject.

Partly, perhaps, the change is due to time, for the radicalism of youth is apt to cool into a cautious conservatism as life goes on; but partly also we may safely ascribe it to the shock given by the Home Rule proposal. "Democracy and Liberty" is everywhere pervaded by a sense of the danger of appeals to popular passion and prejudice, of ignorance played upon by party spirit, of that bribery of classes which is so much more wicked because so much more dangerous to society than the bribery of individuals. Mr. Lecky had been awake to these dangers before, and in a pungent sentence in his "Eighteenth Century" he alluded to the conditional promise of the abolition of the income-tax, made by Mr. Gladstone before the election of 1874. It seems to have been mainly this sentence that induced Mr. Gladstone to review in the "Nineteenth Century" the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Lecky's great history. The article makes a very characteristic defence of the proposal, and, while treating Mr. Lecky with great respect, enters a protest against the ascription of moral motives, which, the writer objects, "seems a little too near the business of the Day of Judgment."

For nearly ten years Mr. Lecky had been to some extent a public man, but on the eve of the publication of this book he stood out in an absolute blaze of publicity. In 1895 there occurred a vacancy in the representation of the University of Dublin through the elevation of the then member, Mr. Plunkett, to the peerage. Mr. Lecky was asked to stand, and he consented. His claims upon any University constituency would have been strong: upon that of the University of Dublin they were overwhelming. He was eminently academical, and he had won a European reputation for studies in the very field most likely to be fruitful in political life. But party feeling runs high in Ireland, and, safe for Unionism as Dublin University was, there were the elements of a possibly formidable opposition to Mr. Lecky. The seat had been previously regarded as one to be filled by a prominent lawyer, and certain lawyers considered their professional interest threatened. Moreover, a majority, about sixty per cent., of the constituents were said to be men in Holy Orders in England or Ireland. How would these regard the author of "Rationalism"?. The opposition was bitter, and, as was to be expected where a body of undergraduates were so keenly interested, the proceedings were noisy and turbulent, suggesting to onlookers a comparison with Donnybrook Fair. Throughout these disturbances Mr. Lecky preserved a perfectly calm demeanour. When he could not make himself heard by the audience, he continued, unmoved, to deliver his address to the reporters. It was observed that only the attacks made on his religious opinions stirred him to bitterness. "Were I asked on this platform," he said, "any such question as to my personal belief as was asked of Macaulay, I would give the same answer." He declared that he had been brought up in the English Established Church and had never separated himself from it, but more he declined to say. The declaration of the poll was made in a scene of unspeakable disorder, Mr. Lecky all the while "as unmoved as if he were contemplating the rising moon." He was elected by a majority of 746. As a Member of Parliament he has won general respect. *Mr. Punch* an acute judge, has singled him out for kindly caricature, a sure indication that he is far from being a nobody in the House.

Mr. Lecky's is a great record of work. Few men living, and not many men of former days, have taken so wide a grasp of historical learning. Even fewer have so filled their books with human interest. And in Mr. Lecky's case this interest is not that of literary elegance and tact. His style is adequate and sound, but it is rarely eloquent; what we look to him for is rather calm judgment, the patient unfolding of cause and effect, skilful guidance through the bewildering maze of human affairs. Not the least interesting characteristic of his work is a note of austerity, a tone as of personal renunciation in it. It appears to be a record of struggles past, the result of the unshrinking pursuit of "the high white star of truth." Certain lines in his "Poems," beginning "He found his work," seem to indicate a sense that, for the character contemplated, a life which would have been easier, had it been only possible, would also have led to results in some respects higher. The lines have been applied to Mr. Lecky himself, and we quote them without further comment.

He found his work, but far behind
Lay something that he could not find—
Deep springs of passion that can make
A life sublime for others' sake,
And lend to work the living glow
That saints and bards and heroes know.
The power lay there—unfolded power—
A bud that never bloomed a flower;
For half beliefs and jaded moods
Of worldlings, critics, cynics, prudes,
Lay round his path, and dimmed and chilled.
Illusions past. High hopes were killed;
But Duty lived. He sought not far
The "might be" in the things that are;
His ear caught no celestial strain;
He dreamed of no millennial reign.
Brave, true, unhoping, calm, austere,
He laboured in a narrow sphere,
And found in work his spirit needs—
The last, if not the best, of creeds.

THE ITALIAN COLONY IN LONDON

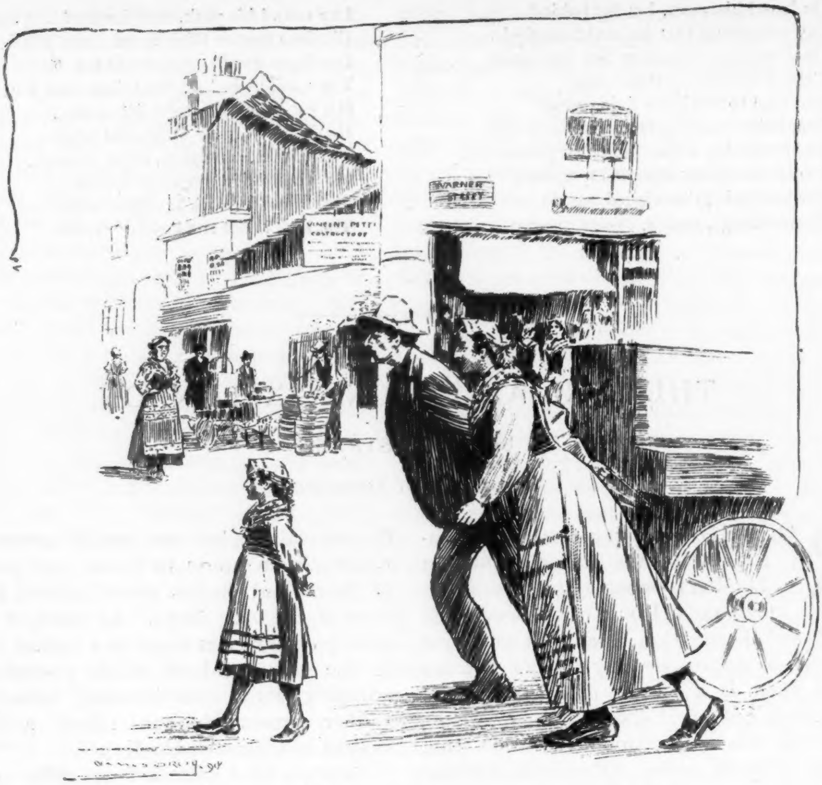
By JAMES STRANG

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

ROUGHLY speaking, the quarter inhabited by the Italian colony in London is bounded, on three sides, by Gray's Inn Road, Clerkenwell Road, and Farringdon Road. It can most fittingly be approached by way of Leather Lane, which is a narrow thoroughfare running north out of Holborn, close to where, until the other day, stood Furnival's Inn, where Dickens wrote "Pickwick Papers," and to the west of which is Brooke Street, where the young poet Chatterton committed suicide. Leather Lane should be traversed, for choice—and keeping a careful guard on purse and pockets—on a Saturday afternoon, when its confined roadway is lined with costers' barrows, heaped with all manner of cheap merchandise and curious odds and ends, and is thronged with the most varied and striking types of humanity, frequently Italian and Jewish, and often villainous.

Leather Lane ends in Clerkenwell Road, almost directly opposite Eyre Street Hill, which is, perhaps, the most characteristic street in the Italian quarter, and hard by which stand the Italian Roman Catholic chapel and school. On a saint's day, when the Italian quarter is *en fête* and a procession parades it, Eyre Street Hill is transformed from a squalid London slum into a flowery way, lit up with the colour of the sunny South. A flimsy triumphal arch, in red and gold, decorates the entrance from Clerkenwell Road, the doorways and windows are festooned with garlands of paper flowers, fairy-lights are swung across the roadway from house to house, and pictures of Saints and Virgins adorn the wall fronts, even of the wine shops. In truth, it is all tawdry enough, but there is a certain charm in the gaiety of heart which pervades the admiring foreigners, loitering hither and thither, grown children taking a simple delight in their own handiwork.

Great and Little Saffron Hills are, in spite of popular opinion, no longer the peculiar haunt of the Italians, city improvements having been at work. Their true home is now more particularly in Eyre Street Hill, Little Bath Street, Summer Street, Back Hill, and various alleys intersecting these. The people are largely Neapolitans, a word which has been corrupted by the low English in the neighbourhood, first into Nappletons and finally into Appletons. The men are mostly employed as organ-grinders, and vendors—in summer—of hokey-pokey, and—in winter—of roasted potatoes or chestnuts. Others hire themselves out as artists' models, while some are modellers of stucco images, which are subsequently hawked. But the best earnings are made by the knife-grinders, who perambulate with a wheel. These are looked up to as a rather superior class, and are, as a matter of fact, generally skilled workmen at their trade. In the organ-grinding line, in particular, the women accompany the men, and are kept in such subordination by their lords and masters that the New

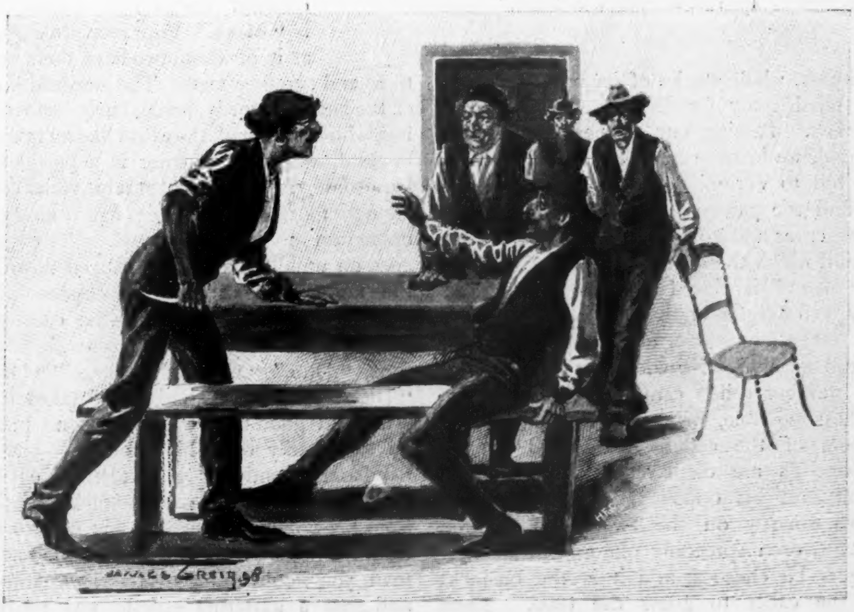


"In the organ-grinding line, the women accompany the men"

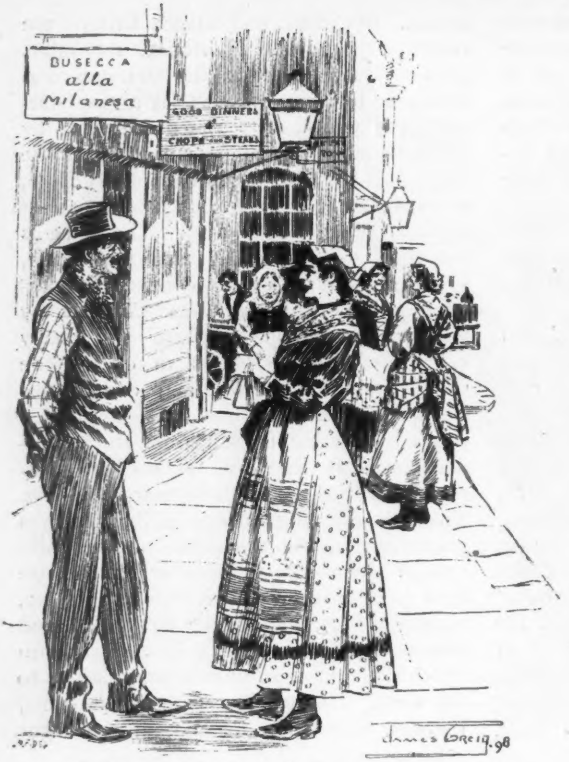
Woman has not yet made her appearance among them. Few of the Italians are independent of the *padrone*, an astute exile who lives and thrives upon imported labour. The *padrone* brings over from Italy men, women, and even children, whom he boards and lodges. He supplies the adult immigrants with an organ or a barrow and stock, and in return the greater share of the earnings passes into the pockets of the *padrone*. One consequence of this system is that some of the hovels are veritable barracks, where the meals are eaten in common. The people live simply, if they do not think highly, their staple food being maccaroni, although they have a little weakness for exceedingly fat pork. The women are devoutly religious, crowding to their Italian church—Chiese Cattolica—and are generally moral. The same cannot be said of the men, who are not exactly as harmless as doves. Our northern climate fails to temper their hot southern blood; they are liable to outbreaks of ungovernable temper, and they have a fatal propensity for using the knife in the heat of anger. They are inveterate gamblers, like the Chinese who frequent the opium dens in the East-end.

There is no danger in exploring the Italian quarter in daylight, but one cannot then see much of the life of the people, unless by going on a Sunday, or very early on a summer morning, when they are preparing their ice-cream barrows for the day, but you pass for a little out of commonplace, nineteenth-century London, and get a glimpse of the dress, the faces, the language, of the land of sunlight and song. At night it is different, and a very vivid life is to be seen, albeit tinged with squalor, and spiced with some danger to the stranger who adventures into it.

It was on a dark night, wet and windy, that I last explored the Italian quarter, in the company of a detective. Our first visit was to a house tenanted by the unfortunate hirelings of a ***padrone***. They were all at supper together in a room which could boast of no carpet to its dirty floor. A few rough deal forms surrounded the coarse and uncovered table, while two or three rude truckle beds against the walls completed the furniture. Across the room stretched several ropes upon which, after a wet day, long rows of soaking garments are hung, to drip and steam themselves dry by the morning. The supper consisted of a great basin of hot mixed vegetables, among which some pieces of fat pork were floating, and from this dish the hungry Italians were partaking in common in an unceremonious, go-as-you-please fashion. In another house a table had been drawn to the edge of one of the beds, in which two men were reclining, playing cards with a couple of compatriots who sat on a form on the other side of the table. We are in search of the game of "Mora," which is the great gambling pastime of the Italian men, and pass to the wine-shop of Antonio Cattini. As we stand outside in the rain we hear the noise of shouting within, and know that "Mora" is being played. We enter, and silence falls on the group of men seated around the table, glancing suspiciously at the strangers and muttering to themselves. It is a miserable-looking place, some fourteen feet long by ten wide, and the landlord is in front of the bar. It is the wife who is behind it. Here, as usual, the Italian woman is the patient servitor of the Italian man. The game is not going to be resumed while we remain, so we pass out by a back door, to find ourselves in bewildering darkness. The shabby little room behind us, bare and badly lighted, with a few bottles of cheap wine standing on the shelves, and one or two slender glasses stuck full of long foreign cigars completing the apparent stock, suddenly appears the ideal of comfort compared with this wet and impenetrable gloom. Presently, groping along, and with eyes gradually adapting themselves to the darkness, it is possible to discover that we are in a long court, very narrow where we are, widening somewhat a little farther on, and then passing out into some lane or street in which the light of an unseen lamp flickers to the wind. In the wider part of the court, huddled whimsically together in the vague



"They have a fatal propensity for using the knife"

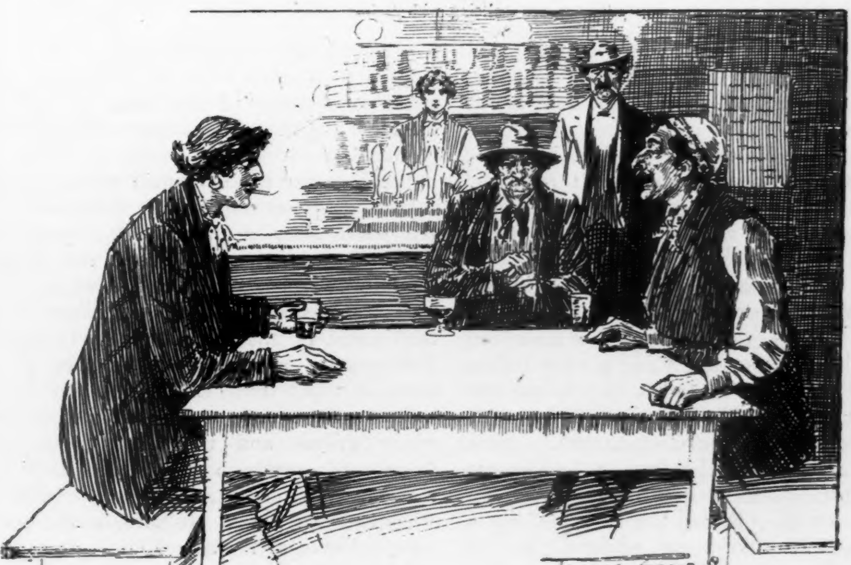


"A glimpse of the dress, the faces, the language, of the land of sunlight and song"

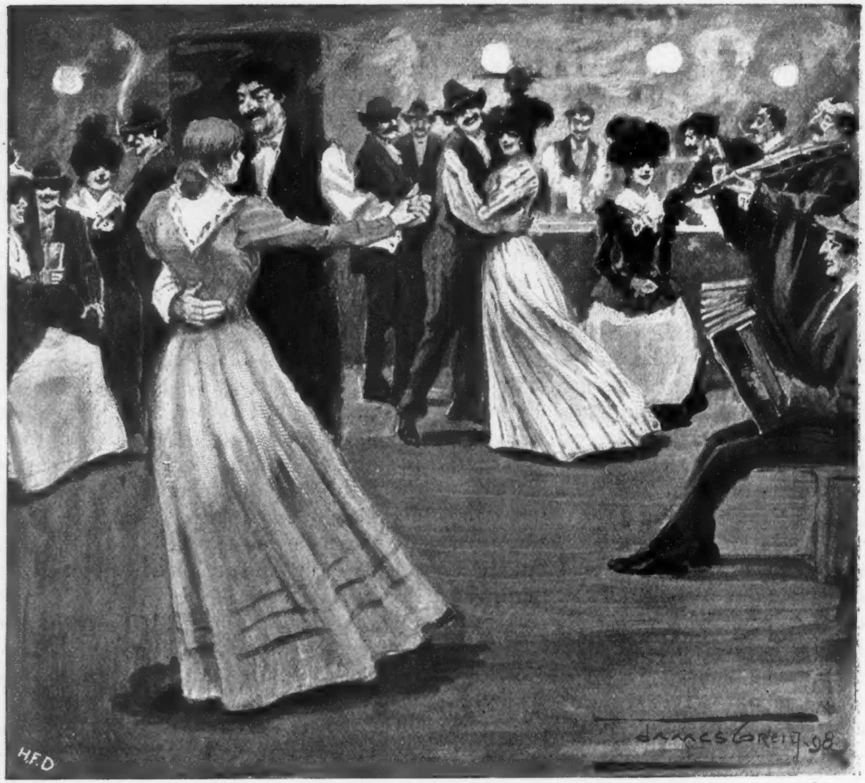
darkness, whole stacks of ice-cream barrows are piled away for the winter months of idleness. Passing out of the court at the far end, we breathe more freely and turn up the hill to Verioni Pellegrino's shop, where we find the game of "Mora" in full swing, as we enter and go round the partition from behind which the shouts are coming.

"Mora" is played with the fingers, and may be engaged in by two or four people, but only a couple can actually play at once. One hand alone of each player is used, and the number called cannot exceed ten, the highest possible, being the total if all the fingers of the caller's hand and of his opponent's are displayed at once. The caller and his opponent put their hands down smartly on the table at the same instant, each spreading out any number of fingers he chooses, and it is the business of the caller to guess the total. Each correct guess is a point, and the number of points which shall make the game varies and is determined at the start. At every failure to guess the call passes, but he who guesses rightly goes on until he calls wrongly. Another variation of the game is called "Captain." In this game several players engage and all sit in a circle. Before starting they arrange that they shall begin to count at a certain player—say number one in a circle of six. All the players put as many fingers of one hand on the table as they choose—one, two, three, four, or five, just as they are moved. The total is counted and comes, say, to twenty. They then count from the player selected—number one in this case—and go round and round the circle. Whosoever proves to be the twentieth man gets the pot of beer or bottle of wine, or whatever may have been the stake they were playing for. The winner calmly annexes and sticks to the lot, so it will be readily understood that this game is one of the most frequent sources of quarrel in the Italian quarter. The game we see, however, is "Mora." Four men are engaged at it, of whom two have their backs to us and two their faces. The landlord is one of the latter, a sturdy, jovial, curly-headed fellow, who looks for all the world like an operatic brigand, while his partner is a particularly handsome fellow, and surely picturesque enough to make a striking figure as a gondolier on a Venetian canal. The game goes on rapidly, hands are banged down on the table in bewildering succession—it is impossible to follow them—the calls pass and re-pass, but ever ring out fiercely—thus, "Duo," "Quatro," "Setti," "Otto," "Dieci." The operatic brigand takes it all lazily and good-naturedly—he is no player, he says airily over his shoulder—but the handsome gondolier gets terribly excited. His face is all eagerness, his black eyes flash from his opponent's eyes to his fingers, and from his fingers to his eyes. To look at the man, you would think a tragedy was brewing and that a glittering stiletto was ready to slip from its sheath, and ever the cries ring out—"Sei," "Otto," "Novi." A youth on the edge of a group of onlookers skulks away while the excitement is at its highest, furtively glancing at the detective, who whispers that he has just come out of prison for felony. The game comes to an end. We bid the company "Buona Sera"—good-evening—and again pass out into the wet and windy darkness.

We visit Luigi Camoccio's provision shop. It looks like a chandler's. It is hung round with sausages, garlic, and pieces of bacon, so fat that they look like peculiarly-shaped white cheeses, there does not seem to be a streak of lean in one of them. In one corner stands a pile of corn-flour boxes, in another is a great stack of maccaroni boxes, while it is the wife, of course, who is behind the counter, Antonio himself lounging more or less gracefully in front of it. But there is nothing to be seen here and we depart presently, to visit a couple of night clubs. The first of these is the Club Garibaldi, and there is some parleying with the doorkeeper in broken English and Italian. It is only after he has summoned the *padrone*, indeed, that we are allowed to enter. The club consists of one miserable little room, with some dirty coloured tissue-paper as hangings; wooden forms are placed around the walls, and at the inner end of the room a blear-eyed man presides at a bar, on one corner of which are a few sausages and cakes, and behind which are ranged various bottles. The dancing has stopped as we enter, giving an opportunity to survey the company as they sit on the forms, whispering to each other and eyeing the strangers. The men are of the lowest class of Italians, and not one of them would be the worse for a bath. The girls are English without exception, and all of the lowest London type. By-and-by the *padrone*, unshaven and in dirty shirt-sleeves, selects a partner—the most snub-nose, draggle-tail of the lot—and the dancing begins again. It is a waltz, to music played on an accordion and a violin, by two youths sitting in a corner. We watch the dance out. There is nothing offensive or vulgar about it; it is only disagreeable because of the squalid surroundings and the brutal faces that wheel round the low room, with a picture of Garibaldi, red-shirted and impassive, looking calmly down from the wall. It is a relief to get out into the night



"'Mora,' as played with the fingers"



"They are waltzing with Italian men"

air once more from this hot and foul atmosphere.

The Club Vesuvio is a slight improvement on the Club Garibaldi. It is larger, consisting of two rooms thrown into one, and the furniture is a trifle better, inasmuch as there are a few chairs in front, in addition to the forms ranged around the walls in the back portion, where the dancing is taking place. Here again all the women are English, and they are waltzing with Italian men to the customary music. Above the bar is a copy of the rules of the club and the names of the office-bearers. These names, below the heading—"Reglamente del Club Vesuvio"—read like the cast in an Italian opera. Beside this is pasted up a notice, "No ladies are admitted to the Club after 1 A.M." Here is indeed a stringent regulation in a free country. The grotesque humour of the thing is emphasised by a glance round the room at the "ladies."

Leaving the Club Vesuvio we descend a narrow by-way which dips down a hill. We pause above a grating which projects about a foot into the pavement, with which it is flush, and is about three feet wide. No light comes from beneath it to-night, but this is one of the worst dens in London. This grating is the only ventilation to a room of which the ceiling is so low that a six-foot man cannot stand upright, and in which thieves and the vilest women in London congregate to dance. Not far from this underground haunt of vice and infamy, lying between it and Holborn, is the spot where Dickens located Fagin's den, in "Oliver Twist."

All this belongs, of course, to the seamiest side of the life of the Italian colony. It has been selected just because it is the side of which it is most difficult to get a glimpse. But the daylight wanderer through this corner of Clerkenwell can see much that is pleasant and cheerful—knots of laughing men, with olive-tinted skin, dark eyes, and curly, black hair; groups of gossiping women, with quaint head-gear, big earrings, white chemisettes, and brilliant shoulder-shawls; merry children, with picturesque touches of colour in their dress, and oddly foreign-looking. You will get little information, however, should you venture to speak to any of the inhabitants here. They will profess not to understand you, which may or may not be true. You can never tell. Here, as in the East-end of London, nobody ever knows anything. Everybody is suspicious. It is as bad as the Circumlocution Office, where you are only blankly stared at if you "want to know, you know."

MRS. JILKS' HUSBAND

By J. HITCHINS

> A noble heart to teach a virtuous scorn;
> To scorn to owe a duty over-long.
> To scorn to be for benefits foreborne;
> To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;
> To scorn to bear an injury in mind.
>
> Lady Elizabeth Carew.

If those who read the following could see Sarah Jilks, they would, I think, be more interested in her and her story than they can be owing to word-painting only.

Sarah is sixty, tall and angular; a mass of iron-grey hair is, as a rule, tucked tidily behind her ears, but on occasions gives her considerable trouble owing to its tendency to curl and ripple. A pair of honest kindly brown eyes redeems her face from absolute hardness, and relieves the stern lines around her mouth, lines which she will never now get rid of, being the outcome of wounded feelings unhealable during many past years.

Her costume on "work-a-days" consists of a decrepit out-of-date straw bonnet, a rusty black small shawl or "turnover" crossed in front and tied in a knot behind, and a lilac cotton gown pinned fishwife fashion over a linsey petticoat copiously patched. Her foot-gear varies. Boots and shoes are said to denote the character of the wearer, but seeing that Sarah is in the habit of standing in her neighbour's, being presented with those cast off by the Squire's mother-in-law, the rector's wife, and the doctor's maiden sister, holders of the aforementioned opinion would be considerably exercised in mind over her pedal arrangements.

For eighteen years she has been caretaker and cleaner of the church belonging to a small Devonshire parish. All the year round the rector thereof is careful to keep the sacred edifice open from early morn to latest eve, that it may ever be a resting-place for parishioners and wayfarers. Matins and evensong daily ascend on high, though many a time and oft Sarah and the parson are the only worshippers.

In the eyes of the villagers she is a power second only to the rector himself; at christenings she stands sponsor to all sponsorless babies, and astonishes their mothers by her familiarity with the baptismal responses. When a wedding is onward she is apparently here, there, and everywhere, arranging, suggesting, and at times, be it said, commanding. If a puny-faced bridegroom betrays signs of a settled determination to get himself united to the chief bridesmaid, it is Sarah who, by dint of one or two hasty but energetic nudges, elbows him towards the right individual, and thus prevents a village tragedy.

She is an authority on church music, and has been known to candidly advise the organist to play the hymn tunes "more quieter like," and to "take it out in the volingtaries"—whether she meant the taking out was to be from the instrument or the bellows-blower is not on record.

Her beloved rector comes in for a share of her criticism, being on occasions politely informed by her that he is "the hand for preaching temporary" meaning extempore, "for they sort o' sermints beats the wrote ones hollow."

That "cleanliness is next to godliness" she is fully persuaded as the interior of the sacred building testifies. Nowhere can be seen purer aisle pavements or pews more scrupulously free from dust. Spiders have apparently found out Sarah's proclivities, at any rate no sacrilegious cobweb is ever known to get fully woven, even if begun.

"You will come to the green and have your dinner off some of the roasted bullock, Mrs. Jilks?" observed the busy rector as he was leaving the church after the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service.

"No thank ye, sir," was the reply; "I means to drink her Majesty's good health and happiness in a cup of tea what's to go on in the schoolroom to afternoon: that I feels be my bounden duty, for our Soverin' have been a pattern Queen and no mistake; ay, and a pattern to all woman folks into the bargain. I'm gwine for to eat my bit o' dinner out in buryin'-ground, as be my habits 'pon sunshiny days."

She was keeping the Jubilee in her fashion, being clad in her Sunday garments, a sombre suit of black. Before she went to the festal tea she surveyed herself in the vestry glass in order to make sure that she was looking what she called "decently respectable," and as she did so her thoughts flew back to the time when she was sweet seventeen and considered the belle of a village lying at the other end of the county.

Joe Jilks was courting her then. Joe was twenty, and the best-looking fellow for miles round. It was his sulky, jealous temper and liking for strong liquor that had made her refuse to get married to him for a dozen years and more; she could afford to wait, for she was the only child of a widowed mother, and together they earned a fair living as laundresses. But when her mother died, Joe was very loving and tender, and after a while they were quietly married. Then for a season all went well, until he let his old habits gain ground over his good intentions; and she in consequence considered it her duty to nag and scold continually, which only made matters worse. Three children came to them: and when the youngest was barely two years old its father went off to America in search of work, and from that day had never sent a line to say how he was faring, let alone money for the maintenance of his family. Sarah struggled on bravely for a year or two after his departure, hoping for news by every post; and, at last, hearing that she could obtain occupation as caretaker of a church in the parish where Joe's sister lived, she left her native place with her little ones. These she lost when they were still quite young, and they were laid in the churchyard appertaining to the building she worked in.

Putting her reminiscences on one side, she gave her hair a final persuasive smooth down, settled her bonnet-strings afresh, and betook herself to the schoolroom, where she fulfilled her intentions of doing honour to her Queen, exchanged a few greetings with some neighbours and acquaintances, and then wended her way back to the church. Entering by the vestry door her eyes fell upon a figure half sitting, half lying in one of the chancel pews.

"Got ye's hat on I see," muttered Sarah to herself; "'tis a good job the rector ain't here to see yer."

The form remained motionless, though she moved a step or two nearer.

"Tramp, and sound asleep, I declares," again remarked she, *sotto voce*.

She was in the habit of soliloquising aloud, probably owing to having been so much alone. She could not see the sleeper's face, his back being turned towards her; one of his arms rested on the edge of the pew and supported his head; an empty jacket-sleeve betrayed that he was minus the other one.

"'Taint much of a hat, to be sure," murmured Sarah; "the Lord 'll make allowances, I reckon. Dead tired, if ever a chap was. Only one arm, too; maybe 'tis owing to war and fighting for her Majesty. Ye can bide on a bit till closing-up time, ye poor crayter."

She went out and strolled among the graves, then back again to the vestry for the rector's water-bottle, wherewith she watered some rose-trees which had been planted on a newly-made grave.

The wayfarer was still sleeping when she returned to the church, keys in hand ready for locking up, but he had altered his position and was now facing her.

All the blood in her body seemed to rush to her head, causing her eyes to grow dim, her heart to beat like a sledge hammer, and the keys to jingle loudly in her quivering fingers. Probably their rattling aroused the man, for he opened his eyes and dazedly made an uncertain effort to rise; it was a failure, for he was only half awake.

"So ye've come back?" said Sarah in a hoarse, strained voice.

"My God!" exclaimed the man.

"Who telled ye to look for I here?"

"Nobody."

"Then ye warn't arter I?"

"S'elp me, I hadn't the face to, Sal."

"Ye come arter yer sister: her's dead years agone."

"Would to heaven I was," groaned the man.

"I'm gwine for to lock up church," said Sarah grimly. "Passon sets closing-time hisself."

The man rose wearily.

"I'm gwine. I owns I've been a bad husband to ye, there's no 'count for ye to think aught 'bout I, but I meaned for to send ye home the gold I thought to be gettin' out in they furrin parts; things was all 'gainst me somehow, and to last I were sort o' 'shamed to write and own how 'twere, 'sides, I heared tell as how another man were courtin' ye."

"That were a lie."

"The childer 's growed fine, I reckons: maybe they'm round 'bout near, I'd be for glimpsin' o' 'em unbeknown afore I goes."

"Ay, they'm near by; where did ye think o' gwine?"

"Back to old parish and into Union, there's nought else," here he glanced at his empty jacket-sleeve. "Sal, will ye kiss me just once afore I goes out?"

"I'm jest gwine mysel'."

She motioned him to precede her, and he shuffled as well as he was able towards the vestry door; he was sadly footsore, and his grey head hung heavily down.

"If ye'll hold on to this I'll turn the key quicker," observed Sarah, in matter-of-fact tones, handing him the cotton umbrella she was wont to carry, rain or shine, when she had on her best apparel. "There, that's locked easy to-night; now come on."

He followed her like a dog, until she suddenly stopped beside three small graves.

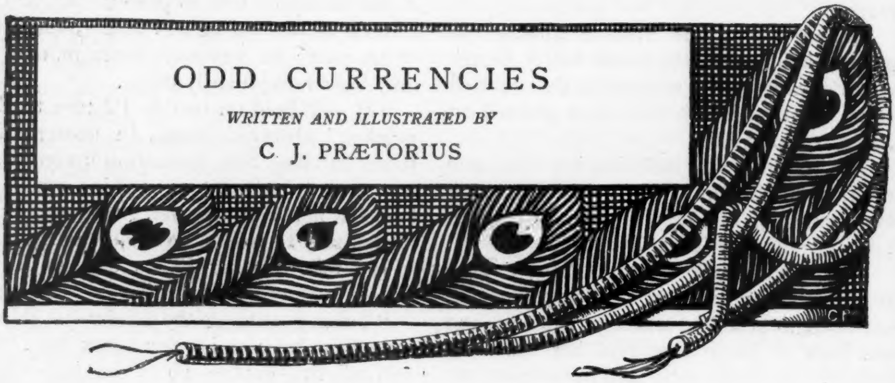
"I allus goes to see the childer last thing," came from between her dry drawn lips: "the one wi' the double pinks be little Sal's, mignonette be Joey's, and where the hen-and-chicken daisies rises be him that were the babby."

With a despairing cry the man threw himself face downward on the raised earth. A second later Sarah was on her knees trying to lift his grey head on to her bosom—kissing his face as she had done in the days of old, soothing and caressing when dry sobs began to shake his frame, and mingling her tears with his when at last he fell to weeping like a child.

"Ye must think, like as I does, that please the Lord above we'll meet 'em again some day," she said, when his grief became less violent; "'twon't be so hard for I to wait now ye've come back; the bit cottage where I lives be close by. I reckons us had best be gwine indoors."

Most of the villagers were off to see the big bonfire lit on a neighbouring hill, so they escaped the gaze of the curious, though for that matter there wasn't a prouder woman in all her Majesty's dominions than Sarah Jilks as she gently led her wanderer home.

It is due to the latter to inform the reader that for some time he was very much cut up at the idea of having to be a burden on his wife, but after a while the rector employed him about odd jobs; later on he was engaged to fetch and carry the Squire's letter-bags, also the doctor's medicine-bottles, and seems likely to become almost as necessary a person in the parish as his better half, partly no doubt because everybody around feels it incumbent upon them to be interested in "Mrs. Jilks' husband."



ODD CURRENCIES

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

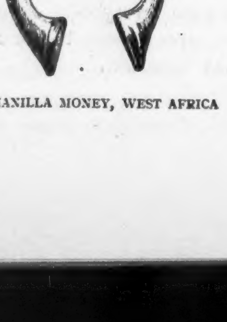
C. J. PRÆTORIUS

IN historic times, gold, silver, copper, and tin have been the usual materials forming a standard currency; before these, and at the present time, there are and have been some curious forms of money.

Corn, nuts, olive oil, palm nibs, cotton cloth, straw mats, cubes of gum, brass rods, cubes of tea, bees' wax, tobacco, shells, teeth, gum, salt, red ochre, feathers, jet, stones, skins and cattle, have all been used to facilitate exchange, thereby forming a primitive currency.

The following notes and illustrations are of currencies, some in use at the present day, others being antique specimens, preserved in various public or private collections.

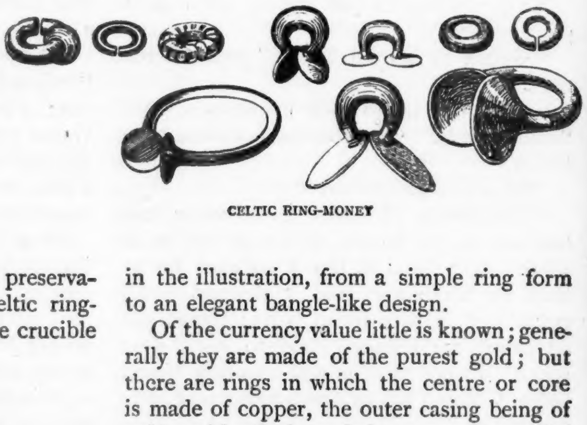
There are in existence, in perfect preservation, many fine specimens of Celtic ring-money, which have only escaped the crucible by lying concealed in the earth for hundreds of years.



MANILLA MONEY, WEST AFRICA

Buried by their owners for security in times of war or panic, many of the hiders never returned, and the treasure lay in the earth until a ploughman or some spade discovered it.

Celtic ring-money varies in shape, as shown in the illustration, from a simple ring form to an elegant bangle-like design.



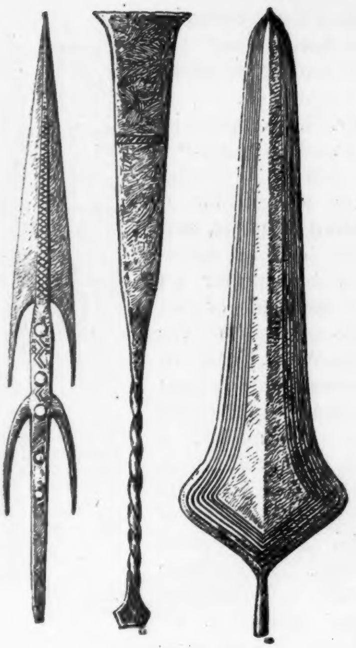
CELTIC RING-MONEY

Of the currency value little is known; generally they are made of the purest gold; but there are rings in which the centre or core is made of copper, the outer casing being of gold, evidently intended to represent the true golden ring.

Rings of silver have been found, but are of great rarity.

Ring-money may have been in use during the first century A.D., or even before that date. Rings of bronze, said to be ring-money, have been found at Ballinaskill varying in diameter from half an inch to one and a half inch; others say they were sewn on garments as a protection against weapons.

At Rome and throughout the Italian tribes



CENTRAL AFRICA

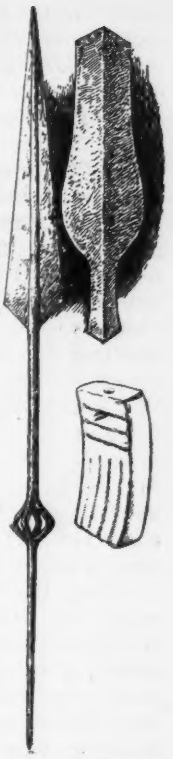
generally oxen and sheep formed the oldest medium of exchange, ten sheep being equal to one ox.

In the "Iliad" there is mention, in connection with the funeral games, of the great prize tripod valued at twelve oxen, the second prize, a female slave, being worth only four oxen.

In Africa there are several varieties of unusual money. The following incident gives an example of one mode of using currency:

In West Africa there was an illustrious king, Kamrasi by name, of the Wanyoro tribe; he sent off an expedition provided with six hundred majembé, a kind of iron-spade money; the expenditure of two majembé per diem would provide for the expedition; with them was carried a magic horn, which protected them from danger.

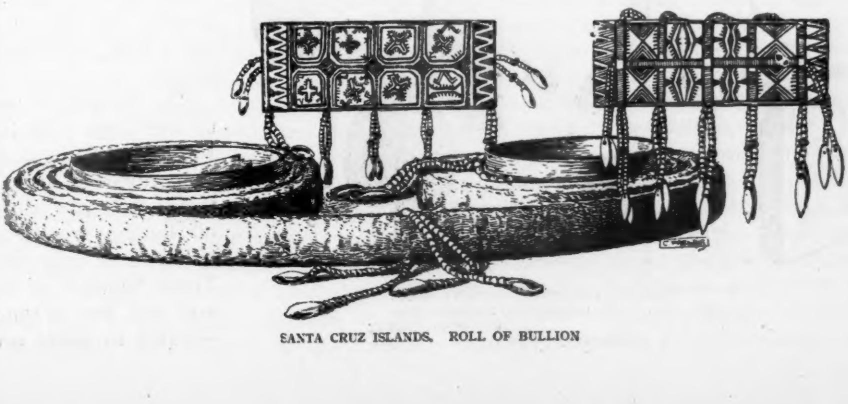
East Central Africa furnishes another form of spade or hoe money made of hammered iron; these are made and used by the Bari tribe, who trade them with people from the interior. This hoe is of no practical use, except as a portable form of exchange, after barter being converted into weapons and ornaments. At Urua, Central Africa, is another form of currency, in the shape of a flat cruciform ingot of copper, nine and three-quarter inches in length. Spears formed a currency in use near the Stanley Falls as recently as 1895. The iron spear is very well made; in the shaft is an ornament; the whole thing is five feet five inches in length, and could well be used as a weapon. It is a recognised currency at Lower Lomamû; the smaller object is from the same district, of a graceful shape, but of no use except as money.



SLAVE MONEY, WEST AFRICA.

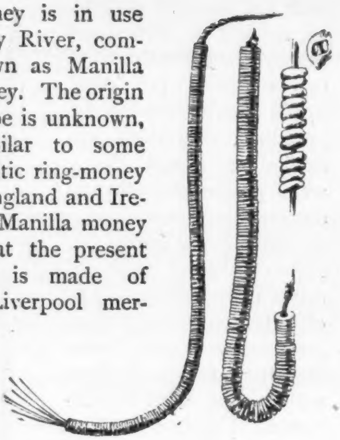
In West Africa a large stone bead is used, principally for "slave money."

One of the most interesting forms of



SANTA CRUZ ISLANDS. ROLL OF BULLION

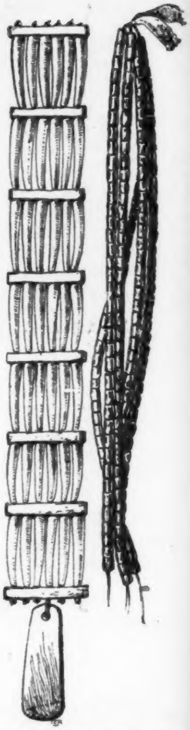
native money is in use near Bonny River, commonly known as Manilla or ring-money. The origin of the shape is unknown, but is similar to some kinds of Celtic ring-money found in England and Ireland. This Manilla money is in use at the present time, and is made of bronze. Liverpool merchants trading on the West Coast manufacture these rings in England; each ring is worth about 4¼*d.* The natives will only trade for rings of proper weight and metal.



DEWARRA. NEW BRITAIN

Among the Indians of British Columbia strings of Haiqua shells ornament the borders of their dresses; these serve also as money, a string of ordinary length being worth one beaver-skin. Skins seem to have formed one of the earliest species of money amongst the Indians, and are still to be found among them in Alaska, but a more portable form has been used by them—*i.e.*, small pieces of leather.

Wampum-money was much treasured among the North American Indians, consisting of cylindrical beads made from two kinds of shells, a purple bead worth about 3*d.* each and the white bead value 1½*d.*



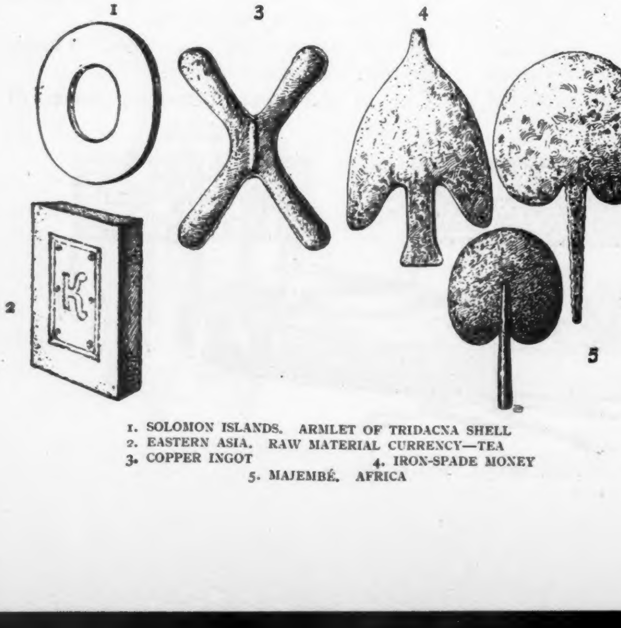
WAMPUM-MONEY. NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

Mr. G. M. Sproat in his travels tells us, "I was offered a young pretty woman for a hundred blankets, and a wife can be sometimes bought for an old axe-head or six minx-skins on the North-West Coast of America. Canine teeth of the wapiti (elk) pass as money, a tooth being worth about twenty-five cents amongst the tribes of Idaho and Montana Indians. These teeth are also used as ornamental trimmings on their dresses and horse trappings, but not as a currency between Indians and whites."

Cowry shells are still small change in Asia, and a curious form of raw material currency is met with in Eastern Asia, especially in Tibet—a brick made of tea about ten inches by five.

In New Britain the native money is called "dewarra," being made of small cowry shells rubbed down and bleached and threaded on strips of cane five or six feet in length. Thirty to forty of these lengths will buy a fat pig; a little pig costs ten lengths.

This dewarra is made up into large coils from 100 to 500 fathoms, and in wartime or invasion these coils are carried off by the women and hidden until quiet times. Three fathoms of dewarra will buy a woman—equal to about seven



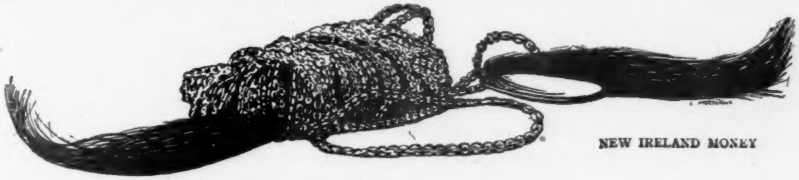
1. SOLOMON ISLANDS. ARMLET OF TRIDACNA SHELL
2. EASTERN ASIA. RAW MATERIAL CURRENCY—TEA
3. COPPER INGOT 4. IRON-SPADE MONEY
5. MAJEMBÉ. AFRICA

shillings and sixpence in English money. One fathom equals two shillings and sixpence, for which a baby of two months old can be bought.

An armlet made of tridacna shell is used as a currency at a high value among the Solomon Islands. Red feathers fastened to a small cord are used as money in the island of Santa Maria, where shell-money is not in use. In New Caledonia one finds money strings made from the hair of the ears of the flying fox. Our illustration shows a roll of bullion from Santa Cruz Islands, West Pacific; it consists of a band of vegetable fibre covered with red parrot feathers. The two boards are placed in the middle, above and below, and the whole is carried in a bag. The owner of this example would certainly be in a position to buy five or six wives, five canoes, and twenty or thirty pigs.

When the Fijian people pay taxes to their king, the day is considered one of high festival. Assembling, they bring with them their goods: sinnet, masi, reeds, and women's dress (often with the wearers inside them), also the much-prized sperm whale's tooth, this being a regular and much-prized form of currency. A poor man dare not possess one of these teeth.

When the king has received all the taxes he makes a short speech and gives the people permission to live, much to their joy.



NEW IRELAND MONEY

A RUN TO THE CAPE

By the Editor

A RUN to the Cape and back is the most perfect of sea voyages. As a rule the timid passenger may depend on enjoying such calm weather as to render sea-sickness improbable. I went and returned by the same ship, and, consequent on the inferior coal rendered necessary by the Welsh miners' strike, we took the unusually long period of seventeen days each way, or thirty-four in all, and during that time there were not more than thirty hours when the motion of the vessel was disagreeable. Of course no one can be sure of the Bay of Biscay, although my experience, after crossing it nine times, makes me believe that its bad reputation is undeserved; and there is generally a biggish sea to be expected within twenty-four hours of the Cape—but with these exceptions the traveller may safely calculate on delightful weather, and seas that gently rock the ship like a cradle. There is nothing like this to be had when sailing elsewhere from home, except perhaps to the West Indies. The voyage to America is always at the risk of heavy seas, fogs, icebergs, and rapid changes from heat to cold. The Mediterranean is anything but the summer lake it is usually represented. It is one of the most treacherous and stormy pieces of water to be met with. In few places can you discover a worse record as regards wind and sea than in the Gulf of Lyons. But the voyage to the Cape in the magnificent liners of the Union or the Castle Companies is one which the most timid may take with the assurance of weather usually delicious. The *Norman*, the ship I sailed in, proved not only luxurious in all her appointments, but was one of the steadiest possible. Nor need any one fear the heat of the tropics. There is generally a breeze tempering the warmth, and even the speed of the ship prevents stagnation. There are frequently, it must be confessed, days when the atmosphere is dull—with the aspect of a Scotch mist without its rain—and when everything feels clammy, and at night a steaming heat prevails in the cabins. But the impression I retain is that of brilliant sunshine, and a bright sea with waves breaking in crisp white foam.

The Mediterranean voyage has, however, one marked advantage over that to the Cape—in the interest caused by the number of places that are passed within sight. After Ushant—and getting a hazy glimpse of the coast of Spain—no land is sighted between England and Cape Town, with the exception of Madeira and the Canaries, and a distant view of Cape Verde. The passenger to the Mediterranean has, on the contrary, almost a continual panorama—Spain and Portugal, Gibraltar, and the coast of Africa from Tangier to Algeria, Malta and Brindisi, maintain a continued interest. But in spite of all I place the trip to the Cape foremost among all manageable holiday voyages.

And there is surely no medicine so curative for the over-worked as such a sea-voyage. The rest for mind and body is compulsory and absolute, while the splendid air, with its subtle salt flavour, the security afforded from letters, telegrams, callers, and for me, in a special manner, from ecclesiastics, ecclesiastical intelligence of all kinds, not to speak of manuscripts and proof-sheets—even the deck games, too silly to be indulged in elsewhere, all form a most healthy alterative. Then there is time for reading books one does not think of opening at home, and the chats one has with the people on board, representative of many strange experiences, are most enjoyable and instructive. For we had all sorts and conditions of men and women. The voyage was a continuous delight from the hour when we watched the huge piles of mailbags carried on board at Southampton and pitched into the hold, and when the ship's orchestra—a very good one it is—played the usual farewell tunes, and the gangways were withdrawn, and the last greetings—a few tearful—were exchanged, and the great engines began to throb, and we knew that we were "off," till in the early morning of a day some eight weeks afterwards, when we steamed into the same dock, on our return.

Early on the fourth morning we sighted Porto Santo, the first of the Madeira group. Gradually the grandness of the mountain ranges of Madeira itself grew more distinct, although white folds of mist wrapped the summits. There is a wild spit of rocky shore jutting far northwards, and ending in a natural arch, like the window of a ruined cathedral. From this the land rises boldly and wildly towards the central mass. As one sails along the shore one is reminded of some of the Greek islands. Sweet villages nestle in the bays, and white cottages are scattered far up along the hills, with terraced gardens of vine and figs and maize around them, while high against the sky stretch the serrated ridges of the mountains that rise in some places over six thousand feet. On turning round a headland Funchal is revealed in its extraordinary beauty. There are few lovelier scenes; for this picturesque old city, with its ancient castles and ramparts and church towers, rises from the shore to a great height, the houses perched and piled among rocks, ravines, and ridges, and all filled in with the richest greenery. No one landing there for the first time, and ascending by the abominable little train which snorts up the steep incline to the lofty church of St. Maria de Monte, but must be filled with wonder at the wealth of vegetation, in the midst of which the houses are almost hidden. Every inch of soil is utilised. Flowers are everywhere and grapes in cluster, and the banana, peach, almond, nespolo japonico, cactus, aloe, and Indian corn cram every patch of ground or ledge of rock. I had spent seven happy days in Madeira some three years previously, so that it was not new to me, and yet the beauty came as a surprise.

There was, of course, the usual crowd of shore-boats alongside, some laden with Madeira products and others carrying half-naked lads who came to earn a few coppers by diving. And the exhibition was worth the expenditure, not so much on account of the diving as the loveliness of the effect as seen in the clear water. I never beheld such water. The colour was the blue of the sky, and it was transparent as air. When the sun shone under the boats they seemed to be floating in light, and when a diver plunged—perhaps from the highest davit of the ship, shooting down like an arrow to catch the copper before it reached the bottom—the eye could trace his course as he swam along far beneath and then gradually came to the surface.

At daylight, on the following morning, on looking through the porthole, I saw Teneriffe plainly visible, like a pale lavender cloud against the dawn. On both the outward

VIEW IN THE INTERIOR, MADEIRA

and homeward voyages we had the rare advantage of seeing the "Pic" without a cloud. It rises in a graceful sweep to the apex—thirteen thousand feet above the sea—but whether caused by the height of the rest of the island, or by distance, it did not appear nearly so impressive as Mount Ætna, although it is one thousand feet higher.

After Teneriffe we were for fourteen days without sight of land, except a distant view of Cape Verde, with its trees and houses—an uncongenial-looking spot for Frenchmen to be settled in! But the sea, with its changing aspects, has always an interest for those that love the waves. Sometimes it was of a dark indigo, sometimes a light green, and often of a lovely pale blue, as if

> Through the sky's inverted azure
> Softly swam the boat.

There were days when there was nothing but "the long roll of the sapphire sea." Such a long roll!—smooth and softly rounded—and seemingly a hundred yards from crest to crest. As we approached the Equator the flying fish created a daily interest. When close to the Line they rose in large coveys that after a swift flight fell in a shower into the sea. I was surprised at the distance which they could fly, and very beautiful they seemed with their wings of gauze and silvery white bodies. Our ship was too high for them to fly on board, as they often do, especially when attracted by light. A lady told me that when on the way to Jamaica she was playing whist in the cabin near a bright lamp, when a flying fish, coming in by the open window, knocked the cards out of her hand, and next morning she had it to breakfast.

The whales also, which abound to the south of the Line, were interesting—especially when they came close to the ship. One, probably a grampus, was being chased by a "thresher," and in its struggle to escape leapt right out of the water, showing all its length, and then falling into the sea amid a magnificent splash of foam. On another occasion, on the way home, while sitting on deck I heard close to the side of the vessel something between a growl and a roar, and on rushing to the gunwale there was a huge whale with its nose almost touching the plates of the ship's side and showing its great back, like an inverted boat, among the broken water of the steamer's way. It had evidently got a fright, for after making the noise I had heard, caused by taking breath, it sank, to appear again in our wake far behind. Whales are sometimes found asleep on the sea, and our good captain told me of how the commander of a sister ship, when presiding at a concert, was startled by the engines stopping. On going on deck he found that the steamer had run into a sleeping whale, and that such a mass of flesh was clinging round the bow that the officer had stopped the engines and was about to reverse them to disentangle the vessel.

And we had tropic rain and tropic lightning, both on a grand scale. The rain came down almost solid, spouting in floods from the upper deck and hissing like hail along the boiling surface of the sea. The effect was curious when the waves which had been breaking in foam were crushed by the raindrops into a forced calm. Every ripple became smoothly defined, so that one saw the anatomy, as it were, of the wave-form and wave-motion, each articulation and swelling surface standing out like the muscles on the torso of a Hercules, while the smoke of the rain drove all the while along the ocean plain. The storm of lightning which we beheld on the return voyage, when several miles distant from the land, was simply glorious. The flashes were ceaseless, scarcely a second that had not several: there were broad shafts of fire going straight to earth, forked lightning in zigzags, grand "bouquets" when there was a simultaneous discharge along the line of cloud.

What a little world is contained in a ship when you are led through it all, down hatchways and along dark passages, and see the details that are not in evidence in saloon or cabin. Down we go to the engine-rooms by tiers of iron ladders, and we are at once amid the clash and whirr of piston and driving shafts, and hear the panting of the machinery for feeding the boilers or driving the dynamos, or for producing ice—a strange combination in such an atmosphere; and yet there it is, beside the hot steam pipes, the rime of frost lying like wool on the cylinder. Again, from the gleam of polished steel in the engine-room you pass into the dark labyrinths and caves where stand row after row of furnaces, where the dust-begrimed firemen toil and sweat, their black forms and heated faces splendidly revealed as some furnace door is opened and the red light makes a vivid picture in the midst of the pitchy gloom. Or you pass from the heat of the furnaces to the freezing-room, where the flesh meat is kept, and find an atmosphere seven degrees below zero; or visit the storeroom and the bunkers for linen, and learn how in the former, amid all sorts of groceries and stocks of wine, there are 20,000 bottles of mineral water taken for each voyage and often all consumed, and how there are 40,000 towels in the bunkers, besides table-napkins, sheets, table-cloths, &c. Verily the comfort of all these passengers lolling about the deck is not secured without attention to details.

But it is at night that a ship seems to me most impressive, when she is forging her way through the darkness, a floating palace, the electric lights flashing from every port and the decks all ablaze—being fitted as a ball-room—and the dancers whirling round to the strains of the orchestra. It is curious then to go up on the boat deck where all is silent, and the topmasts pass backwards and forwards across the starry sky, and no one is visible but the officer of the watch pacing to and fro on the bridge, and the quartermaster standing like a statue on the deck below. The contrast was, indeed, great, especially on one occasion. But an hour or two before I had seen on the chart a group of islands, the inhabitants of which were described as dangerous savages, and a picture was given of one of their canoes, exactly like those of Borneo. Although not visible, we were within two or three hours of those islands, and it was strange to realise that so close to those glittering lights and the music and dancing there were these wild natives, away there amid the darkness.

The Southern Cross was a disappointment, a poor affair compared to our own Great Bear, but some of the planets burned in that southern heaven with extraordinary brilliance. One star, Sirius, I think, made a silver track like the moon across the waves.

One of the chief interests of these voyages is in the people you meet and the talks you have with them. There are sportsmen going out to shoot lions, who tell you of their adventures in the far interior. There are Afrikanders in full sympathy with Oom Paul, and others, both Afrikander and English, who abominate him. There are commercial travellers galore, clever fellows they are, beginning their long round of voyaging for orders—one of them told me he had about fifty thousand miles to go before he got home. I liked to get among the third-class passengers, for although a mixed set, they were interesting. There were strong miners from Cornwall going to try their luck in Africa, as their industry had collapsed at home; there were worthless adventurers—mere weeds, the flotsam and jetsam of civilisation—who were loafers at home and would be loafers abroad; there were tawdry music-hall girls going to Johannesburg, and certainly not attractive when on shipboard. And on the return voyage we had the old campaigners, some successful, many disappointed. I liked getting "a crack" with the decent Scots men and women and to hear their experiences. As to Johannesburg, there was but one opinion—"Hell upon earth" was the usual laconic formula.

We had some curious tales of the sea. There was one that sounded very weird regarding one of the largest and best known of the liners. She was on her outward voyage when all on board were startled by a marvellous noise as if some one with a sledge hammer was thundering at her stern. The engines were working smoothly and it was impossible to make out the cause, yet bang! bang! on it went as if it would stave in the vessel. Was it the waves striking at a certain angle? But it was not like the noise made by the stroke of a sea, and as it continued when the course was changed, it did not seem to depend on any angle. Was it a warning from the other world? All explanations failing, the ship was put about and ran for Vigo, and a Spanish diver was sent down, who, mistaking the projecting boxwood packing of the screw for severe damage, reported it as such. Another steamer was telegraphed for to take the passengers, and two tugs were sent to bring the ship home. But on leaving Vigo with the tugs, the engines were tried, and away the big ship went as sound and fast as ever. There was no trace of damage when she was docked, and the cause of the noise was never clearly explained, although a seafaring man at home has since told me that it must have been a piece of cable that had got entangled in the screw, and the end being sent flying round had struck her stern with the banging strokes which had frightened every one. Another interesting story was that of the strange fog which prevailed a few years ago on the West Coast of Africa for several days. Our captain passed through it, and described how the deck was covered with a fine soft dust, not the sand which is often blown from the African desert far out to sea, but a smooth dust, and in the dust were found the wings of insects whose habitat is South America. It was believed that this dust had been carried across the Atlantic from South America after some tornado which had whirled it far aloft, and, when we recollect what followed the outburst of Krakatoa, this belief is quite credible. In this case the dust cloud extended for a great distance, and the fog it produced was so dense that steamers had to slow down and sound the steam horn.

One fact, familiar probably to many of my readers, but which was new to me, was the peculiar position occupied by the Island of Ascension, at which the intermediate steamers of both companies frequently call. Unlike any other possession of her Majesty, Ascension is rated as a ship, and its inhabitants, being chiefly of the Navy, appear on the books of the flagship at the Cape. The name of the flagship appears on the men's caps, and yet they constitute the islanders of Ascension. The commander of a cruiser described to me the absurdity of the situation on finding a bluejacket acting as keeper of the goats, far up on the hillside, and how he stood at "attention" among the goats as the officer passed.

But what interested me most was the gathering of information from all sorts and conditions of men and women I met on board ship and ashore as to the burning political and local questions affecting our dominion in Africa. It was my good fortune to meet delightful and clever people —among others Dr. Jameson, who travelled home with me—holding various shades of opinion, so that one was able to gauge the actual condition of affairs. But I reserve this for another article.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR FEBRUARY

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE RIVER OF GOD

"There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."—Is. xxxiii. 21

UNLIKE most historical cities, Jerusalem had no river. A fountain or two, a well or two, and an intermittent stream were all its water supply. That fact throws light on more than one Old Testament passage: for example, on Isaiah's contrast of the waters of Siloam, symbolising God's gentle sway, with the "river strong and mighty," the symbol of Assyria's tryanny; or again, on the triumphant exclamation of the Psalmist, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." It especially lights up this prophetic word which declares what the riverless Jerusalem might be to its inhabitants if they would trust in God.

It suggests that He can and will supply all deficiencies. The city was perched on its barren, hot rock, and its inhabitants must often have wished that there had been running down the sun-bleached bed of Kedron a flashing stream. The prophet bids them trust in God, who will be to them such a river. In all lives there are things lacking, and these may all be compensated and made up if we will hold fast by God; and though, to the apprehension of sense, we dwell in "a dry and thirsty land where no water is," faith will see flashing and flowing the glad waters of the divine presence, mirroring the stars, and by their reflections showing us the heaven above us. If there is anything in our circumstances in regard to which we often feel sadly—and are sometimes tempted to feel bitterly—how much stronger and better equipped we should be if it were otherwise, we may be sure that God can supply the want, which is really a merciful summons to seek our sufficiency from and in Him. Our felt deficiencies are doors for His entrance.

That divine presence, apprehended by simple trust, is also our true defence. A city with a broad, unbridged river between it and the invader is secure. The Nile was "the rampart" and "the wall" of Thebes: Babylon was safe amid the serpent-like coils of the Euphrates; Venice has lived through wild times of war because girdled by her lagoons. God's city has this River for its moat, "wherein shall go no galley with oars, nor gallant ship shall pass thereby." Not a keel shall dare to cut its waters, nor break their surface with the wet flash of invading oars. If we will but knit ourselves to God by trust and communion, it is plain prose fact that no foe will ever get near enough to harm us. That is a truth for faith, not for sense. "There shall no evil befall thee" promises not exemption from outward trials, but deliverance from the evil in them. The old superstition that a witch's power could not cross a running stream is true in higher fashion, for no real evil can cross the River that encircles the man who has God for his defence, because he has put his trust in God.

That River also brings us true refreshment and satisfaction. The waterless city depended mainly on cisterns, which were often broken and always more or less foul, and sometimes empty. But he who has God for his very own may laugh at drought, and fear no thirst. The River never dries up, is never turbid nor muddied, never sinks in its bed, however many thirsty lips may have drunk of it. That thought of God's eternal all-sufficiency for our needs is a commonplace; would that it were a commonplace of our experience! But too often we try to slake thirst at broken cisterns, and are like shipwrecked men who, in their agony, desperately drink of the tempting illusion that is flashing in the pitiless sunshine round them, each drop of which increases their pangs and hastens their death. If we believed that God could be to us an inexhaustible Source from which we might draw and drink for ever, should we cling so tenaciously as we do to partial and fleeting joys, or mourn their loss as we do, or neglect the one Fountain of strength, peace, and refreshment, and vainly try to find in the world what it, apart from Him, can never give? The rivers of Tartary lose themselves in the sand of the desert, none of them having volume enough to reach the sea, and the rivers from which we try to draw are sand-choked long before our thirst is slaked.

Isaiah's image suggests, too, the manifoldness of the gifts from God's presence. They shape themselves into varying forms according to our needs. "The glorious Lord shall be . . . a place of broad rivers and *streams*," which latter word means the little channels by which a river is led off for irrigation and other purposes. The same idea is presented in the psalm which speaks of the streams which gladden the city of God. The broad river in its unity must be divided up into many rivulets, each of which carries verdure and life into some poor man's little patch of garden. If we cut a narrow channel, we shall have only a tiny thread of the flashing blessing; if we make it deep and broad, we shall have its depth and breadth filled. It is of little profit that a whole Niagara should roll past us; what of it will do us good is so much of it as we draw off by our own faith for our own use. How much of the River of God have we dipped up in our vessels, or taken to water our own vineyards, and refresh our own lips?

The final vision of the Apocalypse tells of the "river of water of life proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," but we do not need to wait till the end to hear its mighty waters rolling, or to drink deep draughts of delight and of supply from God Himself.

SECOND SUNDAY

A BETTER POSSESSION

"Knowing that ye yourselves have a better possession and an abiding one."—Heb. x. 34

The revised version has rightly struck out the intruded words "in heaven," but in the judgment of some it would have done still better if the renderings in its text and margin had changed places. The latter reads "knowing that ye have your own selves for a better possession," and suggests a deep though somewhat unusual thought, namely, that a Christian, and only a Christian, really owns himself. The same thought is repeated a few verses later, where we read of "them that believe unto the saving of the soul," or, as is the more accurate rendering, "to the acquiring" or possession "of the soul." The soul is gained by faith, and the believer has himself for a possession. Is not that exactly what Jesus said: "In your patience ye shall possess your souls," and is not the same thought expressed in the other solemn words of His about gaining the whole world and losing our souls?

Self-control is self-possession, as popular language implies. For he who has the mastery of inclinations, emotions, and passions is called "self-possessed," which is just to say that he who governs himself by temperate reason, firm will, and pure conscience, and only he, owns himself. A drunkard resolves against his vice, and a whiff of the smell of drink shatters his resolutions. Does he own himself? No, his tyrannous craving dominates, and, in a very deep sense, "he cannot call his soul his own." "Whoever committeth sin is the slave of sin," and slaves belong not to themselves but to their owners.

Self-sacrifice is self-possession. From a selfish point of view it is a mistake to make self our aim and centre. The poignant joys that thrill in a heart inflamed by enthusiasm for any great cause are nobler and rarer by far than any which are experienced on the low levels of self-indulgence. The secret of self-possession and of happiness is self-oblivion, as the Pleiades are better seen by looking a little on one side of them.

But the perfection of self-government and of self-oblivion is attained when the heart has yielded itself to Jesus Christ, and, smitten by His great love, like Moses' rock, has been melted down, and flowed out in a gush of self-surrender to Him. So he who gives himself utterly away, in will and affection and obedience to Jesus, thereby first truly owns himself. For he will have new power of self-control, and to him will come the deep joy of enthusiasm for the living Person of Incarnate Perfection; and all the blessedness that wells up from lower forms of self-control and self-sacrifice will be multiplied and brightened a thousand-fold. If we give ourselves to Him, He gives us back to ourselves, calmed, hallowed, ennobled. The altar sanctifies the gift, which returns to the giver with new fragrance and worth.

This ownership of ourselves is our best possession. The writer has just spoken of the Hebrews as taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and now he tells them that what had been taken was little in comparison with what they retained. They had lost farthings; they had kept pounds. Their possession of themselves was best, because it was within and not without. What a man possesses in outward fashion is not possessed in any real sense, and it would often be truer to say that it possesses its so-called owner than that he possesses it. But what we have, or what has us, is small in comparison with what we are. Love is more than money; peace is better than plenty; a quiet heart is better than full coffers. The inward wealth is the true wealth, and nothing will really enrich us but having that life in our spirits which is given through faith in Jesus Christ, and makes a man "lord of himself, if not of lands." A fountain in the courtyard is better than a far-off well, where we have to go with a pitcher, and at the best bring back a scanty, hot, and impure supply.

That possession is better, because it is enduring. Nothing can deprive us of ourselves but ourselves. The fiercest hurricane may blow, but it will only sweep dead leaves from the tree and toss the branches, while stem and roots are unmoved. The wealth which the world can neither give nor take away is better than all the fading sweets and "uncertain riches" which it offers. That last change, which takes away all that men have, leaves them possessed of all that they are. "His glory shall not descend after him." The dead hands that clutched are straightened out, open and empty for evermore; but we take ourselves with us—what we have made of ourselves, and what Christ in us has made of us. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for . . . their works do follow them," and their wealth goes with them.

THIRD SUNDAY

PHILIP THE EVANGELIST—I.

"We entered into the house of Philip the evangelist, which was one of the seven, and abode with him."—Acts xxi. 8

THE recorded life of Philip is divided in two unequal parts, one full of conspicuous service, and one passed in entire obscurity. Like the crescent moon, part of the disc is shining silver and the rest is invisible. His name suggests that he was not a Palestinian Jew, but one who had been born in Gentile lands, and had contracted some Gentile habits of mind and associations. That probability is increased by his having been chosen as one of the Seven, since the reason for their appointment was the complaint of the section of the Church composed of that class of Jews, that their poor were not fairly dealt with. He fled from Jerusalem, like most of the disciples, after Stephen's martyrdom, and, finding himself in Samaria, began to speak of his faith there. His brethren had set him to work at first; his evangelising in Samaria had been laid on him by circumstances and Christain impulses, but his next step was in obedience to a specific command from Christ. He preached the Gospel to the Ethiopian statesman, and thereafter being carried by the Spirit to Ashdod, was again left to the guidance of his own judgment, and tramped all up the Maritime Plain till he reached Cæsarea, where he settled down for twenty years, during which we hear nothing of him. But at last Paul and his companions, on their way to keep the feast at Jerusalem, found that they had a little time to spare at Cæsarea, and took up their residence for "many days" in Philip's house. That is our last glimpse of him. The life, as thus outlined, suggests some useful thoughts. Its two strongly contrasted halves may be studied separately, the brief period of brilliant service first claiming attention.

The circumstances of the selection of the seven superintendents of the charities of the Church, which introduces Philip to the readers of the Acts, teach a valuable lesson as to the way in which the organisation of the early Church was evolved. These seven are never called "deacons" in the New Testament. They were appointed simply as the easiest way of getting over a difficulty, and restoring the confidence of a suspicious section of the Church. The Hellenists were muttering about partiality shown to Palestinian-born Jews, and the Apostles said to them in effect: "Let us have none of this division into classes; choose any seven that you please, and we will make them the almoners." The chosen brethren are apparently all members of the class that considered itself aggrieved, with the exception of one who was "a proselyte of Antioch," and they would therefore command confidence, and be likely to secure at least fair play for the discontented section. The incident plainly shows that the Church had at first no definite organisation, and that what organisation it attained grew up as circumstances required. The two laws which shaped its polity were, first: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren"; and second: "When the Spirit of the Lord is come upon thee, thou shalt do as occasion shall serve thee." Thus the seven were chosen to deal with a temporary difficulty, and their office died out, apparently, when the need had passed, as was probably the case when, soon after, the Church was scattered. The organisation was fluent and flexible, and not meant to be the type after which, in all details, other churches in different circumstances should be constituted. Some of us are unchurched because we have not certain "orders"; but the primitive Church had not them either.

Philip's action in Samaria brings out very strongly the spontaneous impulse which constrains earnest Christians to speak for and of Christ. He found himself in Samaria, among the ancestral enemies of his nation. Nobody told him to preach there. He had no commission from Apostles. He held no office except that one which, according to the Apostles' idea of it, almost excluded him from preaching. They had said, "Let these seven serve tables; *we* will give ourselves . . . to the ministry of the word." But Christ has a way of making short work of men's restrictions as to his servants' functions. So Philip, without a commission, was the first to break through the restriction of the Gospel to the Jews, and, finding himself in Samaria, where Christ was needed, he followed the dictates of his own heart, a heart that was full of Christ and therefore must speak of Him, and proclaimed the Gospel in that city. He never thought to himself that he was innovating. To tell of Jesus seemed the most natural thing in the world. So it will be with us, if we have living faith and real contact with Christ.

Philip had done good work in Samaria, and therefore he was sent to the Ethiopian treasurer. Christ provides wider spheres for those who have filled narrower ones. The reward for work is more work. He was not told why he was withdrawn from prosperous service in Samaria, and despatched to the lonely road to Gaza. He was sent out with sealed orders, and did not hesitate to go, though he was not told what he was to do there. When he reached the point of junction of the road from Samaria with that from Jerusalem, he would look about to discover what he had been sent for, and when he saw the chariot, probably the only thing in sight, he felt "There is the reason," and so he joined himself to it and set to work. "To him that hath shall be given." If we seek wider work, let us be sure that we are doing what lies at our hand. The sphere will widen quite fast enough. If we, out of hearts charged with love to Him, witness for Him as we have opportunity, He will use us for further service. It is ours to go where He points us, even if we have to wait till we get there before we know why He pointed.

FOURTH SUNDAY

PHILIP THE EVANGELIST—II.

We have seen Philip in his brief period of brilliant service; we have now to think of him in his long years of obscure toil.

That so faithful and competent a preacher should drop out of the narrative, and be no more used in the impending transformation of the Church from a Jewish sect to a world-wide community, was the last thing to have been looked for; but so it was. He was left in Cæsarea, while the great expansion was going on, of which his ministry both in Samaria and to the eunuch had been the beginning. We wonder why Cornelius was not told to send for Philip, who was in the same city as himself, and why it was needful to bring Peter all the way from Joppa. We wonder why Barnabas at Antioch never thought of going southwards to seek for him, instead of northwards to Tarsus, for a much younger and less tried disciple. It once looked as if Philip was going to be the leader in carrying the Gospel to the Gentiles; but his Lord passed him over, and he had no share in developing the movement which he had begun. It is a not uncommon experience; but it cannot be anything but a trying one, and it tasks a man's fortitude, humility, and unselfishness to accept it and not be soured.

In Philip we see the contented acceptance of a lot very much less conspicuous and brilliant than his beginnings had seemed to promise. Many of us can recall long-past moments, when we had opened before us prospects of distinction or spheres of influence which have not been attained, and the remembrance of the brief dawning splendour is apt to make the rest of a life look grey and dull, and to make a man fret at the narrow bounds which have closed round him. Some of us are tempted to look back and think "Ah, the gate did open for me then; but how soon it was shut in my face! It is hard for me to go on in this eclipsed condition. How different life might have been!" Well, let us remember that for Philip it was enough that Jesus did send him to the eunuch, and did not send him to Cornelius, and let us be content.

But a further lesson may be drawn from Luke's designation of Philip, in the latest mention of him, as "the evangelist." His former office of almoner is not spoken of, for it had long ceased; but he is still a preacher of the good tidings, as he had been in Samaria and to the eunuch twenty years before, and as he had apparently continued to be in all the unrecorded years between. His work was being done now in a very quiet way, and found no record, but it was done all the same. Time was when he had moved a whole city; time was when he had a statesman "of great authority" to listen to his words; time was when it seemed as if he might have been set to do the work that Paul was doing. But all these visions were scattered, and for twenty years he was left in his obscure corner, "with none to praise and very few to love," except his four daughters, "prophetesses," whom he had, no doubt, helped to bring to Christ. It matters little who knows or does not know our work; the great thing is that Christ knows it. Most of us have to be satisfied to render unnoticed service. And in these advertising days, when publicity seems to be the great good that people seek after, and nobody is contented unless he gets reported in the newspapers, we may all take a lesson from Philip, and remember the man who began so brilliantly, and then was out of sight for twenty years, and was "the evangelist" all the time.

That last scene in the record of Philip's life reminds us of the ultimate recognition of a good man's work, and the joyful meeting of the workers. Paul and his companions had been hurrying to be in time for the feast, but he slacked his pace at Cæsarea, partly because he found that he had some days to spare, and partly because he felt the atmosphere of Philip's house congenial. The older man did not envy the younger brother who had outrun him. He was content to accept the fate of pioneers, and rejoiced with all his heart to hear of what God had done by Paul, though once it seemed as if it were to be done by *him*.

And one of Paul's companions heard all the talk between the two, and his name was Luke. He, doubtless, gathered much of the material for the early chapters in the Acts from the old man. So Philip was, after all, not working in obscurity, though he never knew that "the beloved physician" was to draw back the curtain behind which he was working, and let all the world in all ages see him at his patient, unnoticed toil. When the curtain is rolled back from our lives, it will be well for us if we can show what this man showed, namely, toil for Jesus coming from a heart purged of jealousy and careless of notoriety. These days of quiet converse between the pioneer and the perfecter of the preaching to the Gentiles may stand as a prophetic symbol of the time when all who have had shares in the one great work of the Church will share in the reward, and he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

AFTER all, there are few things in literature so enthralling as the story of literature, told by a master. That is the colossal epic, the stupendous drama, the supreme romance that rarely wearies the spirit jaded with the burthen of much reading; in which the scene is a piece of the planet, with sea and sky, moor and mountain and forest, and the *dramatis personæ* are predestined tribes and peoples with their hunting lodges and nomad tents, their camp fires and carousings, their raids and burnings and stricken fields, their ploughing and building and trafficking, and their traditions of worship and sacrifice, song and folk-tale. This is really the story of stories, for it includes all the others. It shows us the men and the country and the manner of life and the pressure of circumstances and the elements of human passion to which we owe all the others. We seem to be present at our own making, that strange blending and sifting and crossing and changing of ancestral temperaments and qualities which began so many ages ago, and which resulted in us. We almost fancy that we can detect the sources from which we have derived this or that trait of character, this or that mood or sentiment, our vague longings, our obscure antipathies and likings, the mysterious heritage which we find within our consciousness.

It is with some such impression as this that I close Mr. Brooke's "English Literature," which, notwithstanding its practical and business-like excellences from a scholastic point of view, must be regarded rather as a saga than as a handbook of English literature, so illumined is it with the life and colour of other times, so quickened with the movement and realistic power of a great interpreter. And it is not to be taken as a mere condensation of the earlier and larger work which covers a portion of the same ground. Necessarily the accounts of the poems and some of the translations are the same, but this smaller volume, which extends to the Norman Conquest, and indeed a little beyond, and has been re-arranged and re-written, is virtually a new book, to which in several respects "The History of English Poetry to the Accession of Alfred" will be found to be a valuable complement.

In his opening chapter Mr. Brooke strikes the conception of the interweaving of racial influences and relationships which gives the book a peculiarly interesting unity of design, and impresses the reader with a sense of a spiritual and ethical evolution linking the last phase of English literature with the first. We catch a brief wintry glimpse of earliest wild England, with its Palæolithic hunters and its fierce gigantic beasts of fen and jungle. Then, after an indistinct interval of time, we are aware of a Neolithic people, short, black-haired, swarthy, dark-eyed, with their long barrows for the dead and their rude columns and rings of stone—a remote, misty race, whose descendants, however, seem still traceable to this day, and whose tribal names, so far as they can be isolated, are full of hints of the gloom and smurr of the "night-country" of the past. Next we perceive that a new people have landed, and apparently partly conquered and partly blended with their predecessors. These are a tall, light-haired, round-headed folk—Finnish or Ugrian perchance, though, by a remote possibility, Celtic. These bring flocks and herds with them, gold and silver, amber, jet and glass; make pottery and burn incense, it appears, and bury their dead in bowl-shaped barrows. And *their* descendants, too, are said to be distinguishable to this day. What relation had these primeval peoples to English literature? We can only conjecture; but there are pre-Celtic names—names of places and heroes—which must apparently be attributed to them, and unknown alphabetical signs, and strange customs, and mysterious designs on sculptured stones which bear a bewildering resemblance to designs recently found among the black men of the Australian Bush. Then, too, there are "certain weird, primeval, unaccountable, dark, sometimes monstrous, conceptions in our nature-poetry, which may have their far-off roots in the dim world the Neolithic people made for their imagination." And, if I mistake not, it is those dark, squat, Neolithic people of the cloudy twilight of time who are supposed to have given rise to our own popular belief in a small fairy folk who live inside cromlechs and grass-grown mounds, and whose doings, recorded in folk-tales and legends of fairy-land, are worth reviewing in the light of this suggestion. Even to this day in North Wales persons—swarthy, small-statured persons, I presume—are taunted with being descendants of fairies.

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* "English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest." By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Then—after years or centuries, who can say?—came the waves of the Celtic migration—the Gaels and the Brythons, and to these new men of a brighter-blooded, Aryan stock we owe the magical quality of our literature. Under the pressure of the new comers the ancient inhabitants were driven afield. Horde overlapped horde, tribe mingled with tribe, till at the close, speaking broadly and allowing for a sufficient lapse of time, the Gaelic people and the old-world folk who blent with them occupied the north of Scotland, Galloway, the Isle of Man, and Ireland; and "the rest of England, Scotland, and Wales spoke the Brythonic tongue, and, though largely mixed with Goidelic (Gaelic) and Neolithic folk, had all become or were becoming Brythons in name and manners." Into this Britain, with its Brythons and its Gaels, the Romans poured. Then came the English, our own kinsfolk, nominally at least, though in so composite a nation it would be hard to say who of us can lay a genuine claim to the name. As the result of the English invasion, with its century of destruction, its wholesale exodus of Brythons to Armorica — whence once more they reacted on the country at the time of the Norman Conquest, and indeed both earlier and later—the pure Brythons were isolated in three great groups, in Cornwall, Wales, and Cumbria, and the Brythons of the last two regions adopted the name of Cymry or "fellow-countrymen."

If I have dwelt at some length on this distribution and localisation of races, it is because the subject is not familiar to all of us, and still more because the knowledge of these facts has an important bearing on the history of our literature. If, as Mr. Brooke observes, it does not fully explain, it throws considerable light on such questions as "the fuller growth of early English poetry in the North rather than in Wessex or Mercia; the remarkable development of the ballad poetry of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, chiefly in the wild march-land of the Border; why the English lyric poetry began, with few exceptions, near the Welsh border; how it happened that the later poetry of natural description had a more original and earlier beginning in Scotland than in England, and yet was only brought to its finest form in England"—these among other attractive problems. Among the writers who have written so eloquently and fervidly of late about the Celtic element in literature and the Celtic revival, the fact does not appear to be sufficiently familiar that at one period these islands were practically speaking wholly Celtic; and it would be hard to say how far the very antique Celtic or Brythonic element of race has to be credited with the glamour and tenderness which are found in our English poetry, and which are supposed to be peculiar to Ireland or Iona. When the English swept through the country with fire and sword they spared the women, and from the outset the English blood began to be tinged with a Celtic strain. As Mr. Brooke points out, this admixture increased to the west and north; and, since genius and excellence of all sorts are attributed to the maternal side, it may be worth noting that when the first spiritual and temperamental contact between the two races took place, the Celtic element flowed from the mother's veins. Still, in an unmistakable degree the English temperament and genius are indebted to Ireland and Iona.

But here let us follow a delightful guide into byways of deep interest.

It is probably beyond our limitations to realise the gloomy and weird superstitions we have inherited from our Neolithic predecessors, but we may to some extent understand the impression which the ancient condition of the country must have had on its inhabitants, its singers and tellers of folk-tales. When we remember that even in Elizabeth's reign a third of England was waste, we may be able to conceive the vast woods and morasses, the wild moors and pathless hills and mountains, with the urus, bear, wolf, wild swine, black and white cattle, reindeer, beaver, and smaller beasts and birds, which spread from Anderida on the south to the savage regions of the north, and from the hills of Wales and the Forest of Dean on the west to the Fens on the east. Rome did wonders, but she reclaimed no more than a sixth of the country. And this wild country, filled with the danger of carnivorous brutes, with the horrors of darkness and the unknown, with eerie sounds and glimmers of light, with the myriad-fold sense of the supernatural, had a marked and lasting influence on literature. On the Teutonic or English side there was intense fear and little love; but the Celts peopled the wilds with quaint, tricksy spirits; there was a strange beauty in the green growth of reed and fern and tree; in the sunrise and sunset there was a divine glamour. Out of the Teutonic fear and Celtic passion grew the modern sentiment of nature, which dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves—a fantastic blending of the gay forest idylls of Robin Hood and the enchantment of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Even to-day the popularity of such a book as "The Forest Lovers" may be fitly ascribed to the intermingling of those almost primordial sensations.

Another question. What influence had the Roman occupation on English literature? First, the vague, grandiose influence of the wreckage of a marvellous power and civilisation. The huge walls of forts and towers, which even to-day in silent green places set us dreaming of the past, the ruins of temples, theatres, baths, villas, the tracks of the great imperishable roads, spellbound the imagination of the rude hordes of fighting men as the "works of giants." Old elegies speak of the wondrous stone walls shattered and crumbled, "with hoar-frost on the mortar," of horned gables fallen, of mead-halls (full once with the mirth of men) whirled to chaos by the strong will of Doom. One strangely impressive picture stands out of the darkness with the clearness of a dream—a Roman fountain among the wreckage of Carlisle, with St. Cuthbert leaning over it, murmuring words of warning and prayer, for in vision he beholds the grim slaughter on the far-away moor of Nechtansmere. And this seems to have been all the influence of Imperial Rome.

There was also the primitive Roman Christianity. It is conjectured that the Eastern elements so strong in the British Church were brought to our shores by soldiers of the legion which served at Jerusalem; and in the saintly legends of the poets there is evidence of the ancient Roman influence. In the devastation of the invading English it is difficult to say what remnants of churches and schools may have survived except in the fastnesses of Wales, and in that immemorial and singularly protected monastery of Glastonbury, the one solitary spot in Southern England where "the religion, the traditions, the legends of the saints, and a church of the Brythons mingled in a happy marriage with those of the English." But that marriage was in a later day, after the bitter memory of the terrible massacre, which had estranged the British and the English Churches, had been forgiven and partly forgotten.

On the whole, then, the direct influence of Imperial Rome and of British Christianity on English literature counts for little. "As in Wales and Ireland when conquered by the English," Mr. Brooke observes, "so in Britain conquered by the Romans, two languages were spoken; and, when the Roman left, Latin, as a popular tongue, except among the priests and the upper classes, died away." Even had no English invasion occurred, little would have been left to prove the long occupation of the conquerors of the world beyond their roads and the ruins of their architecture. That the English came and swept the land Mr. Brooke regards as providential. "It was of first-rate importance for the progress of the world that the steadfast and powerful individuality of the English people should be unhampered by the decaying civilisation of Rome, or by the reckless natures of the Celtic Gaels; that England, when she came to exist, should develop her Christianity in her own fashion, and weave her literature out of the threads of her own nature." It was the merciless carnage of the early years of conquest which secured this fair field for a new nation, with speech, law, and character of a marked individuality.

I have dwelt at considerable length on these pages of Mr. Brooke's work: the history of origins is in itself intensely interesting, and in our own case it has hitherto been, as a rule, vaguely and incompletely set forth. I should have liked to add some account of the most important influence of all—of the recurrent and subtle interfusion of that Celtic element which gives our English literature its glamour and tender witchery and gaiety, just as the Teutonic element gives it its sanity and reserve and self-control; but to accomplish this efficiently would occupy more space than is here available. I have already glanced at the Brythonic element preserved by the women who fell into the possession of the English conquerors; at the exodus to Armorica, whence we received again the Celtic magic through the old saints and missionaries, and later by the way of the Norman Conquest; and at the survival of Glastonbury, to which we owe, among other things, the myth of the Holy Grail, which "not only brought the central doctrine of the Roman Church into those imaginative affections of the common people which story-telling nourishes, but also went from England all over Europe." I must forbear from attempting to do more than refer to the connection between Northumbria and Iona, to the Gaelic spirit in the Scottish poets, and, finally, to the Ossianic movement, "which re-awakened romance and the love of nature in the poetry not only of England but of Europe." I shall content myself with a few generalisations from the chapter in which Mr. Brooke, in conclusion, analyses the great forces which make our literature what it is, which make it not Celtic or Danish, French or Italian, but English. "The Celt, by himself, is as incapable as the Anglo-Saxon of producing that magnificent and varied literature. . . . It was not till his powers were mixed with those of the English that this was attained. Unmixed, they have not produced work of the finest kind in either prose or poetry. The Celtic literature, alone, weakened down into poverty-stricken or over-luxuriant expression. . . . But the powers of the Celtic nature brought to mingle with the Anglo-Saxon nature were of the highest value for every class of poetry, for the melody of poetry, for its lyric changes, and for its inventive and subtle rhymes. . . . There is no mixture in the world so good for the best work in poetry and in prose as the mixture of the Celtic and the Teutonic spirit. . . . The attempts made by English and Irish nationalists who are literary critics to seclude what is Celtic or what is Anglo-Saxon in English literature are curiously futile. There is no product of English poetry or prose in which Anglo-Saxon and Celtic elements are not closely and fervently mixed, and the proportions of each series of elements in any literary work vary indefinitely. Those books are best in which the admixture is most equalised throughout, and when the admixture is most unequal the book is, as literature, not so good as it might otherwise have been. And this is as true of phases and transient outbursts, as it is of periods, in English literature." This, it appears to me, is the true, lucid, historical method of regarding the matter. It may strike one as beyond the credible that all these antique racial crossings can have transmitted effects so vitally permanent; but if the physical types of the remotest of our predecessors are still recognisable in living men and women, it is surely more easily conceivable that their mental and emotional characteristics should survive. It is a strange, engrossing story, quite apart from its value to our understanding of the qualities and evolution of our literature. As I said at the outset, it is like an incantation scene in which we are spectators of our own making and the first shapings of our destiny.

I am unable to follow Mr. Brooke in his delightful descriptions of the older poems, a task in which his analytic acuteness and poetic sympathy are unequalled by those of any modern critic, or through the various stages of his history. One can but hope that he may continue the chronicle, if not to our own days, at least to the close of the Elizabethan period.

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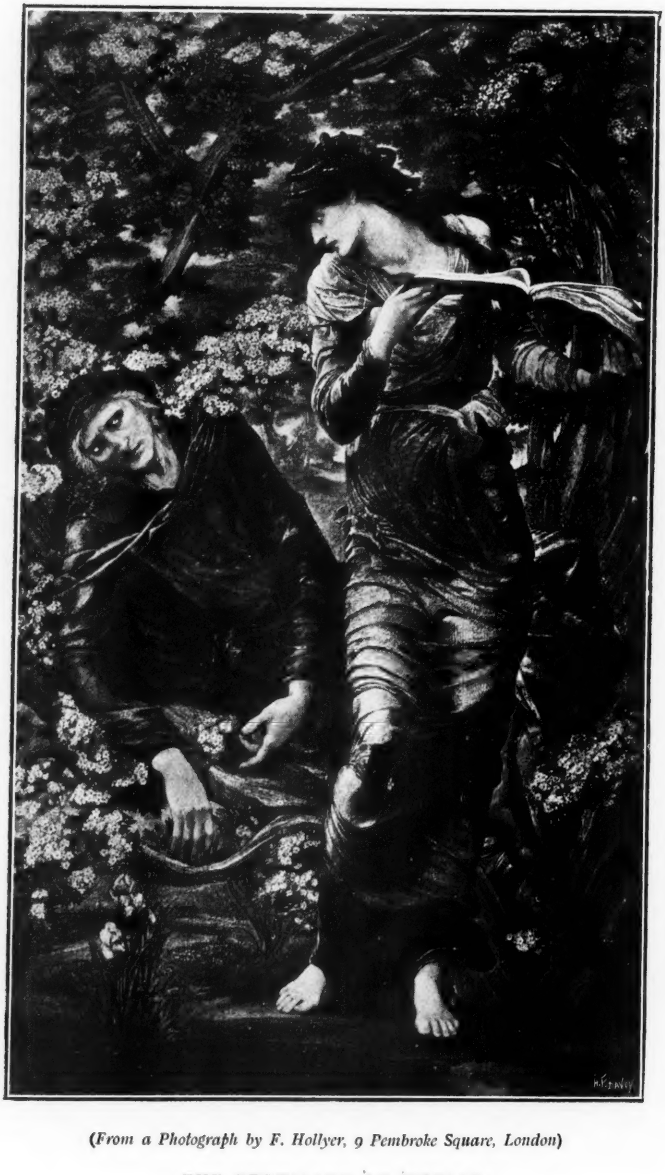
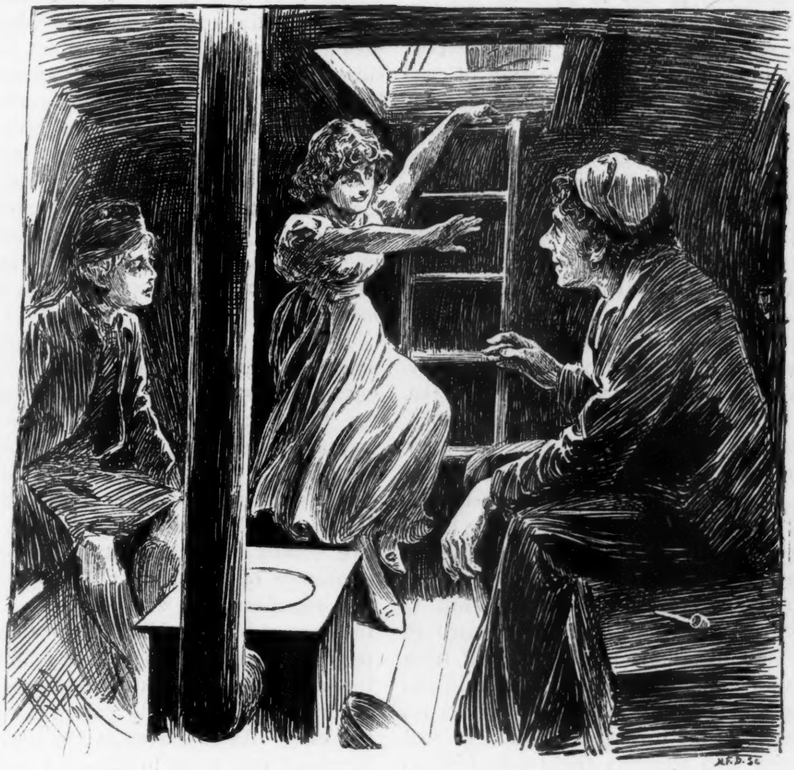


(From a Photograph by F. Hollyer, 9 Pembroke Square, London)

THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN

By Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES, Bart.



"In the den"

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By NEIL MUNRO, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN ON THE QUAY

It has always happened that the first steps of a boy from the glen have been to the quay. There the ships lie clumsily on their bulging sides in the ebb till the tar steams and blisters in the sun, or at the full they lift and fall heavily like a sigh for the ocean's expanse as they feel themselves prisoners to the rings and pawls. Their chains jerk and ease upon the granite edges of the wall or twang tight across the quay so that the mariners and fishermen moving about their business on this stone-thrust to the sea must lift their clumping boots high to step across those tethers of romance. At a full tide in Spring, one walking down the quay has beside him the dark aspiring bulwarks of the little but brave adventurers, their seams gazing to the heat, their carvel timbers striped by the ooze and brine of many oceans and the scum of ports. Upon their poops their den-fire chimneys breathe a faint blue reek; the iron of bilge-pump and pin is rust-red; the companions are portals to smelling depths where the bunks are in a perpetual gloom and the seamen lie at night or in the heat of the day discontent with this period of no roaming and remembering the tumbling waters and the far-off harbours that must ever be more alluring than the harbours where we be. From the ivy of the church the little birds come chaffering and twittering among the shrouds, and the pigeon will perch upon a spar so that the sea-gull, the far-searcher, must wonder as he passes on a slant of silent feathers at its daring thus to utilise the defier of the outermost seas and the most vehement storms. And side by side with these, the adventurers, are the skiffs and smacks of the fishermen, drilled in rows, brought bow up, taut on their anchors with their lug-sails down on their masts to make deck tents for shelter from sun or rain. And with those sturdy black gabbarts and barques and those bronze fishers, the bay from the quay to the walls of the Duke's garden in its season stirs with life.

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More than once when he had come to the town Gilian looked a little way off from the Cross upon this busy concourse in the bay and wished that he might venture on the quay, but the throng of tall, dark-shirted fishermen and seafarers frightened him so that he must stand aloof guessing at the nearer interest of the spectacle. Now that he was a town boy with a whole day in which to muster courage, he spurred himself up to walk upon the quay at the first opportunity. It was the afternoon, the tide lapped high upon the slips and stairs, a heaving lazy roll of water so clear that the star-fish on the sandy bottom might plainly be seen through great depths. The gunnels of the ships o'er-topped by many feet the quay-wall and their chains rose slanting tight from the rings. The fishermen and their boats were far down on Cowal after signs of herring; the bay was given up to barque and gabbart alone. For once a slumber seemed to lie upon the place for ordinary so throng and cheerful; the quay was Gilian's alone as he stepped wonderingly upon it and turned an eye to the square ports open for an airing to the dens. In all the company of the ships thus swaying at the quay-side there was no sign of life beyond the smoke that rose from the stunted funnels. The boy's fancy played among the masts like the birds from the ivy. These were the galleys of Inishtore, that rode upon the seven seas for a king's son with a hauberk of gold. The spicy isles, the silver sands, the songs the *gruagach* sang below the prows when the sea dashed—they came all into his vision of those little tarred hulks of commerce. He thought how fine it would be to set foot upon those decks and loose the fastenings, and drop down the sea-slope of the shepherds' stories till he came upon Ibrisail, happy isle of play and laughter, where the sun never drops below the ocean's marge.

In one of the vessels behind him, as he mused, a seaman noiselessly thrust his head out at a companion to look the hour upon the town's clock, and the boy, pale, fair-haired, pondering, with eyes upon the shrouds of a gabbart, forced himself by his stillness and inaction upon the man's notice. He was a little, stout, well-built man, with a face tanned by sunshine and salt air to the semblance of Spanish mahogany, with wide and searching eyes and long curled hair of the deepest black. His dress was singularly perjink, cut trim and tight from a blue cloth, the collar of a red shirt rolled over on the bosom, a pair of simple gold rings pierced the ears. As he looked at the boy, he was humming very softly to himself a Skye song, and he stopped in the midst of it with "*So 'ille*, have you lost your ship?" A playful scamp was revealed in his smile.

Gilian turned round with a start of alarm, for he had been on some coracle of fancy, sailing upon magic seas, and thus to break upon his reverie with the high Gaelic of Skye was to plunge him in chilling waters.

"*Thig an so*, come here," said the seaman, beckoning, setting an easy foot upon the deck.

Gilian went slowly forward. He was amazed and fascinated by this wondrous seaman come upon the stillness of the harbour without warning, a traveller so important yet so affable in his invitation. Black Duncan that day was in a good humour, for his owners had released him at last from his weeks of tethering to the quay and this dull town and he was to depart to-morrow with his cargo of timber. In a little he had Gilian's history, and they were comrades. He took him round the deck and showed its simple furniture, then in the den he told him mariners' tales of the sea.

A Carron stove burned in the cabin, dimly, yet enough to throw at times a flicker of light upon the black beams overhead, the vessel's ribs, the bunks that hung upon them. Sitting on a sea-chest, Gilian felt the floor lift and fall below him, a steady motion wholly new, yet confirming every guess he had made in dreams of life upon the wave. A ceaseless sound of water came through the wood, of the tide glucking along the landings, surely to the mariner the sweetest of all sounds when he lies in benign weather moving home upon the sigh of God.

Black Duncan but wanted a good listener. He was not quite the world's traveller he would have Gilian believe; but he had voyaged in many outlandish parts and a Skyeman's memory is long and his is the isle where fancy riots. He made his simple ventures round the coast voyages terrible and unending. The bays, the water-mouths, the rocks, the bosky isles—he clothed them with delights, and made them float in the haze wherein a boy untravelled would envelop them.

"There's a story I know" said Gilian, "of a young son who went to a town where the king of Erin bides, and he found it full of music from end to end, every street humming with song."

"Oh lad, I have been there," said the seaman, unabashed, his teeth very white in the brown of his smiling face. "You sail and sail in winds and drift in calms, and there is a place called Erin's Eye and a mountain rock behind it, and then you come upon the town of the king's daughter. It is a town reeling with music; some people without the ears would miss it, you and Black Duncan would be jigging to the sound of it. The world, *'ille* (and here's the sailorman who has sailed the seven seas and knows its worst and best), is a very grand place to such as understand and allow. I was born with a caul as we say; I know that I'll never drown, so that when winds crack I feel safe in the most staggering ship. I have gone into foreign ports in the dead of night, our hail for light but answered by Sir Echo, and we would be waiting for light, with the smell of flowers and trees about us, and——"

"That would be worth sailing far for," said Gilian, looking hard at the embers in the Carron stove.

"Or the beast of the wood might come roaring and bellowing to the shore."

"That would be very frightsome," said Gilian with a shiver. "I have made believe the hum of the bee in the heather at my ear as I lay on it in the summer was the roar of a wild beast a long way off; it was uncanny and I could make myself afraid of it, but when I liked it was the bee again and the heather was no higher than my knee."

The seaman laughed till the den rang. He poked the fire and the flame thrust out and made the boy and the man and the timbers and bunks dance and shake in the world between light and shadow. "You are the sharpest boy ever I conversed with," said he.

A run of the merriest, the sweetest, the most unconstrained laughter broke overhead like a bird's song. They looked up and found the square of blue sky broken at the hatch by a girl's head. A roguish face in a toss of brown hair, seen thus above them against the sky, seemed to Gilian the face of one of the fairies with which he had peopled the seaman's isle.

"There you go!" cried Black Duncan, noway astonished. "Did I not tell you never to come on board without halloo?"

"I cried," said the girl in a most pretty English that sounded all the sweeter beside the seaman's broken and harsh accent in a language foreign to him. "I cried, 'O Duncan' twice and you never heard, so I knew you were asleep in your dingy old den." She swung herself down as she spoke and stood at the foot of the companion with the laugh renewed upon her lips, a gush of happy heart.

"Indeed, Miss Nan, and I was not sleeping at all," said Black Duncan, standing up and facing her; "if I was sleeping would there be a boy with me here listening to the stories of the times when I was scouring the oceans and not between here and the Clyde in your father's vessel?"

"Oh! a boy!" cried the girl, taken a little aback. "I did not know there was a boy."

"And a glen boy, too," said the seaman, speaking in a language wherein he knew himself more the equal of his master's daughter. "I told him of Erin O and the music in its streets and he does not make fun of my telling like you, Miss Nan, because he understands."

The girl peered into the dark of the cabin at the face of Gilian that seemed unwontedly long and pallid in the half light, with eyes burning in sepulchral pits, repeating the flash of the embers. She was about his own age—at most no more than a month or two younger, but with a glance bold and assured that spoke of an early maturity.

"Oh! a Glen Aora boy," said she. "I never much care for them. You would be telling him some of the tales there is no word of truth in."

"The finest tales in the world are like that," said Black Duncan.

She sat on the edge of a bunk and swung a little drab jean shoe.

The glamour of Black Duncan's stories fled for Gilian before this presence like mist before a morning wind. So healthy, so ruddy, so abrupt, she was so much in the actual world that for him to be dreaming of others seemed a child's weakness.

"I was in the town with uncle," she said, "and I heard you were sailing away to-morrow, and I thought I would come and say good-bye."

She spoke as prettily in her Gaelic as in her English.

"Ah, *mo run*," said the seaman, putting out his arms as to embrace her, "am not I pleased that you should have Black Duncan in your mind so much as to come and say 'fair wind to your sail'?"

"And you'll bring me the beads next time?" she said hastily.

"That will I," said he smiling; "but you must sing me a song now or I might forget them."

"Oh, I'll sing if——." She paused and looked doubtfully at Gilian, who was still open-mouthed at her breezy vehemence.

"Never mind the boy," said the seaman, stretching himself to enjoy the music at his ease; "if you make it 'The Rover' he will understand."

The afternoon was speeding. The sun had passed the trees that round the Tolbooth walls and a beam from his majesty came boldly into the den by the companion. It struck a slanting passage on the floor and revealed the figure of a girl at her ease dangling her feet upon a water anker with her hair a flood of spate-brown fallen back upon its fastening band. And the boy saw her again as it were quite differently from before, still the robust woman-child, but rich, ripe, blooded at the plump inviting lip, warm at the throbbing neck. About her hung a searching odour that overcame the common and vulgar odours of the ship, its bilge, its tar, its oak-bark tan, its herring scale, an odour he knew of woods in the wet spring weather. It made him think of short grasses and the dewdrop glittering in the wet leaf; then the sky shone blue against a tremble of airy leaf. The birch, the birch, he had it! And having it he knew the secret of the odour. She had already the woman's trick of washing her hair in the young birch brewings.

"I will sing 'The Rover' and I will sing 'The Man with the Coat of Green,'" said she, with the generosity of one with many gifts. And she started upon her ditty. She had a voice that as yet was only in its making; it was but a promise of the future splendour, yet to Gilian, the hearer, it brought a new and potent joy. With 'The Rover,' he lived in the woods, and set foot upon foreign wharves; 'The Man with the Coat of Green' had his company upon the morning adventures in the islands of fairydom. It was then, as in after years she was the woman serious, when her own songs moved her, with her dalliance and indifference gone. A tear trembled at her eyes at the trials of the folk she sang.

"You sing—you sing—you sing like the wind in the trees," said the seaman, stirred to unaccustomed passion. The little cabin, when she was done, seemed to shrink from the limitless width of the world to the narrowness of a cell, and Gilian sat stunned. He had followed her song in a rapture she had seen and delighted in for all the apparent surrender of her emotion; she saw now the depth to which she had touched him, and was greatly pleased with this conquest of her art. Clearly he was no common Glen Aora boy, so she sang one or two more songs to show the variety of her budget and the tears he could not restrain were her sweetest triumph. At last, "I must be going," said she. "Good-bye, Duncan, and do not be forgetting my beads." Then she dashed on deck, waiting no answer to that or to the friendly nod of parting to Gilian.

"Now isn't she a wonder?" asked the seaman amused, astonished, proud. "Did you ever hear singing like it?"

"I never did," said Gilian.

"Ah, she is almost as fine as a piper!" said the seaman. "She comes down here every time I am at the quay and she will be singing here till the timbers strain themselves to listen."

"I like her very much," said Gilian.

"Of course you do," said the seaman, "and would it not be very curious indeed if you did not like her? I have heard women sing in many places—bold ones in Amsterdam Water Street, and the shy dancers of Bermuda, but never her equal and she only a child. How she does it is the beat of me."

"I know," said Gilian, reddening a little to say so much to the seaman, but emboldened by the shadows he sat among. "The birds sing that way and the winds and the tide, because they have the feeling of it and they must. And when she sings she is the 'Rover,' or she is 'The Man with the Green Coat.'"

"Indeed, and it is very easy too when you explain," said the seaman, whether in earnest or in fun the boy could not make out. "She is the strange one anyway, and they say General Turner, who's her father and the man this ship belongs to, is not knowing very well what to make of her. What is the matter with you?" For the boy's face was crimson as he looked up the quay after the girl from the deck where now they stood.

"Oh," said Gilian, "I was just wondering if that would be the family the Paymaster is not friendly with."

The seaman laughed. "That same," said he. "And are you in the family feud too? If that is so you'll hear little of Miss Nan's songs I'm thinking, and that is the folly of feuds. If I was you I would say nothing about the *Jean*, and the lass who sang in her."

CHAPTER VIII

THE SHERIFF'S SUPPER PARTY

BUT Gilian was soon to hear the lass again.

It was a great town for supper parties. To make up, as it were, for the lost peat-side parliaments or supper nights that for their fore-folk made tolerable the quiet glens, the town people had many occasions of social intercourse in each other's homes, where the winter nights, that otherwise had been long and dreary, passed in harmless gaiety. The women would put on their green josephs and gaudiest quilted petticoats or their tabinet gowns of Waterloo whose splendour kirk or market poorly revealed for the shawls that must cover them. The men donned their best figured waistcoats and their newest stocks, and cursed the fashions that took them from their pipes and cards, but solaced themselves mightily with the bottle in the host's bedroom. From those friendly convocations, jealousies innumerable bred. It was not only that each other's gowns raised unchristian thoughts in the bosoms of the women, but in a community where each knew her neighbour and many were on equality, there must be selections, and rancour rose. And it was the true Highland rancour, concealing itself under a front of indifference and even politeness, though the latter might be ice-cold in degree but burning fiercely at the core.

A few days after Gilian came to town Miss Mary and her brothers were submitted to a slight there could be no mistaking. It came from the wife of the Sheriff, who was a half-sister of the Turners. The Sheriff's servant had come up to the shop below the Paymaster's house early in the forenoon for candles, and Miss Mary chanced to be in the shop when this purchase was made. It could signify nothing but festivity, for even in the Sheriff's the home-made candle was good enough for all but festive nights.

Miss Mary went upstairs disturbed, curious, annoyed. She had got no invitation to the Sheriff's, and yet here was the hint of some convivial gathering such as she and her brothers had hitherto always been welcome to.

"What do you think it will be, John?" she asked the Paymaster, telling him what she had seen.

"Tuts," said he, "they'll just be out of dips. Or maybe the Sheriff has an extra hard case at avizandum, not to be seen clearly through with a common creesh flame."

"That's aye you," cried Miss Mary, indignant. "People might slap you in the face and you would have no interest."

She hastened to Peggy in the kitchen and Peggy shared her wonder, though she was not permitted to see her annoyance. A plan was devised to find out what this extravagance of candle might portend.

The maid took her water-stoups and went up to the Cross Well, where women were busy at that hour of the day plying for the water of Bealloch-an-uarain, that bubbles up deep in the heart of the hills, and brings the coolness and refreshment of the shady wood into the burgh street in the most intense days of summer warmth. She filled her stoups composedly, set them down and gossiped, upset them as by accident, and waited patiently her turn to fill them anew. Thus by twenty minutes' skilful loitering she secured from the baxter's daughter the news that there was a supper at the Sheriff's that very night, and that very large tarts were at the firing in the baxter's oven.

"Oh, indeed!" cried Miss Mary, when her emissary brought to her those tidings. "Then it seems the Campbells of Keil are not good enough company for Sheriff Maclachlan's supper parties! My brother, the Cornal, and my brother, the Major-General, would have their own idea about that if so small a trifle as Madam's tart supper and green tea was worth their notice or annoyance."

She was visibly disturbed, yet put on a certain air of indifference that scarcely deceived even Peggy. The worst of it was there was no one with whom she could share her annoyance, for, if the Paymaster had no sympathy, the other two brothers were unapproachable. Gilian found her in a little rain of tears. She started with shame at his discovery, and set herself to a noisy handling of dinner dishes that by this time he knew well enough were not in her daily office of industry. And she said never a word—she that never heard his foot upon the stair without a smile of pleasure, or saw his face at the door without a mother's challenge to his appetite.

"What is wrong, aunty?" he said in the Gaelic, using the term it had been agreed would best suit the new relationship.

"Just nothing at all, my dear," she said without looking round. "What would be wrong?"

"But you are crying," protested Gilian, alarmed lest he in some way should have been the cause of her distress.

"Am I?" said Miss Mary. "And if I am, it is just for a silly thing only a woman would mind, a slight from people not worth heeding." And then she told, still shamefacedly, her story.

Gilian was amazed.

"I did not think you cared for suppers and teas," he said. "The last time you went to the Sheriff's you said you would far sooner be at home, and——"

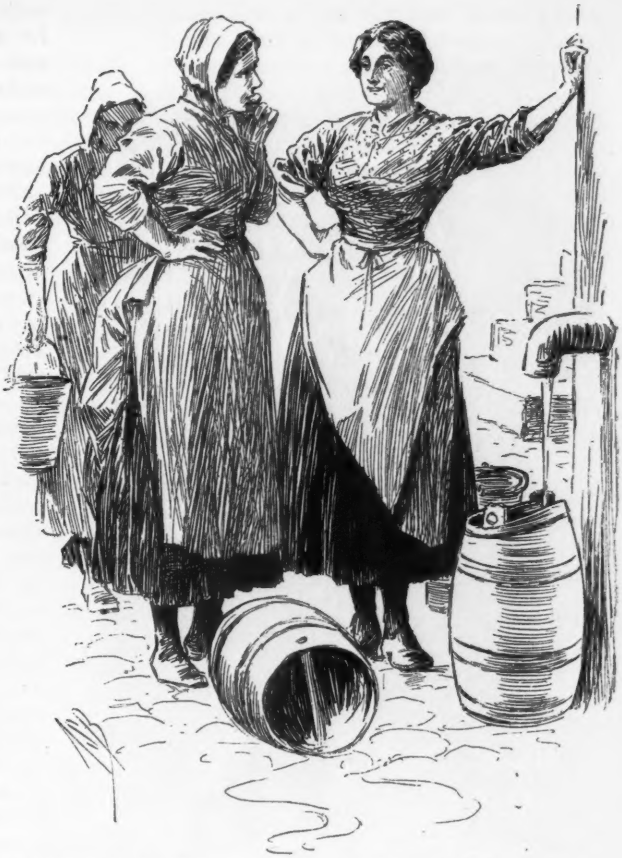
"Did I?" said she. Then she smiled to find some one who knew it was not the outing she immediately prized. "Indeed, what you say is true, Gilian. I'm an old done dame, and it was wiser for the like of me to be sitting knitting at the fire than going on diverts to their bohea parties and clashing supper tables. But it's not for myself I'm angry for. Oh, no! they might leave me alone for ever and a day and I would care not a pin head, but it's Dugald I'm thinking of—a Major-General—one of the only two in the shire, and Colin—a Cornal—and both of Keils. The Sheriff's lady might leave me out of her routs if she pleasured it, but she has no cause to put my brothers to an insult like this." She said "my brothers" with a high hard sound of stern and proud possession that was very fine to hear. Even Gilian, as yet only beginning to know the love and pride of this little woman, had at her accent, a sudden deep revealing of her devoted heart.

"It is the Turners' doing," she said, feverishly rubbing a warming pan whose carved lid from Zaandam blinked and gleamed like the shining face of a Dutch skipper over his dram. "I know them; because my brother must be quarrelling with them, their half-sister must be taking up the quarrel and shutting her door in our faces."

"The Turners! Then I hate them too," cried Gilian, won to the Paymaster's side by the sorrow of Miss Mary.

"Oh, you must not say that, my dear," she cried, appalled. "It is not your affair at all, and the Turners are not to blame because the Sheriff is under the thumb of his madam. The Turners have their good points as well as the rest of us, and——"

"They have a daughter," said Gilian, almost unconsciously, for there had come flooding into his mind a vision of the sombre vessel's cabin, shot over by a ray of sunshine, wherein a fairy sang of love and wandering. And then he regretted he had spoke of hate for any of her name, for surely (he thought)



"By skilful loitering she secured . . . the news that there was a supper at the Sheriff's that very night"

there should be no hate in the world for any that had her blood and shared her home. Surely in her people, knowing her so warm, so lovely, so kind, so gifted, there could be no cruelty and wrong.

"I would not say I hated any one if I were you, my dear," said Miss Mary; "but I would keep a cool side to the Turners, father, or daughter, or son. Their daughter that you speak of was the cause of this new quarrel. The Captain miscalled her to her father, which was not right, for indeed she's a bonny lassie, and they tell me she sings——"

"Like the mavis," cried Gilian, still in his Gaelic and in a transport of recollection.

"Where did you hear her?" asked Miss Mary.

Gilian, flushed and uneasy, told her of the performance in the ship. Finding a listener neither inattentive nor without sympathy, he went further still and told of the song's effect upon him, and that the sweetness of it still abiding made his hatred of her people impossible.

"She'll do for looks, too," said Miss Mary. "She takes them with her singing from her mother, who was my dear companion before this trouble rose."

"Oh! she looks like—like—like the *gruagach* girl in the story," said Gilian, remembering the tale of the sea-maiden who sat on the shore and dressed her hair with a comb of gold.

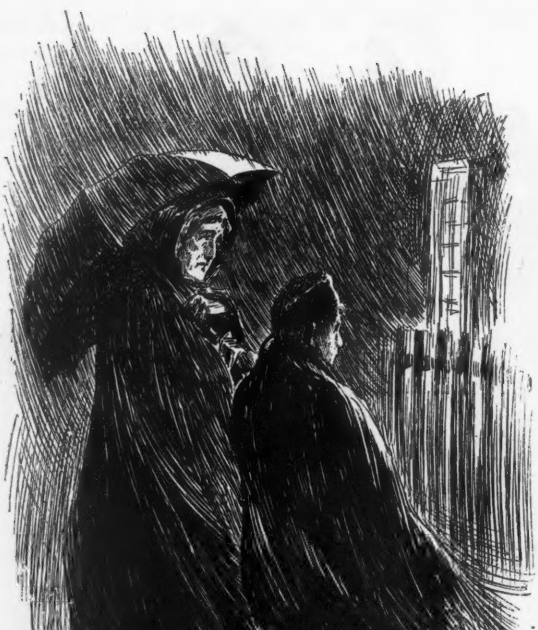
"I hope she's not so uncanny," said Miss Mary with a laugh, "for the *gruagach* combed till a sweetheart came (that I should be talking of such daft-like things!), and he was drowned and that was the end of him."

"Still—still," said Gilian, "the *gruagach* was worth the drowning for."

Miss Mary looked at him with a sigh for a spirit so much to be envied.

"This may be but a chapter in a very old tale," said she. "It was with a lass the feud came in—it may be with a lass it will go out." A saying full of mystery to the boy. Then she changed the conversation back to her own affairs. "We'll take a walk out in the gloaming and see all the Sheriff's friends," said she, "and all the Sheriff's friends in this supper are Turner's friends and the Paymaster's enemies."

The night of the Sheriff's supper party came with heavy showers and a sky swept by clouds that let through glimpse of moon nor star. The town lay in pitch darkness, all silent except for the plash of the sea upon the shore or its long roll on the Ramparts.



"The sound of gaiety came clearly to the woman and the boy"

A deserted and wind-swept street, its white walls streaming with waters, its outer shutters on the ground flats barred to darkness, its gutters running over—it was the last night on which any one with finery and a notion of comfort would choose for going abroad to parties. Miss Mary, sitting high at her parlour window with Gilian looked out through the blurred pane with satisfaction upon all this inclemency.

"Faith," said she, "I wish them joy of their party whoever they be that share it!" Then all at once her mood changed to one of pity as the solitary street showed a moving light upon its foot-way. "Oh!" she cried. "There's Donacha Breck's lantern and his wife will be with him. And to-day she was at me for my jelly for a cold! I wish—I wish she was not over the door this night; it will be the death of her. To-morrow I must send her over the last of my Ladyfield honey."

From the window and in the darkness of the night, it was impossible to tell who were for the Sheriff's party, so Miss Mary in the excess of her curiosity must be out after a time and into the dripping darkness, with Gilian by her side for companionship. It was an adventure altogether to his liking. As he walked up and down the street on its darker side he could think upon the things that were happening behind the drawn blinds and bolted shutters. It was as if he was the single tenant of a sleeping star and guessing at the mysteries of a universe. Stories were happening behind the walls, fires were glimmering, suppers were set, each family for the time being was in a world of its own, split off from its neighbours by the darkness.

A few shops lay open, throwing faint radiance on the footpath that swam in water.

Miss Mary went to the window of two sisters who made caps on the Lady Charlotte model and mantuas inspired by a visit to Edinburgh five years ago. She scanned the contents of the window carefully.

"It's gone; I knew it would be gone," she said in a whisper to Gilian, withdrawing hastily from the revelation of the window as a foot-step sounded a little way down the street.

He awaited her explanation, not greatly interested, for the blank expanse of the moaning sea round the corner of a tall tenement filled him with new and moving emotions.

"There has been a cap there for a week with lilac trimmings for Rixa's sister and now it has gone. It was there this morning, and I saw her lassie going by with a bandbox in the middle of the day.

That's two pair at least for the Sheriff's party."

"Would it not be easier to-morrow to ask some one who were all there?" said Gilian.

She shook his arm with startled affright.

"Ask! ask!" she exclaimed. "If you dared let on to anyone we even heard there was a party, I would—I would—be terribly vexed. No, Gilian, we must hold our heads a bit higher than that."

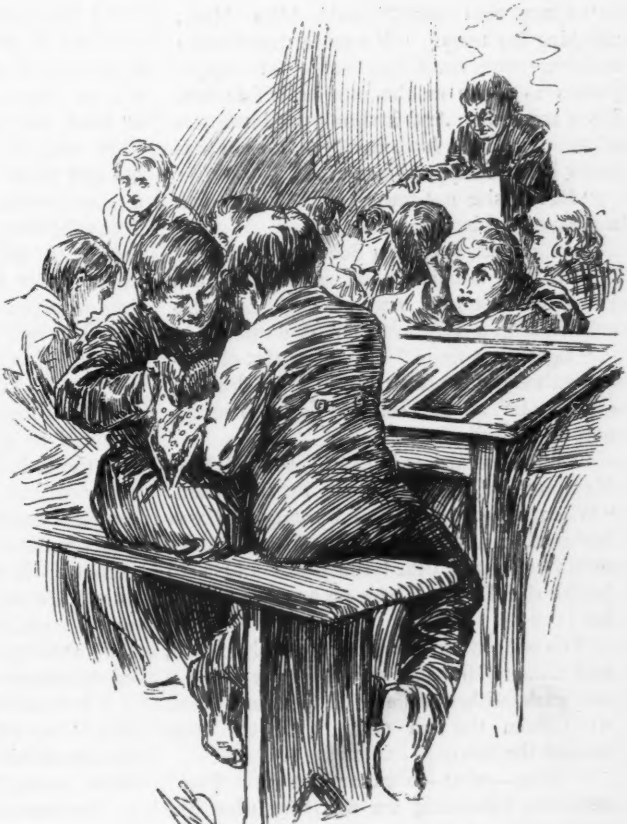
She passed with the boy from tenement to tenement.

"Major Hall and his sister are there," she said, showing darkened windows. "And the Camerons and the Frasers," she added later, informed by the same signs of absence.

Out came the late merchants and shuttered their little windows and bolted up their doors, then retreated to their homes behind. More dark than ever became the world, though the rain had ceased. Only a few windows shone wanly in the upper flats and garrets. The wind moaning in the through-going closes expressed a sense of desolation.

And yet the town was not all asleep but for the Sheriff's party and Miss Mary and the Paymaster's boy, for there came from the Abercrombie, though the door was shut discreetly, a muffled sound of carousal. It was not, this time, the old half-pay officers but a lower plane of the burgh's manhood, the salvage and the wreckage of the wars, private-men and sergeants, by a period of strife and travel made in some degree unfit for the tame ways of peace in a stagnant burgh. They told the old tales of the bivouac; they sang its naughty or swaggering songs. By a plain deal door and some glasses of spirit they removed themselves from the dull town drowsing in the night, and in the light of the Sergeant More's cruisie moved again in the sacked towns of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos and San Sebastian, gorged anew, perhaps, with blood and lust.

Miss Mary and Gilian passed the door of the Sergeant More hurriedly, she deaf to its carousal, he remembering all at once and finding wake anew his first feelings when he stood in the same room before the half-pay officers at their mid-day drams. He had become a little tired of this quest all to gratify an old maid's curiosity, he wished he could be home again and in his attic room with his candle and his story book, or his abundant and lively thoughts. But there was one other task before Miss Mary. She could not forbear so little as a glance at the exterior of the Sheriff's dwelling where the enemies of her home (as so she now must



"Sometimes animals from the woods and fields" fancy them) were trying to be happy without the company of the Campbells of Keils. When they were in front of it every window shone across the grass-plot, some of them open so that the sound of gaiety came clearly to the woman and the boy. Miss Mary stood woebegone, suffused again in tears.

"And there are my dear brothers at home yonder, their lee-lone, silent, sitting in a parlour! Oh! it is shameful, it is shameful! And all for a hasty word about a lass!"

Gilian before this curious sorrow was dumb. Silently he tried to lead the little lady away from the place, but she would not go, and would not be comforted. Then there came from the open windows the beginning of a song. At the first note Gilian thrilled in every nerve.

"Fancy that now!" said Miss Mary, checking her tears. "No more than a wean and here she must be singing at supper parties as brave as the mother before her. It's a scandal! And it shows the bitterness of the quarrel to have her here, for she was never here at supper before."

"But is she not fine?" said Gilian, with a passion in his utterance.

Nan it was, singing a Scots song, a song of sad and familiar mood, a song of old loves, old summers, and into the darkness it came with a sweetness almost magic.

"Is she not fine?" he said again, clutching with eager hands at the rail and leaning over as far as he could to lose no single note of that alluring melody.

"Oh, the dear! the dear!" sobbed Miss Mary, moved to her inmost by the strain. "When I heard her first I thought it was her mother, and that too was her favourite song! Oh, the dear! the dear! and I to be the sinful woman here on any quarrel for her!"

The song ceased, a window noisily closed, and Gilian fell back with a shock upon a wet world with roads full of mire and a salt wind from the sea moaning in the trees behind the town.

"What—what—what are we here for?" said he, beholding for the first time the impropriety of this eavesdropping on the part of so genteel and sensitive a dame.

She blushed in the dark with the shame the query roused. She had thought him too young to understand the outrage this must be on her every sense of Highland decency, and yet he could reprove her in a single sentence!

"You may well ask," she said, moving away from that alluring house-front with its inmates so indifferent to the passions in the dark without. And her sobs were not yet finished. "Because I prize my brothers," said she, "and grieve at any slight upon them, must I be spy upon my dead companion's child?" She hurried her pace away from that house whose windows stared in a dumb censure upon her humiliation. Gilian shuffled reluctantly at her side, confounded, but she seemed almost unconscious that he was there, till he tugged with a shy sympathy at her gown. Then she looked and beamed upon him with the mother-face.

"Do you like that girl?" said she.

"I like her—when she sings," said he.

"Oh! it was always that," she went on helplessly. "My poor brothers! They were not to blame, and she was not to blame, at least, not very much perhaps; if blame there was, it lay with the providence that brought them together." Then she stopped a moment with a pitiful exclamation: "Oh! I was the instrument of providence in their case; but for me, that loved them all, it might never have been. What am I doing here with you? She may have her mother's nature as well as her mother's songs."

For once Gilian found himself with many pieces of a tale he could not put together, for all his ingenuity. He said nothing, but fumbled in many trials at the pieces as he and the little lady walked up the street, now deserted but for themselves and a man's footsteps sounding on the flags. The man was on them before Miss Mary realised his coming. It was Mr. Spencer of the New Inn. He stopped with a salutation, coming upon them, as it happened, in the light of the oil-lamp at the Cross Well, and a discreet surprise was in his visage.

"It is an inclement evening, Miss Campbell," he said, in a shrill high dainty accent that made him seem a foreigner when in converse among the guttural Highland burghers.

She answered in some confusion, and by this time he had found a reason for her late hour abroad in the wet deserted street.

"You have left the Sheriff's early tonight," said he. "I was asked, but I find myself something of the awkward stranger from the big world when I come into the kind and homely gatherings of the clans here."

"I think we are not altogether out of the big world you speak of," said Miss Mary, in a chilly tone. "The mantua-maker tells me the latest fashions are here from London sooner than they are in Edinburgh." She saw in his face the innkeeper's apology for his common sin against the Gaelic vanity. "We were just out for an airing," she added, taking Gilian's hand in hers and squeezing it with meaning.

"I thought, ma'am, you were at the Sheriff's," said Mr. Spencer.

"Oh! there is a party in the Sheriff's, is there?" she said. "That is very nice; they have a hospitable house and many friends. I must hurry home to my brothers, who, like all old gentlemen, are a little troublesome and care neither to move out at night, nor to let me leave them to go out myself."

She smiled up in his face with just a hint of a little coquette that died in her twenty years before. She said "Good-night," and then she was gone.

Mr. Spencer's footsteps sounded more slowly on the flagstone as he resumed his accustomed evening walk, in which for once his mind was not on London town, and old friends there, but upon the odd thing that while this old maid had smiled upon him, there was a tear very plain upon her cheek.

CHAPTER IX

ACADEMIA

In the fulness of time, Gilian attained to the highest class in Old Brooks' school, pushed up thereto by no honest application of his own, but by the luck that attends on such as have God's gift to begin with. And now that he was among the children of the town he found them lovable, but yet no more lovable than the children of the glen. The magic he had fancied theirs as he surveyed them from a distance, the fascination they had before, even when they had mocked with cries of "Crotal-coat, Crotal-coat," did not very bravely stand a close trial. He was not dismayed at this; he did as we must all be doing through life and changed one illusion for another. It is a wonderful rich world for dreams, and he had a different one every day, as he sat in the peaty odour of instruction.

Old Brooks would perch high on his three-legged stool conning over some exercise while his scholars in their rows behind the knife-hewn inky desks hummed like bees upon their tasks. The horn-books of the little ones at the bottom of the room would sometimes fall from their hands in the languor of that stagnant atmosphere, but the boys of the upper forms were ever awake for mischief. To the teaching of the Dominie they would come with pockets full of playthings, sometimes animals from the woods and fields about the town—frogs, moles, hedgehogs, or fledgeling birds. Brooks rarely suspected the presence of these distractions in his sacred grove, for he was dull of vision and preferred to see his scholars about him in a vague indefinite mist rather than wear in their presence the great horn spectacles that were privy to his room in Crombie's Land. The towns clock staring frankly in at the school windows conveyed to him no knowledge of the passing enemy, and, as his watch had been for a generation but a bulge upon his vest, he must wait till the hour struck ere he knew it was meridian and time to cross the playground and into Kate Bell's for his glass of waters. "Silence till I return," he would say, whipping on his better coat and making for the door, that had no sooner shut on him than tumult reigned.

On his way back from the tavern he would meet, perhaps, the Paymaster making for the house of the Sergeant More. "I cannot understand," would the Paymaster say, "what makes you take your drams in so common a civilian house as that. A man and a soldier keeps the Abercrombie, a fellow who fought for his country. And look at the company! MacNicol and Major Hall—and—myself, and some of the best in the burgh; yet you must be frequenting a low tavern with only merchants and mechanics and fishermen to say 'Good Health' to."

Master Brooks had always his answer very pat.

"I get a great abundance of old war tales in my books," he would say drily. "And told with a greater ingenuity—not to mention veracity—than pertain to the legends and histories of you old campaigners. Between ourselves, I'm not for war at all, but for the far finer and more wholesome rarity called peace. Captain, Captain!" (and here would he grasp the Paymaster by the coat lapels with the friendly freedom of an old acquaintance), "Captain, Captain, it is not a world for war though we are the fools to be fancying so, but a world for good-fellowship, so short the period we have of it, so wonderful the mind of them about us, so kind with all their faults! I find more of the natural human in the back room of Kate's there where the merchants discourse upon their bales and accompts than I would among your half-pay gentry who would have the country knee-deep in blood every day in the calendar if they had their way of it."

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"The boy's made, Captain Campbell," said the schoolmaster one day at this. "He was made and his end appointed ere ever he come to your house or felt my ferule-end. He is of the dream nature and he will be what he will be. I can no more fashion him to the common standard than I can make the fir-tree like unto the juniper. I've had many a curious student yonder, wild and tame, dunce and genius, but this one baffles me. He was a while up in the glen school, they tell me, and he learned there such rudiments as he has, but what he knows best were never learned anywhere but as the tinkler learns—by the roadside and in the wood."

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And while the Paymaster and the Dominie were thus discussing Gilian, the school would be in a tumult whereof he was sometimes the leader. To him the restraints were galling shackles. When the classes would be humming in the drowsy afternoon and the sharp high voice of old Brooks rose above the murmur as he taught some little class in the upper corner, the boy would be gazing with vacant eyes at the whitewashed wall in front of him, or looking out at the beech branches that tapped in faint breezes at the back windows, or listening with an ecstatic ear to the crisp contact of stone and scythe as the mowers in the fields behind put a new edge on their instruments. Oh! the outer world was ever the world of charm for him, winter or summer as he sat in that constrained and humming school. That sound of scythes a-sharping was more pleasing to his ear than the poetry Mr. Brooks imposed upon his scholars, showing himself how to read it with a fierce high limping accent as if it were a thing offensive. When hail or rain rattled on the branches, when snow in great flakes settled down or droves of cattle for distant markets went bellowing through the street, it was with difficulty he kept himself to his seat and did not rise and run out where his fancy so peremptorily called.

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So off Gilian would go with his book under his arm to the Ramparts. The Ramparts were about the old Tolbooth and kept crime within and the sea without. Up would the tide come in certain weathers thrashing on the granite cubes, beating as it might be for freedom to the misunderstood within, beating and hissing and falling back and dashing in again and streaming out between the joints of masonry in briny jets. Half-way up the Ramparts was a foot-wide ledge and here the boy would walk round the bastions and in the square face to the sea would sit upon the ledge with his legs dangling over the water and read his volume. It might be the "Mysteries of Udolpho," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Moll Flanders," or "Belinda," the story of one Random, a wandering vagabond, or Crusoe, but no matter where the story led, the boy whose feet dangled over the sea was there. And long though the tale might be Gilian pieced it out in fancy by many pages. His situation on the Ramparts was an aid to his imagination, for as he sat there the sea would be sluggishly rolling below or beating in petulant waves and he floated, as it were, between sea and sky, as free from earth's clogging influence as the gannet that soared above.

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"Do not tear the good book," said one of the boys, Young Islay, shocked, or pretending to be so, at the destruction.

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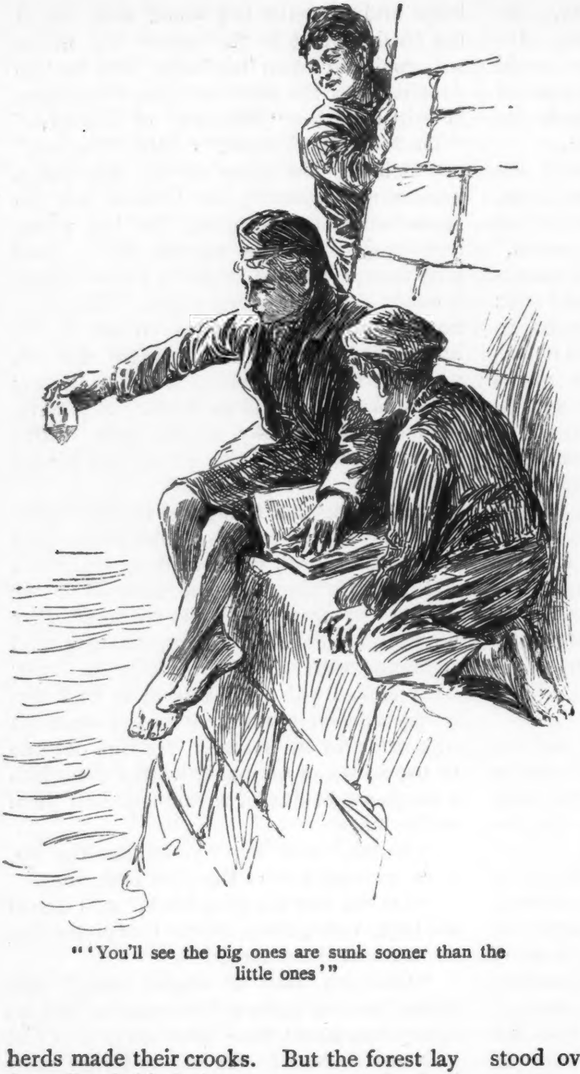


"'You'll see the big ones are sunk sooner than the little ones'"

herds made their crooks. But the forest lay for miles behind the town, a great land of shade and pillars where the winds roved and tangled. It abounded in wild life, and sounded ever in spring and summer with songs and cries. Into its glades he would wander and stand delirious to the solitude, tingling to the wild. The dim vistas about him had no affrights; he was at home, he was the child of the tranquil, the loving mother, whose lap is the pasture-land and forest. Autumn fills those woods with the very breath of melancholy, no birds will sing in the multitudinous cloisters, except the birds of the night whose melody is one doleful and mocking note. The bracken burns and withers, lush grass rots and whitens above the fir-roots, the birds flit from shade to shade with no carolling. And over all will stand the trees sleeping with their heads a-nod.

He would walk among the noisy fallen leaves, posturing the heroes of his reading or his own imagination about him in the landscape — a pleasant recreation. He would set Bruce the king himself sitting at a cave-mouth, a young gentleman with a queue like Turner's, pondering upon freedom, while the spiders wrought for his instruction; deer breaking from covert to dash away, or moving in stately herds across the forest openings, became a foreign cavalry. Sometimes he would take a book to the upper hunting-roads, where rarely any intrusion came except from some gillie or fisher of the lochs far back in the moors, and stretched on dry bracken he would read and dream for hours.

It was in such an attitude Young Islay found him on the Saturday after the episode on the Ramparts. Gilian was in the midst of the same book, trying hard to fill up the gaps that his sacrifice of leaves had brought into the narrative, and Young Islay going a-fishing in the moor-lochs, a keen sportsman all alone, stood over him a very much surprised discoverer.

He gave an halloo that brought Gilian to his feet alarmed, for it happened to fit in with some passage in his mind where foes cried. In vain the book went behind the Paymaster's boy; Islay saw the ragged pages.

"Oh!" he cried, "You'll not cheat me this time; you're reading." An annoying contempt was in his manner, and as he stood with his basket slung upon his back, and his rod in the crook of an arm, like a gun, a straight, sturdy lad of neat limb, a handsome face, and short black curls, he was, for a moment, more admirable in Gilian's eyes than the hero of the book he was ashamed to show.

"I had it in my pocket," said Gilian, in a poor, ineffective explanation, relinquishing the volume with a grudge to the examination of this cynic.

"You pretended on the Ramparts you were tearing it up like any other boy," said Young Islay, "and I was sure you were doing nothing of the kind." He turned over the pages with scornful fingers. "It's not a school-book, there's not a picture in it, it's full of talking—fancy being here with that rubbish, when you might be fishing with me!"

Gilian snatched the volume from him. "You don't know anything about it!" he cried.

"I know *you* at any rate" said Young Islay craftily. "You were ashamed of your book; you come here often with books; you do nothing like anybody else; you should have been a girl!"

All the resentment of the Paymaster's boy sprung to his head at this taunt; he threw the book down and dashed a small fist in Young Islay's face. There he found a youth not slow to reply. Down went the rod and the book, and with the fishing-basket swinging and beating at his back, Young Islay fell upon the zealous student. Gilian's arms, as he defended or aimed futile blows, felt, in a little, as heavy as lead. Between each blow he aimed there seemed to be a great space of time, and yet his enemy was striking with rapidity.

"Are you beaten?" at last cried Young Islay, drawing back for a truce.

"No," said Gilian, gasping. "I'm only tired," but he looked bloody and vanquished.

"It's the same thing," said Young Islay, picking up his rod. "You can do nothing with your hands; I—I can do anything." And he drew up with a bantam's vanity. He moved off. The torn book was in his path. He kicked it before him like a foot-ball until he reached the ditch beside the hunting road, and there he left it. A little later Gilian saw him in a distant vista of the trees as an old hunter of the wood, with a gun in his hand and his spoil upon his back, breasting the brae with long strides, a figure of achievement altogether admirable.

THE MAKING OF THE DICTIONARY

By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

It is customary to regard the dictionary as a necessary evil. Many buy it because it is a thing no well-regulated household should be without. Most consult it grudgingly, the voluntary pursuit of learning is dying out now that we are all so stuffed with knowledge. And to those who have survived the ordeal of a finished education, there may perhaps appear to be a tincture of injustice in the insistent claims of the dictionary. A language which should be "self-interpreting" is what is wanted in these busy days. The makers of English, too, indulged in most discreditable vagaries. In the search for additional words they seem to have ransacked the earth, to the terror and perplexity of their descendants. There is, however, an alternative view, which casts no slur upon our forebears. Is our education so complete? Had there been less of Greek and Latin in the class-room and more of our mother tongue, we might have leaned upon the dictionary less.

It is significant, at any rate, that when the promoters of the New English Dictionary began to look about for assistance, they found British Universities apathetic, or at best but mildly interested. Their professors were too busy with the dead languages. The promoters turned to the United States. There the English language is studied scientifically, and American scholarship at once responded to the appeal. Professors read for it and interested their pupils in the undertaking. When the Syndic of the Cambridge University Press was asked to undertake its publication, they politely declined. The delegates of the Oxford University Press consented. These delegates—amongst whom were Mark Pattison and Dr. Stubbs, now Bishop of Oxford—may be said to have retrieved the reputation of our academies.

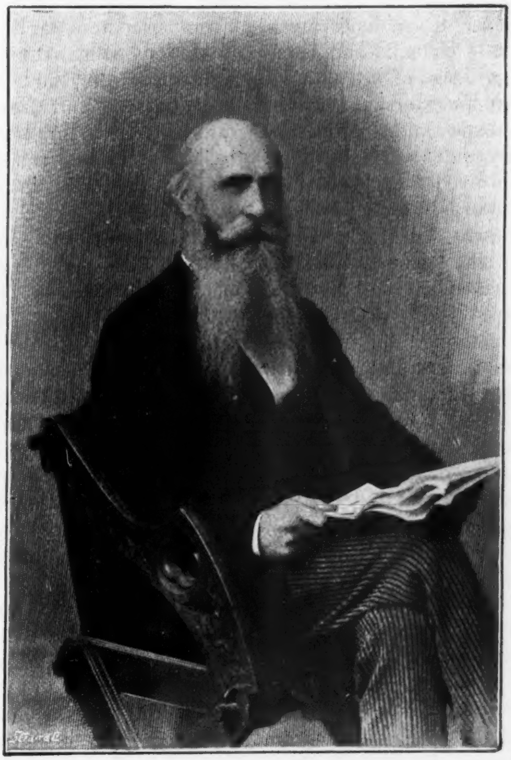
The New English Dictionary is an enterprise without precedent, and its value can scarcely be overestimated. It will help to make the last quarter of the nineteenth century notable in literary history. Not that this century will see its finish, that will not be before 1910 at the earliest. Yet it was in fact projected thirty-seven years ago, when Dean Trench read a paper before the Philological Society on the necessity of supplementing the then existing dictionaries. The Society resolved to undertake the work. The committee soon found that it was not a supplement which was wanted, but a new dictionary. For a time there was uncommon activity. Mr. Herbert Coleridge, a grand-nephew of the poet, was appointed editor, and some hundreds of readers got to work. Mr. Coleridge died, Dr. Furnivall succeeded him, but the interest had already slackened. When Dr. Murray—now joint editor with Mr. Henry Bradley—was appointed, it was not even a failing cause—it was a cause which had failed. Dr. Furnivall had thought the best thing would be to hand over the materials to the British Museum. There were futile negotiations with unwilling publishers; they would have condensed it till it was worthless; they could see no profit otherwise. They were doubtless right. It was fortunate that the Oxford Press then recognised its responsibilities, for there was no hope in any other quarter. They took some time in giving a favourable decision, for Oxford has obvious limitations. Some delegates disapproved of the dictionary being edited by any other than an Oxford man. But when they came to look there was no Oxford man who could do it. Finally, Dr. Murray's qualifications so impressed the majority, that when he hesitated they said they must have him for editor or they would go no farther.

He got together thirteen hundred readers and thirty sub-editors. It would take twelve years to finish the work, he believed then. He soon found he had been too precipitate. Dr. Johnson thought his dictionary would take three years; it took nearly three times three. Webster toiled at his for twenty-four years.

And though we have grown to regard Johnson's Dictionary with a modified respect, he was still without doubt a great dictionary-maker. His reputation lasted so well that in the "fifties" readers for the New English Dictionary passed his quotations without verification. They do so no longer; for, in fact, the great lexicographer had often a slipshod way with him. Sometimes he is at fault in the text of the quotation, sometimes in the author. There is no doubt now that the Doctor frequently quoted from memory. A dictionary-maker with a sense of humour must be sometimes at a loss for an outlet. The Doctor was not, he loosed it in his pages. "Grub Street"—he writes—"the name of a street in London, inhabited by the writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems." A lexicographer he defines as—"a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

However, he gave us a splendid lead for a very poor reward—fifteen hundred pounds, out of which he had to pay his six assistants. By the way, in spite of his antipathy to Scotsmen, five of the six came from over the Border. They sat round the table in Gough Square, whilst Johnson sat in a chair upon it, so that he could overlook them.

Gough Square and the home of the New English Dictionary are in striking contrast. It is one of a row of pleasant villas stretching away out of Oxford to the north. The colleges have been left far behind; it stands, in fact, on the confines of the town. There is nothing to mark it above its fellows; nothing in the neighbourhood which is not common to the suburbs of scores of small provincial towns. It has an agreeable air of drowsy prosperity about it; no one would suspect it of energy or enthusiasm. There is evidence in the house itself that the owner is a man with a taste for philology, but nothing more. Dr. Murray himself asserts that his tastes are scientific, and if ever he formerly looked forward to a release from pedagogy, it was with the hope of devoting himself to one or other of the branches of natural science to which his heart was given. Yet what better qualification for a lexicographer could there be than the scientific habit? He was second master at Mill Hill—"the Wesleyan Eton" as it has been called—when invited to undertake the editorship. That his prospects would be improved by the change was more than doubtful, but the call was an imperative one. He, as President of the Philological Society, and Examiner in English for the University of London, knew the national loss which would be incurred if the publication were indefinitely postponed. He compromised, devoting some hours to the school and some to the dictionary. This division of time and interests soon became impossible, and he removed to Oxford, the dictionary absorbing him entirely. His name betrays him as a Scotsman. He was for some years Principal of the Academy at Hawick, and is regarded as an authority on the antiquities and natural history of his native Teviotdale. He has also made some notable contributions to the history of the Scottish language and its dialects.



(*Hills & Saunders, photographers, Oxford*)

DR. MURRAY

Overwhelming proofs of the dictionary are not wanting in the garden behind the house. There stands the laboratory, or Scriptorium, as it is called. It is externally disappointing. The truth must be told: it is what the wits call a "tin tabernacle." "Of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me," says Ruskin; the rumbling of those thunders has not yet died away. But Mr. Ruskin is an art critic mainly. A political economist? That is open to question. And this is a matter of economics. An iron building is cheap, is a protection against fire, and is removable at will. Granted that it is hopelessly ugly, these considerations remain much to the point.

The scheme within is simplicity itself. Tables and desks, and along the walls row upon row of pigeon-holes, more than a thousand of them, full of slips. Every one of these slips has passed or will pass through the hands of five helpers, and four assistants at the tables are constantly at work sorting and classifying them. They contain the quotations; approximately a million of them go to the ton; there are about six tons of them. It would take you thirty years to look through them at the rate of one a minute! That only a million will be used in the dictionary gives one the impression that things are not so bad after all. Yet, as a matter of fact, the saving of labour would be immense if the whole of the six tons could be printed. As it is, they have all to be weighed in the balance. Then, when the best have been selected, they must be made of a convenient length; for the dictionary is limited to eight times the size of Webster.

On slopes against the wall and on shelves are ranged the works of reference: dictionaries, ancient and modern, in many languages. There is the work of Master Henry Cockeran, wherein "all such as desire to know plenty of the English" are invited to the story of the crocodile, "who, having eaten the body of a man will, in fine, weep over the head." From this natural and common habit of the crocodile comes the phrase "crocodile tears." There is the dictionary "according to Cocker"—for that excellent mathematician was a dictionary-maker besides, and Johnson's own copy of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," with his annotations for his dictionary, some of them very characteristic.

We are able, however, to go back much earlier than Cocker or Cockeran, and come to the gloss. The glosses of the Anglo-Saxon psalters are the ancestors of the dictionary. These were explanations of difficult words given side by side with the text. From the gloss was evolved the glossary, an independent list of words, which was probably learned by heart. In the pictorial vocabulary of about the same period art came to the assistance of letters. But the first dictionaries were avowedly designed for women and children, though the standard of knowledge at the time could not have been so high but that the men sometimes found them useful.

But perhaps the most interesting book of them all is the Littré dictionary. It is not a bibliographical curiosity, but a proof of what a man of genius and purpose can do when he sets his heart upon it. Littré was the prince of lexicographers. His dictionary contains five thousand closely-printed pages. He gives the biography of every French word, its etymology, and illustrations of its use from authors of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He received little or no help from outsiders and read nearly all the books himself, whilst his wife and daughters did most of the copying. The collection of the materials took him thirteen years, and thirteen more were swallowed up in printing and revising them.

The slips which line the Scriptorium came from all parts of the world; from France and from Florida, from Algeria and Amsterdam, from Upper Egypt, Stockholm, Rome, Florence and Japan. Amongst the early readers there are many distinguished names: Rossetti, Hazlitt, Perowne, Lubbock, Littledale, Lightfoot, Lushington, Craik, Page-Hopps, and Dowden. More than one hundred thousand books have been read and extracts made. It took two assistants three years, working eight hours a day, to sort the material transferred to Dr. Murray by the Philological Society. He sent out circulars to the registered contributors, five hundred of them—four hundred and fifty came back through the dead-letter office!

Twenty-six sub-editors had been originally appointed, one for each letter of the alphabet. Nearly one-half of these were dead. From executors and survivors, however, quotations came tumbling in by the ton, unearthed from lumber-rooms, from cellars, from garrets, and from cupboards. They came in cases, in trunks, in hampers, in baskets. There were barrels of nouns and bundles of verbs, sheaves of conjunctions and parcels of adjectives. In every conceivable form of package—even an old bassinet full, containing, too, a mouse and her family, reared on parts of speech! But the slips of *Pa* could not be found, nor the sub-editor responsible for them. With infinite difficulty he was traced from place to place till it was ascertained that he had last resided in County Cavan. There he had died, and there in a loft over a shed the missing words were found.

It must be understood that these sub-editors and readers have given, and still give, their services without fee or reward. To pay for preparing the materials for such a work would be a manifest impossibility. But the honorary worker has obvious defects. Some who responded to the appeal promised largely and performed nothing, others did a great deal and it was useless. Literary men of unquestioned ability and proved performance could not so much as transcribe a quotation accurately or give an author's name correctly. The amount of work done by individual readers was ludicrously disproportionate. Out of three hundred and sixty-one thousand slips, nineteen thousand came from one reader alone, eleven thousand from another, and ten thousand from a third. And there were more than seven hundred readers during that particular year. The correspondence entailed in keeping them at work was in itself a huge matter. From thirty to forty letters a day had to be written. Altogether not less than two thousand people have had a finger in the pie.

The conditions have happily changed since then. The chief work at present consists in sorting and classifying the material. New books and new editions, it is true, come out now and again, which must be read. But a trained band of some hundred men and women undertake all that is required. Now that the stress of dealing with incompetent human material has passed, Dr. Murray is able to say that, after all, their experiences of the kind have been by no means unusual. The brothers Grimm, when they set about starting the great German dictionary, appealed for readers and received offers of help from only eighty-three persons. Six only of them proved able to give any real assistance, and of these only one came up to the editors' standard!

The scope of the New English Dictionary is wider than that of any of its predecessors. It includes all words, not only those belonging to modern English, but those which are archaic and obsolete. It is enriched with quotations from the earliest written records down to the present time. Dr. Johnson despised derivation, Horne Tooke definition: in the new dictionary derivation and definition go together; in fact etymology is for the first time assigned its full honours in the history of words. It has been found necessary to set a limit to the inclusion of dialect words. Material for their proper treatment was not in existence, and you cannot be continually altering the plan of a work which has been on the stocks a quarter of a century. Dialect words of classic origin are given, and for the rest there is Dr. Wright's Dialect Dictionary in progress, which treats the subject in the fittest way, that is, geographically.

By a curious inversion the longest words come to have the briefest treatment in the New Dictionary. That this should be so s natural enough. Our ancestors had not the taste, or indeed the necessity, for long words. They have been recently introduced chiefly for scientific and technical uses. They have no history worth mentioning, and no inflections, and are therefore easily dealt with.

There are, on the other hand, monosyllabic verbs, contemporary with English history, and which are infinitely inflected: such words as *go*, *get*, *come*, *be*, and *do*. Dr. Murray was at one time under the impression that *let* would be the longest of them. He refuses to commit himself now, for *get* and *go* will certainly take a great deal of beating. Words like these are used in such an extraordinary number of senses, and have had so varied a life history, that their treatment often extends to many pages. There are prepositions, too, of ancient lineage, such as *by*, *on*, and *that*, whose claims are almost as formidable.

The dictionary has been the subject of letters from Tennyson, George Eliot, Stevenson, J. R. Lowell, and Mr. Andrew Lang. They are for the most part replies to inquiries as to the significance of some word which they used. Stevenson was applied to as to the word 'brean,' which had turned up in one of his breathless tales. To which Mr. Stevenson replied that he was sorry to say that he had not read the proofs of the book, but 'brean' was plainly a misprint for 'ocean!' And he goes on to show, by an example, how his handwriting made this possible. George Eliot was asked whether she wished to go down to posterity as George Eliot; she replied in the affirmative.

There have been not a few protests against the introduction into the dictionary of what some correspondents have been pleased to call "Americanisms"; in many cases the words objected to were good English centuries ago. Fallen out of use in this country, they have been preserved over sea, and have come to us again, to be coldly received as strangers. It is not the intention of the present editors to follow Dr. Johnson's arbitrary mode of inserting only such words as he thought good and fit.

The dictionary-makers of other countries have not been chary of their admiration; they have shown it in the sincerest way by following many of the improved methods of the new undertaking. The promoters of the new Swedish dictionary sent one of their editors to see how the thing was done; he went back with a full note-book. The enterprise has also given a spur to Continental lexicographers, and dictionaries of moment in Holland, Germany, and other countries are either begun or beginning.

A PAGE OF ANTARCTIC HISTORY

By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

FROM the ragged and iron-bound shores of Stewart Island, New Zealand, if you steer about S.S.W. some 300 miles, and have luck, you will fetch the Auckland Islands. If the time of your passage be the antipodean summer you may possibly have respectable weather—nothing to boast of, but still for any one used to those parts not so bad. But the winter—ah! then indeed is the time for those who seek to complete their education in rough weather lore to visit the islands south of New Zealand. For duration, violence, and bitterness, the whole watery world may safely be challenged to produce such weather *en permanence* as will here be experienced from May to August.

And in the centre of it all, "where resistless the unhindered wave rolls round the world," are scattered forlornly, like outlying pickets against the mysterious, unconquerable Antarctic, the Auckland, Campbell, and Macquarie Islands. These latter, in spite of their isolated position and apparent lack of participation in the busy life of the world, were once the theatre of some stirring scenes, which had they occurred in these days of news-hunger would have set the transmitters ticking in all the great ganglions of civilisation. Even in the comparatively drowsy days during the first half of this century considerable interest was manifested in the doings at the Aucklands, and they gained a temporary notoriety which has long since died away and left them to their primeval peace.

Now, in order to properly set forth the subsequent proceedings it will be necessary to go back to the close of the eighteenth century, when the enterprise of a great London firm (Messrs. Enderby Brothers) had made this city the head-quarters of an immense South Sea whale fishery. In those early days the chase of the sperm-whale or cachalot (*Physeter macrocephalus*) was confined to the North and South Atlantic, mostly within the tropics; but as the number of whaleships, both American and European, grew and multiplied exceedingly it was inevitable that the more enterprising and eager of the captains should begin to feel cramped for want of space. So, conservative as they were, and extremely suspicious of any change, it came about that they gradually worked their way farther and farther south, adapting themselves perforce to the less favourable conditions they met with for carrying on their perilous profession as they got nearer the Antarctic, until at last the captain of the *Emilia*, one of Messrs. Enderby's whaleships, boldly took his fate in both hands, and, rounding Cape Horn, first carried the sperm-whale fishery into the Pacific Ocean. This was in the year 1788, thirteen years after it had become necessary to establish an English cachalot fishery owing to the American War of Independence.

Prior to 1775 the Americans enjoyed, as they do now, the entire monopoly of dealing with that vast and savage mammal, the shark of the cetacea family, but withal the most valuable of them. But to return to the *Emilia*. When she disappeared round the Horn into that mighty and almost unknown ocean, neither her captain nor her crew could have anticipated that in less than half of the shortest time then on record they would be returning full to the hatches with sperm-oil and spermaceti. Upon the arrival at home and consequent information of the owners of the wonderful success on those new grounds, orders were at once given to all Messrs. Enderby's captains who could be reached to push on into the Pacific, and from thence wherever they felt justified in believing that the cachalot might be found in remunerative numbers. This wise and far-seeing policy had great and unexpected results. It led to the discovery of numberless islands and distant ports which have since been credited to far different and less worthy explorers—for the old whaling captain was by no means a scholar, and his object not being discovery of new lands or hydrography, but whale-fishing, he naturally neglected to secure to himself such honours in those directions as were undoubtedly his due.

And so all parts of the Eastern seas were thoroughly searched, even such outlying and not easily accessible waters as the Red Sea and Persian Gulf being ransacked in search of whales. In 1819 the British ship *Syren* first fished that wide stretch of stormy sea subsequently known to whalers as the "Coast of Japan," which proved so enormously prolific that long after the trade had begun to decline the annual catch of sperm-oil and spermaceti taken from its waters was returned to the House of Commons as 40,000 barrels or 4000 tons, which at the average price of those days, £80 per ton, represented £320,000.

Now, although the whale-fishers found sperm-whales wherever they went, it was ever noted that just upon the verge of their cold weather limit the whales were always larger, fatter, and more numerous. I have myself repeatedly noticed that, for richness of blubber and size of individuals, no place could compare with those latitudes near the parallel of 50° S., although, of course, the terrible weather so continuously met with did much to equalise the chances of a good catch. It would, therefore, of necessity occur to the whalemen that, if they were to get the utmost gain possible out of these stormy southern whaling grounds, they must certainly have some accessible ports near at hand whither they might flee for shelter from the unutterable fury of the Antarctic gales, or retreat with a whale to cut it up in safety, when to remain at sea would be to surely lose their prize.

With these objects in view nearly all the Antarctic islands were discovered, but none of them were so suited to the required purpose as the Auckland Isles. They were first sighted in 1806 by Captain Bristow of the whaleship *Ocean*, and formally taken possession of for Great Britain in the following year. Thenceforward they became a favourite rendezvous for the bolder spirits who preferred big whales and stormy seas to little whales and fine weather. Although by no means the sort of place one would choose for a holiday resort, they afforded very fair shelter from the worst weather met with in those latitudes, except when a fleet of immense icebergs unfortunately chose to cruise about their vicinity, while during the short summer they presented to the wave-worn whaleman quite a green and fertile appearance. Fish of many kinds were to be found in every bay in the greatest abundance, while the immense herds of elephant seals (*Macrorhinus proboscidens*) would alone have repaid the visitors for their trouble. Finally, fresh water ran from nearly every rock in sparkling streams of the most delightful taste.

Years rolled on, and in 1840 Captain Sir James Clark Ross, in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, visited them, and made a fairly exhaustive survey of their coasts. Then came the famous French navigator, Dumont d'Urville, in *L'Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, followed shortly afterwards by the United States exploring expedition. The islands were now getting fairly famous throughout the Southern hemisphere, and in 1849, fired by the highly-coloured reports of great wealth of seals and fish abounding there, a large party of Maories, or "Maoriories," from the Chatham Islands determined to migrate thither. For some time the state of affairs among the natives at the Chathams had been deplorable. Internecine strife was the normal condition of things, and the weaker party, fearing extermination at the hands of their relentless enemies, were glad enough to hear of an unoccupied land where they might live in peace and grow rich. So they gathered all together, and, chartering a crazy old vessel, took their departure for the Aucklands to the number of 200, men, women, and children. They had a rapid, though (of course) stormy, passage, and all arrived safely at their new home. The chief, a Maori of great authority and ability named Te Wharè, immediately commenced the herculean task of apportioning the land among his people; but this undertaking at once proved beyond his power to accomplish peacefully.

It was the fall of the year, and any agricultural work was quite impossible until the spring. The scanty stock of vegetable food brought with them was speedily exhausted, and an exclusive diet of seal beef and fish was found to be very ill-suited to the requirements of people accustomed to large quantities of farinaceous provisions. The tremendous storms which often clouded the whole of the island for days at a time with bitterly cold salt spray added greatly to their miseries, and hastened the calamities which shortly ensued. First the party split in half, and war, which they had fondly hoped to finally escape broke out between the two divisions with a fierceness and savagery exceeding anything they had hitherto endured. Their misfortunes drove them mad, and their madness seemed only able to satisfy itself by continual blood-shedding, in which neither age nor sex was any protection. That awful winter, throughout the whole of which the rigour of nature was abetted by the cruelty of man, saw the destruction by murder, exposure, and starvation of nearly the whole party, and when the spring at last arrived, and a ship put in for water, there were but a dozen of the immigrants remaining alive—decrepit shadows of humanity, ready to lick the feet of whoever would rescue them from their unspeakable torments. This awful affair put the story of the Aucklands into every whaler's mouth, and, while making them generally unwilling to visit the place for a time (their superstitious fears being thoroughly aroused), it led to earnest inquiries being made by shipowners as to the capabilities of the islands for commerce and human habitation. Naturally, because where the whales range so near the land it must have often occurred to shrewd men how profitable it would be to conduct the oil-making process ashore, using the ships only as a source of supply. "Bay-whaling," as it is called, has often been undertaken on a small scale, generally by parties of men working in a common partnership, with a couple of boats and the most wretched equipment. Most of these scanty undertakings have ended in disaster to those engaged in them, but, as the men were nearly always of the genus "beach-comber," with "no come from and no go to," no one was affected when they dropped into oblivion.

But now the Messrs. Enderby conceived the idea of conducting a shore whale fishery on a grand scale, and approached the Government of the day with a petition that the Auckland Isles might be granted them for their sole use and occupation for the purpose of establishing such an industry. They had good grounds for making their request, since their services to navigation generally had been very eminent, and were at the time universally acknowledged so to be. The Government met them most graciously, and gave them all they desired without demur or conditions.

A company was at once formed under the title of the Great Southern Whale Fishery Company, and active preparations put in hand for the prosecution of the work. They had money in abundance, men of the widest experience and practical ability; but they had not steam power—it was then just emerging from infancy as regards sea-going vessels. But even with this great drawback much remains to be explained why the venture was such an utter failure. The whole business is wrapped in the greatest mystery. Whether there were too many heads and consequent conflict of jurisdiction, or whether the crews, so vigorous and capable afloat, became lazy and unmanageable ashore, can now only be matters of pure speculation. One thing is certain, there was not, nor is there to this day, any scarcity of whales or seals. In no part of the world are they more abundant or valuable, except as regards the skins, the fur-seals being but few and their pelts of little value.

Whatever the cause, the Great Southern Whale Fishery failed completely, and after a year of steady muddling, and going from bad to worse, the Aucklands were finally abandoned to their original inhabitants, the seals and the birds. Since then an occasional ship has called and made a more or less successful season among the sea elephants and "black whales" (*Balæna australis*); but no settled endeavours have been made to re-establish what ought to have been a most flourishing trade.

During my visit in 1871, the sea-elephants were amazingly numerous, while all around the islands day by day the black and sperm whales were to be seen in great numbers. But it was abundantly evident then that no whaling could succeed there that did not utilise steam, since the weather was so bad and treacherous that unless a ship could be sure of getting into harbour promptly she would certainly lose a whale if she had one, and once in harbour she might be unable to get out again for a very long time unless she could *steam* out as soon as the weather broke. Perhaps some day such a fishery may be established there, using for the purpose some of the Dundee whaleships that now lie eating their heads off in the Tay for one half of the year, and fruitlessly batter about the Arctic seas for the other.

Until that time arrives, the Antarctic Islands, far south of the track of hurrying merchantmen, keep their long and lonely vigil over the "howling fifties"; nor, until the "struggle for existence" becomes much fiercer than it now is, does there appear much prospect of the broken thread of their human history being taken up again.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, the Dundee whaling industry, last of its kind in Britain, has gone the way of all mundane things. The ships have been sold for other purposes and scattered abroad. So that in the improbable event of an Antarctic whale-fishery being established, the old Dundee men are not likely to be available.

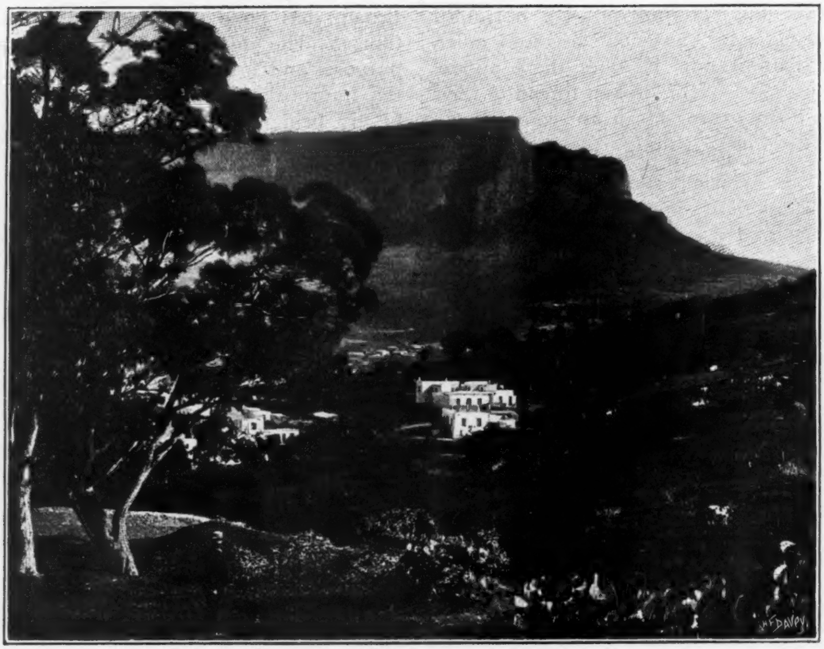
A RUN TO THE CAPE

BY THE EDITOR

SECOND PAPER

IT is a delightful sensation when, after a night of big seas, you are wakened by sudden silence broken by the whirr of the cable, and you know that you are at anchor and that the voyage is over. The white light which precedes the dawn was suffusing the heavens as I hurried on deck and beheld Table Mount silhouetted against the pale sky, and the streets of Capetown spreading ghostlike along the intervening plain. Mr. Froude and Mr. Bryce write enthusiastically of Capetown, and give it a foremost place among all cities for picturesqueness of situation. They have some reason for such an opinion, although the claim might be disputed by Gibraltar, or Athens as you approach it from Sunium, or Constantinople as you near it in the early morning or in the glow of sunset, before closer acquaintance has disillusioned expectation. Even Funchal has much to say for itself. But without indulging in comparisons, Capetown is certainly gloriously placed. The range of Table Mount, with its bastioned precipices and the long sweeping outline from the vast wall of the central mass on to the lofty Lion's Head and the rounded Signal Hill—the "Rump" as it used to be called—form an unrivalled background. The great height of the mountains and their nearness to the city were a surprise. When you land you are impressed by the manner in which these craggy heights dominate the city as a continual presence. Looking up the principal streets, the eye is ever led on to the frowning ramparts of rock which close in the view. It is like Catania, where street after street seems to be an avenue leading to the white cone of Etna towering into the blue sky.

The first impression of Capetown is the extraordinary mixture of the familiar and the strange—probably characteristic of all colonies. Now it is the identity with home life which strikes you: the hansom-cabs, the shops and the names, and above all the posters—horrors from which we had hoped to be delivered—are all there as in London or Glasgow. "Bovril," with the fat Highlander rushing to the arms of the maid with the neat boots holding up the alluring "tin"—this and suchlike cover the walls. But you rub your eyes at fez and turban, and the marvellous inverted waste-paper basket which the Malay coachman carries as his dress hat, and the crowds of Kaffirs and Cape boys of every shade, and the black women and the black children with little to cover their india-rubber bodies—these make you realise that you are in a new world. Repeated visits to Capetown deepened the interest of first impressions. The fine streets and the handsome modern buildings, the public garden with its collection of rare trees and flowers, the shady avenues, Museum, and Library—are worthy of the modern capital of the State, while the old castle and the ancient Dutch churches link the present to the primitive past, when Holland, not Britain, was supreme. The city carries the "cachet" of its position as the centre of trade and government. It bears also the characteristics of a colonial town rapidly developing, for it lacks "finish," and the immediate suburbs straggle into the open



(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPETOWN

and remind one of military cantonments, with the huts, erected for temporary purposes, placed on the grass fields. But I liked Capetown and greatly liked the kind people I met there.

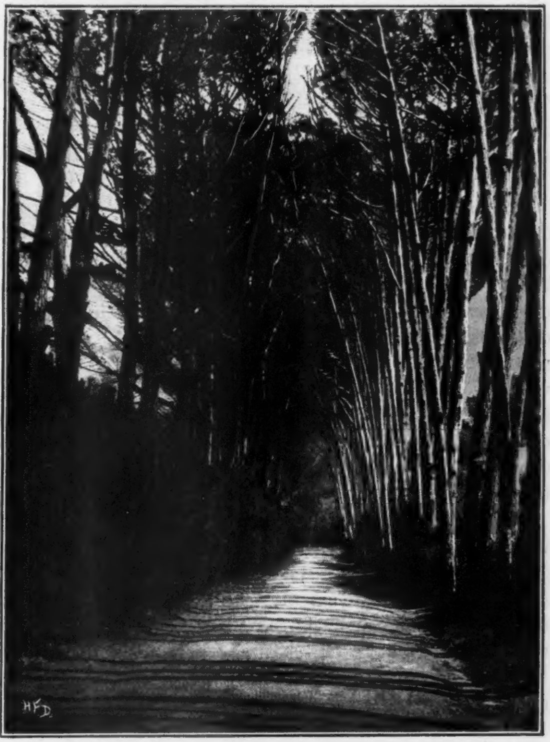
But the true charm of the Cape is to be found in the more distant suburbs, where the citizens chiefly reside. Group after group of villages, villas, and country houses—embowered among magnificent trees and flowers—are strewn along the railway and electric car line which stretch along and around Table Mountain. The wealth of foliage is surprising, even after the richest parts of England. The roads are like avenues through a great park, and lend marvellous vistas between rows of eucalyptus, or oak, or of the grand stone pine. There are many splendid residences, and still more numerous but picturesque bungalow-looking cottages. The old Dutch houses are peculiarly attractive, with thick brown thatch and dormer windows and high gables, and the constant "stoep" or spacious verandah in front—all very solid and artistic, especially in contrast with the cheap vulgarity of the modern "villas," with spindly cast-iron pillars supporting cast-iron balconies, and all roofed with corrugated iron.

I stayed at the comfortable "Vineyard" Hotel near Newlands. Right in front rose the Devil's Peak—a bastion of rock—being part of the Table Mount range, and towering in a sheer precipice to a height not much less than Ben Nevis. It was so near that it startled you each time you went out, so majestic did it seem, and so varied were the changes of light and of the mist and cloud that floated along the torn face. And this vast mass sank at its base into the softest woods, for the dark pine, the fresh spring green of the oak, and the exquisite grey of the silver-leaf-tree seemed to touch the wall of rock.

It is the continual presence of mountains which gives charm to the gloriously cultured land, and to the "Flats"—sandy moorlands covered with scrub. The mountains sweep round the peninsula on one side, so that you pass group after group in going from Capetown to Simons Bay, or by the glorious road which leads along the sea by the "Twelve Apostles" to Wynberg, and in the distance the rugged Drakenstein and other ranges are in fascinating evidence.

We arrived in early spring, when the trees were still bare; but in three weeks the woods were a mass of greenery. The gardens were full of tropic plants—the bread-fruit, banana, camphor-tree, Kaffir-baum with its scarlet flowers; there were large shrubberies of camellias in flower, roses, the Norfolk Island pine with its pale green, the protæa with its magnificent sugar flower, besides aloe and cactus, and many another wondrous plant whose names I knew not. The finest collection belongs to Mr. Arderne, who kindly showed me through his grounds, which form quite a botanical garden. The arums, which are a weed in South Africa, filled there a field with snowy beauty — thousands of these "Lilies of the Nile" being in bloom. Every rare plant and every common one seemed to be represented, from the Scottish hazel to the very rare papyrus.

It was my good fortune to meet many interesting people who could speak from experience and with some authority on African questions. There were many such on board ship both on going and returning — among others Dr. Jameson was my fellow-passenger on the way home. And at the "Vineyard" Hotel we had most interesting evenings, when, as the weather was chill, the black boy, bearing the quaint name of Paulus, heaped faggots on the blazing fire, and we formed a circle round. We had one able representative of the Boer party and several Progressives, and we who formed the jury consisted of a Major of the Royal Engineers, who, after three years' experience in Central Africa, was on his way out to fix the boundary between the German and British Settlements, the captain of a cruiser at Table Bay, and others, who brought long experience to bear on the matters in dispute. Perhaps the most interesting was an occasional visitor, a man well known in Africa—a missionary and former magistrate, who had been born and bred among the Matabele and Mashonas, knew their language and ways thoroughly, and who had seen the native side of many transactions which we call the victories of civilisation, but, as described by him, were calculated to make the lovers of our good fame blush. It was a delightful party of friendly and accomplished men, and nothing could have been more instructive for a stranger anxious to learn than were these symposia. Although I had possessed an average amount of information before, I never realised till I was on the spot the bigness of the questions that are at stake, or the far-reaching importance of the action being taken towards the opening of this mighty continent.



(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

AVENUE OF FIRS AT RONDEBOSCH

The size of the country is what impresses the visitor like a revelation. Cape Colony seems a mere spot on the map of Africa; but when you have to calculate the distances within Cape Colony alone, and find that it takes two or three days and nights of railway travelling to reach places which appear on the map as near as Carlisle is to London, and that when you have reached these you are but on the edge of the real Africa, with its mystery, spreading like an ocean away north, and east, and west—then you begin to have some faint idea of the land we are gradually possessing. "From the Cape to Cairo" is a formula easily uttered, but it is an overwhelmingly large one. And what a change of opinion has taken place within a very few years about our own duty to it! It seems now incredible that an able man like Mr. Froude should have written as late as 1874, after his visit to South Africa: "My own private opinion is more and more that the Imperial Government should confine itself to the Table Mountain peninsula, fortify the two harbours, and use it as a naval and military station, leaving the rest of the country to itself." It was a similarly timid, but far more hesitating view of our duties, which led to most of the difficulties and the bloodshed that have occurred since. One has only to read Mr. Bryce's eminently judicious work on South Africa to see how the evils that have embarrassed us in every direction have sprung from our vacillation, now bullying and now retreating, and the unsympathetic, we might say sometimes dishonest, policy which alienated both the natives and the Dutch from our régime. A very different spirit now prevails, and the minds of all the colonists, and even many of the Dutch, are aflame with the grand conception of the mighty State which is being formed.

There was one verdict which seemed unanimous—viz., that it would take at least a generation to obliterate the evil consequences of the Raid. It is scarcely true to say that it has generated race hatreds, if by that is meant hatred of the Dutch on the part of the English colonists, but it has produced a great alienation of feeling on the part of the Dutch in reference to the English element in South Africa. The Dutch farmer cares little for politics. Let him have a stable Government, and the opportunity of working his land as his fathers did, and to attend his church and read his Bible, and keep his traditionary habits, and he practically cares very little for the questions of policy which may be agitating politicians. But he is intensely patriotic when he believes that his people or his own interests are exposed to danger. He is loyal enough to the Queen, and has no revolutionary ideas regarding the Empire—that is, as long as he himself and his peculiar ways are not interfered with; but the Raid seemed to him, rightly or wrongly, to be an attack on his nation, and it aroused a spirit of suspicion and produced an alienation, which, under the inflammatory addresses of many of the pastors, tended to make the election that was going on when I was in the colony peculiarly bitter. "The Progressives," as the forward party is called—and it includes many Boers—are undoubtedly the hope of the colony, for the conservatism of the Boers is in several respects selfish, narrow-minded, and injurious. The Liquor Question, which is of vital importance for the future of the natives, is emphatically a Boer question, because reform is hindered chiefly by the Dutch farmers, whose pecuniary interests would suffer if restriction was placed on the sale of the drink of which they are the producers. The consequence is the degradation of the natives. "Cape smoke," as the most deadly of the various intoxicants is called, acts like a madness, and unless some reform measure is passed, the problem of Africa will be immensely darkened.

I do not mean to discuss the interminable "Raid" question. Putting the best interpretation upon it, it was a mad adventure. We may give credit to Dr. Jameson for the intention not to wage war against the Dutch, but to produce a political revolution which, while conserving Dutch influence and government, would have removed the intolerable tyranny of the present régime at Pretoria. But whatever the motives may have been, that filibustering rush across the frontier has left social sores which it will take long to heal. We have to understand the Dutch, and to understand Krüger. Their ways and his ways are certainly not like ours. Krüger, as described by those who are sympathisers as well as by those who hate him, is a remarkable personality. Quite uneducated, pigheaded and obstinate to a degree to us in-

(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

KALK BAY

conceivable, there is no use arguing with him: what he sees possesses him, and he will see nothing else. In spite of what is said to the contrary he is sincere in his religion, harsh and limited though it be. Besides religion, his passion is patriotism, in the sense of the preservation of the liberties and customs of his people. If he believes these in danger he will stake all in their defence. He is a Puritan who reads the Old Testament rather than the New, and when it comes to dealing with the natives the example of Joshua with the Canaanites receives practical illustration at his hands. Shrewd, cunning, and exceedingly able, he has hitherto held his own, but whether his utterly blind and impossible policy towards the new forces which have risen in his territory can last much longer is doubtful. He cannot prevent even his own people from being infected with the love of gold, that is the curse as it is also the source of the prosperity of Johannesburg. Do what he can to prevent it, the Dutch of Pretoria are now as notoriously corrupt as the gamblers they affect to despise.

And yet, but for a fortuitous circumstance not very widely known, Jameson's force would have probably reached Johannesburg. It happened in this way. There were two lines of telegraph connecting the neighbourhood of Pitsani with Pretoria, and on leaving Pitsani Dr. Jameson sent four troopers, two to cut the southern and two to cut the northern line. The two who were sent to the one fulfilled their order, but the other two, coming on a canteen on the way, thought they might as well have a drink, which ended in their becoming so hopelessly intoxicated that when they recovered they had scarcely time to overtake Dr. Jameson at the rendezvous appointed, and so they left the wires uncut. The daughter of the Dutchman in charge of the telegraph station, seeing so many troopers pass in the early morning, roused her father, who, suspecting mischief, wired to Krüger what he had seen, using the uncut wire; and in this way

Jameson was unexpectedly met by the Boer forces barring his advance to Johannesburg. And it was well it so happened, for success would have been infinitely worse than failure.

The Native Question appeared to me to be *the* question of the future of Africa, because the development of the vast resources of the continent must depend on the industries which can be brought to bear upon the land. Gold and other mines may attract a population to certain centres, and such populations must form powerful factors in the immediate future; but unless a great industrial population can be secured which will develop the agricultural wealth of the country, the permanent prosperity of Africa will remain unrealised. It is exceedingly doubtful whether European manual labour can ever be suitable in that climate for agricultural purposes. We have therefore to face the problem of educating the natives in industry. But whether this is possible at all, one thing is certain; the education must be slow of accomplishment, and will require much patience as well as wisdom.

Those who knew them best described many of the native races as naturally of a noble and most interesting type. The Zulus, Basutos, Matabele, and others are in many respects splendid people, with a high standard of honour, trustworthy, brave, and, according to their native standard, pure and moral. That they have been often cruelly used is universally confessed. Settlers and land-grabbers, even chartered companies, have not been very scrupulous, and deeds have been perpetrated by armed men, professedly representing our country, that make the blood boil with indignation. There is no use in opening these sad records afresh, or to inquire respecting the methods by which so-called "rebellions" have been fomented and crushed. Thank God the police and all other forces are now under the Queen, and every native in Africa breathes freely.

But what is to be done now to educate these native races? The problem is surrounded with difficulty. One is met first by the tone of feeling prevalent among the white population. As in most countries where "the nigger" question is in evidence, there is in Africa the deep-seated repugnance of the white race to the coloured. Not that this is universal, especially when it is the proud Zulu or Matabele which is dealt with, but it is there. There are many English who feel and act differently. One refined lady, the widow of one of the best and ablest statesmen Cape Colony ever possessed, gave me a wonderful picture of how worthy the natives were of different treatment and of how appreciative they were of confidence. But the usual tone among traders and settlers is different, and it was not uncommon to be told that the natives were "brutes," and the sooner they are exterminated the better. The first difficulty, therefore, is to get the two races to understand one another. Is it hopeless?

Another great difficulty lies in the native customs and habits. The highest and most intelligent races regard labour and trade of all kinds very much as Rob Roy regarded them—as beneath a warrior and a gentleman. Their marriage laws foster this pride, as the men make their wives do all the work, while they loaf in aristocratic idleness. It is said that when a new tax is imposed, the Zulu meets it by taking an additional wife, who by her toil wins for him as much additional produce as will discharge the burden. Polygamy has the additional result of increasing the black population at an enormously more rapid rate than the white—so that in the future the settlers may be terribly outnumbered. The natives at present experience but slight inducement to work. Their wants are few. They care little for the articles commerce would tempt them with. They are not so keenly anxious for wealth as to labour for its increase. They are content with few articles of clothing, with their rude huts and scant fare, so that it is difficult to get their tastes and desires so stimulated as to induce exertion. And thus it happens that while great tracts of what is perhaps as rich soil as is to be found in the world are lying uncultivated, the very necessaries of life are being largely imported. The colony does not supply itself with breadstuffs or even with sufficient vegetables and butchers' meat. There were 60,000 eggs carried on our ship from Madeira, which we were told would sell for threepence apiece at Johannesburg.

Labour is the chief requirement and, were that possible, immunity from locusts. Water can generally be procured in many of even the driest districts by boring, and capital

(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

SIMONS TOWN

would come if there was such an industrial population at hand as would turn the resources to full advantage. The Kaffirs and Cape boys near Capetown work pretty regularly, and receive excellent wages: if their social position does not improve proportionately, it is because of the drink traffic. Many of them, nevertheless, do rise in the social scale and live comfortably.

How, then, are these crowds of natives that populate some of the richest regions in our dominion to be brought to be good labourers and agriculturists?

There is the rough-and-ready method some advocate of compelling them to work —as the Boers do—by force. Slavery is certainly not named; but when you hear settlers denouncing "Exeter Hall humanitarians," quoting the Dutch as the only people who know how to "manage" the blacks, and asserting that their "peculiar habits and nature require peculiar treatment," you may rest assured that it is compulsion reaching the borders of slavery that is intended. And there could not be a worse policy. The fruits of physical compulsion are the destruction of self-respect and of individual industry. We see it in those countries where slaves have been emancipated, and where the consequent reaction into indolence has been so disastrous. Indeed, the dislike to labour which exists now among the natives in Africa arises very much from former slavery—the governing tribes having learned the blessedness of getting others to work for them, and the enslaved blacks having learned to hate toil. We must make *men* of these people if we are to have true success. We must educate them to value what money can purchase, and so give them the stimulus to labour which we ourselves possess. Education must therefore be understood in a large sense, as embracing more than teaching to read and write. It should be a practical education in life, and leading to an appreciation of what civilisation means.

Christian missions, which are working so nobly in many places, ought, I humbly imagine, to be combined with industrial settlements, in which, under the guidance of their teachers, the natives, after learning Christianity, could subsequently be taught the fulness of Christian life in its industry and domestic duties. Many of the missions are already industrial, but too frequently take the form of teaching the lads to be carpenters, wood-carvers, masons, &c. So far well; but what is chiefly needed is to train agriculturists, and that should be done, where possible, by the establishment of agricultural settlements, such as several of the Roman Catholic missions wisely possess. Nothing can be worse than after boys and girls have been made to break with the traditions and from the government of their tribes, and after giving them some years of instruction in the Gospel and teaching them to sing a few hymns, then to allow them to drift away in early manhood or womanhood, as they too often do, to find work as they may. Too many of these afterwards become the associates of the low whites, who soon ruin them in soul and body. It is such as these that are contemptuously quoted as specimens of Christian converts. A wiser method ought to be followed, and something more attained than power to read the New Testament and to sing hymns. If the scholars when they grow up were settled on allotments, under the superintendence of the missions, and were trained there in habits of persevering industry as well as in the enjoyment of family life, such settlements would serve as an example of what Christian civilisation means, and become the nurseries out of which foreign enterprise might gain recruits for the army of labour it so greatly requires.

Hitherto, outside the missions, the best work for the natives has been done by Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

And here I cannot help pausing to express the impression I received of his character, although, unfortunately, in consequence of his absence from the Cape when I was there, I was unable to present the letters of introduction I had brought. He is, undoubtedly, the one great statesman South Africa possesses. His is an heroic figure, although the heroism is not unmixed. He is a great admirer of the First Napoleon, as his library shows, and there is a certain affinity between the two men, for Mr. Rhodes is a man of vast imperial designs, and he is imperious in his determination that these designs shall be realised. He will not have his great schemes hindered; obstacles must therefore be removed whatever the cost, whether by force or by "squaring" the opposition. But his enthusiasm is wholly unselfish. He is an Afrikander of the Afrikanders in his passionate desire for the development of Africa. Instead of taking his enormous wealth out of the country and setting up some glittering palace in Park Lane, he spends his fortune in furthering the interests of his adopted country. Money as such he does not seem to care for. Vast undertakings are maintained at his sole cost for the planting of the country with trees and for improving the breed of horses. His generosity is proverbial, and it is displayed not merely in aiding men and causes with money, but in the confidence he places in people. I noticed that in his house everything was left open, even the cabinets which contained invaluable relics, although the rooms were filled with tradesmen and open to any visitor who chose to enter. Even his horses were trusted, for I could detect no fence betwixt the park in which they were grazing and the masses of glorious hydrangeas in his flower garden. He has doubtless done things that his greatest admirers regret—notably his connection with the Raid—but in spite of all he is one of the most romantic and strongest personalities of our time.

And this man, even more than any public man in Africa, seems to be grappling with the native question—whether for humantarian or utilitarian reasons makes little matter. The "compound" system he has established at Kimberley is an instance of his practical statesmanship. The natives who engage themselves for three months only at the diamond mines are, during that time, shut in the compound, into which no intoxicant is allowed to enter. Within the compound they receive a lesson in self-government as well as in persevering industry. The experienced missionary to whom allusion has been already made told me of the delight he felt in visiting the compound on a Sunday and on seeing the order and good feeling which prevailed. The natives were occupied as seemed to them best. The Christian natives were reading or holding meetings—for there is a chapel which the various sects are entitled to use at certain hours. And while groups of Christians seemed to be studying God's Word together, there could be seen in another corner bands of heathen celebrating their native rites, and all, heathen and Christians, living together in order and good fellowship. My good friend thanked God for what Mr. Rhodes had done by the establishment of the compound system.

The Glengrey Act is another piece of wise statesmanship in which he takes an interest. The object of the Act is to give legislative sanction to certain native agricultural settlements or "communes." These are self-governed, except that in important meetings the governor of the district presides. Each member of the commune receives an allotment which he must cultivate carefully for three years; no man is forced to work—but the man who refuses to work must pay a not very burdensome but sufficiently effective tax. This is undeniable compulsion, but in a form consistent with freedom. One awaits the full result of this experiment, and if successful we may hope to see it widely extended.

The process of education must necessarily be slow. Great patience must be exercised by our colonists, and the temptation to adopt the quick method of force resisted, if really healthy results are to be attained. But with wisdom and patience and the manly determination to raise the tone of opinion towards the natives and to put down the brutality frequently characteristic of dealings with the "niggers"—especially by the low, rough whites; with speedy reform of the law for the sale of intoxicants, which at present spells "ruin"; with practical far-seeing legislation like the Glengrey Act; with a widely extended system of education, and with Christian missions assuming a broader and more practical grasp of the problem of social elevation as well of spiritual influence, great things may be attained within a generation or two for creating within Africa a native population which may develop the best resources of their country.

There was quite a little crowd of friends on the deck of the ship to bid me farewell as I was leaving Capetown. Their kindness cannot be forgotten. And then, as the sun sank on the horizon, the throb of the screw was felt, and gradually Table Mount and Table Bay were lost in the thickening dusk. Never, however, have I left a country that interested me more—but it was the interest of beholding the beginning of a great empire. May God mould its destiny that it may prove a blessing to its people and to the whole world when the centuries, now veiled from our eyes, shall have revealed the burden of the future!

IN TIME OF SICKNESS

A STORY OF THE NIGER DELTA

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

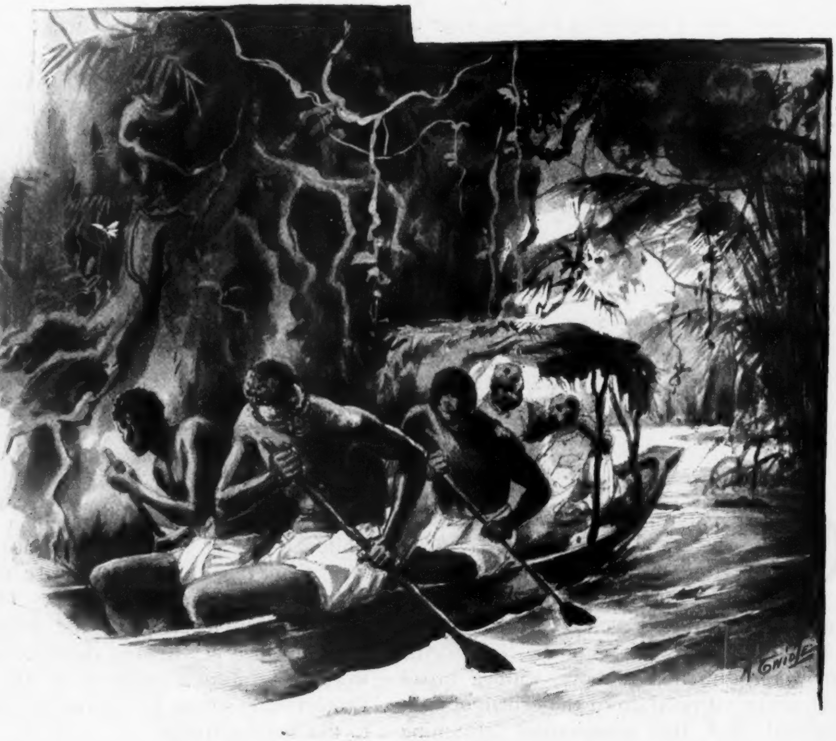
ONE afternoon of the dry season, when forest and swamp lay sweltering beneath the fierce rays of the African sun, a cottonwood canoe slid down a yellow river winding through the watery forests of the Niger delta. Six woolly-haired Krooboys, with a broad blue stripe tattooed down the centre of each forehead, and the perspiration glistening upon their ebony skin, wearily dipped the paddles in time to the croon of a chanty; while a stalwart negro, whose features were finer than those of any coastwise tribe, encouraged them from the stern. He was a Moslem Haussa, from the far kingdom of Sokoto, which lies beyond the fever-belt, and wore a sergeant's uniform of the British Protectorate, whom he served as instructor to the Yoruba troops.

In the shade of a palm-leaf awning beside him a white man, wasted almost to a skeleton by fever, lay gasping for breath, his lined forehead and haggard face beaded with clammy dampness. "Give me a drink, Amadu," he said feebly; and the negro, gently raising his head, held a calabash of lukewarm water, wherein green limes floated, to the blackened lips.

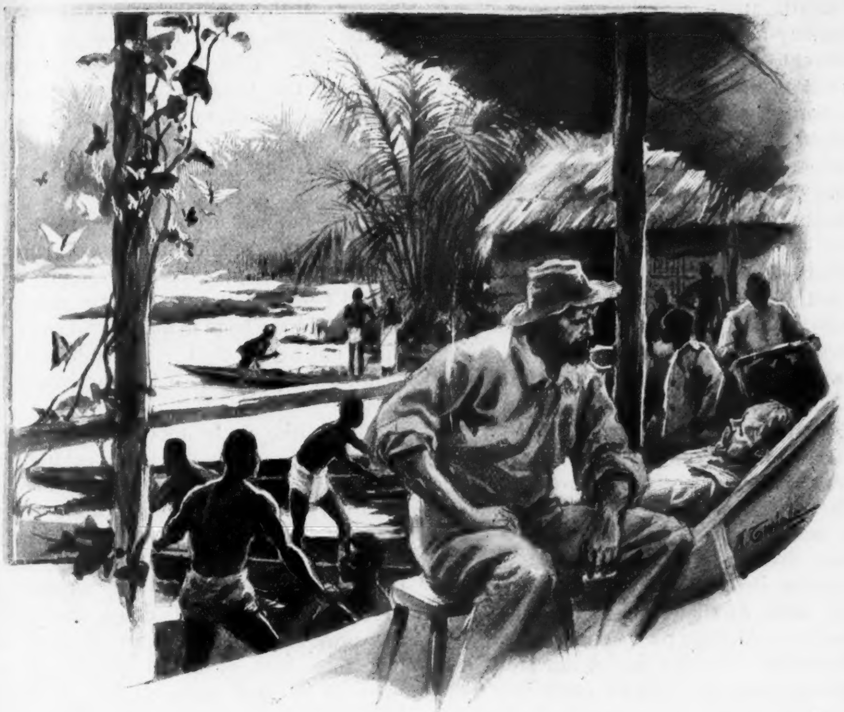
"Thanks," said the sufferer faintly. "It's no use going further, Amadu. I'll never reach the coast. Make for the nearest factory—at least I'll hear a white man's voice."

The sergeant gently packed the palm mat beneath his master's shoulders, and hailed the Krooboys in the coast palaver: "Paddle faster, there, you bushmen. Factory live one time, and then you catch plenty sleep."

The worn-out negroes obeyed, and the canoe slid on faster down the muddy river, which shimmered about them like molten brass. On either hand the dingy foliage of the mangroves rolled away as far as eye could see, their crawling roots rising out of foul depths of bubbling slime, the exhalations from which bring disease and death to the unfortunate European who breathes them. Meantime Henry Alton lay very still, the fierce sunrays beating down upon him through the tattered awning until his karki uniform seemed to burn the wasted limbs beneath. For many months he had done his best to maintain peace and order among the unruly tribesmen of the remoter swamps, refusing in spite of weakness and fever to leave the unhealthy station until an officer of sufficient experience could be sent to relieve him. With this man, as with others of his kind, work came first, health and safety taking a second place; and now, when it seemed too late to save his life, he was being carried to the coast, burning in the grip of the malaria. Sergeant Amadu, who came of the intelligent and powerful races of the Hinterland, and he had made many a risky march together, and there was thus the bond of a common endurance and courage between them.



"A cottonwood canoe slid down a yellow river"



"Alton lay gasping in a canvas lounge"

Late that afternoon the clumsy craft slid alongside the landing of a little pile-raised factory, standing on a strip of firm earth which rose like an island from the quaking swamps. A flotilla of trade canoes lay beside the hard-trodden bank, and a swarm of sable merchants, some gorgeously and wonderfully attired in cast off European finery, and others wearing little besides nature's garb, clamoured about the glaring, white-washed oil shed. Sergeant Amadu, lifting his master in his arms—the burden was very light—thrust them contemptuously aside, and climbed the factory stairway, where a burly European, with the stamp of alcohol as well as fever upon his yellow face, stared in surprise. The explanation was brief, and presently Alton lay gasping in a canvas lounge upon the shady verandah, where a great purple-flowered creeper climbed towards the projecting eaves with a cloud of painted butterflies hovering around it.

"You are very good," he said faintly, when the trader with rough kindness had bathed his haggard face with vinegar. "It was hardly fair to bring you extra work in weather like this, but it's a very long way to the coast, and the heat in the canoes was more than I could stand."

"We'll do the best we can; we have all of us the same risk to run," was the answer. "Just wait till I find my partner Ellory. He knows more about physic than I do, and it's just as well he does, for he's half-dead himself most of the time—but what can you expect in a place like this?"

Alton smiled feebly, and trader Lee hurried towards the store shed, where he found a gaunt and sickly man haggling with the bush traders over rolls of Manchester cotton and bottles of German potato spirit, and doing what he could to protect his property from wholesale loot. The galvanised sheeting overhead was too hot to touch, the atmosphere resembled that of the black hole of Calcutta, and a struggling, shouting crowd of Jakkery negroes wrangled and fought over whatever took their fancy, regardless of value or prior claims. The white man's forehead was seamed with lines of pain, and his lips twitched at times; but few Europeans can expect to escape from suffering among the steamy swamps where there is always sickness, and trader Ellory had trying work to do.

When Lee related what had happened he said briefly, "Well, I'll come and see. It will be dark soon, and I could not have kept this up much longer." Then he raised his voice, "Trade palaver set. Get out all of you. Hyah, Krooboy, turn them bushman out one time."

A few ebony-skinned labourers from the distant Liberian beaches drove the bush traders, who clawed at each other's property, and occasionally at a luckier neighbour's throat, towards the door, until at last the place was clear of the turbulent, shouting mob. Lee carefully locked the shed, and when he rejoined his partner on the verandah, Ellory said: "It's no use, Alton is beyond anything I can do, and he can't last more than a day or two at a temperature like that. It seems hard he should go under now—on his way home, after all he has suffered in that deadly hole. The Government surgeon is away south, so there's only one man can help him—and that man is Langton of the Mission."

Ellory was of a finer stamp than his companion, and there was a look of compassion in his sunken eyes as he leaned over the balustrade staring down the shimmmering river.

"We can't let the poor fellow die," said Lee reflectively. "There's nothing to be done but send and ask Langton to come, though this is about the last place he would care to visit after that trouble about the Hamburg gin. However, the man is genuine, and I suppose it's the medicine that gives him the power he has. I don't like asking a favour from those fellows, though—what was it he said we were?"

For sufficient reasons the relations between trader and missionary are frequently strained in Western Africa, and Ellory smiled grimly, as he answered, "Nothing very flattering; but you said too much, and it's his business, anyway. Langton was at the Kanu village last—usual thing, small-pox wiping them out by the dozen, and if he's alive he'll come, sick or well. One of us will have to watch Alton all the time, and if the other went those bush rascals would practically loot the place. No Krooboy would venture near Kanu alone just now; we'll have to send the Haussa."

When he had explained the matter, the big sergeant Amadu said gravely, in the semi-Arabic idiom of the Hinterland: "Why should I fear the pestilence? the sick officer man and I have been in many stricken villages where our people died. This infidel teacher shall heal my master, if I bring him by the neck."

Ellory, who understood in part, laughed softly, and presently the black soldier, worn out as he was with sleepless watching, departed in a cottonwood canoe to face another weary journey through the heat and steam of the swamps. When the woolly-haired canoe boys found out whither they were bound, they laid down the paddles and protested vigorously, for most of them had seen that particular plague at work upon an extensive scale. There is, however, little love lost between one West African race and another, while the northern Moslem look down upon the coastwise heathen as the dust beneath their feet, so the big sergeant was not disposed to argue the matter. Seizing the spokesman, who proceeded to set forth their views with true negro eloquence, he belaboured him with a paddle, threatened the rest with worse things still, and seeing that he would probably be at least as good as his word the Krooboys sullenly dipped the blades again.

On the following afternoon a sickly white man, with weary eyes, and the perspiration oozing through his thin duck garments, stood in a fetid, mud-walled hut of the Kanu village, whose temperature was that of an oven. A brass-bound chest lay upon a quaintly carved Accra stool beside him among a litter of phials, and Stephen Langton, pausing to damp his temples with some aromatic mixture, leaned heavily against the swish walls. It was long since he had enjoyed even a few hours' unbroken sleep, and what that means only those who have toiled day after day in the fever-land, when the thermometer registers considerably more than one hundred, can understand. If it was hot inside the hut, it was even worse outside, and the raw-green palm fronds above the palaver square were outlined in lace-like tracery against a brassy sky. The white dust flung back a dazzling glare, and a group of naked Jakkeries, waiting admittance to the hut, crouched among it in stolid despair. Many bore the scars of a scourge which decimates the native tribes. Others were crippled by the horrible Guinea worm, which thrives amid the muscles of the human leg, or had their feet eaten to the ankles by the boring jigger insect, and all were sick or brought petitions for aid from those who lay dying in the stifling huts. And this is not an exceptional state of affairs, for if the mortality among Europeans in Western Africa is great, among the natives it is greater still, though even the scourge of the pestilence fails to teach the tribesmen that the penalty for drunkenness, slothfulness, and dirt is death. The sacred Ju Ju tree behind them was hung over with curious as well as repulsive offerings, and smeared with the blood of fowls, but the Jakkery is not altogether foolish. Thus, although the villagers were careful to propitiate their fetich gods, they were also shrewd enough to notice that those who sought aid from the black priests died, while the white man's patients frequently recovered.

Presently Langton, glancing down, saw a huge yellow-striped spider crawling across his boot, evidently in search of an opening through which to insert its envenomed mandibles. Shaking it off with no undue hurry, he quietly set his foot upon it. "It would have served me right, when there is so much to do," he said, for a European soon learns to think aloud in the loneliness of Africa. Then there was a clamour of voices outside, and a tall negro in travel-stained uniform of yellow karki entered the hut.

"Officer man live for die, in Salu factory. You come one time. There be hurry or them bush 'tief Krooboy run away with canoe," he said brusquely and authoritatively in the "coast palaver." Like others of his kind Sergeant Amadu confined his respect to the Government officers, and classified all other Europeans as "white bushmen."

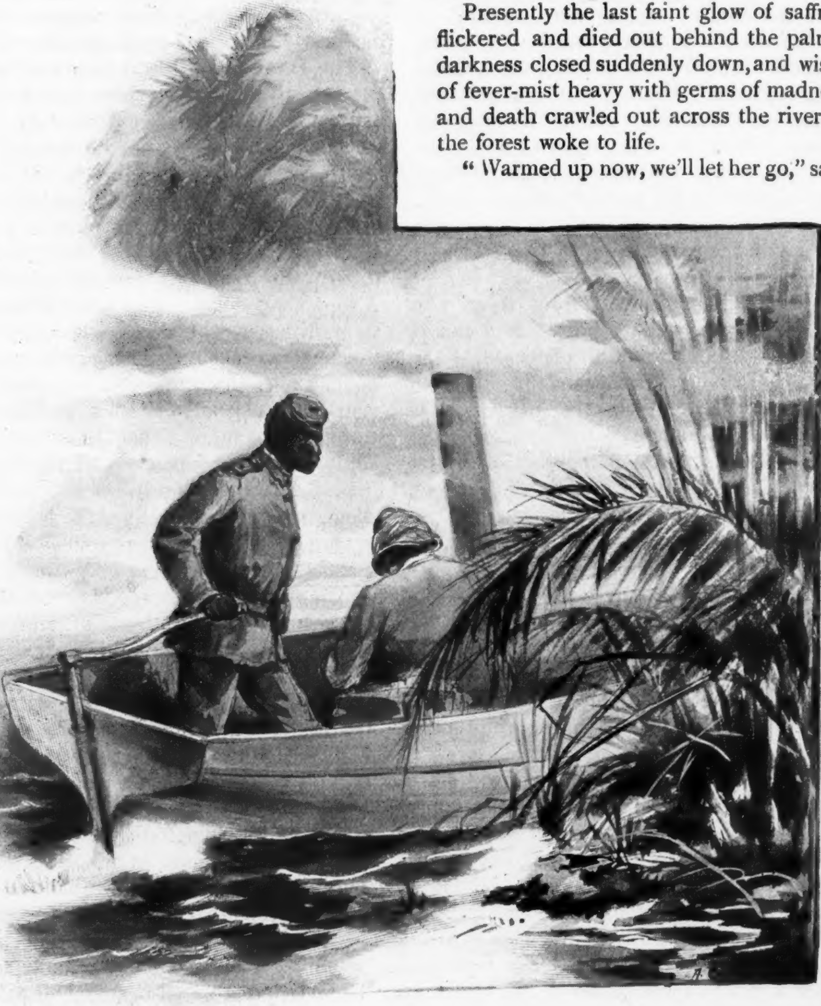
Stephen Langton smiled a little. "I am not a servant of the Government, so orders are not sent me by the white officers, and here are many sick," he answered in the idiom of the Hinterland, for this man had learned to speak with many tongues. "Tell me clearly what your message is."

The Haussa, looking at him wonderingly, continued with more respect, and when his story was told, Langton said, "At sunset we will start, I have also the lives of these to answer for." As he did so, the hurried splash of paddles came through the super-heated air, and with a wrathful cry the soldier sprang out of the hut and ran towards the landing. He arrived too late. A long canoe shot out into the stream, and went flying up the muddy river, as fast as the terror-stricken Krooboys, who had seen enough to frighten much braver men, could whirl the splashing paddles and drive her through the water. Then Langton laughed softly at the fierce gestures of the man who hurled unheeded threats of vengeance after them from the bank. "It's only natural after all," he said, as he went back to his work.

The mighty cotton woods across the river rose blackly against a blaze of crimson light when a low, white-painted launch swung out from beneath the clustering palms. Two of Langton's Krooboys crouched forward beneath the warped and blistered sun-deck, and the Haussa soldier leaned over the cockpit coamings, gazing half-amused at the quaint figure in greasy dungarees very busy beside him. Langton after suffering many things at the hands of the white mechanic sent him out from home to teach the negroes how to run that launch, had decided to become his own engineer. The assistant when most wanted was generally found to be suffering from an overdose of palm wine, which was a point too good to be missed by the cynical traders; while Langton had doubts whether under any circumstances it would be wise to trust so delicate a craft as an oil-launch to the mercies of the Krooboy. Therefore, being a man of resource, he had puzzled over designs and complicated pieces of link motion himself, and now blackened with soot of kerosene and redolent of rancid oil, he bent over the clanking machinery. "All right at last, that's better. Now we're off," he said, and with a cloud of evil-smelling blue vapour that wreathed about her quarters tainting the air half a mile astern, and the muddy water which gleamed blood red about her boiling beneath the bows, the launch clanged on up stream.

Presently the last faint glow of saffron flickered and died out behind the palms, darkness closed suddenly down, and wisps of fever-mist heavy with germs of madness and death crawled out across the river as the forest woke to life.

"Warmed up now, we'll let her go," said Langton, and crank and connecting rod clanged faster and faster, until they reeled and danced before his aching eyes. Here and there the mist rose to the height of the shade-deck, and the tired man stared anxiously ahead, gripping the iron tiller harder, as they swept through the clammy whiteness at nine knots an hour. Then Amadu the Haussa, who was quite aware of the risk of crushing in the thin plates like an eggshell against a mighty, drifting log, opened his eyes in wide surprise. The representatives of the Government he knew travel fast by night or day through winding creek and foul lagoon, in spite of rending snag, treacherous eddy, and hidden shoal; but it was strange to find that this quietly spoken white man, who was neither consul nor officer, thought equally little of the risk.

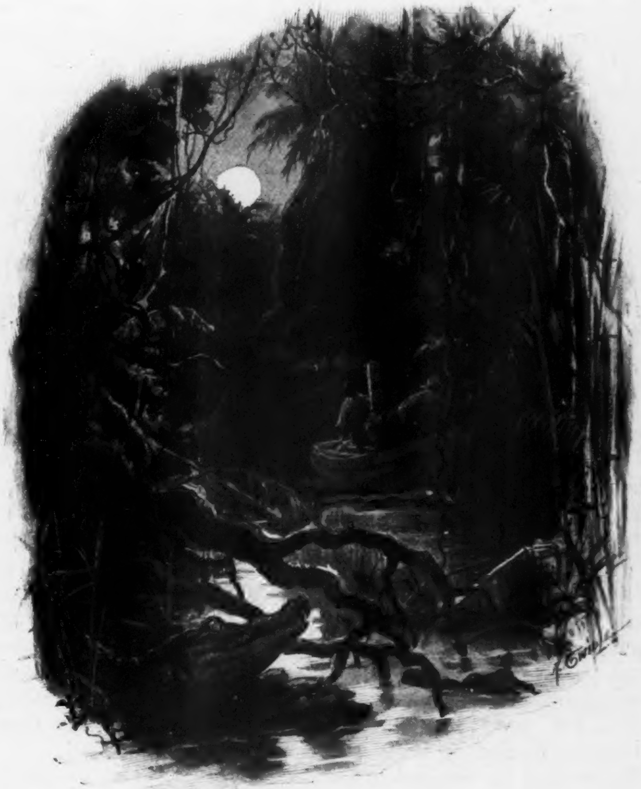


"The launch clanged on up stream"

In places the vapours stood like a solid wall across the creek, but there was no slackening of speed. More oil was pumped into the cylinder. Langton threw the valve open wide, and the white wreaths piled themselves higher and higher against the trembling bows, while the hum and whir grew louder still, and the little propeller whirled like a dynamo. Then a broad red moon swung up from behind the forest, and the streaks of mist became less frequent, while the river shimmered in silver light. High overhead rose the feathery tufts of the oil palms, and the shadowy undergrowth beneath was filled with mysterious rustlings, as the forest creatures stirred forth to hunt or warfare after the manner of their kind. The atmosphere was like that of a great hothouse, heavy with the smell of steaming earth, the fragrance of lily flowers, and an odour as of all manner of spices. And the launch was going ten knots now.

Later the forests rolled away astern, and they drove onwards through a waste of fetid mire, where the mangroves spread their dingy leaves to hide the foul depths of putrefaction among the crawling roots, and the channels were cumbered with banks of rotting mud. Scaly alligators floundered beneath the oyster-crusted withes, unseen crawling things splashed along the edge of the bubbling mud, and the air was almost unbreathable with the sour odours of decay. But neither the pen of a Dante, nor the weird pencil of Doré could adequately depict an African mangrove swamp at night. It is fantastic, unearthly, horrible, and the shadow of death, and torments worse than death, brood heavily above it. And all the time the worn-out European, soaked in clammy fever-damp, and dazed from want of sleep, stood like a silent statue gripping the helm, for he knew that the launch was running a grim race for a white man's life that night. He quite understood that he was in greater peril now than he had been in the native village, for one rasp against a submerged water-logged trunk would leave them to the mercy of the alligators, while not even a Jakkery could traverse the mangrove roots. There are also compensations, even in Africa, where the white man does not, as a rule, receive infection from a native, which is strange, considering that he, too, suffers from similar ailments.

The engines had settled to their work, and were doing their utmost now, and as the



"The shadowy undergrowth was filled with mysterious rustlings" miles reeled by astern, Amadu the Haussa took the helm at intervals, while Langton bent over them oil-can in hand. Then as they swept out of a tunnel-like channel beneath the mangrove boughs he suddenly checked the valve and jammed the tiller down. A tier of yellow lights glimmered right overhead through drifting mist, and a startled hail came down from the lofty iron bows that towered blackly above them. "Launch ahoy; look out there—look out!" it said. The little craft swayed sharply down as she felt the helm, and even the Haussa held his breath when she scraped past the great steel stem. Then swinging round in a semi-circle with softly panting engines she ground against the weed-crusted side which rose like a wall above her. It was one of the irregular mailboats, which churn their way far inland through the tangled creeks to collect palm oil from the scattered factories, waiting for the dawn, and as a sudden though struck Langton he clutched at the half-lowered accommodation ladder, and hurried up on deck.

He found the purser, whom he knew, sorting papers in a sweltering room, and explained his presence briefly, adding with an assurance he was far from feeling, "I know you will spare me a block of ice—it may save the poor fellow's life."

The good-natured official wrinkled his brows. "If it had been any one else I would have laughed at you," he said. "We have very little left, and have cut it off the passengers—South Coast Belgians growling like bears because they have to drink tepid wine—but we've eight men down, some of them raving already. Still, I suppose you want it badly or you would not have asked." Then he rose and pounded on the doctor's door. "Do you hear, Pills; I'm going to give Mr. Langton a block of ice, and he'll ransack your bottle shop as well. Hyah, Frypan, tell them steward-man quick." Langton hurriedly selected a few things he needed, and when they shook hands the purser said, "You are in a desperate hurry, not even a glass of wine? Well, you are an unsociable man, and certainly a very grimy one, but good luck go with you," and Langton hurried on board the launch with the precious ice wrapped in a blanket.

It was burning day when they came panting into sight of the Salu factory, after winding round through endless creeks, for not even a native could find his way by night through the network of narrow tunnels beneath the mangrove boughs. By that time Sergeant Amadu was filled with a deep respect for his white companion. "This man should have been a soldier," he afterwards said. Under the best of circumstances an oil launch is an uncleanly craft to drive, and when she has been experimented upon surreptitiously by inquisitive Krooboys matters are not improved. Langton was, therefore, as the purser had said, a very grimy man. His face was blackened with soot of kerosene, and his duck garments smeared with oil, but when the traders met him at the landing with an offer of refreshment his reply was characteristic, "We'll see the sick man first, the rest can wait," he said.

Lee fidgeted uneasily as they walked towards the house. "It was very good of you to come," he presently observed. "Perhaps it would be better to let that little difference of opinion drop. We'll overlook what you said."

Much suffering and many disappointments had failed to quench Langton's sense of humour, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he answered, "Let it be postponed, then, and I will tackle you again some day. I haven't changed my mind, you know."

When he had finished his examination his face was very grave, and bending over the sufferer's couch he put the matter plainly, for in the fever-swamps, where death is very near to every European, men do not hide the truth in times like this. "I must warn you that you are very ill," he said gently. "So ill that I see nothing for it but the ice bath—I presume you know the risk?"

A faint smile flickered in the sick man's face as he gasped, "I can understand; no one could live long at a temperature of one hundred and six, and without sleep for many nights. Do what you think best."

Then Langton turned to the traders. "Crush all the fresh limes you have, pour vinegar on them, and the coldest water. There's no time to lose; I have brought some ice."

Lee opened his eyes. "I could not have bought a piece like that for five pounds just now," he said; and Langton answered, "Be thankful then that there are still people who will give what money cannot buy."

Afterwards the strangely assorted trio, two reckless gin traders and the representative of a body whose emissaries, though they make mistakes at times, have poured out their blood like water in the fever-land, fought a grim battle for that officer's life. More than once it seemed that the hand of death was stronger than human skill, for the chilly ice water threatened to quench the flickering life as well as the fire of fever; but Langton knew his work, and the flame did not go out. It was done at last, and Alton, wrapped in dry blankets, was carried back to the verandah for the sake of the passing coolness, where he lay white and still, occasionally rambling incoherently. "If he would only sleep," said Langton to trader Lee when he had changed his garments and swallowed a morsel of food. "Can't you rig a draught screen to catch the little air? You two can rest if you need it. I dare not leave him now."

So, together with the faithful Haussa, who steadfastly refused to leave his master's couch, the tired man sat himself down to watch. The sun southed and rolled westward, and the temperature steadily increased, until the dust of the scorching compound beneath would have burned the incautious foot. The palm fronds ceased their dry rustle, and the forest lay silent, sweltering in fervent heat. And through it all, sable follower of the Prophet and white Christian watched and waited in uncomplaining silence, the barriers between them melting away beneath a power which is greater than the distinctions of colour and race. Late in the afternoon Ellory returned with a little fruit and food, and said softly, "Any improvement yet?" but Langton shook his head.

"I am afraid not," was the grave answer. "He talkes at times, but his mind seems to wander—we can only hope for sleep." Afterwards no one spoke, and the shadows lengthened across the compound until the palm tufts were black lacework against crimson fire again, and the mist rose like steam from off the quaking swamps. A column of blue vapour curled up above the huts of the Krooboy labourers, and the monotonous tapping of a monkey-skin drum came quivering through the listless air.

The sick man, whose eyes were half-open now, turned a ghastly face towards them, and seemed to listen. "Ah, a Krooboy drum, and I thought I was at home," he said faintly and incoherently. "I am going home—no, I remember now. Dying—Langton knows, I saw it in his face. Ellory, you won't forget the letters or I'll haunt you. Poor Kate, she watches every mail. I must have dreamt I heard her speaking now."

Langton raised his hand, "You must not talk," he said soothingly; but the low voice went on, "Lift me up, and let me see the sunset." The big Haussa sergeant raised the wasted shoulders in his arms, and the sick man, gazing wistfully down the shimmering river, the highway to the sea, rambled on: "Yes, I'm going home. English meadows instead of fever-swamps—you know the English air. No, I'm always forgetting. Lay me down, I'm tired, very tired."

"Light-headed, poor fellow, I'm afraid he's near the end," said Lee softly as he drew near the missionary's side; and Amadu laid his master down. A last red gleam touched the transparent forehead, and the weary eyelids closed. The Haussa leaned forward staring breathlessly, and Ellory's eyes were misty as, choking down something in his throat, he said, "Beyond the fever now."

Then a firm grasp closed upon his arm, he was led quietly but forcibly away, and a steady voice answered, "No—it's sleep, life-giving sleep. We dare not move him, and we'll have to chance the damp. His life is trembling in the balance still, and I must hold out yet." All night Langton watched again, with the Haussa, asleep at last in spite of his efforts, slumbering beside him, until in the coolness of the dawn he rose thankfully to his feet, knowing that the crisis was past. "Allah has spared your master's life," he said; and the big Moslem, standing erect, turned his face towards the brightening east. Then awakening and giving a few brief instructions to the traders Langton crawled away to his quarters and slept like a log for ten hours on end; while when the Haussa descended the creaking stairway he laid a grip on Ellory's arm which the trader remembered all that day, as he said in the tongue of the North: "There are many infidel teachers, and some are doubtless of the white bushmen, I, Amadu, have seen them—but this is a leader of men."

A week later Langton, who had many things to do meantime, came back to that factory, and carried Alton away in his odoriferous launch through a maze of foul creeks to overtake the mailboat at a group of factories. He stayed on board two days with his launch towing astern, and then took leave of his patient as they neared the river mouth. Alton, weak as a child but past all danger, lay in a canvas lounge beneath the saloon deck awnings, and his sunken eyes were bright with hope. "Words cannot thank you for what you have done," he said. "Is there any way I can show my gratitude?"

Langton smiled a little. "We do not do this work for a reward," he answered slowly. "There are those who speak ill of us upon the coast, and when you hear such speech you can say that we try to do our best, and you speak with authority, you know. And now good-bye, and new health in the dear old land."

The two men grasped hands, and Langton, standing on the deck of his little oil launch, watched the mailboat steam out across the tumbling bar until her smoke was only a dim smear upon the rim of the turquoise semicircle. Then choking down a sigh he went back to his work among the swamps.

SCOTTISH CRUISIES, TORCHES, AND RUSHLIGHTS

By JEAN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY D. Y. CAMERON

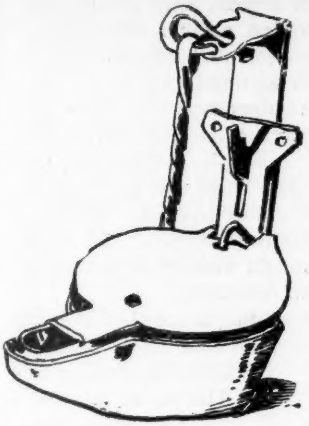
DOMESTIC comfort has, during the last century, rapidly developed in Scotland. Before that time the crofters and cottars were content with humble dwellings of mud and peat, or, at best, of rough stone plastered with clay for lime, which, taking but a few days to build, were well suited to a people who were constantly at feud with their neighbours, and whose homes were ever liable to the ravages of fire and sword.

The Scottish peasant was hardy: he could rise well refreshed from a bed of dewy heather; and even during the severity of winter found his plaid an ample covering, which, in seasons of unusual cold, he would dip into water as a means of adding greater heat to his oft-benumbed and shivering body. Such a people required few luxuries to make the sheltering walls of the rudest cot an abode of ease and comfort.

The central feature of all such dwellings was certainly the fire, which in the poorest cottages was simply laid in the middle of the rough earthen floor, while the smoke, after many a twist and curl, found its way to purer regions through a hole in the thickly thatched roof. Stools of primitive manufacture, an aumrie, a rough board which served as table, and in one corner a pile of newly gathered, sweetly scented bracken or heather for bedding, were all the furnishings of these simple homesteads.

Of literature in most cases they were entirely ignorant, but the long winter nights of this Northern land were enlivened by tales of thrilling adventure or whispered stories of weird, mysterious spirits who haunted every river and solitary place. Round the blazing peat such legends were told, and descended from father to son, thus furnishing in a great measure the links which form the chain of Scottish history and romance. It has been proved that where the memory is not impaired by constant reference to books such folk-lore changes little even in constant repetition. At these nightly gatherings the women were ever busy at their distaff, and the monotonous whir of the spinning-wheel was the constant accompaniment to the voice of the narrator.

Where the ruddy glow from the peat fire did not supply the necessary amount of light it was supplemented by the cruisie, the torch, or the rushlight, which were all the known means of illumination. How far and distant these days now seem, and to eyes accustomed to the glare of gas and electric light



Cruisie with Lid
Stirlingshire

such flickering flames would appear of little service.

To follow the history of domestic lighting in Scotland one has to go back to the now almost forgotten Picts. Specimens of lamps of a simple cup-like form, made in stone, are found in excavating their brochs or weens, the underground homes of these ancient people.

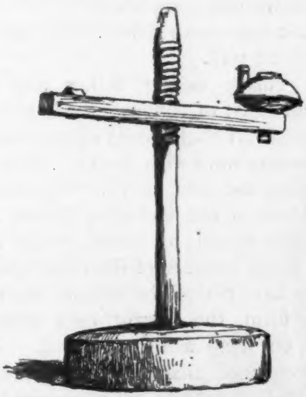
When the Romans invaded Britain, and settled in many quarters, they used small clay lamps, some open like a shell, others covered, with only a small hole left to allow of the lamp being filled with oil. Open clay cups with two hollows were also common, one hollow being provided for the wick, the capillary attraction drawing the oil from the other.

Many beautiful bronze lamps are discovered in these ancient Roman camps, illustrating by these simple domestic articles the perfection to which art had been carried when nothing was considered too ordinary to be beautiful. Dr. Hill Burton, referring to the beauty of design and decoration on the commonest articles of Roman manufacture, says: "They afford traces of decoration sufficient to show an elevation in the ornamenting of common articles which the pottery of the present day is only now reaching, and that rather by slavish imitation than by original development." The same historian also records that "a good many terra cotta candelabra or lamps have been found of that peculiar form which has in a manner become canonical through its matchless grace and simplicity, and has hence, ever since it existed in its purity, been contorted into ornamental service."

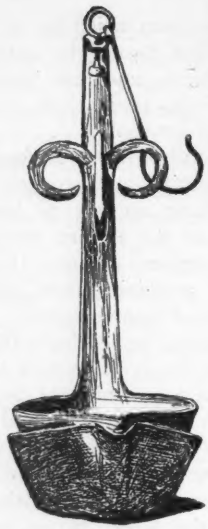
The origin of the cruisie has been found among Roman antiquities, and, strange to relate, this simple lamp appears to have been adopted wherever the Roman settled with his conquering legions—France, Italy, and Northern Africa producing them, with little variation from the Roman original.

Jewish hanging lamps, though beautifully wrought in brass, are simply varieties of the open lamp. They have a number of beak-like forms attached to a central stem, and in each little vessel lies a wick floating in oil, while a cup hanging from the common centre catches the overflow. Such lamps have been used in the larger houses and castles of Scotland.

In form the cruisie varies considerably. In most districts it was made almost round, with small variations as to size and decoration; but in others it is found in oval and triangular shapes according to the will of the village blacksmith, who was usually the manufacturer, and in his stone mould the iron was hammered into the desired shape. All have a beak or canal in front for the wick, and a bar rising about six inches from the outer shell bends at a right angle to the centre of gravity, and at this point is found a swivel and hook, with spike for suspension from wall or shelf. The inner cup hangs on a rack projecting from the bar; in this the



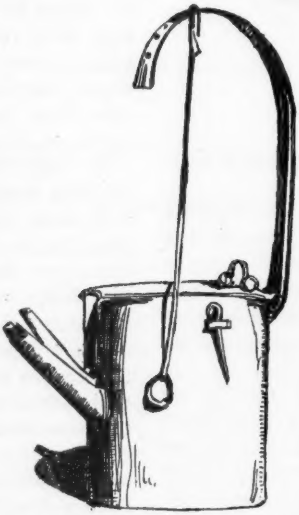
Student's Candlestick
Logiealmond.



Iron-Cruisie Perthshire.

wick lay, saturated in oil. As the liquid burned the angle of the cup could be altered, thus keeping the oil flowing towards the spout. An iron needle attached by a slight chain to the rack was used to stir the charred wick to a brighter flame. The cruisies in the district surrounding Stirling had iron lids over the oil cup, which only left the beak open for the wick, and in a great measure prevented the oil being spilt if carried.

These little lamps were at times suspended by a chain from a rafter, but when the dwelling could boast of a fireplace the hook was useful in hanging it to the projecting shelf; and where neither rafter nor shelf was available the long spike above the hook was easily driven into the rough unplastered wall.



Weaver's Lamp

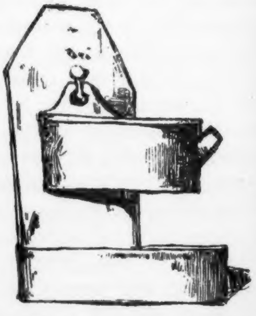
The village weaver, miller, and cobbler could all boast of different curious forms of cruisies. The cobbler's was square, and at the four corners were wick beaks. This usually hung from the roof, to give the workers an equal share of the flickering flames, as they sat closely round to benefit while working at the rough brogues of the countrymen.

At a later period the cruisie was made in sconce form, the narrow back being hammered out into a broad shield. The oil shells remained unaltered; but a hole in the shield did away with all necessity for hook and swivel. This sconce was not made until sheet-iron became common in Scotland.

Scottish cruisies have always been made in the simplest manner of hammered iron, and rarely decorated, excepting at the spike, which was at times twisted, or around the hole of the inner cup where it was suspended from the rack, where rude curves were often formed. A simple people being the manufacturers and users saw no reason for ornament nor embellishment. How very differently were the cruises of Italy or Northern Africa wrought where every corner was finely traced and decorated!

It is interesting to note how these primitive folk supplied all their needs from their own immediate surroundings. The oil used in the cruisies was the fat of such fish as the herring or whale, boiled down and refined by their homely methods. Certainly as the light burned low, the odour to our refined and sensitive organs would not have been sweet; but the penetrating and pungent smell of the peat reek as it twirled and circled through the little bigging would soon dispel any unpleasantness to the inmates. The wick was most frequently taken from the long rushes waving at the river bank, of which, after the green outer coating was removed, the white tape-like centres were dried in the sun and were then ready for use.

Torches were another popular form of lighting until the beginning of the present century. Sir Walter Scott, in "Waverley," describing the hold of Donald Bean Lean, relates how it was "illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong, though not unpleasant, odour."

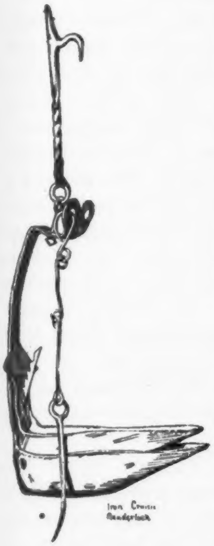


Miller's tin Sconce Cruisie Logiealmond.

These torches

had many kinds of holders, which were made of wood or iron. In some cases the wood formed a stout staff sunk in a stone base. The top of the staff was cleft, and in this was put the burning pine. Iron holders were made as stands and brackets; the latter were often fixed to a bar in the fireplace, from which the kindled wood, or "cannel wood" in the Aberdeenshire dialect, could easily be renewed, the hearth receiving the falling ashes.

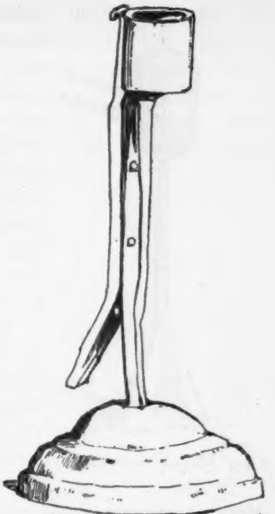
In Aberdeenshire these torch-stands are often called "peermen," probably from the fact that the burning branch was frequently held by the poor, but ever welcome, wayfarer. These wanderers were always the most acceptable of guests to the lonely crofter. He in turn felt himself amply repaid for the food and shelter he supplied by the news and gossip brought by such travellers. The author of "John Splendid," speaking of this hospitality, writes: "There was no man who sat down to dinner (aye in the landward part I speak of; it differed in the town) without first going to the door to look along the high road to see if wayfarers were there to share the meal with him and his family. 'There he goes!' was the saying about any one who passed the door at any time without coming in to take a spoon, 'there he goes! I'll warrant he's a miser at home to be so much of a churl abroad.' The very gipsy claimed the cleanest bed in a glenman's house whenever he came that way, and his gossip paid handsomely for his shelter."



Iron Cruisie [illegible]

Home-manufactured rushlights and candles were in constant use by the Scottish peasantry. Boiled animal fat gave the required tallow; and the same green rushes as were used for cruisie wick supplied it also in this case.

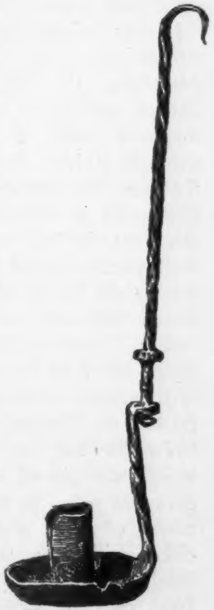
In making rushlights, all the green coating of these rushes was stripped off; but for candle wick a thin strip was left on either side of the pith to strengthen and support it. Otherwise the manufacture of these two lights was very similar. This substance from the rushes when dried was tied to a rod, then dipped into the boiling fat, and allowed to cool; and this process was repeated until the rushlight, or candle, had become the desired thickness. In later years candles were made in moulds. The tape was passed through a hole in the centre of the mould, and knotted to prevent it slipping. The fat was then poured in and allowed to cool. These moulds, during the days of the candle tax, were jealousy guarded by the owners and hidden in the most secret corners from the prying eyes of the exciseman. The candles were usually made at night in some outhouse, and watchers were posted at convenient corners to give timely warning of any approach of the ubiquitous officer.



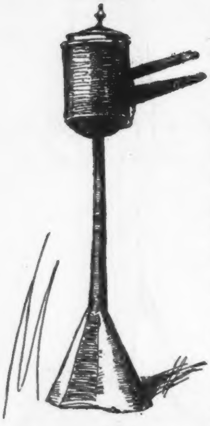
Combined peerman and Candlestick Aberdeenshire.

Rushlights and candle-holders were very numerous and of every shape and form, and made in wood, iron, brass, and copper.

Short stands with clippers and a spring to hold the rushlight in position were made



Hanging Iron Candlestick



Brass Flagon Cruisie.

either to hang or to hook to the wall by an adjustable rack. The student's candlestick was of more ambitious design. It was ingeniously set on a screw, with candles at either end of a cross bar. When in use it was lowered or raised as necessity required.

A century ago the streets of our Scottish towns were rough, unpaved roads, badly drained and still worse kept. Indeed, heaps of decaying matter were at every corner; and passengers had to be constantly on the watch, as at any moment a window in these narrow ways might be opened, and, following the hasty call of "Gardez-l'eau!" a pail of refuse would quickly descend.

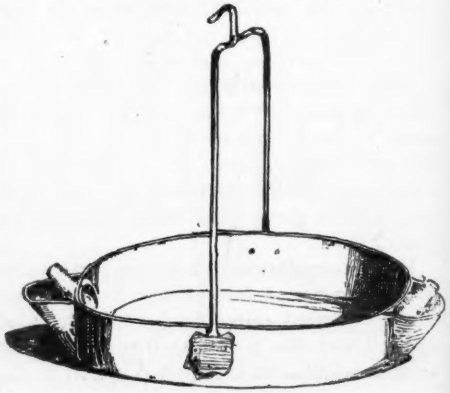
After nightfall, torches were the commonest mode of guiding the faltering footsteps, and link boys with their flaring lights could be hired in every street to guide the traveller home. The footmen of the richer folk performed this office; and in the "History of Edinburgh," published in 1779, written by Hugo Arnott, Advocate, he, describing the old assembly-rooms where dances were given, says: "The door is so disposed that a stream of air rushes through it into the room: and, as the footmen are allowed to stand with their flambeaux in the entry, before the entertainment is half over the room is filled with smoke almost to suffocation." I fear the dainty ladies of our modern ballrooms would turn very wry faces on such amusements. Some of the oldest houses in Edinburgh still have by their doors the large iron extinguishers into which the torches were pushed on crossing the threshold. Stirling townsfolk had an unique form of cruisie which was placed on their window-sills as darkness fell. It was shaped like a saucer made of iron, with two small tubes at either side for the wicks, and lips to catch the overflow of oil. A wire bent from opposite sides served as handle. In the records of the "Royal Burgh of Stirling," one comes on such entries as the following:

"5th October, 1545. Council ordains lychtis and bowettis [lamps] to be set out at places convenient in the nycht, for giving of lycht to the pepile to se, as the Provost and baillies think is expedient." 1736.—"Proposal for lighting the streets with lamps."

These must have been of a superior form to the ancient bowettis; as the next year the town drummer and another man were elected to the office of attending to these lamps; and in 1738 there is a quaint entry to the effect that frocks were provided for the two town lamplighters.

Now, at the close of this nineteenth century, these simple hand-wrought lamps and holders are only interesting to the antiquarian or collector, who prizes highly perfect examples. The rapid developments of science and machinery have at length produced mighty changes. No more are the simple cruisies and peermen to be found in the chimney corner of our cottars' homes. "All such old-fashioned lamps," they tell us on inquiry, "have long since been thrown away." The simplest and poorest crofters in the farthest Hebrides can now boast of at least one brilliantly-painted tin or iron lamp, with its ever-developing brass burner and glass globe, in all probability of German manufacture.

The cruisie in its different forms has been introduced into many a picture, both in ancient and modern art. It may be seen, for example, giving light to the little group in



Stirling Street Lamp

Rembrandt's etching of "The Nativity," and among the many details of Rossetti's picture of "Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death," a fine cruisie may be seen hanging from the wall on the right of that strange Florentine interior.

Cruisies, torches, and rushlights are forms of lighting which have probably passed for ever, and only now linger in the memory through tales of bygone days. Like most old things and old manners, they stayed with us till this century of material progress came, sweeping away in its rapid progress the old order of things.

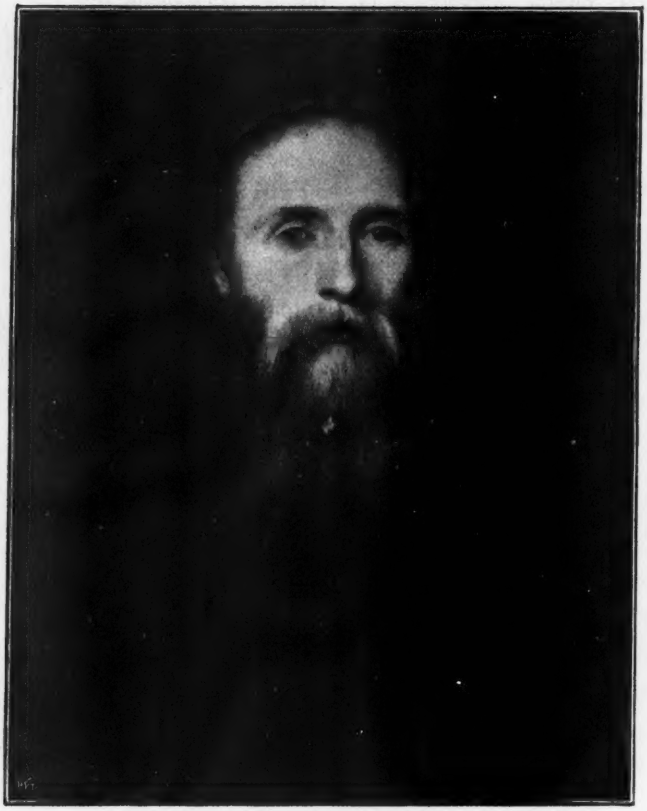
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES: THE PAINTER OF THE GOLDEN AGE

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

The Golden Age was with us while he stayed:
For the Seven Angels knew him, and their wings
Were stilled for him to paint; the Wizard Kings
Showed him the Orient treasures, which they laid
At the Infant's feet; the Courts of Love obeyed
His incantations; every Myth which brings
Light out of darkness seemed imaginings
Of God, or things that God himself had made.

O Painter of the Golden Age—return!
Earth is less fair without thee. Our sad eyes
Are weary of a dreamless day—and night,
Duller than darkness, lit by lamps which burn
Only at earthly shrines—while Paradise,
Lost for the second time, slips out of sight.

IS there a great gathering in the Elysian fields, that Burne-Jones has so quickly followed Millais and Leighton? Are there more walls to be painted in the New Jerusalem, of which Browning tells us in his "Andrea del Sarto"? I know only that the passing of these men means a loss to a nation, immeasurable and irretrievable. At their very source, fountains of Art which had strengthened and refreshed us are dried up. We can still speculate with our commerce in the City, or amuse ourselves with scientific apparatus at the Royal Institution, or tire ourselves with social functions. We have enough fighting to do, on the North-west Frontier or in the Soudan, to keep our blood—at least such as it leaves us—warm; and we can practise keeping our heads cool over our political and ecclesiastical squabbles. But the great classic painter, the keen observer of the passion of human life, the magician who held in his hand the crystal of romance—these are *in prato di fresca verdura* of which Dante tells us, the meadows of fresh verdure, which we have never seen, and from whence they can speak to us no more. It is as though we had been children during a brief summer holiday, led every day into a lovely garden and shown the flowers, or given access to a library of books such as children love. One day the garden disappears, and the library is closed, and we have to face the world—at Rugby or Harrow. There is a good deal for us to do; but there are no flowers in the cricket-field, nor fairy tales in Colenso. Happily the works Burne-



(F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, London, W.)

SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART.

Jones has left us, will keep alive at least the memory of the Golden Age.

It is not in this place that the full story of his life can be told: that will no doubt come later, by one specially authorised to tell it. But a brief outline may be given to meet the natural desire to know something of the man whose works have filled the land with beauty. Edward Burne-Jones was born in Birmingham, on August 28, 1833. In relation, therefore, to the pre-Raphaelites, he was the youngest brother. Even at school he was distinguished, for amongst many brilliant competitors he won a scholarship for Oxford. At Oxford he became a student in Divinity, and was intended for the Church. But the artistic bent of his genius was irresistible. Even then Rossetti described his designs as "unequalled by anything except perhaps by Albert Durer's finest works." This was large praise, but Rossetti knew quite well what he was talking about.

Madox Brown—Rossetti—Burne-Jones—that is the order of succession. Madox Brown, Rossetti, William Morris, Arthur Hughes, Spencer Stanhope, Val Prinsep, Algernon Swinburne—that is the roll-call of companionship. Is it strange that so fine a flower, in so fine a soil, flowered so finely? This was during the first few years after he left Oxford. The decision had been made, not without difficulty and opposition from friends. He did not stay to finish his Oxford terms; the Studio gained what the Church had lost.

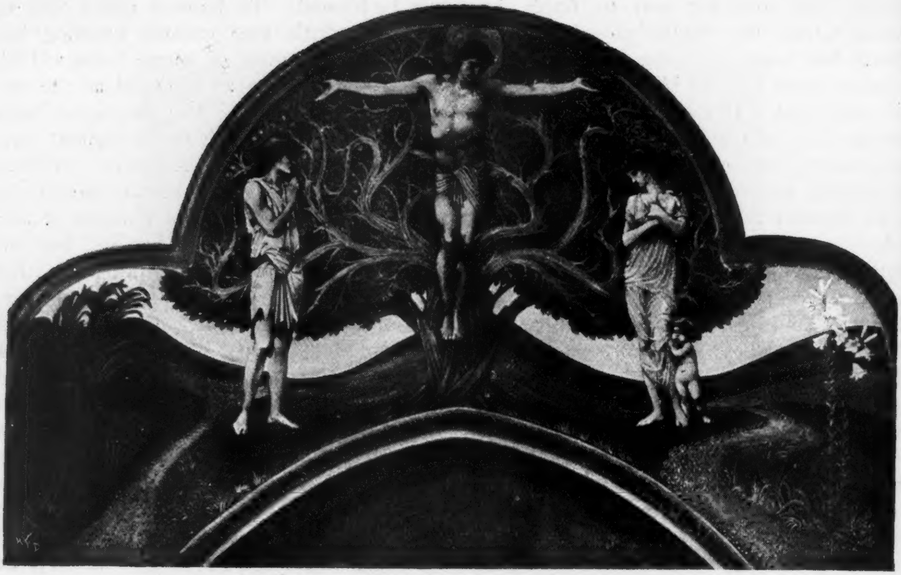
Burne-Jones was quickly in the van of the Art movement. I knew him as one of the first members of the Hogarth Club—gentle, unassuming, but unswerving in his loyalty to the great purpose of his life; true as steel to his friends; reverencing, not envying, the companions whose achievements he counted higher than his own. Forty years have passed since then, and the world has judged both him and his companions, and given him the first place; but his modest estimate of his own work, and his generous appreciation of the work of others, never changed. Writing to me a few months before he died, he says, "The more I remember such efforts as I have made to express the face of Christ, the more discontented I am with them. I do not think there is one which can be looked upon as anything but a failure"; and then he adds, "If any one in our day could realise all that we think and mean by it, I believe it would be Rossetti." This is a tribute not to any particular picture of Rossetti's, but to Rossetti himself; for he confesses, "I cannot at this moment remember in what work of his it could be found."

Now here is a curious fact. Rossetti had his idea of the face of Christ, and if you look at it you will find that it is the face of his friend. It was from Burne-Jones that Rossetti made one of his finest studies for the Saviour. This must have been more than thirty years ago. But the perception of the resemblance was not an idiosyncrasy of Rossetti's, nor was it perceivable only at that time. In photographs it is very appreciable, especially in some of recent date. It is, I think, a resemblance of expression rather than of feature; such expression as may be found in Rembrandt's "Christ blessing the Children" or in Von Uhde's "Christ and the Magdalen."

I know that it is not necessary in writing about a great artist to dwell on the fashion of his features. Nor should I do so, if I could speak only from traditional stories. But I am writing of a man I knew; and a record such as this, made while the affectionate eyes that can never be forgotten still seem visible before me, may have its value in after days, if only as one of many impressions from which a true conception of the man may be formed. To know a man's face is at least a little step towards knowing his mind; and the mind of Burne-Jones will be found to have been as beautiful as the expression of his face. The biographer who writes his life will have to be vigilant and keen sighted in reading his letters. He was of so generous a nature, that he would not only, like one of Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, give a man his life, but he would thank him for accepting it. He rendered me the greatest service, perhaps, that one artist can render to another; and yet his letters, written to me since then, if they came before the eyes of one who did not know, would seem to have been written by one who himself felt grateful. I know nothing quite equal to the fineness of his chivalry as a man, any more than I know anything quite equal to his colour and design as a painter. In painting the love, and courage, and truth, of knight errantry, he painted his own character into his pictures. I know not what his theological opinions may have been—we never spoke on that subject—but I am sure that the world is purer and better for his life, as it is richer and happier for his works.

Of the many accounts of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and his work, which have already appeared, I think the most trustworthy, the one least marred by crotchets or dulness of perception, is that under the signature of Ford Madox Hueffer, in the August number of the *Contemporary Review.* The story of the painter's life is told with sufficient fulness, and enough of his works are described to give a fair conception of the nature and extent of his work. But if my readers wish to be amused they should turn to a book on "Contemporary Art in England," by the latest authority from France—M. de la Sizeranne—whose brilliant style as a writer has been worthily reproduced by his translator, Miss Poynter.

I have already referred to M. de la Sizeranne, who claims for France all that is finest in Leighton, and considers Millais a poor painter but a lucky man. It is always interesting to know what our neighbours think of us, and M. de la Sizeranne is not reticent. He is so sure of his opinions, and so pleased with his humorous way of setting them forth, that he gathers together the gems of thought he has scattered through



(F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, London, W.)

CHRIST UPON THE TREE OF LIFE

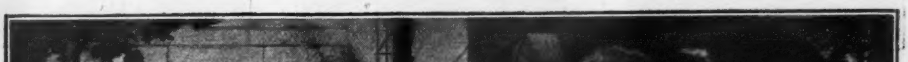
many pages, and numbers them, as a preacher might enumerate in a peroration the words of wisdom he had been proclaiming. The list M. de la Sizeranne thus gives us of his own discoveries is as follows: "(I) Burne-Jones makes his figures eight and a half heads high. (II) He makes his doors of extraordinary height in proportion to their breadth. (III) By raising the hips he rounds and lowers their spring. (IV) His angels look as if they had been hung. (V) Their brows are bent to the earth, their eyes are raised to heaven. (VI) There does not seem to be a single figure standing upright—All the figures in Burne-Jones' masterpieces are sitting or lying."

Now, what may be the precise meaning of "raising the hips so as to round and lower the spring" I find hard to discover. But one at least of M. de la Sizeranne's statements is easily tested by a simple act of observation. Let us see if it is true. M. de la Sizeranne gives illustrations of these masterpieces. The first three, chosen by himself, are angels, and appear standing, or suspended in mid-air—as angels might stand or wait before the throne of God. These are followed by three figures—also upright—Christ upon the Tree of Life, and our first parents—who stand on either side. So that of the six figures which M. de la Sizeranne reproduces as typical of the work of this great painter, *not one is either lying or sitting.* After this it is not surprising to find that his other grounds of objection are as little to be trusted. He has either forgotten or has never understood the first elements of decorative design. He seems not to be aware that the figure of an angel represented on the triumphal arch of a cathedral, a hundred feet above the line of sight, is seen at a different angle from that in which a French painter paints a lady, *dépouillée* in her bath-room. It is necessary in certain cases for the oblique vision to be rectified by the perspective. That which the light-hearted critic never suspected to be other than a fault, is really the solution of a difficult problem, by a master of his craft. Moreover, the same law of perspective that controls the figure must control the door—even M. de la Sizeranne would be able to understand that. It was unnecessary therefore for him to divide the fault, if it is a fault, into two—or to make two bites of so very small a cherry. But the hips—there indeed the French critic is on safe ground. Who shall be able to prove that the figures imagined by Burne-Jones would quite fit a Parisian corset? *De gustibus non est disputandum.* So long as there are blue eyes and black—so long as there are eastern, and northern, and southern types of beauty—men will differ in their predilections. It is not a matter for surprise that Frenchmen should scoff at Rubens' Dutch Maries, or that Dutchmen should wonder at Murillo's Spanish Madonnas, or that Italians should deride both; but it is a little curious that one, claiming to be an authority on contemporary Art, should fail to perceive that the true ideal of beauty is to be determined neither in London, nor in Antwerp, nor in Madrid, nor in Rome, nor—dare I say it?—nor even by M. Worth in Paris.

I need not pursue the subject further. This light badinage of M. de la Sizeranne is not to be mistaken for Art criticism. Nor indeed has it the charm of freshness. We have heard it all before. We heard it at the comic operas with which we were delighted at the Savoy. We read it in the daily papers of the "sixties" and "seventies" with the same amused surprise with which we read the Press criticisms of to-day. It was sung at the music-halls; and the milk-boy whistled it every morning—"Green and yallery, Grosvenor Gallery"—but that was more than twenty years ago, and we little expected to see it revived in the pages of a French writer as a serious expression of his views on perhaps the greatest artist of the century.

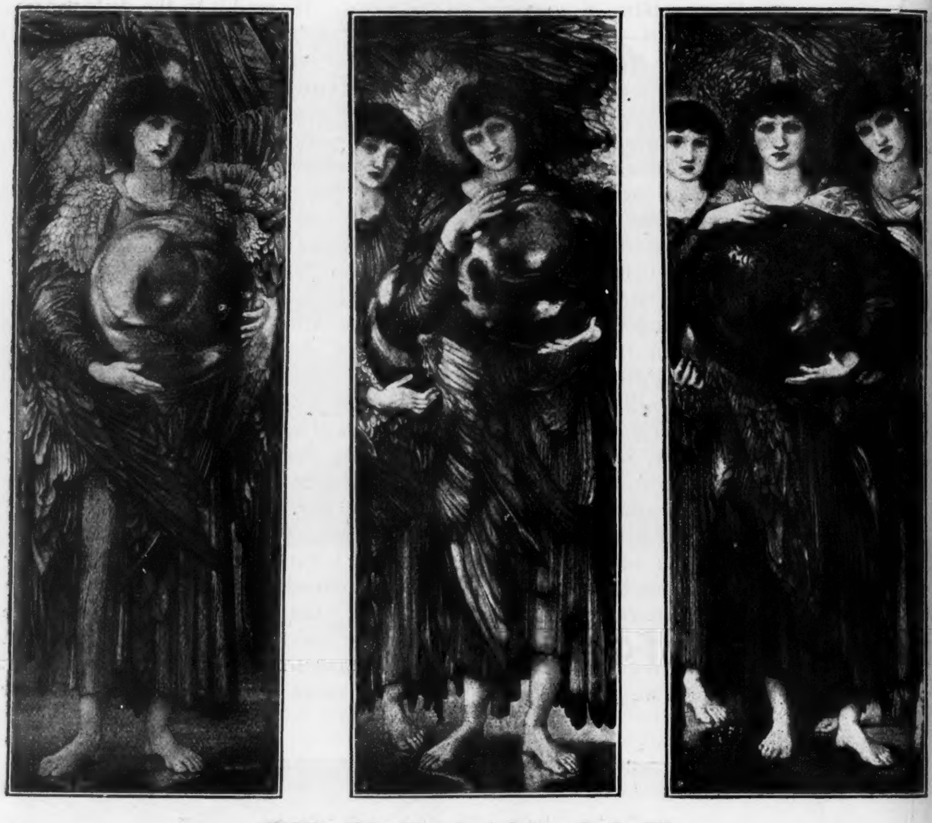
Let us now look at some of Sir Edward Burne-Jones' designs. I will take a group of subjects illustrating the Creation, and the Redemption of the world.

The days of creation are represented by a series of angels, each bearing a crystal globe, in which is figured, as in a magic mirror, the work of the day. In the first we see sphere within sphere—the whirling wheel of the universe—the luminous nucleus of the planetary system—from which order was evolved when God said "Let there be light." In the second we see the firmament—which God called heaven. In the third, the trees—that shall make Paradise—spread out their



(*F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, London, W.*)

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS



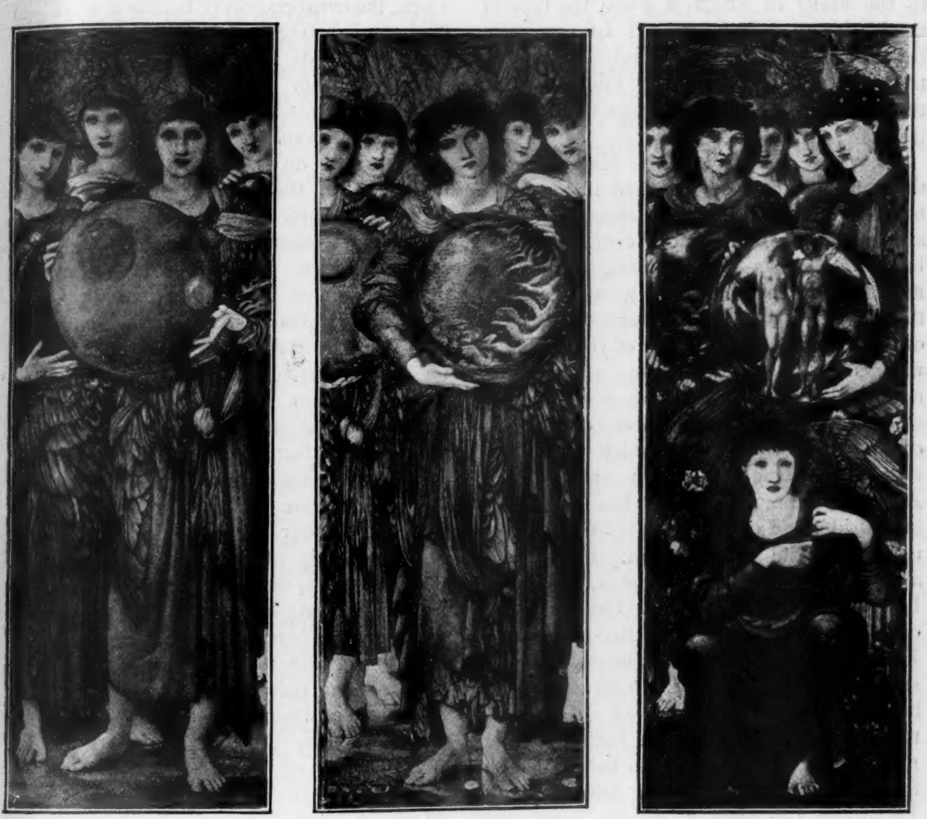
(F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, London, W.)

FIRST DAY SECOND DAY THIRD DAY

THE DAYS OF CREATION

branches and leaves, through which breaks the golden light of heaven. For, as the days go on, nothing that has been made is lost. Thus we see the rotation of luminous forms throughout the series—the trees which perish not, because they are of God's planting—the living creatures in their natural order—until, by the sixth day, the ever accumulating splendours express the complete work of the Creator. The fourth day brings in the sun and moon. On the fifth we see a flight of sea-birds, and at the angels' feet is the sea-shore, strewn with shells. On the sixth day man and woman stand in the midst.

Thus the heavens and the earth were created, and now, see how the painter—is he not himself one of the ministers of God?—has imagined the angels. In the first panel there is one, bearing the globe; in the second there are two; in the third three; their beautiful faces seen beyond the angel of the day. For not only shall God's work endure, but His servants who do His pleasure shall endure also, and shall rejoice together with Him when the day comes. This ever increasing interest as the design goes on, is as finely wrought out in composition as it is finely conceived. The effect is wonderful. The unity of the single figure makes it complete, we desire nothing more. The complexity of the fourth, and fifth, and sixth, does not take from the unity—any more than the many stars take from the unity of the sky. And lo! on the sixth day—what is this?



(*F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, London, W.*)

FOURTH DAY FIFTH DAY SIXTH DAY

THE DAYS OF CREATION

The six angels are standing; but there is a seventh. The seventh angel, or perhaps the archangel—for there is a hierarchy in heaven of which I know not the order or rank—the seventh angel is seated. The work is done. It only remains for God to pronounce it very good—and to rest.

Now all this wealth of thought and imagination is lavished by Burne-Jones on the six lights of a window of an English church, to be seen only by a few country people. Let us turn to another class of design, where a different material requires a different treatment. It is in a church in Rome, built by the American residents, and is executed in mosaic on the triumphal arch, forming part of a series of decorations the painter did not live to finish. It represents our Lord with outstretched arms, not upon the cross, but upon the Tree of Life, which bears its fruit for the healing of the nations. Upon His hands and His side are no marks of the passion, for the sacrifice did not begin on Calvary—it began with His life on earth. On His right hand is Adam—or man, with folded hands adoring. Beyond this figure are the fields he shall till, and the sheaves of corn which shall crown his labour. On the other side is a group of exquisite beauty. Eve, the mother of the race He came to redeem, with her two children; one, Abel, a baby on her breast; the other, Cain, a boy of three or four, clinging to the skirt of her garment. Beyond her is a garden of flowers, in the midst of which is a lily, the type of the Madonna. And over all are the arms, beneath which they shall find shelter. In the whole range of Art I know nothing more lovely, more human, more divine than this.

Of course this is not the kind of work that is understood or practised in a music-hall or a comic opera; though similar subjects have been treated ever since men have been artists—with varying success. I remember Michael Angelo's great picture in the Sistine Chapel, where, under the shadow of the Almighty, a company of young angels witness the creation of Adam—and I count it the eighth wonder of the world. I remember the façade of the Duomo of Orvietto, covered with carvings, of which one represents the taking of woman out of man. Adam is asleep, a great gash has been made in his side, and out of this the Divine Being is lugging a full-grown woman. I remember also, in Paris—not in the Salon, but in the Louvre—a bas-relief by an old Greek sculptor of Orpheus and Eurydice as they return from Hades, led by Hermes. Orpheus, impatient, strides before. Eurydice, not less impatient, has stretched out her hand—if she may but touch her husband! O the infinite tenderness of that touch. Orpheus has turned but for a moment to the dear face; but the Inexorable has already laid his hand upon hers; there can be no delay, there is no hope; the beautiful vision shall dissolve again into the tenebræ of Hades; Orpheus shall go forth alone. This bas-relief is in Paris—but it was not executed by a French artist. It is a legacy from Greece. If we rejoice that antient Greek Art has given us an "Orpheus and Eurydice," and that medieval Italian Art has given us "The Creation of Adam"—may we not be glad also that English contemporary Art has given us "The Seven Angels" and the "Christ upon the Tree of Life"?

Many circumstances combined to bring Sir Edward Burne-Jones' life to so splendid an issue. I count first amongst them his classical education, which, with his natural gifts, was sufficient to win for him a scholarship even in competition with such scholars as are to be found at King Edward's School. Then, his associations at Oxford, and the tastes formed there, even though he did not complete his terms and proceed to his degree. Then, the consecration of his life to work—to work as distinguished from dilettantism. Then, the wide range of thought his work exacted — from the minute pen-and-ink drawings he made for GOOD WORDS to the colossal cartoons for cathedral decorations. Still further do I take into account—as influences of the highest order—the friendships of his early life; never to be shaken by capricious temper, or weakened by coldness or indifference. Above all of these fine influences must be named the happy companionship in marriage of a lady, like-minded with himself, and worthy to be, as she was, the lode-star of such a life.

There is no honour which an English artist can hope to win, that was not won by Sir Edward Burne-Jones—except the one honour that should have been his first of all, as the incentive and encouragement of his life—the honour dearest to an artist—that of membership of the Royal Academy. It is an old story, of which we always hope to hear the last, but which is perpetually recurring. There are two things in Art of which England may be proud—landscape painting, and painting in water-colours. For a period of twenty-seven years the Royal Academy never elected a landscape painter, and the art of water-colour painting has grown up quite outside its walls. George Morland, David Cox, John Sell Cotman, the two Cromes, John Linnell, Peter de Wint, Copley Fielding, George Barret, George Cattermole, R. P. Bonington, James Holland, William Hunt, Samuel Prout, Frederick Yates Hurlstone, Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Sir Edward Burne-Jones—none of these great English painters ever received Academic honours. It is true that about twelve years ago Burne-Jones was elected an associate, but he felt his position untenable and resigned. In the national collection of pictures purchased year by year by the Academicians from the funds of the Chantry bequest—for the express purpose of representing the best work done by English painters—we do not find a single example of his art. So far as the Academy is concerned it is too late now.

But it is not too late for us to do justice to his memory. It seems to be the fate of everything that cannot be mathematically proved, to become a question of party strife. The philosophies of the Schools cannot be proved—for the disputants differ as to their data; Religion cannot be proved—it involves an unknown quantity; Politics do not admit of demonstration—they must await the result of experience. And it is so with Art. Few men are so god-like as to see and understand all forms of beauty. In Art, as in Religion and Politics, those are the wisest and happiest who respect the convictions of others, and are loyal to their own. As for the men and women who love Art—and yet, not being artists do not belong to a sect—let them try to realise that no School has ever won for itself a great painter unless it met and satisfied some requirement of the human soul.

AN INCOGNITO

By KATHARINE SILVESTER

WE who lived in the High Row awoke one morning to find that the bills had been taken out of the windows of number 10 in the Row. The house whose future tenancy had for some time been the subject of our hopes and fears was let at last, and our fate, in the matter of new neighbours, decided for good or ill.

The Row was an old-fashioned corner lying at the back of a large sea-side town, out of the reach of the yearly influx of noise and trippers. We took no little credit to ourselves for our isolation, and would have blushed to have been at any time discovered among the crowd parading the sea-front. Perhaps, indeed, it was the desire to ignore the aspect of the town as a pleasure resort that formed the basis of sympathy on which our little society was founded. Of this society it was old Mrs. Delane at number five, who was called on by at least two county families, and who took daily airings in a carriage with yellow wheels, whom we looked up to as our head, and to whom were referred all questions of fashion and social ethics. We certainly were, take us all in all, a highly respectable corner, and might be forgiven in the absence of worthy objects of comparison in mistaking ourselves for the salt of the earth. Nor is it to be wondered at that we were filled with alarm whenever there was a prospect of a house changing hands, although hitherto the character of the Row had not suffered from any such change. The dingy old corner made little appeal to the average house-hunter. A susceptibility to the charm underlying the dinginess, enough to make it appear a desirable place of residence, had in most instances proved symptomatic, and in the general run of new comers we had found new friends. Yet we knew that the luck must one day turn, and the present occasion filled more than one of us with vague foreboding.

Number 10 had been "To let furnished" so we could not hope for an introduction to the new-comers through the customary van-guard of household gods. There was nothing for it but to possess our souls in patience, and to keep a look out for their arrival in the flesh. We were taking tea at Mrs. Delane's, and discussing somewhat dolefully the probabilities of the new tenancy, when the sound of a vehicle driving into the Row sent us all to the window with a rush. Yes, there they were! A fly, bearing a small quantity of luggage, drew up before the door of number 10. A young man in a tourist suit jumped out and was followed up the steps by a girl dressed rather too elaborately to be in accordance with High Row notions of genteel elegance. The man gave a pull at the bell, and no response immediately forthcoming, he and his companion each lifted the handle of the double knocker and roused the echoes with a vigorous rat-tat. The effort on the girl's part loosened the clumsy knot of hair gathered beneath the "picture" hat and a great plait, inartistically stuck with hair-pins, uncoiled itself to the length of her waist. We could see the little stamp of exasperation that accompanied her unskilful attempt at re-adjustment, and the amused smile of the man watching. Then the door was opened, and both disappeared into the house. Mrs. Delane returned to the tea-table drawing in her lips, and shaking her head, and we read in the combined action what would be the verdict of the Row.

The result of further observations served only to deepen first impressions. The manner and extent of the pair's divergence from High Row notions of genteel living became the favourite subject of discussion at all the tea-parties. Each one of us was eager to contribute his or her mite of evidence. One morning, when the little maid-of-all-work had gone out of the house, in garments suggestive of a day's holiday, one of us had seen Mrs. de Villiers (the incredible high-flown name they gave out as their own) dress herself up in the servant's cap and apron and dab about the room with a broom and duster for all the world like a stage soubrette. Her husband had stood by, laughing uproariously, and the whole had concluded with an affectionate skirmish in which the broom had played an important part. The pair made daily excursions to the shops, she carrying on her arm a preposterous market-basket, itself an insult to the dignity of the Row.

On hot summer nights when we sat and stewed respectively in our front parlours these people would bring deck chairs on to their doorstep and lounge there till bedtime in shameless deshabille of tea-gown and smoking jacket. Hitherto the respectable remoteness of the High Row had been appreciated by hawkers and street minstrels and they had seldom troubled us with their visits. But now the charm was broken. Some instinct seemed to urge them daily in our direction, an instinct justified by the behaviour of the new-comers, who bought shrimps and water-cresses, and threw halfpence to the man with the cornet. Indeed the dark suspicion rested upon them of having inflicted the squeaking vulgarity of a Punch and Judy show upon the peace of the High Row by deliberate invitation. They had certainly sat at their window throughout the performance, exhibiting marked signs of appreciation.

Calling on them had from the first been out of the question. Now when we came across them in the Row or street our countenances were wont to put on the most inapproachable look, whereby we hoped they would gather the extent of their offence, and be induced, perhaps, to mend their ways.

Yet I am glad to say, for the character of the Row, that we were all of us shocked at Mrs. Delane, who, when little Mrs. de Villiers stopped one morning in front of her verandah to say pretty words to the parrot sunning itself there, darted out red and wrathful and bore the cage back with her through the parlour window, as though she feared contamination for the bird. But while we watching grew red and white in the girl's behalf, she resumed her sauntering walk with a little smiling twist of the mouth that expressed more of amusement than of annoyance.

We had become aware, and the fact lay perhaps at the root of our hostility, that we, the original inhabitants, formed as important an element in the consciousness of the pair as the pump at the corner of the rusty clumps of shrubs that did duty for garden in the middle of the Row. And so they continued to stand on their heads, metaphorically speaking, exasperatingly indifferent to the existence of an audience trying to frown them down into a more conventional attitude.

Yet it was strange that they should seem content to be let severely alone, for as far as callers went they might have lived on a desert island, and the postman rarely brought them a letter. And as summer merged into autumn, a change like that affecting the season came over the offending household. The girl's smart toilets, of which no item was ever renewed, began to look faded and shabby. She drew the light cloak, designed for summer weather, more closely about her shoulders, but the wind blew cold through the laces and chiffons, and she shivered miserably. The little face under the big hat, whose handsome feather had long been innocent of curl, grew white and pinched, and the eyes had a frightened wide-open look. The same look was reflected in the face of the man, as he stood for hours together drumming aimlessly on the window-pane. Men who looked like duns were seen to frequent the door-step. The girl's appearance in the street grew an occurrence of increasing rarity, then ceased altogether, and had it not been for a glimpse now and then of a pale face flitting past an upper window, we might have believed she had been spirited away. It was the man who went to market now, mostly of an evening, and armed always with the offending basket, a melancholy relic of the time when life had seemed a game to be played with appropriate toys.

I would have given something to dare to cross the Row and open my arms to those poor forlorn things. But Mrs. Delane kept lynx-eyed watch. The Row, as a row, had shown no sign of relenting. Who was I, to fly in the face of the general verdict? So I just did nothing and was miserable, trying in vain to keep my eyes and my thoughts from the house over the way.

One day matters approached a crisis. Bessie, my maid, had just informed me that she had seen the doctor call twice at No. 10 on the previous day, and remain a long time on each occasion. That girl was seriously ill, dying perhaps. I could keep away no longer, and I jumped up quickly from my seat with the intention of running at once for my hat and cloak. At that moment the clatter of heavy wheels over the cobblestones directed my attention to the street. What I saw there kept me rooted to the spot. A great yellow coach, with large heraldic emblazonments, driven by a white-wigged coachman, had drawn up in front of number 10. The powdered man holding on behind jumped down and gave a knock that brought the rest of the Row to its parlour windows in time to see the most obvious dowager duchess disappear through the doorway. What could it mean? Had some dame of high estate heard of their sufferings, and called to play the part of Lady Bountiful? Then I remembered that from Bessie's attic could be obtained a capital view of the new tenants' first floor front, and, caught suddenly by a frenzy of curiosity, blinding me to all sense of decency, I scampered up the stairs and arrived at the attic window at the moment when the strange visitor was crossing the threshold of the room where I guessed the invalid lay. From where I stood I saw the poor little white figure spring up on her couch, eyes wide, pale lips, parted as though she beheld a vision; then fall back on the instant among her pillows, hiding her face in her hands. Another moment and the visitor was by the bed-side, bending over her, and what followed came to me as a blurred tangle of caresses and emotion, in which the man standing on the other side of the bed was also included. Then I turned away, startled suddenly into propriety by the consciousness of tears running down my face.

A week later the great yellow carriage drove up for the last time before the door at number 10, where its daily appearance in the interval had gone far to compensate the Row for what it had undergone at the hands of the new tenants. The dowager sailed in in her usual rustling state, and returned supporting a bundle of shawls, out of which peeped a familiar, pathetic little face. The husband followed behind, and the faces of all three shone like sunshine after rain as they entered the coach and clattered out of High Row. Neither of the pair gave us so much as a backward look, but the little maid-of-all-work, superintending the lading of a "fly" with portmanteaus belonging to her master, cried miserably on the door-step.

And that was the end of it, and we of the Row were decidedly out of conceit with ourselves and with one another. It had been a variation on the theme of Alfred and the Cakes, and we had distinguished ourselves in the part of the neatherd's wife, when a little more discernment might have placed us in permanent touch with the British aristocracy. For, although we were never able to learn the whole of the story, the fact of the intimate connection of the couple with that august body was established beyond a doubt. But, by tacit consent, mention was rarely made of them in our neighbourly talk. They had been the means of dispelling our illusions as to the unerring character of our instincts and perceptions; and the subject remained a painful one.

I once saw the girl again, but only for a moment. I had gone to stay with a friend in London, and we had walked one afternoon to the Park to watch the carriages returning from the Drawing Room. She was in one of them, stately but radiant, in nodding feathers and flashing jewels. A princess, every inch of her! How could we have misread the signs? Our eyes met, a look of recognition crept into hers, then she turned away with a flush and a little toss of the head. They had understood us then, and our attitude of hostility, and had resented it and been pained by it, while appearing to ignore it! I wished she could have known how near I had once been to holding out my hand, and my eyes filled with tears, which owed none of their bitterness to the fact that it was a noble lady who had just given me the cut direct. For at the moment I could think of nothing but the lost opportunity of human love.

MR. J. M. BARRIE

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

THE phenomenal success of Mr. Barrie's books is a healthy and hopeful "sign of the times." There could not well be a greater contrast to all that we call "decadent," "*fin de siècle*," than is supplied by his work. And whilst other novelists are winning their successes by telling us that the "old order" has had its day, it is somewhat reassuring to find genius of the brightest enlisted on the side of that old order. It is probable that, in order to be healthy, literature must be catholic, experimental—a free expression of the workings of the human mind. It deals legitimately with novel, even with daring, phases of thought. But there are those among us who recognise in certain tenets of the old order the very rock on which our social life is founded. To these tenets has Mr. Barrie ever been true—a fact which, at a period when individualism at war with the social order has become too much a favourite subject with our novelists, would suffice of itself to give to works such as his an unique and special value. On the other hand, it may be objected that, so far, Mr. Barrie has dealt with none of those problems of life and character which in our self-complacency we are accustomed to describe as modern, in inverted commas. To this we reply that, judged as an author, Mr. Barrie is still a young man, and that, after all, the Woman Who Did, as a pioneer, was anticipated in Eden.

Born on May 9, 1860, at the little weaving town of Kirriemuir in Forfarshire, which as "Thrums" he has since made so famous, Mr. Barrie received much of his education at Dumfries, and subsequently devoted himself to journalism in the English midland counties. His first book, the curious and not very happily inspired little work called "Better Dead," was published in 1887. It is not characteristic of the author, and it proved a failure. Success, however, was not long delayed. The next year produced the novel "When a Man's Single" and the volume of sketches entitled "Auld Licht Idylls," and straightway those whose business 'tis to scan the heavens for new stars turned their optic tubes towards the North. In both of the books we are introduced to Thrums, in both the critic may discover what—like the Athenians of old—he is for ever seeking, something *new*—something individual. But it is the volume of sketches which, of the two, is by far the more individual. Over the novel there still hangs the influence of Dickens; it is on Dickens' optimistic convention that it rests. Well, such books may not be quite true to life, but they are true at least to youth, and one is glad that there are young men still who write them. Mr. Barrie has since risen to heights not even suggested by his first novel, yet one can fancy that he has still a kindness for it. The book tells the story of Rob Angus, a young saw-miller of Thrums, who devotes himself to journalism, conquers London if not literally at the first assault at least in an incredibly short space of time, and wins as his wife the beautiful and gentle Mary Abinger, daughter of a proud and irascible Colonel. A sub-title describes the book as a "Tale of Literary Life," and the scenes of literary life which it contains are of the kind in which ardent novel-readers fancy—not always mistakenly—that they detect autobiographical reminiscence. Admirably comic, at any rate, are the portraits of the staff of the *Silchester Mirror*, admirably comic the scenes in the office of the same. Sometimes the author gives the rein to good-natured satire at the expense of the journalist. Witness this scene in which the raw but canny young Scotsman is put through an examination by a more experienced friend:

"Question Two: A man hangs himself. What is the technical heading for this?"

"Either 'Shocking Occurrence' or 'Rash Act.'"

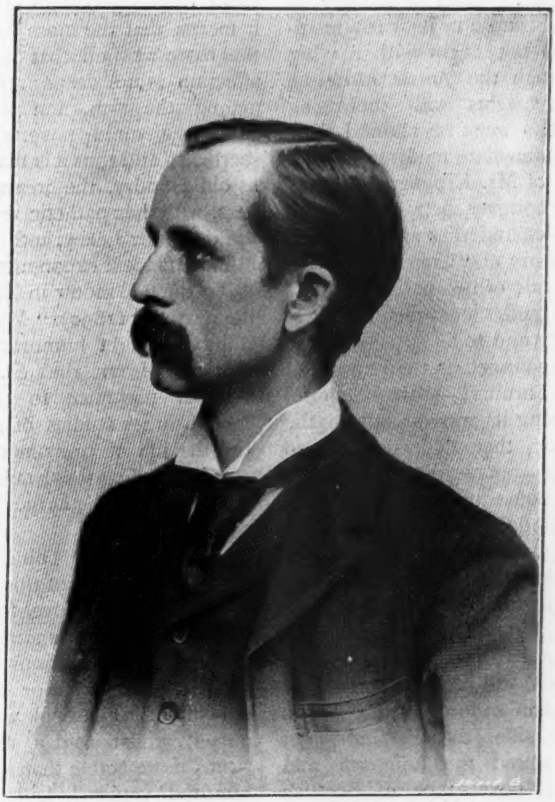
"Question Three: '*Pabulum*,' '*Cela va sans dire*,' '*Par excellence*,' '*Ne plus ultra*.' What are these? Are there any more of them?"

"They are scholarship," replied Rob, "and there are two more, '*tour de force*' and '*terra firma*. . .'

"Question Five: Have you ever known a newspaper which did not have the largest circulation in its district, and was not the most influential advertising medium?"

"Never."

Rob passes his examination with honours, for every trade has its tricks. Amusing also is the author's assumption as the most self-evident of axioms that a journalist's motive for writing is invariably the necessity for saying *something*, and never by any chance the fact that he happens to have something to say. But the book is brimful of a kindly and exuberant irony, and written in a style which combines pleasingly point with ease.



(*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, 55 Baker Street, W.*)

MR. J. M. BARRIE

In "Auld Licht Idylls" the author once and for all bids good-bye to Dickens. Judged, however, by the light of subsequent achievement, his talent is still in the experimental stage. Take for example the winter-piece called "The School-house." It is descriptive, delicate, finished—a perfect piece of writing in itself; but others than Barrie might have written it. Several papers also in this volume are of the nature of reminiscence, and of these "Davit Lunan's Political Reminiscences" might pass as a report from shorthand notes of an actual conversation or soliloquy. In others of these sketches, however, we meet the essential Barrie, and in such papers as "Thrums," "The Auld Licht Kirk," "The Auld Lichts in Arms," we are introduced to a form of life which is essentially new to literature. Other writers, following Scott, have turned to Scotland for the picturesque and the romantic, but here we see at a glance that we are to have neither. It is not in any form of external beauty, any skill in the invention or adaptation of striking incident, that the new writer is to find his account. Yet, so far, he does deal mainly with externals, many of his pages being devoted to the accidental peculiarities of the life of the people into whose company he leads us—their "black-fishing," weaving, religious observances, and the like. Meantime the character of the race is being slowly unfolded, and as to that character a word. An intelligent and travelled Thrums man whom I questioned recently set me the following simple sum in proportion: As the ordinary Scot is to the ordinary Englishman, so is the ordinary Thrums man to the ordinary Scot. What was implied was that as the average Scot strikes one as reserved and blunt-mannered in comparison with the average Englishman, so does the "Thrummy" impress by his excess in these attributes over the average Scot. This is the impression of a single individual, and of course contains only an approximation to the truth. But certainly the Auld Licht religion as our author shows it us appears adapted to a race so characterised.

Sufficiently unpromising material, a reader might conclude, and I am not sure but, had Mr. Barrie's work been cut short at this point, one might have rested in this mistaken belief. For it is of the nature of that work that it is evolutionary in character and cumulative in effect. Real originality is almost always unobtrusive in its early manifestations—it does not begin with a "big splash"—and though the *fausse alerte* be sounded on the heights with increasing frequency, the critics must be allowed their due of praise for immediate recognition both of Mr. Barrie and of Mr. Kipling. At least one of the Idylls, however, betrays the richness of the ore which underlies an unpromising surface—the story of "Cree Queery and Mysie Drollie," a tale of two pariahs, and of the beauty of filial tenderness which irradiates their life of poverty and toil.

The note here sounded is the keynote of the "Window in Thrums"—that wonderful book, which, winning its way directly to the heart of the public, there lodged itself so securely that now—ten years after publication—its title is a household word among us, whilst an actual window in a far-off northern town has become a shrine of pilgrims for its sake. An irrational enthusiasm, reader, this visiting of the material for the sake of the spiritual? Irrational, perhaps, but generous too, and I cannot think that any reader of the book will depart from that shrine otherwise than ennobled and purified.

On its lighter side, the "Window in Thrums" plays round the humours and quaintnesses of a novel type of Scottish character, touching playfully on the manifold little inconsistencies and incongruities of human nature at large. But, good as this lighter side of the book is, it is not that which enchains us. I have spoken of the Thrums character, as described by a Thrums man, as, primarily, reserved—"dour," perhaps, in the less harsh sense of that expressive Scotch word. But is it not a truth that the deepest affections are found in the stillest, the most reserved of natures? Scott, as in the Trial Scene of the "Heart of Midlothian," and that fine tale "The Highland Widow," makes us think so. And Mr. Barrie makes us think so too; and in this book he appears in what we take to be his true and ultimate character as the Poet of Family Affection. Goldsmith, even Cowper, seems to have left the place unfilled, and it is as this, if prophecy be ever admissible, that Mr. Barrie will be remembered. "This family affection," he exclaims, "how good and beautiful it is! Men and maids love, and after many years they may rise to this. It is the grand proof of the goodness in human nature, for it means that the more we see of each other the more we find that is lovable." Family affection is not deeper among the poor than among the rich, but it shows to richer advantage amid poverty, self-denial, and sacrifice; and thus it is that in such characters as old Hendry, the weaver, his invalid wife Jess, with her pathetic womanly worldliness, the daughter Leeby, and the prodigal James, it finds its ideal exponents.

To the "Window in Thrums" succeeded, the next year (1890), "My Lady Nicotine," a volume of light humorous sketches, mainly reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette.* Without prejudice to the book—amusing enough in its studies of schoolboy character and the life of press-men—we may dismiss it as not calling for detailed notice save in a fuller study of the author's work than is here possible.

During 1891 "The Little Minister" ran through the pages of this magazine. As the first effort in the novel form of the author's maturing powers, its announcement aroused the highest expectations, its appearance the keenest interest. Nor was the public disappointed. The book was popular from the outset, whilst to-day the demand for it seems more active than ever. "If I had a hundred copies," said to me lately the librarian of a public library, "every one of them would be out." This was in a busy Scotch manufacturing town of some 20,000 inhabitants, and no doubt a recent performance of the dramatised version of the story had given a stimulus to the interest felt in it. On many grounds, doubtless, the work deserved its popularity, and the present writer knows that he is in a small minority when he questions whether the author has entirely succeeded in imparting life to the principal character of his tale, or reality to certain of its scenes. It seems probable that he may have been hampered by the attempt to construct his novel after a model which was not natural to him. But this, after all, is but the observation of a captious critic, who is glad enough to join heartily in admiring the character of the Minister's mother, the scene in Nance Webster's cottage, the quaint colloquies of the Chorus, and other features and passages.

The next book, "Sentimental Tommy," is above criticism even by the most captious. It is the author's masterpiece, the full and perfect expression of his genius. In it he has found, or rather made, an artistic form of his own, to suit himself, and his easy, seemingly irregular, narrative compels the reader to follow him as irresistibly as the Piper of Hamelin compelled the children. But how much of art this seemingly easy style covers, perhaps none but experts would suspect. It is simply a sustained perfection in the art which conceals art. Who could repeat the story of Thomas Sandys? The book is unlike anything else, and how full of beautiful things! Where is there any scene that goes straighter to the heart than the entrance of the babes, artlessly disguised, into the squalid London room to play the Christmas play before their exiled dying mother? How true is that mother, who, having made a fatal mistake, persists in it to the end, to the pride of Scottish character! And where in the beautiful world of child literature shall we meet with a nobler, more pathetic creation than the daughter of the Painted Lady? Yet I think that, after all, the episode which will appeal most widely is that of the Two Old Maids and the Stout Bachelor. Mrs. Gaskell might have put the *milieu* before one, but there is a depth of humour and of feeling here which is beyond the authoress of "Cranford," fine artist as she was. I have already spoken of Mr. Barrie with Dickens, and it will perhaps be pretty generally conceded that, since Dickens, no kindlier humourist than Barrie has appeared. But, after reading "Sentemental Tommy," one is prepared to maintain that the advantage, in some of the highest points, lies by no means with Dickens. Dickens had indeed a boundless fertility which the younger writer is far from possessing. But, on the serious side of his mind, Mr. Barrie is far finer, more dignified, than Dickens. The two authors are alike in their absolute originality; but whilst Dickens, at least in his later years, wrote almost always "for effect," this is a vice or weakness to which Barrie has never in a single instance yielded —is, I believe, incapable of yielding. As yet we are in possession only of the first half of Sentimental Tommy's story. It is an open secret that the coming volume is to deal with theatrical life. Now, it seems plain to those who have followed him so far that the character of Tommy is bound in the future to cause suffering to those who love him best. But we cherish faith that the good in him will bring him right at last.

The year '96, in which this masterpiece appeared, saw also the publication of "Margaret Ogilvy," a little memoir of Mr. Barrie's mother, written by her son, which at once took rank with Carlyle's Reminiscence of his mother, and with the too little known Memoir of Lady Grizell Baillie by her daughter, Lady Murray. There have been found, I believe, objectors to the book, but let them rest. Such books are not produced by any but the most single-minded of writers.

But in writing of these books, I have left myself little space to write of the author. To the bodily eye, as he appears in London drawing-rooms and at London dinner-tables, Mr. Barrie has little, nothing, of the typical Scot. The high pale brow, the dark hair and eye, the chiselled refinement of the profile, suggest Italy rather than the North. To me the face bears a certain resemblance to portraits of Edgar Allan Poe. The expression is shy, absorbed. There is as little trace of affectation in the manner as in the writing—in both that perfect absence of self-consciousness which alone makes such a book as "Margaret Ogilvy" possible. It is only in a touch of *brusquerie* in the address that the Northerner is revealed.

In conclusion, was there ever author more to be envied than the author of "The Window in Thrums"? Famous at thirty, he has now, whilst still comparatively a young man, the sympathy of the whole world behind him. The future smiles on him. He can make us laugh without effort, without bitterness. He shows us, too, the tragedy of life; but not, after the manner of some writers of today, in its untempered violence. For him it is softened by patience, sweetened by affection, redeemed by an Imperishable Hope.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MARCH

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

"He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day . . . . That good thing which was committed unto thee, guard through the Holy Ghost."—2 Tim. i. 12–14 (Rev. Ver.).

TWO DEPOSITS AND TWO GUARDINGS

"THAT which I have committed unto Him" is expressed in the original by two words, which are translated in the margin of the Revised Version by "my deposit." The same word is employed in the second of the clauses at the head of this paper, and with its accompanying adjective is rendered in the margin, "the good deposit." Now, "my deposit" may mean either what I have committed to some one or what some one has committed to me. Accordingly, both of these clauses have been taken to refer to what God had put into His servant's charge. But surely it is unnatural to represent the giver of a trust as its guardian; and seeing that in the first of these verses God is the Guardian, the propriety of the figure requires that in it He should be the Receiver, whose business it is to take care of what is entrusted to Him. If so understood, the former verse refers to what Paul had committed to God, and the latter to what God had committed to Timothy.

We have, then, two Trusts. Paul trusted something to God manifest in Christ. What was it? Christ's word on the cross may help us to answer: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit," in which the word rendered "commend" is cognate with that for "deposit." So what Paul entrusted to God was himself. Our richest treasure is ourselves; and we cannot keep ourselves, nor manage ourselves; so, if we are wise, we shall turn to God in Christ and put the wealth of our souls into His hands. We commit ourselves to Him when we cease to try to be our own redeemers and are content to owe our salvation to Christ; when we accept His appointments, yielding our wills to His, and rolling our burdens on Him. If we are wise, we shall lay our most precious possession, ourselves, in the strong, loving hands that shaped the worlds; then it will be safe. Defenceless peasants flock into a fortress with their poor belongings, when the enemy is ravaging the open country. If we do the like, and "commit the keeping of our souls to God in well-doing," the treasure will be safe, and "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also," and will possess the undisturbed repose, the tranquil blessedness that come from denuding ourselves of ourselves, that we may find ourselves glorified and greatened in Him.

If we honour God by trusting our treasure to Him, He will honour us by trusting His to us. What was the good thing committed to Timothy? God's self manifested in God's Gospel. We give ourselves to Him, and He gives us Himself in the revelation of His grace in Jesus Christ.

That great Gospel is entrusted to every Christian. It is a token of God's confidence in us, of His love to us, and of the gladness with which He accepts the responsibility which we have thrown upon Him, that He throws in return a kindred responsibility on us. The two trusts react on each other. The more we fling our weight on God, the more shall we feel the responsibility of our stewardship of the Gospel; and the more we recognise our responsibility as His stewards, the more shall we cast ourselves, with the wealth that has been entrusted to us, on our Guardian's protective care.

There are two Guardings. The word employed is often used for guarding as armed men do. God, as it were, mounts guard on what we put into His hands, and He expects us to do the same with what He puts into ours. He comes to us in no mere metaphor, to guard us, to deliver us from our own evil and from outward evils, to be a wall of fire around us, and to keep us "against that day," with all its mysteries and terrors. Paul was expecting martyrdom, and yet was sure that in it, though not from it, God would guard him, and that neither Nero's mad ferocity nor the headsman's sword would touch the safety of what he had committed to God. Guarded in life from all real evil, brought unharmed through the hurtling storm of death, and shepherded in the fold beyond the river, the soul committed to God is safe.

The other guarding is related to the divine guarding, much as the two trusts are. When He guards us, then we can guard both ourselves and His Gospel. How do we guard what is committed to us? By saturating our minds and hearts with the Gospel, by living according to its precepts, and by helping to spread it. It is not enough to have committed ourselves to Him. What are we doing with what He has committed to us? The burden, which we have shifted from our own shoulders and laid upon God, brings on us more weightily the responsibility of keeping that which He has lovingly laid on us.

SECOND SUNDAY

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."—Luke ii. 29

SIMEON'S SWAN-SONG

THAT scene when the old man took the Babe in his withered arms is one of the most picturesque in the Gospel narrative. Led by some monition which he recognised as divine, he had come into the Temple, perhaps expecting that at last he was to "see the Lord's Christ," but probably quite ignorant of the form in which the Christ would bless his waiting eyes. He had to wait for a space, and presently a peasant woman comes in with her child in her arms, and a voice in his spirit says, "Arise, anoint Him, for this is He." So he takes the Infant in his arms, and pours forth his swan-song: "Lord, now"—after all these years of waiting—"lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

Here we have the Old recognising and embracing the New. In Simeon's character the highest product of Old Testament revelation is presented. He was "just and devout," which make ethical perfection stated in Old Testament terms; and he "waited for the consolation of Israel," which was the attitude intended to be effected in the true Israelite by the gradual manifestation through the ages of God's increasing purpose. Thus discharging in the present all duties towards God and man, looking to the future with confident expectance, and having "the Holy Ghost upon him," Simeon is the realised ideal of the Old Testament. Therefore in his arms was fitly laid the infant Christ. All the past had accomplished its aim when its fairest product recognised the Messiah, and was willing to die since He was born. Judaism was meant thus to end in an euthanasia, rejoicing to pass into the nobler form of Messiah's universal kingdom.

We need not dwell on the tragic contradiction to such an ideal relation which the reality presented. But we may point out that the relation of the Old to the New recurs in every generation, and very specially in ours. It is well for the New when it is content to be taken in the arms of the Old and receive its benediction. It is ill for the Old when, instead of welcoming, it frowns on the New, and, instead of playing the part of Simeon, plays that of Herod, and seeks the life of the child that threatens to destroy its sovereignty. Conservative elders and revolutionary youth may both be the better for pondering that scene of Simeon with the Christ in his arms.

Here, too, is the slave recognising and submitting to his owner. The word for "Lord" here is seldom applied to God. It is a harsh expression, being, in fact, that which appears in English as "despot." "Slave" is its correlative, the one word asserting absolute ownership and authority, and the other expressing abject submission. Simeon takes that relationship to express his to God. It is the "sum of all villainies" when subsisting between men; it is the sum of all blessedness when subsisting and recognised between men and God.

The owner has the right of life and death, and, if he chooses, can smite his slave down, and no man have a word to say. Thus, we hang on God for life, and when He smites none can question. The owner possesses the slave's possessions, his patch of garden, his hut, his few sticks of furniture. All that I call mine was His first, is His still, and I have to use it for Him, and, when He wills, to surrender it to Him without murmurs. This sounds very harsh; but if we remember that this word "despot" is used by Peter, too, when he speaks of "denying the Lord that bought them," and understand that Jesus has this ownership of us, because He has given His life to acquire us for His possession, the harshness melts out of the thought, and only blessedness is left in it.

We have here the saint recognising and welcoming death. Simeon's words are generally quoted as if they were a prayer: "Now let Thy servant depart in peace"; but they are not petition or aspiration, but a statement of fact. He saw the appointed token that the time had come when his long waiting was over. He uses the technical word for relieving a sentry. The hour had arrived when the slave's long watch was over, and he might go home and rest.

He welcomes the dismissal which he recognises. He is going "in peace." There is no agitation, still less shrinking or fear, but he slips quietly from his post, because his eyes had seen God's salvation. That is all which we need see, in order to be satisfied with life. We may go in peace if our eyes have seen Him who satisfies our vision, whose bright presence will go with us into the darkness, and whom we shall see more perfectly when we have ceased to be slaves on an outlying estate of our Owner's, and are taken home as sons to the many mansions of the Father's house.

THIRD SUNDAY

"In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—Rom. xii. 11

A TRIPLET OF GRACES

PAUL regarded Christian doctrines as all meant to influence Christian practice, and so he attaches, with a "therefore," a series of plain practical exhortations to the profound exhibition of the central truths of Christianity, which occupies the earlier part of this great epistle. That sequence condemns both a barren orthodoxy and a morality which attempts to produce righteousness without faith. The order in which these practical exhortations appear is instructive, for they are all presented as forms of the one foundation of all goodness, namely, yielding ourselves to God as living sacrifices. Many of the resulting virtues are here arranged in triplets, three sister Graces being linked hand in hand, as is the case in the instance under consideration.

Here we have set foremost the prime grace of diligence. The Authorised Version's rendering of "Not slothful in business" suggests a more limited range to the exhortation than it really covers. For Paul does not mean to enjoin merely diligence in one's daily occupations. The word means zeal or earnestness, and the drift of the precept is to enforce the homely virtue of hard work, which is as necessary a condition of growth and maturity in the Christian life as in any other. Zeal may flag and will slacken its speed till it stops altogether, if it is not kept going by continual diligence. A ship's bottom gets foul with weeds which retard it, and have to be cleaned off. Many of us would have great reason for shame if we would sit quietly down and contrast how we go about our "business," and how we go about our Christian life, which should be our highest, most pressing business. We begin the one early and stick at it all day; we give our whole selves to it, as we ought to do. But why does our growth in Christian character not call forth the same concentration, wide-awakeness, continuous, all-dominating enthusiasm as does our success in our trade or profession? Why are we all fire in one case and all ice in the other? Why do we think it enough to lift the one burden with one languid hand, and to grasp the other with both hands earnestly? "In your earnestness be not slothful" is a very prosaic exhortation. Are we obeying it?

That diligence must be fed by a fervent spirit. "Fervent" is literally "boiling." The spirit brought into contact with Christ and the fire of the Holy Spirit will have its temperature raised to the boiling-point. Such ebullient warmth is enjoined on all Christians, for without it diligence will slacken and progress cease. Tasks in which the heart is not are soon dropped, if possible, and, if not dropped, are felt to be bondage. In order, then, that we should not settle down into sloth, nor find our Christian efforts burdensome necessities, we must have what will make "the soul's depths boil in earnest."

Of course, "the depth and not the tumult of the soul" is what "the gods approve," and there is a kind of emotional Christianity which is worth nothing because it is substituted for the strenuous practice of plain morality. But the true relation between the two is that this fervour of spirit should be harnessed and should draw the car along the road of practical duty. Boiling water makes steam, and steam is not meant to go off roaring through a waste-pipe, but to be led into a cylinder and set to lift a piston. Fervour is valuable when it is set to work. Not emotion, but indolent emotion, is the curse of much of our "fervent" Christianity. Surely there cannot be any deep Christianity which is not fervent. We hear much of the virtue of moderate and sober feeling in religion; but certainly, if we take into view the truths on which the New Testament insists, the truly "sober" feeling is fervent feeling, and tepid feeling is imperfect.

The diligence and fervency are both to be animated by the thought that we are "serving the Lord." The reading "serving the time" seems tame, gives no climax, and breaks the sequence discernible in the verse. This closing member of the triplet suggests what will stimulate diligence and be fuel to the fire that makes the spirit boil. When our hands begin to droop and our spirits to be cold, and the paralysing influences of the commonplace and familiar threaten to creep over us, let us think that we are "serving the Lord," and the thought will freshen us up and set us boiling again. Many reasons urge us to diligence, such as the greatness of the work, the antagonisms to be faced, the brevity of the time allotted for toil, and the tremendous issues depending on diligence here. But *the* reason is that Christ has bought us to be His servants. That thought will make us bend our backs to His service, and deliver us from temptations to languid and perfunctory work. We can carry that motive into all that we do. All life will flash into beauty, and tower into greatness, and be smoothed out to easiness, and the crooked things be made straight and the rough places plain, and the familiar and trite be invested with "the glory and the freshness of a dream," if in all we are consciously serving the Lord. That is the secret of diligence and of fervency.

FOURTH SUNDAY

"Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation, continuing steadfastly in prayer."—Rom. xii. 12.

ANOTHER TRIPLET OF GRACES

THIS is the only part of the Apostle's practical precepts in this chapter which refers to the inner secrets of the Christian life. All the remainder inculcates our duties to one another. Conduct is all-important, Creed is valuable if it influences action, but not otherwise. Devout emotion is valuable if it drives the wheels of life, but not otherwise. The deepening of spiritual life should be manifest by completer practical righteousness, such as non-Christians will acknowledge.

The Christian life ought to be joyful because it is hopeful. To be glad is a Christian duty. Many of us do not habitually recognise that it is, but think that joy is partly a matter of temperament and partly a product of circumstances. We naturally rejoice when things go well with us. If we have sunny dispositions, we think it so much the better; if not, so much the worse, but it is not our fault. But do we recognise that a Christian who is not joyful is not living up to his duty, and that neither temperament nor circumstances excuse our not being so? Many of us have as much religion as makes us sombre, but not enough to make us glad.

The Apostle here points to Christian hope as a main source of Christian gladness, and we all know how lightly "our bosom's lord" sits on its throne when a great hope animates it, and how then everything becomes easy and the whole world looks different. If our hope is certain, it will gladden, and if we grasp as we should do the only hope that is absolutely certain, then our hearts will sing for joy. True joy is not dependent on circumstances, but on faith. We may be in a dry and thirsty land, but what of that if we have in us a fountain springing up into everlasting life? The object of the Christian hope is expressed in an earlier part of this letter as "the hope of the glory of God." That great, far-off, certain prospect of being gathered into the Divine Glory, and walking there, like the three in the fiery furnace, unconsumed and at ease, will breathe perpetual gladness into a life whatever circumstances or temperament may be.

Our emotions are not directly in the power of our wills, but the direction of our thoughts is. We cannot resolve to be joyful, but we can choose which set of facts we will look at, whether those which tend to sadden or those which tend to make glad. We can carry our own atmosphere with us, like people in Eastern lands, who in frost grasp a vessel full of glowing embers, and so keep themselves warm in bitter weather. But distinct and continuous effort is needed if we are to keep the great Hope before us. We can sometimes see the gleaming mountains of the mainland from our island home; but thick days of mist are frequent, and we see nothing but the cold grey sea breaking mournfully on the cold grey stones. But we can scatter the mists if we will, and behold the fair land across the straits. If Christians cultivated the vision of their great future more they would be more joyful.

The Christian life, if full of joyful hope, will be patient. These great words, "patient" and "patience," are often on the Apostle's lips, and they mean more than simple endurance, including, as they do, the idea of persevering effort. If our hearts are filled with calm gladness, because our eyes are fixed on celestial hope, both the active and passive sides of this persevering patience will be realised in us. A traveller who knows that he will be at his destination in a week does not mind, though his cabin is contracted, and many disagreeables have to be encountered on the voyage. So our hope will help us to endure. And it will also help us to do. That fire of certain hope, burning in our hearts, will impel us to its duty, some ocean-going steamer is driven right in the teeth of storms, and keeps its course because deep down in its hull are great furnaces.

Our lives will be joyful, hopeful, and patient in proportion as they are prayerful. In Paul's first letter he gave an apparently impossible command: "Rejoice evermore"; and he added another apparently equally impossible one, which, if obeyed, would make perpetual joy attainable: "Pray without ceasing." But can we pray without ceasing? If by prayer we mean only speaking words of supplication, we cannot; but if prayer is a mental attitude of devotion, with a sub-conscious reference to God in all things, we can. Whether the absolutely unbroken communion with God, which the Apostle enjoins, can be attained in this life or not, we could approximate to it much more closely than we have done. If we are trying to keep our hearts in contact with God in the midst of daily duty, and if, ever and anon in the press of our work, we cast a thought and a prayer towards Him, then hope and joy and patience will be ours in a degree that we know little about yet, but might have known long since.

ON THE TRACK OF THE MICROBE

By Sir EDMUND VERNEY, Bart.

THE science of bacteriology is steadily advancing, and though still in its infancy, already furnishes a clue to many of the great problems of Nature.

Several important industries are entirely based upon the decomposition powers of bacteria. Hardly any animal or vegetable substance is able to resist their softening influence, and the artisan relies upon this power in many different directions. When, for instance, flax, for the manufacture of linen, is exposed to the action of moisture and heat, rapid bacterial growth is developed, which softens the gummy substance holding the fibres together. The fibre of the cocoa-nut is obtained from the husk by the same means. Bacteria promote the tanning of leather and the cleansing of sponges. They play an important part in the fermentative industries, the making of vinegar, the preparation of indigo, and the curing of tobacco and opium. Ferments from the best qualities of European wines have been recently introduced into Algeria, and the wines to which the experimental ferment have been applied possess a bouquet and aroma hitherto unknown in the wines of that country. Dairy bacteriology is a study in itself, with a literature of its own. The active part taken by bacteria in the ordinary operations of agriculture is only now beginning to be appreciated: soils and plants inoculated with appropriate bacteria are found to be greatly more productive; plant life would not be possible without the micro-organisms which are instruments in returning the nitrogen to the earth, their function being to break down animal and vegetable matter after death and set free their constituent elements.

Mr. Clarke Nuttall tells us that it is in the springtime, when the sun begins to warm the chilly earth, that the gardener and the agriculturist feel the beneficent work of the microbes; they act upon the husks that have protected the seeds against the rigours of the winter and crumble them up, so that the seedling is free to grow; they break down the stony wall of the cherry and plum which has hitherto imprisoned the embryo. When the young plant starts, they attach themselves to its roots, assist it to take in all sorts of nutriment from air and soil, and so help it through its life. By-and-by, when its course has run, they turn the green leaves, and the woody stem, and the dark root back into the very elements from which they were built up, ready for use again in a new cycle of life.

Among the many bacteria which inhabit the soil, one, hitherto unknown, has been just recently isolated and watched; as it increases in numbers it manifests itself by the familiar smell of damp earth, hence its name *Clàdothrix odorifera.* Two facts concerning it have been ascertained—first, that it is the true origin of the smell hitherto attributed to the earth simply; and, secondly, that it changes into vapour under the same conditions as water does. Therefore, when the sun, shining after rain, draws up the moisture of the earth as vapour, it draws up also these odorous atoms which, floating in the air, strike on our olfactory nerves, and we exclaim, "How fresh the earth smells after the rain!"

Most, possibly all, forms of disease, and especially of infectious disease, are accompanied by the presence of some infinitesimally small living organism—a microbe, differing in form, in colour, and in action, in different diseases. Microbes are mostly possessed of great vitality, although in this respect the different kinds vary widely: some quickly die under good sanitary conditions; but Dr. Sidney Martin has found that the typhoid bacillus, which generally requires oxygen, may be cultivated without it, and even live in an atmosphere of carbonic acid. Dr. Uffelmann has found that it will live for several weeks in dry soil or in clothes.

Consumption in mankind, and tuberculosis in animals, proves to be one and the same disease. Sir James Sawyer, the eminent surgeon of the Midlands, writing in the *Land Magazine* for October, asserts this with no uncertain sound: "The tubercle bacillus is one and indivisible, the same for man and for the lower animals. It is the single and essential determining cause of tubercular disease, wherever that disease may be found in a living being. Without it, tuberculosis cannot be produced. Human beings are infected with tubercular diseases from each other, and from the lower animals; the lower animals are also, in the same way, and by the same agency, infected with the same diseases from each other, and from human beings. A war of extermination against the tubercle bacillus, to be complete, must be general as to mankind and general as to the lower animals. Tuberculosis is a preventable disease." Dr. Sims Woodhead is most reassuring on this point. He said at the recent Sanitary Institute Congress at Birmingham: "No member of a tuberculous family need despair of evading the dread enemy of his race. Children of tuberculous parents may be placed under such conditions as never to contract the disease." Children cannot inherit tuberculosis, although they may inherit a weakness of constitution that renders them liable to the attacks of the tubercle bacillus.

The astonishing life-history of the microbe that causes that hideous disease elephantiasis, was recently set forth by Dr. Patrick Manson before the Royal Geographical Society, and he showed that no one now need suffer from elephantiasis.

The latest discoveries of Dr. Klein and other students show that, besides the action due to the microbe itself, there is another, due to a poison produced by the microbe, which is called the "metabolic product." By the artificial introduction into the animal system of microbes in a weakened or attenuated condition, it is possible in many cases, in some manner which has not yet been explained, to afford to the animal immunity from the attacks of that particular microbe; this immunity does not necessarily extend to the toxin which the microbe produces. Similarly, small portions of the attenuated toxin may be introduced into the system of animals until they have acquired immunity from toxic effects, but the animal is not thereby protected against any possible introduction of the microbe which has produced the poison.

It is generally conceded that microbes belong rather to the vegetable than to the animal kingdom, but they partake of the characteristics of both; for instance, many have powers of locomotion. Some are reproduced by fission—that is to say, the microbe divides itself into two portions, each of which becomes endowed with individual life, others from seedlike germs.

Several kinds of microbe have been identified as being connected with certain definite diseases. Some are easily recognised; others have not such distinct characteristics. One of the most readily identified is that connected with tetanus, which is of the shape of a drumstick with a little knob at the end; whereas a bacillus which Dr. Koch has identified with cholera, and which from its shape he has called the "comma-bacillus," is not readily distinguished from others. The microbe of malarial fever has been recently identified, and its curious life-history is even now being written.

There are two distinct preparations of what is called "anti-toxic serum," one of which is derived from the protoplasm itself, the other from its metabolic product; and there is reason to think that a positive curative power may in some cases attach to the injection into the animal system of one serum or the other. This is a distinct advance in bacteriological science within the last year or two. It is but a single step, and no one can say what it may lead to. It has, for instance, been definitely established that animals gradually inoculated by small injections of the toxin of the diphtheria microbe are rendered immune to an ordinarily fatal dose of living diphtheria bacilli, but the period of protection has not, so far, been found to exceed one week—a period too short to be of practical use; indeed, in the present state of our knowledge, the protective power of prepared serum cannot be counted on with certainty. The *Daily Mail* of the 18th of October last reports a very striking case of lock-jaw cured by the injection of tetanus serum at the Pasteur Institute, New York. The skull of the patient was trepanned on both sides, and the serum was injected directly into the brain tissue: the muscles of the jaws almost immediately relaxed; the patient is now able to masticate, and his recovery seems certain. The operation is the eighth on record.

It is well known that many bee-keepers are not affected by the sting of bees; recent inquiries show that immunity may be usually acquired by three stings a day for ten days, after which period the patient may be considered bee-proof.

Speaking at the last anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, Lord Lister pointed out that, by the use of the preventive treatment by inoculation proposed by Dr. Kolle and Dr. George Turner at the Cape, the lives of upwards of 700,000 head of cattle had been saved during the last two years when the epidemic of rinderpest was raging. An animal that had undergone this treatment remained unaffected when a dose of infective material, sufficient to kill ten thousand full-grown oxen, was introduced into its system, and this immunity was found to be of a lasting character.

Dr. L. Westenra Sambon's most interesting paper, read before the Royal Geographical Society last year, deals with the immunity acquired by various races from diseases that often prove fatal to new-comers. He says: "I believe we can safely state that the immunity of the native is not a natural (racial) but an acquired immunity, and that the coloniser can acquire it just as well." And again: "We are constantly struggling against disease germs, and we acquire immunity against them without even being conscious of having been attacked."

The relations of bacteria to various forms of disease, important though they be, are not so important as their presence in our daily food. From time to time we read of unaccountable cases of poisoning in food, and as yet we are groping in the dark to account for the serious symptoms displayed. There appear to be two classes of food poisonings—first, that referable to the presence in the implicated food of deleterious products of bacteria which multiplied therein before it was swallowed; and, secondly, that due to similar deleterious material manufactured, as it were, in the stomach of the sufferers by living bacteria taken with the food.

As to food poisoning of the latter class, sometimes one and sometimes another microbe has been found in considerable quantities pervading the persons attacked, but in every case the seemingly implicated microbe has proved to be one hitherto reputed innocent.

The action of these microbes is found to vary in the systems of different animals. They have engaged the attention of Dr. Cautley, who suggests the theory that one class of microbe is often antagonistic to another, and that those which are normally harmless may, under certain conditions, become exceedingly noxious.

The recent discoveries of the influence exerted by glycerine on many micro-organisms are full of interest. It is found to be chiefly the noxious germs which are killed out by glycerine in the course of a few weeks; it may be that this accounts for the remarkable healing power of glycerine in abrasions of the skin; the microbes of erysipelas, typhoid, and diphtheria die out in about three weeks, while the hay bacillus shows a greater power of resistance. Careful experiments by Drs. S. Monckton Copeman and F. R. Blaxell conclusively prove that the tubercle bacillus in a 42 per cent. mixture of glycerine is killed in a period of four weeks.

Vaccine lymph has for many years past been preserved by an admixture of glycerine; it is now found that glycerine is a substance which may, as it were, be itself inoculated with the lymph, so that the whole mixture becomes equally potent. In 1891, Dr. S. Monckton Copeman laid down that the careful preparation with glycerine of vaccine derived from the calf not only leaves the resulting vaccine material as active as the lymph itself had been before the admixture, but that the glycerine exercises, in the course of some weeks of careful storage of the material, a germicidal influence on the extraneous microbes commonly met with in vaccine lymph. Even when tubercle and other deleterious bacilli were, for experimental purposes, intentionally mixed with the combined glycerine and vaccine, the adventitious microbes were found in a month or less to have been entirely destroyed. The result of this experiment seems to be in harmony with the theory of the antagonistic qualities of various microbes. The lymph has also been experimentally mixed both with vaseline and with lanoline, but the same results do not follow as by the use of glycerine: the mixture may be rendered free from extraneous bacteria, but it is found to be inefficacious as vaccine. Glycerinated calf-lymph appears, therefore, to be the surest and the safest that can be used for vaccination, and by its use we may hope to eliminate the incidental dangers which have justly prejudiced people against compulsory vaccination.

Hence we realise how important is the soil (so to speak) in which the microbe is planted; in one it may become exceedingly virulent, while in another it is comparatively harmless. A striking illustration of this has been discovered by Dr. Klein. In his report to the Local Government Board in London in 1896 he says that the guinea-pig is an animal highly susceptible to living diphtheria culture, but what would be a fatal dose if injected under the skin is harmless when injected into the peritoneal cavity, so that six hours after the injection no living culture could be obtained from the peritoneal fluid. This proves that not only is the peritoneum of the guinea-pig an unsuitable nidus for the growth and activity of the diphtheria bacillus, but that it acts germicidally on it and destroys it. This is the more remarkable, because in other animals the growth and multiplication of bacilli is more easily achieved by injections into the peritoneum than under the skin.

In Germany, the systems of vaccinating from arm to arm, or direct from the calf, have both been completely abandoned, and the use of glycerinated calf-lymph is general throughout the empire. By the addition of glycerine the amount of vaccine procurable from one calf is enormously increased. Formerly one calf was made to serve for some two or three hundred vaccinations, but now the glycerinated vaccine from one animal can be made to suffice for fifteen thousand operations. Where vaccine from one calf is used on such an enormous scale, the imperative necessity of extremest precautions is apparent. The most complete establishment for the preparation of vaccine is at Cologne under the direction of Dr. Vanselow. Five grammes of vaccine are there mixed with twenty-five grammes of water and fifty of glycerine, and this compound suffices for five thousand children. The building has been specially constructed for the purpose; the walls of the rooms are of glass tiles and Parian cement. The shelves and tables are of glass. Sterilised hot water is laid on, and the electric light. The director and his assistants wear over their clothes linen covers, which are sterilised prior to every occasion on which they are used.

In Paris, public vaccination is often performed in the open streets. After due notice given, the medical staff arrive, bringing their calf in a van, and the French mothers gather round with their babies, who are operated on under the gaze of an admiring and interested throng, a practice obviously open to serious dangers.

The protective and curative effects of the injection of prepared serum have been more definitely and conclusively proved in the case of snake venom than in any other class of experiments. We are not greatly troubled by snakes in Europe, but the bearing of these experiments on the general question is of the highest importance. Dr. A. A. Kanthack has followed up and confirmed the discoveries of Calmette, who has established unquestionably that men and animals may be rendered poison-proof by being inoculated with gradually increasing doses of cobra poison; and further, that, when they have reached this condition, their own serum has also acquired antitoxic properties, so that—

(*a*) On mixing such serum with a definite quantity of cobra poison, the mixture may be injected without causing death, or even any symptoms at all.

(*b*) This serum has both a preventive and a curative action as regards this poison.

It is also found that the serum is capable of neutralising the effects of some other snake poisons besides that of the cobra, but not of all. The insusceptibility of some poisonous snakes to poisons of other snakes belonging to different species constitutes a curious paradox, but the rule is not universal. The subcutaneous injection of a dose of cobra poison administered to a rattlesnake proved fatal to it, as well as to at least three other species of snakes.

It is interesting to find that two young rabbits, born of a mother who had been rendered immune to cobra poison, inherited their mother's immunity.

It has been known for years that the blood of eels contains a highly poisonous principle: a dog inoculated with a dozen drops of eel's blood dies in ten minutes. This discovery was made about ten years ago by two Italian brothers named Mosso. The poison is readily destroyed by heat, and by mere lapse of time, wherein it differs from a snake poison, which long retains its virulence; moreover, eel serum is harmless when taken with food; it invariably succumbs to the processes of digestion. If serum be taken from an animal that has been rendered immune to snake poison, and injected under the skin of an eel, the poisonous property of the eel's blood is thereby impaired. Serum taken from an eel is naturally about three times as poisonous as the serum of the most vicious viper. Although diluted eel-serum may protect an animal from so deadly a poison as viper venom, the converse does not hold good; the serum of vipers is no protection against the poison of eels' serum. Serum obtained from animals gradually trained up to withstand fatal doses of serpent venom differs from ordinary serum in the astonishing rapidity of its action; not only its protective but also its undoubted curative power has been established. *Longman's Magazine* for November contains a deeply interesting paper on this subject from the pen of Mrs. Percy Frankland. The essential ingredient of Venice Treacle, the famous remedy of two or three hundred years ago, was the crushed body of a viper; recent discoveries suggest that there may have been scientific reasons in its favour. It is not generally known that our word "treacle" is derived from the Greek word for viper, and from the nauseous compound Venice Treacle.

The relation of bacteriology to disease is a most fascinating study, continually suggesting analogies and speculations which have to be subjected to prolonged and severe tests before acceptance; but in three directions firm steps have been made in advance. It has been established first that vaccine lymph in glycerine can be made absolutely trustworthy in its action; secondly, that some forms of snake poison can be combated by attenuated injections of snake serum; and thirdly, that consumption is an infectious, but wholly preventable disease, which can only be acquired either from infected men or infected cattle. Every experiment published in one country is subjected to the rigid criticism of scientific men in other parts of the world, and so, year by year, light penetrates one and another of the dark mysteries of decay and disease.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

SHOULD we use "an" before "one"? Is there any more reason for saying "an wun" than for saying "an wonder"? People are beginning, it seems to me, to drop the superfluous "n," and on several occasions lately I have come across our old and stately "such an one" in the slippered ease of "such a one." A friend tells me that he too has noticed the change. On my remarking that it was odd that we should have so long gone on writing in one way and speaking in another, "A good deal more odd," said he, "that any one should have ever thought that 'one' needed 'an' before it."

And so doubtless it would have been if the word "one" had always been pronounced "wun."

As many things besides domestic breakages happen in threes, I was not surprised, on opening that evening the first volume of the delightful Eversley Shakespeare,* to come upon this passage at the beginning of the second act:

> SPEED. Sir, your glove.
> VALENTINE. Not mine; my gloves are on.
> SPEED. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

It is impossible to catch the pun or to perceive the sense of Speed's reply without the knowledge, which Mr. Herford gives in a footnote, that "on" and "one" were pronounced as nearly as possible alike. "This glove not yours, because your gloves are *on?* Really that is no reason, for this glove too is—*on*(*e*)!" There was probably some slight difference—such a difference as one hears in various parts of Scotland in the case of the word "scone," sometimes pronounced with a long "o," *scoan*, sometimes with a shorter "o," *scon*—for in the older writers, Wycliffe, Trevisa, Gower, and Chaucer, "one" is generally spelt "oon," not I venture to think to rhyme with *moon*, but rather to rhyme with *go on*, supposing the words to be pronounced without emphasis and allowed almost to slide together. It is not easy at first to realise this very simple fact; indeed, one has to drill one's ear and tongue to appreciate thoroughly how Speed plays upon the word and "makes it of two colours" (to use Tennyson's happy phrase); but on reflection one recognises that the old pronunciation, or something very close to it, is preserved in several words which we use every day without being conscious of their close association. Take, for example, "alone" and "only." Most of us, I imagine, are acquainted with North-country people who shorten the "o's" in these words sufficiently to make "alone" rhyme with "on." "Anon" and "nonce," which we rarely use in speaking, also preserve the old sound of "one."

But here is a curious little bit of evidence. "At once" in Chaucer assumes the form "at-ones" or "att-ones"—

> I may not all attonés speak in rhyme;

and "at one," or "together," is written "aton," with the accent on the last syllable, and a somewhat open vowel sound:

> If gentil men and other of her countree
> Were wrothé, she would bringen (t)hem at-on.

And this same "at-one" or "together" gives us the modern words "atone" and

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* "The Works of Shakespeare." Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. In ten vols. 5s. each. Vol. I. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

"atonement," in which, once more, the true ancient pronunciation of "one" is handed down to us; for "atone" means to reconcile, to set at one, and "atonement" in our present-day sense is the act of redress or compensation, reparation or expiation, by which the condition of one heart and one mind, "at-one-ment," is accomplished.

Now how has it happened that while it has long been fashionable to speak of being "at one" as if the words were written "at wun," no one has ever ventured to suggest that we should make "atwunment" for our misdoings and shortcomings? Evidently "atone" and "atonement" must have passed into acceptance as independent words, the formation of which had been forgotten, before the "w" sound was given to "one." But how did it happen that the "w" got into "one"? In his engrossing book "The Philology of the English Tongue," Professor Earle refers to the prodigal disposition in the sixteenth century, especially in the West, to impose an initial "w." *Hot* became *whot; home*, *whome; rapt*, *wrapt; hole*, *whole* (*whole* it is, and will be to the end of the chapter, I suppose), and even *Ralegh* (Sir Walter), *Wrawly;* and this West-country habit got into standard English. "In Somersetshire may be heard 'the wonn en the wother' for 'the one and the other'"; in Dorset "the old oak" is "the wold woak," "oats" become "woats," and "once," "woonce," and "one," "woone." One feels tempted to jump to the conclusion that the Armada and the mighty men of the West and South-Western shires must have been in a great measure responsible for this popularising of the "w"—perhaps indeed they were—but it must be borne in mind that in the earliest issue of Tyndale's New Testament, which reached this country in 1526, *one* is repeatedly spelt *won*. And as against this West-country influence it must be recollected that there was a North-country "w" asserting itself. If "one" was "woone" and "oats," "woats" in Dorset, Northumbria had its "wonn" and its "wuts." And the North-country had its "y" also in insurrection, just as it was in insurrection in the West. The *yable* (able) and *yacre* (acre), *yale* (ale) and *yarbs* (herbs), *yarm* (arm) and *yeaze* (ease) of Dorset were paralleled by the *yin* (ane, one), *yits* (oats), *yill* (ale), *yird* (eard or earth) of the North. In the East, however, and especially in London, nearly sixty years after Tyndale's "won," Shakespeare was making his puns on "on" and "on(e)," so that evidently the new-fangled "won" had not yet swept the board. When it did do so people still went on writing the article "an" in front of it as heretofore, and curiously enough the old spelling of "one" was allowed to stand.

And here is another point worth noting. Even when the "w" had asserted itself, there were districts in which the old vowel sound of "oon" still survived. In the West and in the North down to this day, "wun" is pronounced "wonn" and "none," "nonn" (rhyming with *gone*), and "once," "wonse" (rhyming with *sconce*); while even in London, after long subjugation to the "wun" of court and society, the "w" is dropped among the people and the "un" alone retained; as in the phrase "a good 'un."

However singular and bewildering this "w" may be, it appears to be a special peculiarity of the English tongue, and in so far at least of particular interest. To the Scandinavians, as Professor Earle points out, it is ungenial. They "have dropped it in words in which it is of ancient standing, both in English and German; as in *week*, *wool*, *wolf*, *Woden*, *wonder*, *word*, which the Danes call *uge*, *ull*, *ulf*, *Odin*, *under*, *ord;*" and singularly enough this Scandinavian antipathy has revealed itself in Scotland in more than one instance, though the following, which was recently paraded in the press as a novel German discovery, is the most familiar. Conversation between a shopkeeper and a woman wanting to buy woollen goods:

SHE. 'Oo'? (Is it wool?)
HE. Ay, 'oo'!
SHE. A' 'oo'? (All wool?)
HE. Ay, a' 'oo'.
SHE. A' ae 'oo'? (All one wool?)
HE. Ou ay! a' ae 'oo'!

In looking up some of the old fogies—Chaucer, Gower, Trevisa, and the rest—for verification of this matter, I have come across what seems to be the explanation of what we regard as an atrocious cockneyism, "which it is." In the "Boece" I read: "He is fallen into a lethargy, which that is a common sickness." Mrs. Gamp's "which it is" is obviously a corruption of Dan Chaucer's "which that is," slurred down into "which 'at is"; and I suppose is quite in the genius of the language. In Mr. Champneys' "History of English" (Percival & Co.)—a delectable book for one who loves the old folk and their speech—I find that "rile" is an accepted corruption of the classic "roil" of the fourteenth century, just as "bile" is a despicable corruption of "boil" and "spile" of "spoil"; that in "manners makyth man," "makyth" is really a third person plural; and that "thou sees" and "the ky comes hame" are as grammatical as any school Inspector could wish—according to the grammar of the period. In that same "Boece," a translation of the old book of Boethius, by Chaucer, I find a passage which seems to me so full of life and colour that I cannot believe—since I have not the original at hand—that the prisoner of Theodoric, who may or may not have died for the Christian faith, ever wrote it as it stands: "If thou wilt gather violets, (ne) go thou not to the purple wood when the field, chirking, agriseth of cold by the fellness of the wind that is called the North Wind." People complain that there is no interest in nature in the dead season, but here we have colour enough. The "purple wood"! If one word alone is to be used I know none better than "purple" to describe that wonderful deep and sober colouring which needs but a breadth of sunshine to brighten it to crimson or to gold—the deep ruddy brown of the woodland vistas touched with the tarnished silver of the birch boles, and the pale bluish trunks and branches of the beeches, and the russet of the dead litter of leaves and needles, nuts and cones and dry stalks and twigs. And what a picture we have of the field, in which the tufts and blades of grass twitter—"chirk"—in the snell north-wind, and the whole open space seems to sound with sharp bird-notes, and, even while it is twittering, shivers and shudders with icy cold! That "purple" of the wood, and that "chirking" and "agrising" of the open field are a perfect transcript of the fragment of wintry forest at my door. Boethius may by a possibility have dreamed of it in his prison: Chaucer must have seen it with his clear sympathetic eyes.

It is wonderful what a joy some of these old poets took in Nature. Here, for example, is the romance of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,"* excellently translated by Miss Watson into modern prose out of as stiff a specimen of metrical old English—West Midland, probably Lancashire, experts say—as ever perplexed the average reader. To the student of our early literature Miss Watson's introduction and notes will be very suggestive, and even an outsider will find his interest quickened by the curious association which she traces of Gawain with the Irish hero Cuchullin. But setting all this aside, this mediæval romance, with its freshness and gaiety and piquant *naïveté* and chivalrous sense of loyalty, ought to find a warm welcome from those who regard "The Forest Lovers" as one of the most delightful books of last year.

But to return to the Eversley edition of "Shakespeare." This first volume contains "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Herford has prefixed to each play a brief yet comprehensive introduction, and verbal or other difficulties in the text are elucidated in scholarly and judicious notes. The type is beautifully clear, and in this *format* we seem at last to have got a Shakespeare combining the companionableness of the older pocket editions and some of the scholarship of the elaborate editions that are too inconvenient for ordinary use. In glancing over the notes I observe a reference to the incoherent statements about the moon in a "Midsummer Night's Dream." "The wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta is to take place at new moon, but there will be bright moonlight not only for the performance on that evening (Act II. Sc. 1), but also for the rehearsal the night before (Act I. Sc. 2)." Had these discrepancies been pointed out to him, Shakespeare, I fancy, would have smiled at them. He knew as much about the moon and the seven stars as any man of his time—and that was a good deal in an age when carriers could tell the clock by the position of Charles' Wain over the chimney—but at the opening of his play he needed a new moon to bring in his image of the slowly waning old moon "lingering his desires,"

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* "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight: a Middle-English Arthurian Romance." Re-told in modern prose, with Introduction and Notes, by Jessie L. Watson. London: David Nutt. 2s.

> Like to a step-dame or a dowager
> Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Afterwards he needed a moon nearly full for his Athenian actors, and accordingly he applied to the stage-manager. Why should a man who could create a world of men and women and a whole fairyland boggle about inventing a moon or two? I notice that so accomplished a novelist as Mrs. Humphry Ward has recently confessed her inability to cope with lunar difficulties. "I cannot for the life of me make the moon rise at the right time," she is reported to have said, and one of her daughters looks after that unstable and inconstant luminary for her. Arc lamps, incandescent lights, and gas are too much with us for us to expect poets and novelists to be "word-perfect" in the simple astronomy of our grandfathers' great-grandfathers. As I write I am indefinitely conscious of some old criminal trial in which judge and jury were led astray, and an innocent life was barely saved by a quick-witted lawyer, who bethought him of the almanac, and discovered that a full moon does not set before midnight and that a new moon does not light up miles of landscape.

Speaking of these little shortcomings of novelists, what an amusing paper might be made by any one who had taken notes as he read of all the odd things one finds in fiction! Think of the multitude of heroes who saw Nelson fall and helped to carry him down to the cock-pit; of the concourse of horsemen who came across Napoleon or Wellington at Waterloo. I cannot even conjecture what the average weight of a heroine may be, but I recollect that in Oliver Madox Brown's "Black Swan" (called afterwards "Gabriel Denver") the hero leaped on to the bulwarks from the deck with a lady in his arms, and afterwards dropped some twelve or fourteen feet into a boat without starting a plank or spraining an ankle. This is a trifle, however, beside the feat of Quasimodo in "Notre-Dame." There, it will be remembered, towards the close of the story the Hunchback took the top of a ladder about eighty feet long and weighted "with a man on every rung," shoved it out from a high stone gallery of the cathedral, and flung the swarming Vagrants into chaos. It is true that Victor describes this as an effort "of superhuman strength," and, indeed, there are few humans who could lift from twenty-five to forty men—and at the outside that is allowing a man for every two rungs. But, after all, what trivialities these things are when they occur in the work of a man of genius!

I am glad to call the attention of my readers benorth the Border to a "Catalogue Raisonné of the British Museum Collection of Rubbings from Ancient Sculptured Stones in Scotland," by Christian Maclagan (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 2*s.* 6*d.* net). Three hundred sheets of these rubbings were presented in 1895 to the British Museum by the author, who is now in her eighty-eighth year, and who still looks forward to formidable ventures in literature. This "Catalogue Raisonné," with its cup-markings, heiroglyphs, oghams, runes, and examples of early Christian art, contains a number of interesting and original notes, some of them worthy of the special attention of our professional antiquarians, who may learn a little, if they are open-minded, from this lady's independent observations. Take, for example, the measurements of the great fortress of Black Catterthun, the thickness of the wall of which is set down at a hundred feet by Dr. J. Hill Burton, who visited the spot on the same day as Miss Maclagan. The lady gives the thickness as thirty-four feet, and ascribes the historian's error to his mistaking for a single wall two walls and the interval between them covered with the stones of wreckage. But are runes "merely a modification of the Roman characters" of the alphabet? No Roman characters can be accepted as prototypes of the *g*, *ng*, *ē*, *d*, and *ō* of the oldest runic inscriptions, and there seems to be little room for doubt that the Futhorc came from a Greek source. There are other minor points on which I do not feel disposed to agree with Miss Maclagan, but her book is well worth reading, and from it I gather that her rubbings from the old sculptures are a valuable gift to the nation. In any case homage and good wishes to so active, busy, and bright-minded an old age—if I may use the word "old" at all.

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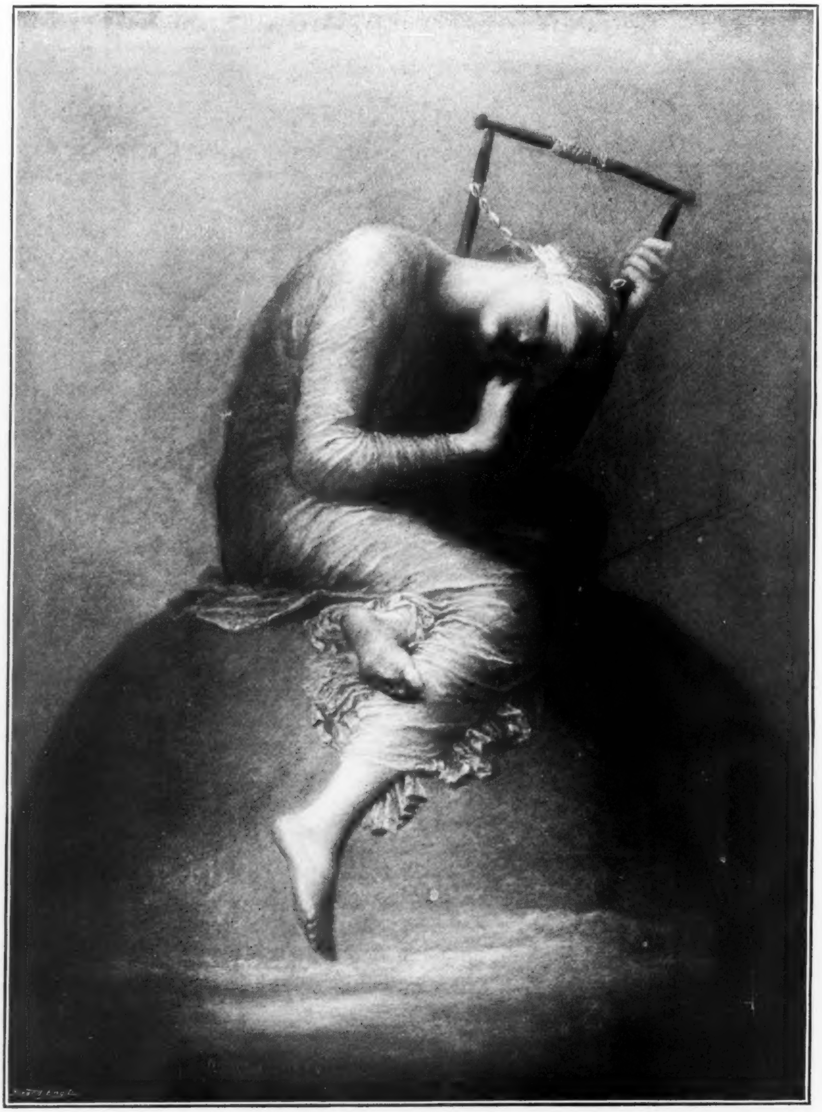

(From a photograph by F. Hollyer, 9 Pembroke Square, London)

HOPE. By G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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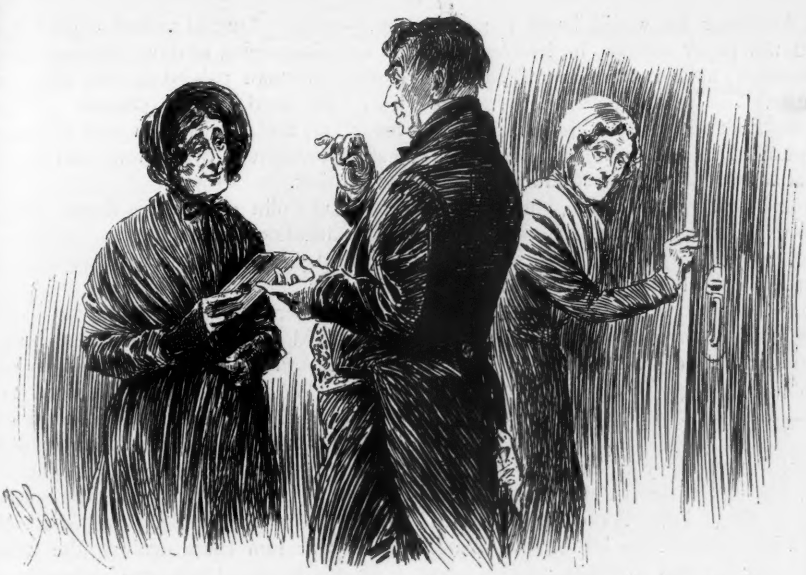

"'A king's letter. Confound the man! what can he be wanting now!'"

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY NEIL MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "JOHN SPLENDID," "THE LOST PIBROCH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER X

ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE

MARGET MACLEAN (or one of her sisters) was accustomed when the mails contained a letter on His Majesty's Service for the Paymaster, to put on a bonnet, and in a mild flurry cross the street, feeling herself a sharer in the great matters of State. So important was the mission that she had been known even to shut her shop door for the time of her absence upon eager and numerous youths waiting the purchase of her superior "black man," a comfit more succulent with her than with Jenny Anderson in Crombie's Land, or on older patrons seeking the hire of the new sensation in literature—something with a tomb by Mrs. Radcliffe.

"Tell your mistress I wish to see her," she would say on these occasions with great pomp to Peggy, but even Miss Mary was not sufficiently close to State to be entrusted with the missive.

"Good day, Miss Campbell, I called to see Captain John on important business," and the blue document with its legend and seal would be clutched with mittened hands tight to the faded bodice.

Miss Mary shared some of this awe for State documents; at least she helped out the illusion that they were worth all this anxiety on the part of the post-office, and she would call the Paymaster from his breakfast. His part on the other hand was to depreciate their importance. He would take the most weighty and portentous with an air of contempt.

"What's this, Miss Maclean?" he would say impatiently with the snuff-pinch suspended between his pocket and his nose. "A king's letter. Confound the man! what can he be wanting now?" Then with a careless forefinger he would break the seal and turn the paper outside in, heedless (to all appearance) as if it were an old copy of the *Courier*.

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* Copyright 1898 in the United States of America by Neil Munro.

One day such a letter sent his face flaming as he returned to the breakfast table. He looked at Miss Mary, sitting subdued behind her urn and Gilian at her side, and then at his brothers, hardly yet awake in the early morning, whose breakfasts in that small-windowed room it needed two or three candles to illuminate.

"The county corps is coming south this way," said he, with a great restraint upon his feelings.

Cornal Colin turned on him a lustreless eye.

"What havers are you on now, John?" said he, with no pause in the supping of his porridge. Dugald paid no heed. With a hand a little palsied he buttered a scone, and his lower lip was dropped and his eyes were vacant, showing him far absent in the spirit. Conversation was never very rife at the Paymaster's breakfast table.

"I'm telling you the county corps is coming south," said Mars, with what for him to the field officer was almost testiness. "Here's a command for billeting three hundred men on Friday night on their way to Dumbarton."

Up stood the Cornal with a face transfigured. He stretched across the table and almost rudely clutched the paper from his brother's hand, cast a fast glance at the contents and superscription, then gave a little choked cheer, the hurrah of spent youth and joyfulness.

"Curse me! but it's true," he cried to the General. "The old 91st under Crawford—Jiggy Crawford we called him for his dance in the ken at Madrid before he exchanged—Friday, Friday; where's my uniform, Mary? They'll be raw recruits, I'll warrant, not the old stuff, but—are you hearing, Dugald? Oh! the Army, the Army! Let me see, yes, it says six pipers and thirty band. My medals, Mary, are they in the shottle of my kist yet? The 91st—God! I wish it was our own; would I not show them! You are not hearing a word I am saying, Dugald."

He paused in his feverish movement in his chair, thrust off from him with a clatter of dishes and a spilling of milk the breakfast still unfinished and stared with annoyance at the General. Dugald picked at his fish with no appetite, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, a silent old man palsied on one side, with a high bald head full of visions. "What's that about the Argylls?" he said at last, with a start, brought to by the tone and accent of his brother.

Cornal Colin cleared his throat, and read the notification of the billet.

"Friday, did you say Friday?" asked Dugald, all abstraction gone.

"This very Friday."

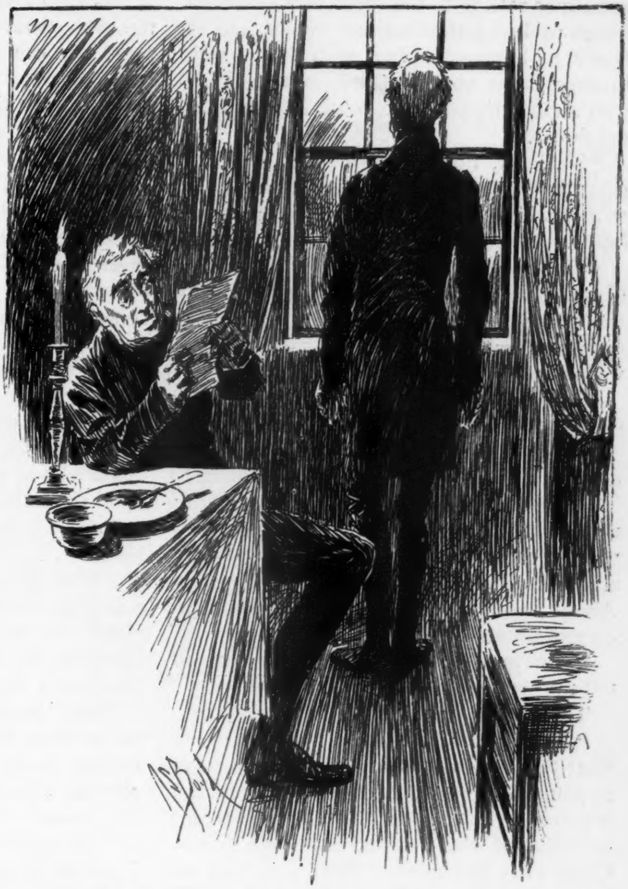
The old man rose and threw back his shoulders with some of the gallantry of his prime. He walked without a word to the window and looked at the deserted street. Ten—fifteen—twenty years fell from his back as thus he stood in the mingled light of the wan reluctant morning and the guttering candles on the table. To Miss Mary, looking at him there against the morning light, his figure—black and indefinite—was the figure that went to Spain, the strong figure, the straight figure, the figure that filled its clothes with manliness. There was but the oval of the bald high head to spoil the illusion. He turned again and looked into the candle-lit room, but seeing nothing there, for all his mind was elsewhere.

"I thought," he muttered, brokenly, "I thought I would never see red-coat again." Then he straightened his shoulders anew, and flexed the sinews of his knees, and pressed the palsied hand against the breeches' seam. The exertion brought a cough to his throat, a choking resistless cough of age and clogging humours. It was Time's mocking reminder that the morning parade was over for ever and now the soldier must be at ease. He gasped and spluttered, his figure lost its tenseness and from the fit of coughing he came back again an old and feeble man. He looked at his hand trembling against his waist, at his feet in their large and clumsy slippers; he looked at the picture of himself upon the wall, then quitted the room with something like a sob upon his lip.

"Man! he's in a droll key about it!" said the Paymaster, breaking the silence. "What in all the world is his vexation?"

Miss Mary put down her handkerchief impatiently and loaded Gilian at her side with embarrassing attentions.

"What—in—all—the—world—is—his vexation?" mocked the Cornal in the



"Against the morning light his figure—black and indefinite"

Captain's high and squeaking voice, reddening at the face and his scar purpling. "That's a terribly stupid question to put, Jock. What — in — all — the — world—is—his—vexation ! If you had the soger's heart and your brother's past you would not be asking what an ancient's sorrow at his own lost strength might mean. Oh, man, man ! make a pretence at spirit even if the Almighty denied it to you !"

He tossed the letter from him, almost in his brother's face.

The Paymaster held his anger in leash. He was incapable of comprehending and he was, too, afraid. With a forced laugh, he pressed the creases from the document.

"Oh, I'm glad enough to see the corps," said he, "if that's what you mean. If I have not your honours from the Army, I'm as fond of Geordie's uniform as any man of my years. I'll get the best billets in the town for——"

The Cornal scowled and interjected. "Ay, ay, and you'll make all the fraca that need be about the lads, and cock your hat to the fife, and march and act the veteran as if you were Moore himself, but you'll be far away from knowing what of their pomp and youth is stirring the hearts of your brother Dugald and me. The Army is all bye for us, Jock, Boney's by the heels; there's younger men upon the roster if the foreign route is called again in the barrack yard."

His glance fell upon Gilian, wide-eyed, wonderful, in the shade besides Miss Mary's chair, and he turned to him with a different accent.

"There *you* are !" said he, "my wan-faced warlock. What would Colin Campbell, Commander of the Bath, not give to be your age again and all the world before him ? Do you say your prayers at night, laddie, before you go to your naked bed in the garret ? I'll warrant Mary taught you that if she taught you nothing else. Pray every night then that heaven may give you thew and heart and a touch of the old Hielan' glory that this mechanic body by my side has got through the world wanting. Oh, laddie, laddie, what a chance is yours ! To hear the drum in the morning and see the sun glint on the line; to sail away and march with pipe or bugle in foreign countries; to have a thousand good companions round about the same camp-fires and know the lift and splendour of parades in captured towns. It's all bye for me; I'm an old pensioner rotting to the tomb in a landward burgh packed with relics like myself, and as God's in heaven, I often wish I was with brother Jamie yonder fallen in my prime with a clod stopping the youth and spirit in my throat."

"Tut, tut, now we're in our flights!" said the Paymaster, not very audibly, so that in his transport the Cornal never heard.

"*Are* you for the Army?" asked the Cornal, like a recruiting sergeant bringing the question home to a lad at a country fair; and he fixed Gilian with an eye there was no baffling.

"I would—I would like it fine," said Gilian stammering, "if it was all like that."

"Like what?" asked the Cornal, subdued, and a hand behind his ear to listen.

"Like that—" repeated the boy, trembling though Miss Mary's fingers were on his. "All the morning time, all with trumpets and the same friends about the camp-fire. Always the lift inside and the notion to go on and on and——"

He stopped for want of English words to tell the sentiment completely.

The Cornal looked at him now wistfully.

"I would not say, Gilian," said he, "but what there might be the makings of a soger in you yet. If you have not the sinews for it you have the sense. You'll see a swatch on Friday of what I talked about and we'll—Come away this minute, Mary, and look me out my uniform. Jiggy Crawford! Old Jiggy that danced in the booze-house in Madrid! He was ensign then and now he has his spurs and handles tartan. He is at the very topmost of the thing and I am going down, down, down, out, out, out, like this, and this, and this," and so saying he pinched out the candle flames one by one. The morning swept into the room, no longer with a rival, lighting up this parlour of old people, showing the wrinkles and the grey hairs and the parchment-covered knuckles, and in its midst the Paymaster's boy with a transfigured face and a head full of martial glory.

CHAPTER XI

THE SOUND OF THE DRUM

AND the same spirit, martial, poetic, make-believe, stayed with Gilian up till the Friday. It was hard indeed to escape it, for was not the town about him in a ferment of anticipation? In our sleeping community we know no longer what of zest the very name of the Army had for the people now asleep in the rank grasses of Kilmalieu. The old war-dogs made more lingering sederunts in the change-houses, the low taverns in the back lands sounded with bragging chorus and debate, and in the room of the Sergeant More the half-pay gentlemen mixed more potently their mid-day drams. The burgh ceased its industry, and the Duke, coming down the street upon his horse, saw most of the people who should be working for his wages leaning upon the gables indolent or sitting at the open windows with the tumblers at their hands, singing naughty songs.

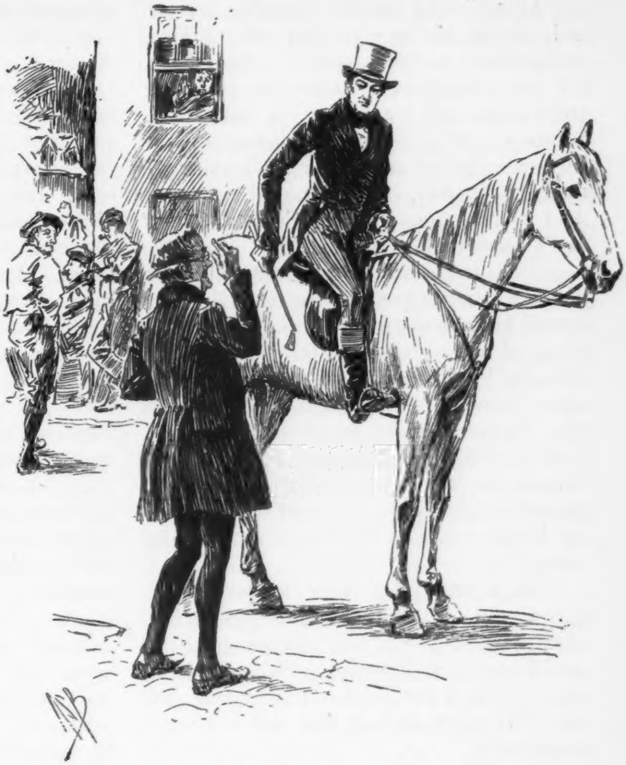
He leaned over, and with his crop rapped upon the factor's door. Old Islay came out with a quill behind his ear and a finger to his brow.

"What is wrong in the place to-day?" asked his Grace with a flourish of his crop about him to the lounging rascals and the groups at the tavern doors. "Am I paying good day's wages for the like of that?"

Islay Campbell bobbed and smirked. "It's the coming of the army," said he. "The county corps comes to-morrow and your men are all dukes to-day. They would not do a hand's turn for an emperor."

"Humph!" said Duke George. "I wish I could throw off life's responsibilities so easily. The rogues! The rogues!" he mused, soothing his horse's neck with a fine and kindly hand. "I suppose it's in them, this unrest and liability to uproar under the circumstances. My father—well, well, let them be." His heels turned the horse in a graceful curvet. "I'm saying, Islay," he cried over his shoulder, "have a free cask or two at the Cross in the morning."

But it was in the Paymaster's house that the fullest stress, the most nervous restlessness of anticipation were apparent. The Paymaster's snuff was now in two vest-pockets and even then was insufficient, as he went about the town from morning till night babbling in excited half-sentences of war, and the fields he had never fought in, to men who smiled behind his back. His brothers' slumbers in the silent parlour had been utterly destroyed till "me-the-day!" Miss Mary had to cry at last when her maid



"'What is wrong in the place to-day?' asked his Grace"

brought back untasted viands, "I wish the army was never to darken our gates, for two daft men up there have never taken a respectable meal since the billet order came. Dugald will be none the better for this."

All this excitement sustained the tremulous feeling at the boy's heart. There must be something after all, he thought, in the soldier's experience that is precious and lasting when those old men could find in a rumour the spark to set the smouldering fire in a blaze. He wondered to see the heavy eyelids of the General open and the pupils fill as he had never seen them do before, to hear a quite new accent, though sometimes a melancholy, in his voice, and behold a distaste to his familiar chair with its stuffed and lazy arms. The Cornal's character suffered a change too. He that had been gruff and indifferent took on a pleasing though awkward geniality. He would jest with Miss Mary till she cried "The man's doited!" though she clearly liked it; to Gilian he began the narration of an unending series of campaign tales.

Listening to those old chronicles, Gilian made himself ever their hero. It was he who took the flag at Fuentes d'Onoro, cutting the Frenchman to the chin; it was he who rode at Busaco and heard the Marshal cry "Well done!"; when the shots were threshing like rain out of a black cloud at Ciudad Rodrigo, and the soldiers were falling to it like ripe grain in thunderplumps, he was in the front with every "whe—e—et" of the bullets at his ear bringing the moment's alarm to his teeth in a checked sucking-in of air. Back to the school he went, a head full of dreams, to sit dumb before his books, with unwinking eyes fixed upon the battle-lines upon the page—the unbroken ranks of letters, or upon the blistered and bruised plaster of the wall to see horsemen at the charge and flags flying. Then in the absence of Brooks at the tavern of Kate Bell, Gilian led the school in a charge of cavalry, shouting, commanding, cheering, weeping for the desertion of his men at deadly embrasures till the schoolboys stood back amazed at his reality, and he was left to come to himself with a shiver, alone on the lid of the master's desk in the middle of the floor, utterly ashamed before the vexed but sadly tolerant gaze of the dominie.

Old Brooks took him by the ear, not painfully, when he had scrambled down from the crumbled battlements where his troops had left him.

"At the play-acting again, Master Gilian?" said the dominie a little bitterly, a little humorously. "And what might it be this time?"

"Sogers," said the boy most red and awkward.

"Ay, ay," said Brooks, releasing his ear and turning his face to him with a kind enough hand on his shoulder. "Soldiers is it? And the play-ground and the play-hour are not enough for a play of that kind. Soldiers! H'm! So the lessons of the gentlemen up-bye are not to be in vain. I thought different, could I be wrong now? And you're going to meet Captain Campbell's most darling wish. Eh? You have begun the trade early, and I could well desire you had a better head for the counts. Give me the mathematician and I will make something of him; give me a boy like yourself, with his head stuffed with feathers and the airs of heaven blowing them about through the lug-holes and—my work's hopeless. Laddie, laddie, go to your task! If you become the soldier you play-act to-day you'll please the Paymaster; I could scarcely wish for better and—and—I maybe wished for worse."

That night Gilian went to bed in his garret while yet the day-light was abroad and the birds were still chaffering in the pear-trees in the garden. He wished the night to pass quickly that the morrow and the soldiers should find him still in his fine anticipation.

He woke in the dark. The house was still. A rumour of the sea came up to his window and a faint wind sighed in the garden. Suddenly, as he lay guessing at the hour and tossing, there sounded something far-off and unusual that must have wakened half the sleeping town. The boy sat up and listened with breath caught and straining ears. No, no, it was nothing; the breeze had gone round; the night was wholly still; what he had heard was but in the fringes of his dream. But stay! there it was again, the throb of a drum far off in the night. It faded again in veering currents of the wind, then woke more robust and unmistakable. The drums! the drums! the drums! The rumour of the sea was lost, no more the trees sighed in the pears, all the voices of nature were dumb to that throb of war. It came nearer and nearer and still the boy was all in darkness in a house betraying no other waking than his own, quivering to an emotion the most passionate of his life. For with the call of the approaching drums there entered to him all the sentiment of the family of that house, the sentiment of the soldier, the full proclamation of his connection with a thousand years of warrior clans.

The drums, the drums, the drums! Up he got and dressed and silently down the stair and through a sleeping household to the street. He of all that dwelling had heard the drums that to ancient soldiers surely should have been more startling, but the town was in a tumult ere he reached the Cross. The windows flared up in the topmost of the tall lands, and the doors stood open to the street while men and women swept along the causeway. The drums, the drums, the drums! Oh! the terror and the joy of them, the wonder, the alarm, the sweet wild thrill of them for Gilian as he ran barelegged, bare-headed, to the factor's corner there to stand awaiting the troops now marching on the highway through the wood! There was but a star or two of light in all the grudging sky, and the sea, a beast of blackness, growled and crunched upon the shore. The drums, the drums, the drums! Fronting that monotonous but pregnant music by the drummers of the regiment still unseen, the people of the burgh waited whispering, afraid like the Paymaster's boy to shatter the charm of that delightful terror. Then of a sudden the town roared and shook to a twofold rattle of the skins, and the shrill of fifes as the corps from the north, forced by their jocular colonel to a night march, swept through the arches and wheeled upon the grassy esplanade. Was it a trick of the soldier who in youth had danced in the ken in Madrid that he should thus startle the hosts of his regiment, and that passing through the town, he should for a little make his men move like ghosts, saying no word to anyone of the aghast natives, but moving mechanically in the darkness to the rattle of the drums. The drums, the drums, the drums! Gilian stood entranced as they passed, looming large and innumerable in the darkness, unchallenged and uncheered by the bewildered citizens. It was the very entrance he could have chosen. For now they were ghosts, legions of the air in borrowed boots of the earth, shades of some army cut down in swathes and pitted in the fashion of the Cornal's bloodiest stories. And now they were the foreign invader, dumb because they did not know the native language, pitying this doomed community but moving in to strike it at the vitals.

CHAPTER XII

ILLUSION

He followed them to the square, still with the drums pounding and the fifes shrilling, and now the town was awake in every window. At a word the Colonel on his horse dispelled the illusion. "Halt!" he cried; the drum and fife ceased, the arms grounded, the soldiers clamoured for their billets. Over the hill of Strone the morning paled, out of the gloom the phantom body came a corps most human, thirsty, hungry, travel-stained.

Gilian ran home and found the household awake but unconscious of the great doings in the town.

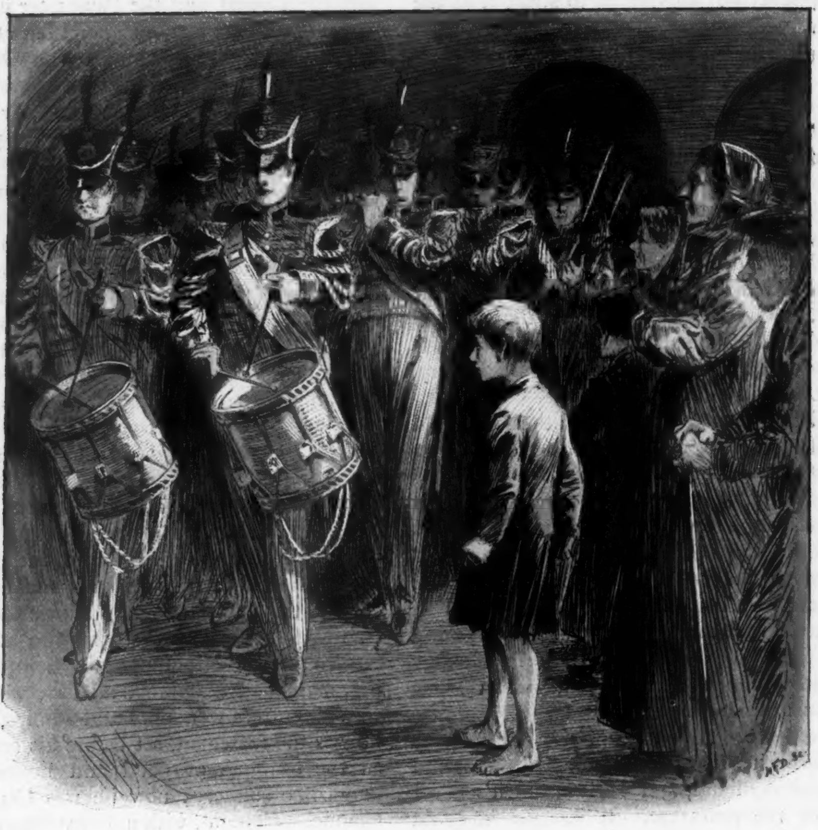
"What!" cried the Cornal, when he heard the news. "They came here this morning and this is the first we have of it." He was in a fever of annoyance. "Dugald, Dugald, are you hearing? The Army's in the town, it moved in when we were snoring and only the boy heard it. I hope Jiggy Crawford does not make it out a black affront to him that we were not there to welcome him. My uniform, Mary, my uniform, it should be aired and ironed, and here at my hand, and I'll warrant it's never out of the press yet. It was the boy that heard the drums; it was you that heard the drums, Gilian. Curse me, but I believe you'll make a soger yet!"

For the next few days, Gilian felt he must indeed be the soldier the Paymaster would make him, for soldiering was in the air. The red-coats gaily filled the street, parade and exercise, evening dance and the continuous sound of pipe and drum left no room for any other interest in life. Heretofore there was ever for the boy in his visions of the Army a background of unable years and a palsied hand, slow decay in a parlour, with every zest and glamour gone. But here in the men who stepped always to melody there was youth, seemingly a singular enjoyment of life, and watching them he was filled with envy.

When the day came that they must go he was inconsolable though he made no complaint. They went in the afternoon by the lowlands road that bends about the upper bay skirting the Duke's flower gardens and with the Cornal and the Paymaster he went to see them depart, the General left at home in his parlour, unaccountably unwilling to say good-bye. The companies moved in a splendour of sunshine with their arms bedazzling to look upon, their pipers playing "Bundle and Go."

"Look at the young one!" whispered the Cornal in his brother's ear, nudging him to attention. Gilian was walking in step to the corps, his shoulders back, his head erect, a hazel switch shouldered like a musket. But it was the face of him that most compelled attention for it revealed a multitude of emotions. His fancy ran far ahead of the tramping force thudding the dust on the highway. He was now the Army's child indeed, stepping round the world to a lilt of the bagpipes, with the *currachd*, the caul of safety as surely his as it was Black Duncan the seaman's. There were battles in the open, and leaguering of towns, but his was the enchanted corps moving from country to country through victory, and always the same comrades were about the camp-fire at night. Now he was the foot-man, obedient, marching, marching, marching, all day, while the wayside cotters wondered and admired; now he was the fugleman, set before his company as the example of good and honest and handsome soldiery; now he was Captain—Colonel—General, with a horse between his knees, his easy body swaying in the saddle as he rode among the villages and towns. The friendly people ran (so his fancy continued), to their close-mouths to look upon his regiment passing to the roll and thunder of the drums and the cheery music of the pipes. Long days of march and battle, numerous nights of wearied ease upon the heather, if heather there should be, the applause of citadels, the smile of girls. The smile of girls! It came on him, that, with a rush of blood to his face and a strange tingling at the heart as the one true influence to make the soldier. For what should the soldier wander but to come again home triumphant, and find on the doorstep of his native place the smiling girls?

"Look at him, look at him!" cried the Cornal again with a nudge at his brother's arm. They were walking over the bridge and the pipes still were at their melody. Jiggy Crawford's braid shone like moving torches at his shoulder as the sun smote hot



"Gilian stood entranced as they passed"

upon his horse and him. The trees upon the left leaned before the breeze to share this glory; far-off the lonely hills, the great and barren hills were melancholy that they could not touch closer on the grandeur of man. As it were in a story of the sheilings, the little ones of the town and wayside houses pattered in the rear of the troops, enchanted, their bare legs stretching to the rhythm of the soldiers' footsteps, the children of hope, the children of illusion and desire, and behind them, sad, weary, everything accomplished, the men who had seen the big wars and had many times marched thus gaily and were now no more capable.

"It is the last we'll ever see of it, John," said the Cornal. "Oh, man, man, if I were young again!" His foot was very heavy and slow as he followed the last he would witness of what had been his pride; his staff that he tried to carry like a sword, must go down now and then to seek a firmness in the sandy foot-way. Not for long at a time but in frequent flashes of remembrance he would throw back his shoulders and lift high his head and step out in time to the music.

The Paymaster walked between him and Gilian, a little more robust and youthful, altogether in a different key, a key critical, jealous of the soldier lads that now he could not emulate. They were smart enough, he confessed, but they were not what the 46th had been; Crawford had a good carriage on his horse but—but—he was not——

"Oh, do not haver, Jock," said the Cornal, angrily at last; "do not haver! They are stout lads, good lads enough, like what we were ourselves when first the wars summoned us, and Crawford, as he sits there might very well be Dugald as I saw him ride about the bend of the road at San Sebastian and look across the sandy bay to see the rock we had to conquer. Let you and me say nothing that is not kind, Colin; have we not had our own day of it with the best? and no doubt when we were at the marching there were ancients on the road-side to swear we were never their equal. They are in there in the grass and bracken where you and I must some day join them and young lads still will be marching out to glory."

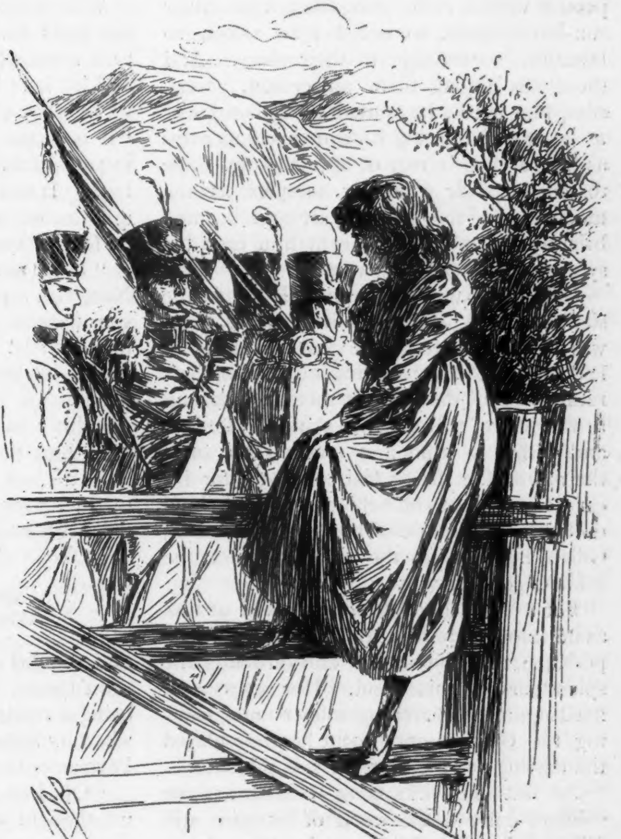
"In there among the grass and bracken," thought Gilian turning a moment to look up the slope that leads to Kilmalieu. The laurel drugged the air with death's odour. "In the grasses and the bracken," said Gilian, singing it to himself as if it were a coronach. Was that indeed the end of it all, of the hope, the lilt, the glory? And then he had a great pity for the dead that in their own time had been on many a march like this. Their tombs are thick in Kilmalieu. It seemed so cruel, so heedless, so taunting thus to march past them with no obeisance or remembrance, that to them, the dead soldiers, all his heart went out, and he hated the quick who marched upon the highway.

But Crawford, like the best that have humour, had pity and pathos too. "Slow march!" he cried to his men, and the pipers played "Lochaber No More."

"He's punctilious in his forms," said the Paymaster, "but it's thoughtful of him too."

"There was never but true *duine uasail* put on the tartan of Argyll," said the Cornal.

The pipes ceased; the drums beat again, echoing from the Sgornach rock and the woody caverns of Blaranbui, Glenshira filled to the lip with the rolling thunder, the sea lulled to a whisper on the shore. Gilian and the children were now all that were left to follow the soldiers, for the oldsters had cheered feebly and gone back. And as he walked close up on the rear of the troops, his mind was now on the good fortune of those that from warfare must return. To come home after long years, and go up the street so well acquaint, sitting bravely on his horse, paled in the complexion somewhat from a wound, perhaps with the scar of it as perpetual memorial, and to behold pity and pride in the look of them that saw him! It would be such a day as this, he chose, with the sun upon his braid and the sheen upon his horse's neck. The pipers would



"He wafted a vagabond kiss as he passed" play merrily and yet with a melancholy too, and so crowded the causeways by the waiting community that even the windows must be open to their overflowing.

And as thus he walked and dreamt saying no word to any of the chattering bairns about him he was truly the Army's child. The Paymaster was right, and generous to choose for him so fine a calling; the Cornal made no error, the soldier's was the life for youth and spirit. He had no objection now to all their plans for his future, the Army was his choice.

It was then, at the Boshang Gate that leads to Dhuloch, Maam, Kilblaan and all the loveliness of Shira Glen, that even his dreaming eyes found Nan the girl within the gates watching the soldiers pass. Her face was flushed with transport, her little shoes beat time to the tread of the soldiers. They passed with a smile compelled upon their sun-burnt faces, to see her so sweet, so beautiful, so sensible to their glory. And there was among them an ensign, young, slim, blue-eyed; he wafted a vagabond kiss as he passed blowing it from his finger-tips as he marched in rear of his company. She tossed her hair from her temples as the moon throws the cloud apart and beamed brightly and merrily and sent him back his symbol with a daring charm.

Gilian's dream of the Army fled. At the sight of Nan behind the Boshang Gate he was startled to recognise that the girls he had thought of as smiling on the soldier's return had all the smile of this one, the nut-brown hair of this one, her glance so fearless and withal so kind and tender. At once the roll of the drums lost its magic for his ear; a caprice of sun behind a fleck of cloud dulled the splendour of the Colonel's braid; Gilian lingered at the gate and let the soldiers go their way.

For a little the girl never looked at him as he stood there with the world (all but her perhaps), so commonplace and dull after the splendours of his mind. Her eyes were fixed upon the marching soldiers now nearing the Gearron and about her lips played the darting smile of wonder and pleasure.

At last the drumming ceased as the soldiers entered the wood of Strone, still followed by the children. In the silence that fell so suddenly, the country-side seemed solitary and sad. The great distant melancholy hills were themselves again with no jealousy of the way-side trees dreaming on their feet as they swayed in the lullaby wind. Nan turned with a look yet enraptured and seemed for the first time to know the boy was there on the other side of the gate alone.

"Oh!" she said, with the shudder of a woman's delight in her accent. "I wish I were a soldier."

"It might be good enough to be one," he answered, in the same native tongue her feeling had made her choose unconsciously to express itself.

"But this is the worst of it," she said, pitifully. "I am a girl, and Sandy is to be the soldier though he was too lazy to come down the glen to-day to see them away, and I must stay at home and work at samplers and seams and bake bannocks."

With wanton petulant fingers she pulled the haws from the hedge beside her, and took a strand of her hair between her teeth and bit it in her reverie of wilfulness.

"Perhaps," said Gilian, coming closer, "it is better to be at home and soldiering in your mind instead of marching and fighting." It was a thought that came to him in a flash and must find words, but somehow he felt ashamed when he had uttered them.

"I do not understand you a bit," said Nan, with a puzzled look in her face. "Oh, you mean to pretend to yourself," she added immediately. "That might be good enough for a girl, but surely it would not be good enough for you. You are to be a soldier, my father says, and he laughs as if it were something droll."

"It is not droll at all," said Gilian stammering, very much put out. "There are three old soldiers in our house and——"

"One of them

Captain Mars, Captain Mars,
Who never saw scars!"

said the girl mischievously, familiar with the town's song. "I hope you do not think of being a soldier like Mars. Perhaps that is what my father laughs at when he says the Paymaster is to make you a soldier."

"Oh, that!" said Gilian, a little relieved. "I thought you were thinking I would not be man enough for a soldier."

Nan opened the gate and came out to measure herself beside him, "You're a little bigger than I," said she, somewhat regretfully. " Perhaps you are big enough for a soldier. But what about that when you think you would sooner stay at home, and pretend than go with the army? Did you see the soldier who kissed his hand to me? The liberty!" And she laughed with odd gaiety as if her mood resented the soldier's freedom.

"He was very thin and little," said Gilian, enviously.

"I thought he was quite big enough," said Nan promptly, "and he was so good-looking!"

"Was he?" asked Gilian gloomily. "Well he was not like the Cornal or the General. They were real soldiers and have seen tremendous wars."

"I daresay," said Nan, "but no more than my father and my uncles. I cannot but wonder at you; with the chance to be a soldier like my father or—or the General, being willing to sit at home pretending or play-acting it in school or——"

"I did not say I would prefer it," said the boy; "I only said it could be done."

"I believe you would sooner do it that way than the other," she said, standing back from him, and looking with shrewd scrutiny. "Oh, I don't like the kind of boy you are."

"Except when you are singing, and then you like to have me listening because I understand," said Gilian, smiling with pleasure at his own astuteness.

She reddened at his discovery and then laughed in some confusion. "You are thinking of the time I sang in the cabin to Black Duncan. You looked so white and curious sitting yonder in the dark, I could have stopped my song and laughed."

"You could not," he answered quite boldly, "because your eyes were——"

"Never mind that," said she abruptly. "I was not speaking of singing or of eyes, but I'm telling you I like men, men, men, the kind of men who do things, brave things, hard things, like soldiers. Oh, I wish I was the soldier who kissed his hand to me! What is pretending and thinking? I can do that in a way at home over my sampler or my white seam. But to be commanding, and fighting the enemies of the country, to be good with the sword and the gun and strong with a horse, like my father!"

"I have seen your father," said Gilian. "That is the kind of soldier I would like to be." He said so, generously, with some of the Highland flattery; he said so meaning it, for Turner the bold, the handsome, the adventurer, the man with years of foreign life in mystery, was always the ideal soldier of Brooks' school.

"You are a far nicer boy than I thought you were," said she enjoying the compliment. "Only—only—I think when you can pretend so much to yourself you cannot so well do the things you pretend. You can be soldiering in your mind so like the real thing that you may never go soldiering at all. And of course that would not be the sort of soldier my father is."

A mellowed wail of the bagpipe came from Strone, the last farewell of the departing soldiers; it was but a moment, then was gone. The wind changed from the land, suddenly the odours of the traffics of peace blew familiarly, the scents of gathered hay and the more elusive perfume of yellowing corn. A myriad birds, among them the noisy rooks, the blackest and most numerous, sped home. In the bay the skiffs spread out their pinions, the halyards singing in the blocks, the men ye-hoing. For a space the bows rose and fell, lazy, reluctant to be moving in their weary wrestle with the sea, then tore into the blue and made a feather of white. Gilian looked at them and saw them the birds of night and sea, the birds of prey, the howlets of the brine, flying large and powerful throughout the under-sky that is salt and swinging and never lit by moon or star. And as the boats followed each other out of the bay, a gallant company, the crews leaned on tiller or on mast and sang their Gaelic *iorrams* that ever have the zest of the oar, the melancholy of the wave.

As it were in a pious surrender to the influence of the hour, he and the girl walked slowly, silently, by the wayside, busy with their own imaginings. They were all alone.

Beyond the Boshang Gate is an entrance to the policies, the parks, the gardens, of the Duke, standing open with a welcome, a trim roadway edged with bush and tree. Into it Nan and Gilian walked, almost heedless, it might seem, of each other's presence, she plucking wild flowers as she went from bush to bush, humming the refrain of the fishers' songs, he with his eyes wide open looking straight before him yet with some vague content to have her there for his companion.

When they spoke again they were in the cloistered wood, the sea hidden by the massive trees.

"I will show you my heron's nest," said Gilian, anxious to add to the riches the ramble would confer on her.

She was delighted. Gilian at school had the reputation of knowing the most wonderful things of the woods, and few were taken into his confidence. He led her a little from the path to the base of a tall tree with its trunk for many yards up as bare as a pillar.

"There it is," he said, pointing upward to a knot of gathered twigs swaying in the upper branches.

"Oh! is it so high as that?" she cried, with disappointment. "What is the use of showing me that? I cannot see the inside and the birds."

"But there are no birds now," said Gilian; "they are flown long ago. Still I'm sure you can easily fancy them there. I see them quite plainly. There are three eggs, green-blue like the sky up the glen, and now—now there are three grey hairy little birds with tufts on their heads. Do you not see their beaks opening?"

"Of course I don't," said Nan impatiently, straining her eyes for the tree-top. "If they are all flown, how can I see them?"

Gilian was disappointed with her. "But you think you see them, you think very hard," he said, "and if you think very hard they will be there quite true."

Nan stamped her foot angrily. "You are daft," said she. "I don't believe you ever saw them yourself."

"I tell you I did," he protested hotly.

"Were you up the tree?" she pressed, looking him through with eyes that then and always wrenched the prosaic truth from him.

He flushed more redly than in his eagerness of showing the nest, his eyes fell, he stammered.

"Well," said he, "I did not climb the tree. What is the good when I know what is there? It is a heron's nest."

"But there might have been no eggs and no birds in it at all," she argued.

"That is just it," said he eagerly. "Lots of boys would be for climbing and finding that out, and think how vexatious it would be after all the trouble! I just made the eggs and the young ones out of my own mind, and that is far better."

At the innocence of the explanation Nan laughed till the woods rang. Her brown hair fell upon her neck and brow, the flowers tumbled at her feet all mingled and beautiful as if summer had been raining on its queen. A bird rose from the thicket, chuck-chucking in alarm, then fled, trailing behind him a golden chain of melody.

GARDEN-FIRES

WHAT though the snow gleams on the hill!
The sweet west wind blows fresh and clear;
The world feels new.
Tree-tops are full of heavenly blue;
The hollyhock and daffodil
Are shooting leaf and spear;
The rosebush starts from sleep.
And, redding plots and walks,
The gardener rakes into a fiery heap
The dead year's withered leaves and shrivelled stalks.
Blow, wind of heaven, and make me whole!
O blue of heaven, fill full my soul!
And, while the new-born flower springs,
I too will burn all dead and worthless things.

G. W. WOOD.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS: THE PAINTER OF LOVE AND LIFE

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

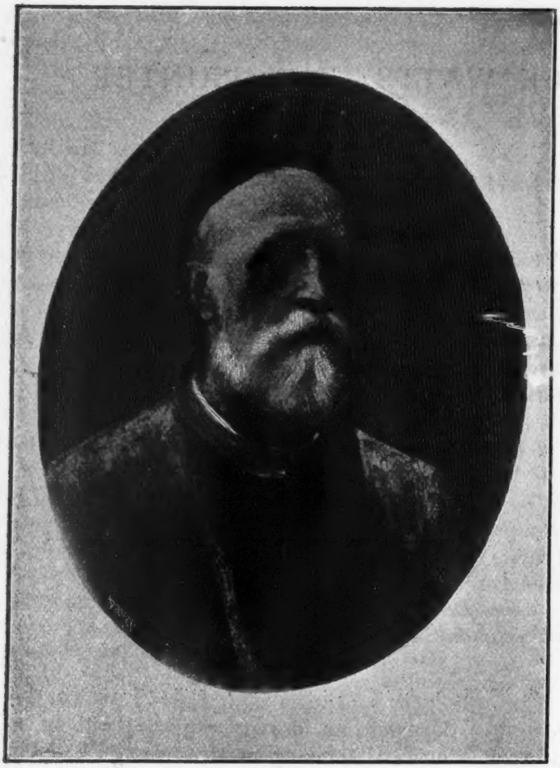
The world is vexèd with an evil cry—
A coward cry—fit for an idle throng:
Hellas we know was sweet, and Rome was strong;
We can but live a little while and die;
See how the darkness creeps across our sky!
We live not in the age of Art or Song;
We think—but are not sure—that wrong is wrong:
O painter of Love and Life, make thou reply!

No puling pessimist reaches the highest height;
Heaven suffereth violence and is taken by force;
Life and Death follow each other in ordered course,
Moving together with Love to the triumph of right:
For Life and Love and Death are one at their source—
As colour is one when blended in perfect light.

IT matters very little whether the verses with which I begin this monograph conform to the strict rules of the Italian sonnet. In turning to the consideration of the works of the greatest of our living painters, I am concerned not with the fantasies of prosody, but with a succession of scenes forming one of the noblest dramas upon which Art has ever lifted the curtain. And as a drama is sometimes preluded with music, in which the motive underlying it is indicated by a recurring melody, so I have struck a note, the cadence of which is the motive underlying what I have to say of the Painter of Love and Life.

Even the irregularity of the sonnet, however, reflects the subject. It is not according to rule; it is not smooth; it is not a transcript of anything that has gone before. The change of rhythm in the sextain, for instance, is without precedent, but it marks a change of voice. At first the writer speaks—that is simply the narrative; then the cry is heard—broken, querulous, complaining; finally the answer comes—full, strong, confident. If iambics and trochaics are not sufficient, then dactyles or anapests. Why not? The thing has to be said. Say it, therefore, and have done with it; in your own way; without so much as thinking in what manner it would have been said by somebody else. Speak your own thoughts in your own words.

That is the way in which Watts speaks to us in his works. There is no painter, nor has been, whom he imitates, or upon whom he is founded. He is the *vox clamantis* of Hope, against which the despairing cry, the cry of the Decadents, is as the fretting of children over lost toys. He meets the special need of the age in which he lives; though, indeed, there has never been an age from which such a life as his could have been spared. For the cynicism of pessimism is not a new thing. *The world is vexèd with an evil cry* not to-day only, or yesterday, but always—the cry of indolent, or timid, or disappointed souls, who shrink from the strain of the march of the great army of progress, ever advancing to fresh enterprise, and fall out of its ranks. Thus, the Greeks, conquered by Mummius, their country made a Roman province, thought that the world was coming to an end—and so it was, for them, as it always is to the decadents—but from the débris of their civilisation was built up a still stronger empire. Thus, Christianity having



(By himself)

G. F. WATTS, R.A.

run its course for more than a thousand years, Bernard of Morlaix wrote his "De Contemptu Mundi":

Hora novissima,
Tempora pessima sunt,

—when lo! the Reformation. But still the cry went on: the Reformer of Basle taking up the very words of the monk of Cluny:

Hora novissima,
Tempora pessima sunt,

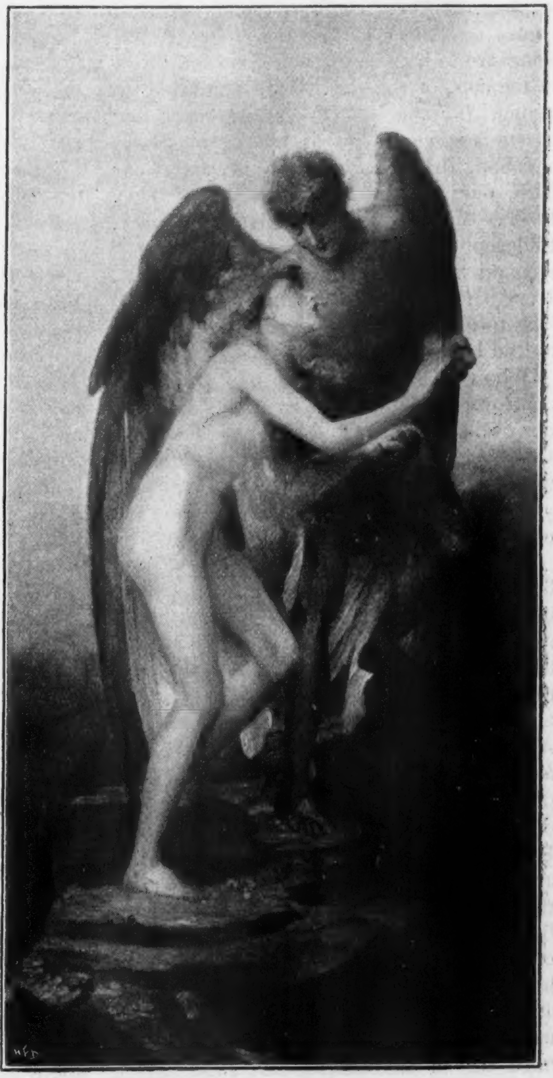
—and yet Christianity is still a living and growing force, against which the kings of the earth imagine a vain thing.

The truth is that the cry of the decadents is always *a coward cry, fit for an idle throng*, but not fit for the Christian who believes in Christ, nor for the humanitarian who believes in humanity. Listen to it as it is heard in the studio to-day! I quote from an article in "The Nineteenth Century," written by an Oxford Professor. He is describing one of Lord Leighton's great decorative designs — "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence to the Church of S. Maria Novellà" —or, rather, he is describing not so much the picture as the conduct of the people who crowd to see it. He says: "Cimabue's youthful masterpiece six centuries ago delighted Florence; Leighton's was to-day the pride of Conway. An analogy there was, but, I felt, a difference also: the modern spectator came to enjoy, the mediæval crowd came to reverence."

Now, if there is one thing more certain than another with regard to the reception of Art, by the people, in the great periods of classic sculpture and mediæval painting, it is that they enjoyed it; that they received it, not as sick folk taking medicine, or as idle boys bored by their school tasks. They rejoiced in it, as the light of their life; it was to them as the natural air they breathed. But they did not reverence it. They reverenced the gods—the saints. Only when a work of art became devoted to, or received the sanction of, the gods or the saints did they show it reverence—a reverence reflected from the shrine to which it was dedicated. Thus Phidias made a statue of Minerva for the Pantheon. It was of ivory and gold, and became the wonder and delight of Athens. But when the sculptor proceeded to sign his own work, by carving his name upon it, the Athenians drove him out of their city for profaning the gods. What reverence for Art had they, or for the artist, in the golden days of Pericles? What reverence for Art had they, or for the artist, in the Middle Ages, when cathedrals like Chartres were built to enshrine "Vierges noires" and "black Christs," of which the only things certain seemed to be that they were ugly and that nobody knew who had made them? If, therefore, a fine work by Leighton, exhibited at Conway, attracts crowds to see it, and the crowds rejoice in it and enjoy it, we have in that fact surely some evidence that the Hellenic spirit, or the spirit of the Renascence, is still extant—is with us—reaches even to that beautiful but far-away corner in North Wales.

But no! our desponding Professor thinks otherwise. He does not question the loveliness of Leighton's picture, or the sincerity of the enjoyment of it by the people. He says, indeed, expressly that "the loveliness of Art increases, and that with this increase comes also to our people an increase of the sense of loveliness"; but in spite of all this he draws the strange conclusion that "from a time so far back as the beginning of the Christian era—from the death, in fact, of the Greek impulse—the Fine Arts have been in a state of constant, inevitable, and natural decline." *Hellas we know was sweet, and Rome was strong.* Is it not a coward cry? Who shall answer for us?

Why, indeed, should we seek any answer at all? For the cry goes on—*We can but live a little while and die!* Is it worth while to trouble ourselves with things we cannot understand? "Success in the Fine Arts," we are told, "success in the Fine Arts is primarily a matter of gift to certain races—and we are not sharers in the gift; this long decline is a case of necessary and invincible evolution." *See how the darkness creeps across our sky!* "The beautiful flowers, native to certain isolated regions, are dying out before more powerful immigrants imported by man, as he subdues and civilises the wild places of the earth; the early flora is displaced by the later, and I think it is the same with the fine flowers of Art." Surely this is confounding evolution with retrogression. Has science done nothing for the bodies of men? Has Christianity done nothing for our souls, that we should lapse again to barbarism, as the flowers lapse to weeds in a neglected garden? The spectre of such a future is too hideous. If the evil forecast of the pessimist be true, would it not be better to lift a hand against it, even though we should perish in the attempt? One, who fought the same spectre two hundred years ago, says: "They may sit in the orchestra and



(F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, W.)

LOVE AND LIFE

noblest seats of heaven who have held up shaking (trembling) hands in the fire, (he may have seen such hands held up) and have humanly (that is, like men) contended for glory: while Epicurus lies deep in Dante's hell, wherein we meet with tombs enclosing souls which denied their own immortality."

Have I not said enough to show that this cry of the decadents is a very real thing? But it is as evil as it is real. It is in effect the placing aside of the divine sanction of right. If we say *We live not in the age of Art or Song*, it is equivalent to saying that God comes no longer to visit us. For Art and Song are to man as the voice of God heard in the cool of the day. It is equivalent to saying, *We think—but are not sure—that wrong is wrong;* for it is only through Art and Song that we can confidently assert our faith, our hope, our aspiration, our love. Logic, Mathematics, Geometry, Science, Philosophy, are the children of our brain—Art and Song are the children of our heart. I make no comparison between their dearness to us. Take from us either, and we are indeed bereaved.

Who then shall answer for us in this great controversy of the ages, as it affects us in our own day? *O painter of Love and Life, make thou reply!* We have in the life and works of George Frederick Watts the living witness that God has not taken away from us any of His gifts.

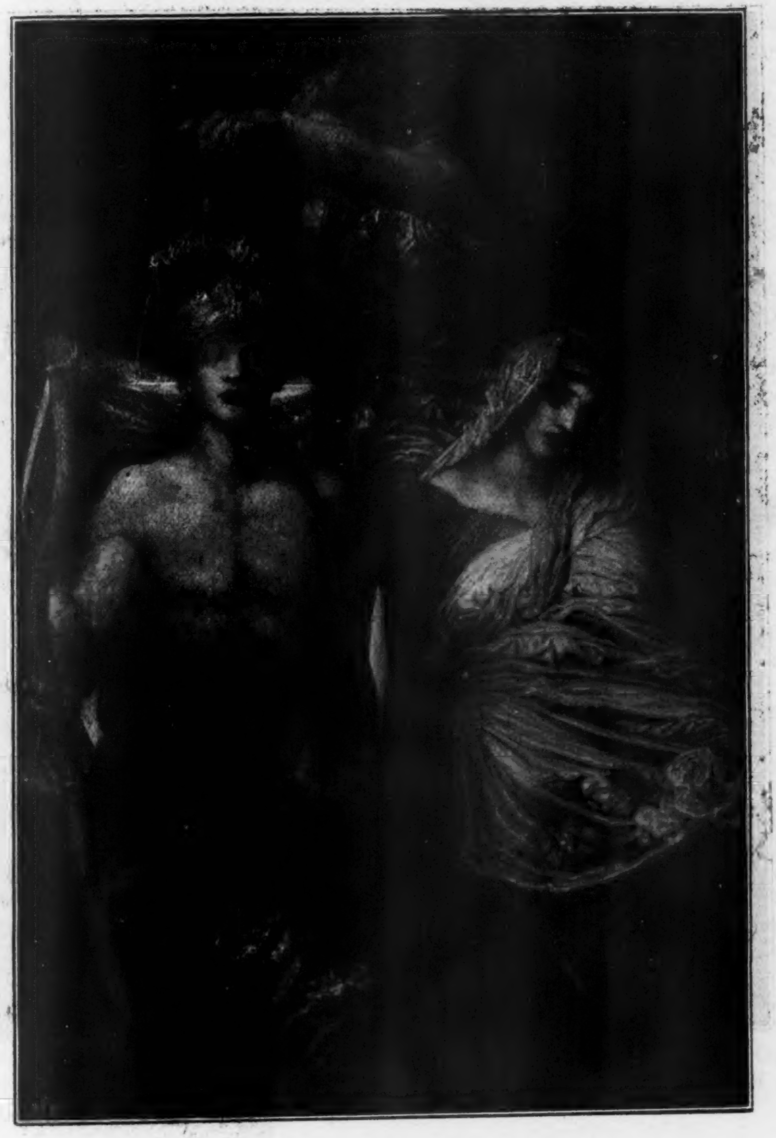
I say his life and works, because he is as heroic in his life as in his Art. Temperate, intrepid, generous, patriotic, strong, courageous, tender, compassionate, loyal in friendship—these are the characteristics of the man. It is not by easy-going dilettanteism that he has become what he is. *No puling pessimist reaches the highest height.* Epicurus, indeed, the prince of pessimists—in that his philosophy was based on the extinction of life with death—Epicurus, when only twelve years old, was able to pose his schoolmaster—who told him that in the beginning Chaos was created—by propounding the simple question, Who created it? The sweetness and gravity of his manners, together with his social virtues, attracted to him a great following. He taught that, there being nothing for us to hope for in the future, our good lay in happiness; and that happiness consisted in pleasure—not necessarily evil pleasure, but pleasure. He is said to have written three hundred books, but he never did anything. He lived long enough, however, to hear a Roman Consul pray that all the enemies of Rome might become Epicureans.

But it was not only the enemies of Rome that became tainted with the Greek philosophy. Lucretius interpreted Epicurus to the Romans. How finely Lord Tennyson tells the story:

> The gods! the gods!
> If all be atoms, how then should the gods,
> Being atomic, not be dissoluble,
> Not follow the great law?
> Thus, thus! the soul flies out and dies in the air.
> With that he drove the knife into his side!

That is not reaching the highest height, that is not taking the kingdom. For *Heaven suffereth violence and is taken by force*—not by the soul flying out and dying in the air. Look at the steepness of the rock which Love and Life climb together! It is not a holiday trip, a trip of pleasure. Look how Love helps and encourages poor little Life! That is an eternal reality, incarnate every day in the commonest routine of human life and action. But it is seen, and understood, and put upon canvas for others to see and understand, only by a great painter who is also a great poet and philosopher. It is true that neither Life nor Love is physically strong—but the force which takes heaven is not physical force, and they will yet win their way to the highest height.

But Love and Life are not everything; there are Time, and Death, and Suffering, and Joy, and Hope, and Ambition, and Avarice, and Laughter, and Mischief, and Retribution, and above all, to the artist, Beauty. Beauty, mental, and spiritual, and physical. All these march past us in Watts' pictures, like the chorus in the procession of a Panathenaic festival. The painter knows them all. The painter of Love and Life looks Time and Death straight in the face, and is not afraid. Time is young. Why should Time be painted as an old man? It is we who grow old, not Time. Time is not Death. Time brings Death with him. Death is a woman, full of pity. Think of the wounds she has healed—the rest she has given after toil—the surcease of pain and sorrow! Her lap is filled with flowers.

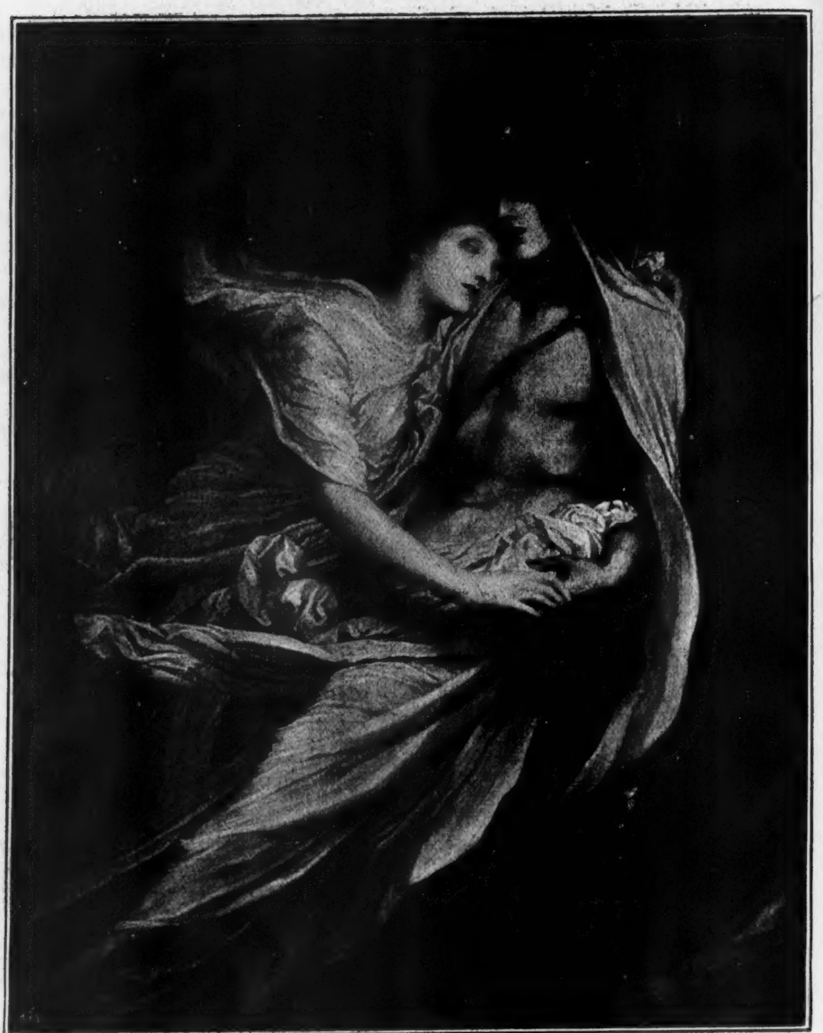


(F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, London, W.)

TIME, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT

Death is no more an evil than is Life. He who sends one sends the other. He who gives one gives the other.

Gives—that is the point. It is not a taking away. If in the natural cosmos there are wheels within wheels, wherein, in infinite space, new worlds are born every day, so in the passion of life there is a rising and a setting to souls which turn to God as to the eternal light. As surely as the comet threads its way through the stellar splendours of the sky, or the planets move in their great circles, carrying with them their satellites, so surely, through the intricacies of God's



(F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, London, W.)

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.—DANTE, *Inferno*, c. v.

dealings with man, *Life and Death follow each other in ordered course*. "He appointed the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down." When the Psalmist wrote this the going down of the sun must have seemed a daily miracle. Where did it go when it vanished beyond the purple mountains of Libanus or the waters of the great sea? Whence did it return when it rose beyond the Arabian Desert, and crowned Hermon with gold every morning? We know a little of that mystery now; but the greater mystery remains unsolved. What is Life? What is Death? We know only that they follow each other in ordered course, *moving together with Love to the triumph of right.* Perhaps the day may come when we shall have solved that mystery also.

It is towards such a consummation that our great painter is leading us. To a recognition of the Unity of Nature; and if Unity, then Government; and if Government, then Wisdom; and if Wisdom, then Love. *For Life and Love and Death are one at their source.* One, not by confusion of circumstance, but by unity of purpose. One—*as colour is one when blended in perfect light.*

It is no part of my design to repeat what may be found in the pages of almost any Dictionary of Painters. Such few matters as the dates of his birth, 1817, and of his election as an Academician, 1867; the special exhibition of his works at the Grosvenor Gallery; his gift to the Nation of portraits he had painted of many of the most distinguished men of the century; his gift to the National Gallery of British Art of a series of his imaginative works: these things are known to us all. Happily his life is still his own, and the records of it are in his keeping, to be revealed when and how he may determine. Happily also for us he is still a living and working artist, seeing new visions, sending forth from his studio fresh revelations of beauty, retouching and completing or supplementing canvases commenced long years ago. Writing to me quite recently, in reference to one of his great paintings at the Royal Society of British Artists, he says: “I have no study for the picture, indeed I never have studies for my pictures. They may be considered as studies for better pictures which are never painted.” And thus a painting, returned to him from an exhibition, would go on the easel again, and draw fresh virtue from its author, as Antinous drew fresh strength when cast to his mother earth.

This perpetual recurrence to the past, this development of idea from idea, marks the mastery of mind over matter. There are paintings so highly wrought, so entirely complete, that one could not add a touch without displacing something, any more than one could fit in another piece to a complete Chinese puzzle. That is finish of one sort. The finish of Watts' pictures is of quite another kind. If he painted Love yesterday, he painted what was in his own heart —what he knew—what he understood. But to-day he knows more—he understands more—he loves more; and, therefore, he must paint more into his picture. The measure of his achievement cannot be expressed by an equation; there is in it the unknown quantity of the infinite.

For the rest, it is sufficient to say that his technique is his own: but its glory is colour. There is a custom amongst heralds to describe the tinctures of armorial bearings in different terms, according to the dignity of those who bear them. The shields of knights are defined in terms of colour; the shields of nobles by the names of the precious metals; of kings by jewels; of emperors by the celestial bodies. The colours in Watts' pictures cannot be adequately described by the words we use to describe the paints upon a palette. His reds are rubies; his blue is lapis lazuli; his whites are pearls set in silver; his blacks are the blackness of Erebus or the beautiful darkness of the heavens at night. To look at one of his pictures is to be reminded of Dante, as he stands with Virgil on the desert shore waiting for the coming of the Angel. “What is that light, far off, far off upon the sea, unfolding on every side I know not what of white?” The white splendours are the wings of the Celestial Pilot. And so in a picture gallery we see far off a glory of azure, or the rose of dawn. What is it? We approach. It is a painting by George Frederick Watts. It is a painting of Love and Life!

“READING WITHOUT TEARS”

By E. KAY ROBINSON

“READING without Tears” is one of those books which have never been justly treated. Thrust, not without compulsion, upon the notice of each rising generation at an age when the critical faculties are undeveloped, its deeper significance has escaped observation; and it is not until time has mellowed our recollections of infancy that we can look back upon “Reading without Tears” except with feelings of disgust and resentment. But later comes a period when, having married and settled down, we must introduce our own youngsters in their turn to the mysteries of education: and at once "Reading without Tears" suggests itself as a really delightful book for the purpose. Why is this? Since the boy of seven contumeliously dabbed the book's quaint thumbnail woodcuts with red and blue paint, kicked it round the schoolroom and threw it at the cat, he has hardly thought of it again: but now, as pater familias, he insists upon its reinstallation in its pristine place of honour in the nursery. Is this merely the human instinct to do unto others as others used to do unto you when you were not big enough to resist? Or does the attraction lie in the opportunity of perpetrating (at the expense of others) that perennial jest about "Tears without Reading"? Both of these causes may contribute to the perpetual popularity of the book; but the real underlying reason is, I think, the secret belief of most persons that they are a credit to their education, and cannot, therefore, do better than to start their children on the same lines. Yet not one parent in a hundred who orders the book to be in daily use in the nursery ever *reads* it, with tears or without. And so the poor dog's-eared volume is renewed and passed on from generation to generation, hated as an instrument of torture by short frocks, laughed to scorn by knickerbockers, and never even glanced at by men of mature judgment or critical acumen. Few of us have, therefore, any inkling of the sound philosophy and breezy maxims of life which lie between its cheap cloth covers.

Even I should have remained a stranger to its merits had not Harry, aged five, greeted me at the garden gate the other day with the startling intelligence: "I-met-a-cat-in-a-bog." "What's that?" said I. "I-fed-ten-men-in-a-den. I-met-a-cat-in-a-bog. I-met-a-hen-in-a-den," replied Harry, "that's what my book says." I had forgotten of what kind of reading "Tears without Reading" consisted, but the youngster's parrot-cry struck a resonant chord of memory. Yet, thus badly stated, the propositions asserted by Harry seemed not too educative. Was it possible that men like the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland, myself and the Archbishop of Canterbury had all been reared upon intellectual pap of the "I-met-a-cat-in-a-bog" order? So I took the book and began to read. It was no "Reading *without Tears*" for I laughed till I cried.

The first reading lesson in the book is obviously designed as a preparative for the wonders of knowledge about to dawn in subsequent pages. It forearms the youthful mind against shocks of surprise or rash assumptions of supernatural agencies when the marvellous is suddenly presented to its notice. "A cat is in a hat A rat is in a hat A bat is in a hat." After reading this the child "knows something" and will take the trick of the drawing-room conjurer who produces rabbits, handkerchief and footballs out of a silk hat as quite in the proper order of things.

The next lesson has to do with the stern realities of life and aims at inducting the child into those sound business principles which will make his fortune as a man. "Ten men had a hen" says "Reading without Tears," and in this collective possession of a pullet we have the germ of the Joint Stock Company, Limited, to suit a child's intelligence. An interval of a week is allowed for the idea to mature and also to give the ten men time to float their hen profitably: for we do not meet them again for some pages but *then* we read: "Ten men will sup in a hut Get a jug Get a mug Get a pot of jam Get a bit of ham Get a leg of an ox Kill a fat duck Kill a fat hen Ten men will sup well" The absence of stops of all kinds—which are only introduced later when we have reached the dignity of bisected bisyllables as "o-ver," "ba-by"—has special appropriateness here as signifying the breathless haste with which the Hen Syndicate's requirements must be met. They are already persons of affluence. If they had merely been able to fatten their own hen during the week that would be something; but they are evidently lords of much poultry, for the observant "Reader without Tears" will notice that it is not "Kill *the* fat hen," but "Kill *a* fat hen." No careful consideration as to which hen can be spared, but a generously reckless command, "Kill a fat hen," as who should say, "Fetch me the Bank of England and hang the expense!" In addition to the hen, besides jam, ham and duck, it will also be observed that the ten men have a leg of an ox for supper.

People who are not capitalists may modestly sup off a leg of a sheep: but the Queen once a year has a whole baron of beef and the members of the Hen Syndicate choose to have a whole leg of beef for supper. Thus the juvenile mind is lifted at once into knowledge of the power of wealth and the utility of smart company-promoting for its acquirement. The child who reads this lesson aright will make a corner in marbles, or work a boom in home-made toffee. Yet—alas, for lost opportunities!—no one thus explained my "Reading without Tears" to me. Mine were "Nursery cursory days" indeed.

Still less excuse was there for our instructors, fond as they always were of inculcating kindness to animals, who omitted to impress upon us the valuable lessons of this kind with which "Reading without Tears" positively bulges. On one page, for instance, we have five persons named Ben, Bet, Nell, Ned and Meg, who respectively fed a hen, a cat, a dog, a nag and a pig. "That will do," says Nurse, when we have got so far, "Now run and play in the garden." Yet the very next lesson preaches to her deaf ears the golden lesson of the reward of virtue. In it we are told to "get Ben" (who fed the hen) "a bun" and for the others in order we are to get a bag, a pin, a bat and a fan. Analysing these rewards, we find that there is small virtue in feeding a dog—all literature combines to depreciate the dog—for Nell, who did so, receives only a pin. A bag goes to Bet for feeding a cat, a subtle allusion perhaps to the policy of letting cats out of bags; while for kindness to poultry Ben is presented with a bun, though it is not stated whether it is a Bath bun or a currant bun. Coming to animals of a larger size, the reward appropriately expands, and Ned, who wisely devoted his attention to a nag, gets a bat, a present eminently suitable to a fine boy who thus early gives evidence of sporting instincts. But the deepest lesson is taught in the last reward. It was Meg whose catholic charity triumphed over squeamish femininity so completely that she fed a pig. What shall be her guerdon? A fan! Could a present have been selected, within the range of three letters and one syllable, more delicately suggestive of the grand truth that to the pure all things are pure? Meg, thoughtful Meg, knows that when she goes to the stye the pig's bright eyes will mark her coming, and grow brighter when she comes—she it is who shall have a fan, symbol of all that is dainty and coy and delicate in womanhood. A pin for the boy who feeds the dog! But the pig-feeding girl shall have a fan. This is a beautiful lesson.

It is, however, no insipid doctrine of unvarying subservience to the whims of the lower orders of creation that "Reading Without Tears" propagates. There is Christian manliness in the course of conduct which it recommends towards animals. We are told, for instance, that "Pug is a dog," and a line or two lower down stands the order, "Rub Pug on his rug." We are not to stop and inquire if Pug likes to be rubbed on his rug, nor must we allow him to escape. It is doubtless good for him to be rubbed on his rug. Do it then!

Nothing could exceed the delicacy with which the suggestion is conveyed to us on the next page, that though obesity may be no crime, yet is it, if properly regarded, assuredly no virtue.

"Rap a fat nag Tap a fat lad Pat a fat cat" are three brief exhortations which make up one reading lesson, the author doubtless considering that their depth of meaning demanded dignified isolation. Observe! You are not to be rough or violent with a nag because it happens to be fat; just rap it and make it jump, that's all. Jumping may make it thin. More subtle is the treatment of a fat cat. Dogs like to be patted, but cats don't care about it. They would, as a fact, rather not; but if the cat is fat, pat it nevertheless, as much as to say, "You're as fat as a dog!" Similarly a fat lad is not to be boxed violently on the ears or kicked round the playground. Just tap him, to remind him that he's fat and that you know it. At the same time, a deeper, sadder warning is conveyed by the same words, as to the fate of the lads who allow their obesity to run to such width as to be mistaken for dropsy. Thus interpreted "Tap a fat lad" is grim.

The author reverts to the subject of the proper treatment of obesity on a later page, when, after announcing that "Ben has a fat pup," he says without hesitation "Dip it in a tub, Rub it on a rug" and the object of this treatment is made clear by the next line, “It cannot sip sop.” In ordinary circumstances that fat pup would have sipped sop till he got fatter still, as any one who has noticed the effect of a meal upon a pup's figure will readily admit; but after he has been dipped in a tub and rubbed on a rug he will have neither breath nor inclination to sip sop.

More severe measures must be adopted towards animals who wilfully transgress. “A pig bit a kid Bill hit a pig Bill will kill a pig A pig is in a mill.” There is an awful impersonality about the criminal in this sequence of retributive sentences, concluding with the disappearance of the offending porker in a mill—monosyllabic limits unfortunately preventing the precision of statement that it was a sausage mill.

To some extent the author recognises that in the matter of biting, dogs are less culpable than pigs (as Dr. Watts admits that it is the nature of dogs to bark and bite). “Bill has a bad dog His dog bit a cat Get a rod Hit a dog.” There is, it will be observed, no threat here of killing, or conversion into sausages. Many Japanese have been educated in England, and who knows that the Mikado's sense of justice (in the opera) which makes “the punishment fit the crime” may not have been fostered upon the judicious course of “Reading Without Tears”?

There are those who argue that a natural antipathy exists between dog and cat, and that the palliation accorded to canine transgressions where cats are concerned should not be extended to offences against others. The law does not hold this view, for the doctrine of Scienter allows a dog one free bite at a man; and it says much for our author's lucidity that he does not regard the biting of cats alone with leniency. Witness the case of Tom. “Tom led a big dog His dog met a pig His dog bit a pig Tom will not let his big dog sit on his rug.” The last sentence is a triumph of grammatical construction; it runs smoothly from first to last, and contains no fewer than eleven words. No such prodigious concatenation of monosyllables occurs in the first one hundred and fifty pages of “Reading without Tears.” But to leave mere syntactical criticism, the story which I have quoted shows that it is a less offence for a dog to bite a pig than to bite a cat. In all literature dog and pig have been pilloried, and it is a small matter when they bite each other. When a pig bites a kid, he comes, as we have seen, to the sausage mill. When a dog bites a cat, “Get a rod hit a dog” is the edict which goes forth. But when a dog bites a pig, he is mildly penalised by the refusal of permission to sit on Tom's rug. It is a pity that our author has not completed this nice gradation of incisorial ethics by laying down the exact penalty for a pig which bites a dog.

The hortative mood affected where our corrective duty towards animals is concerned, is pleasantly varied elsewhere by crisp assertions of pregnant facts of natural history. “A pig had a fig” throws much light upon the grubbing habits of swine, which really pick up extraordinary things. Again, “A rat is in a gig” conveys a serious warning to the owner of such a vehicle. A man who has rats in his gig will have to pay for new linings, therefore it is well that in infancy we should learn to look for rats in gigs. When we are told, too, that “a hen is in a tub,” have we not all recollections of the extraordinary places into which poultry skedaddle when a stranger suddenly enters the yard? If a tub were there it would not be surprising that a hen should get into it. The wonder would be if three should not. Yet again, who that knows the vagrant habits of the cat and the ease with which it loses its homing instinct, can affect astonishment at the statement, “I met a cat in a bog.” Just like a cat to get into a place like that!

There is, however, one section of this work which will puzzle all commentators. It is brief, consisting merely of two lines:

> My dog will yell at ten,
> He will not yell at six.

There is nothing in the context which explains why the dog will yell at ten and not at six, nor have we any clue as to whether 10 A.M. or 10 P.M. will find him a yeller. It is not even stated what his ordinary colour was. The two lines are preceded by a narrative of a bee in a cup of tea, and a key which fell on the rye. Neither of these incidents elucidate the yelling of the dog. Not even is light thrown upon the mystery by the supposition that the words “ten” and “six” are numerals with “men” understood. If it had run “My *hen* will yell at ten, She will not yell at six,” the explanation would be simple by the light of the previous proceedings of the Hen Syndicate. A Joint Stock Company cannot consist of fewer than seven persons, and the hen would therefore have no cause to yell at six, but ten might give her something to yell about—a privilege which a hen, whether syndicated or not, never neglects. Unfortunately, however, the word is very plainly printed "dog" and not "hen." It is not unlikely, therefore, that the two lines form a cryptogram, and may hereafter go to prove that Francis Bacon wrote "Reading without Tears." In that case he must also have written "Peep of Day" which is by the same author, as well as the touching lines:

Pretty pictures and stories embellish each page,
That the rosy, the blue eyes, and flaxen-haired age
May learn their *first* book without shedding a tear.

Mr. Ig. Donelly is more worthy than I to follow up this strong scent; and he will doubtless be able to detect in the verses internal evidence that they were writ by the same hand which forged the more hackneyed lines commencing, "The quality of mercy," &c., and "To be or not to be." I commend the matter to his notice; and, in support of the cryptogram idea, would note that the two lines about the dog contain letters which make "Shax" and two "Wills," "Ig. Donelly" and "All my eye." Moreover it was a dog which on a previous page "bit a pig," and "bit o' pig" = Bacon.

CARNIVAL TIME IN RUSSIA

By A. NICOL SIMPSON, Author of "A Scot in Russia"

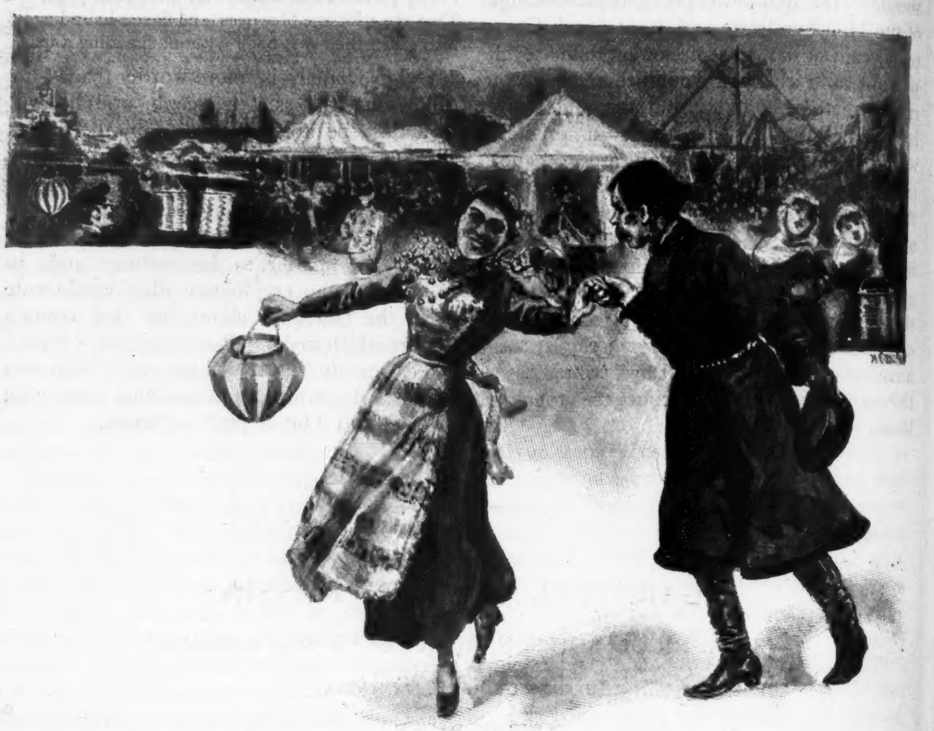
ILLUSTRATED BY J. FINNEMORE

FIRST PAPER

I

NO portion of the Christian Church demands more of its adherents than that of the Russo-Greek, the national Church of Russia. No fewer than six fasts stand in its calendar, extending from two to seven weeks each, or something like one hundred and thirty-five days in the year. Add to this every Wednesday and Friday in the non-fasting periods, and a total of two hundred days will be found as being devoted annually to religious observances. The Church directs that, during these times, all must abstain from animal food of every kind. Lent is the strictest of all the fasts, as not only flesh but fish is strictly forbidden, unless on one day—Palm Sunday. There are many Russians, however, who, by reason of their social position, decline to follow all the canons of their Church, and only fast on the first, fourth, and last weeks in Lent. Many also only observe the fast two or three days before confession and communion. The commercial and lower grades of society, on the other hand, uphold to the letter every law of the Church. Lent alone is heralded by carnival, called by Russians "Maslanitza"—the "Butter Wochen" of the Germans. Maslanitza is held during the eighth week preceding Easter, the fast proper is observed during the intervening seven weeks. During Maslanitza every article of diet, flesh excepted, is allowed to be partaken of, but over-indulgence in other articles, including drinks, is not forbidden.

Carnival commences on Sunday at noon, and continues till the close of the succeeding Sunday. The salutation during the week is "Maslanitza," or "Sherokie Maslanitza," "Sherokie" meaning, literally, "broad," indicating a full amount of pleasure, and the facial expression accompanying this salutation shows plainly that unrestrained enjoyment is the aim and object for the week. Upon the discharge of the time gun at noon, there emerge from all parts of the city tiny sleighs driven by peasants, chiefly Finns, who for the time are allowed to ply for hire by the payment of a nominal tax imposed by the police or city corporation. Most of these



'A huge fair is held, with the usual assortment of stalls"

Finns are unable to speak Russian intelligibly, although living at no great distance from the capital. It is said that from 5,000 to 10,000 of these jehus come annually to St. Petersburg for Maslanitza, and they add materially to the gaiety of the city as they drive along the streets. These Finns are mostly patronised by the working classes, for the simple reason that their charges are lower than the ordinary isvozchick or cabby.

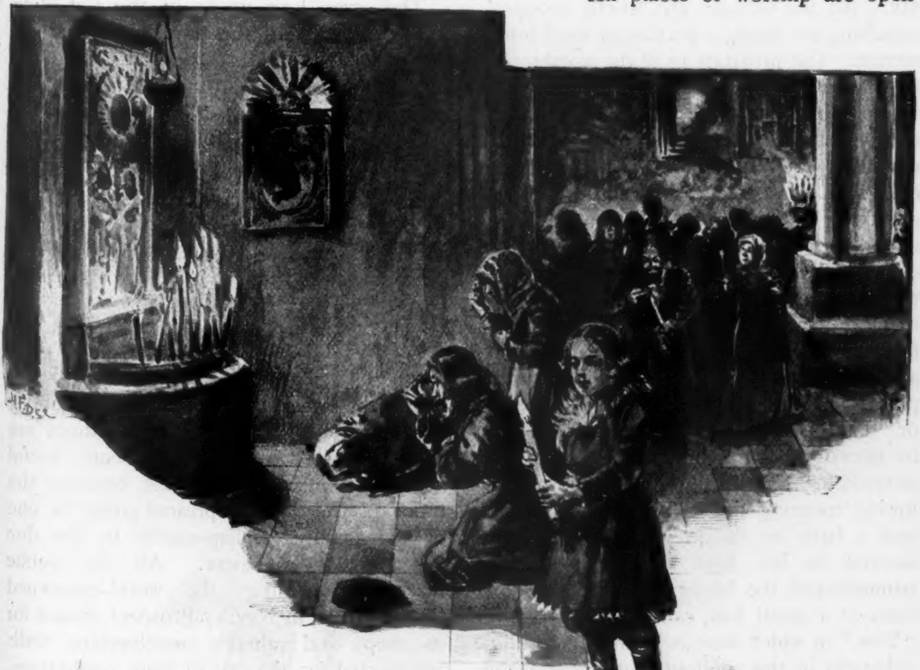
During the festivities the great centre of attraction for the working population is the "Marco Pole," or "Champ de Mars," an immense plain on the banks of the Neva. Here a huge fair is held, with the usual assortment of stalls, loaded with sweetmeats and similar dainties. Actors from the city theatres are upon the ground, with smaller booths where the stage-struck hero acts the leading part. There are dwarfs, fat women, giants, and the renowned ubiquitous Punch and Judy, merry-go-rounds, card-sharpers, cheap-jacks, and a medley crowd of men and women all catering for the roubles of the crowd. What are termed the "ice-hills" are perhaps the most attractive feature of the gathering. These are built of wood in the shape of a tower and are about forty feet in height, access being by a flight of steps. From the landing-stage there is a very steep descent made of boards, on which are laid blocks of ice frozen hard together. On the level, and for a distance of three or four hundred yards, there is an iceway, made also of blocks of ice at least two feet thick, which constitutes the so-called "ice-hills." For the course there are small sledges which are guided by men specially appointed for the purpose. You take your seat on one of these low sledges and stretch your legs out in front, while the guide sits behind you. Off you go over the ice blocks, the guide meantime piloting the craft with his strong leather-gloved hands. The descent is very rapid, but on reaching the level the journey is quite pleasant.

In the city feasting and visiting are the order of the day. There is no limit to the consumption of "bleenies," a kind of pancake made of buckwheat flour, and eaten with butter sauce or fresh caviare, according to the circumstances of the families. Morn, noon, and night bleenies are cooked and eaten by the dozen, moistened, of course, with the indispensable vodka or native gin, which is distilled from rye.

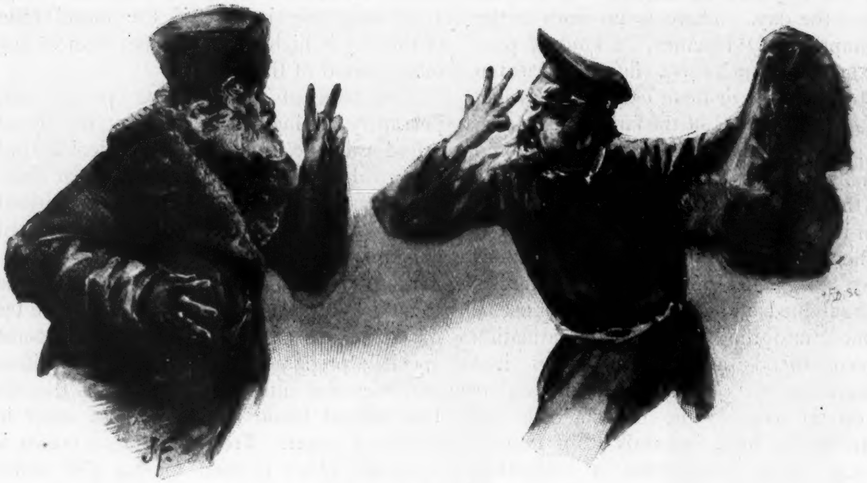
When midnight of the second Sunday arrives, all gaieties are supposed to vanish, and a subdued and demure aspect must be assumed, and the form of congratulation between friends and acquaintances is—"Pozdravlin vam post," or, "I congratulate you on the fast." The church bells toll mournfully at brief intervals from four or five A.M., when early mass is celebrated, until about eight P.M., when evening service closes. The city during Lent, owing to the frequent tolling of the church bells, seems to be overshadowed with mourning. It is very questionable if the moral tone of the city is higher during Lent than in any other period of the year.

The food of the working people and peasantry during Lent consists mainly of salted cabbage, soup, and "kashie," a kind of porridge made of coarse buckwheat flour like bran, both seasoned with hemp-seed or flax-seed oil, coarse rye bread, salted cucumbers, horse-radish, and very transparent tea, often without sugar. Those able to afford a sweetening substance for the tea or coffee use either candied honey or some specially prepared fast sugar, a composition of honey and almonds, believing as they do that animal blood and bones are used in purifying sugar. From almonds a cream is extracted which is used for tea and coffee instead of the genuine article; but only the well-to-do can afford this luxury. Such is the *régime* of the table for Lent, and certainly it ought to tend to the mortifying of the flesh.

All places of worship are open



"A candle is bought by the penitent"



"The higgling about prices is amusing"

from early morning until evening falls. Devout worshippers stream in and out the whole day. All the services are strictly liturgical, preaching not being a portion of the Church service. The prostrations of the worshippers seem most extravagant to a Britisher, although many only incline the head quietly and cross themselves in an unobtrusive manner. All the churches are thronged daily in Lent, as confession, absolution, and partaking of the communion are considered imperative at this season. Parts of the church are screened off for confessional, and the penitents stand in long lines waiting their turn to appear before their father confessor. He hears their tale of sins, grants absolution, and the penitent worshipper places his offering before his "Batushka" or "Father," and retires. After confession he goes to communion, but not necessarily immediately. Probably he will go the following morning about five o'clock, having had a bath on the previous evening, and arrayed in his best. The cup only is administered, the bread being given in the form of a small loaf, called "prosverra" or "host," in which wine is poured. A candle is bought by the penitent both before confession and communion, and placed in a candelabrum in front of the picture of his favourite saint. The sale of candles, which takes place in the church, is a source of revenue for the priesthood. After communion, many relax the rigour of the fast.

The seven long weeks of the fast drag wearily along, and the days and hours are anxiously counted. If the fast makes the devotees spiritually strong, it also makes them physically weak. The fast, and the over-indulgence that follows after Easter, must increase materially the national bill of mortality. If it is a matter of conscience to abstain rigorously from flesh and all animal substances during Lent, it is also made a matter of conscience to eat and drink to excess after it is over.

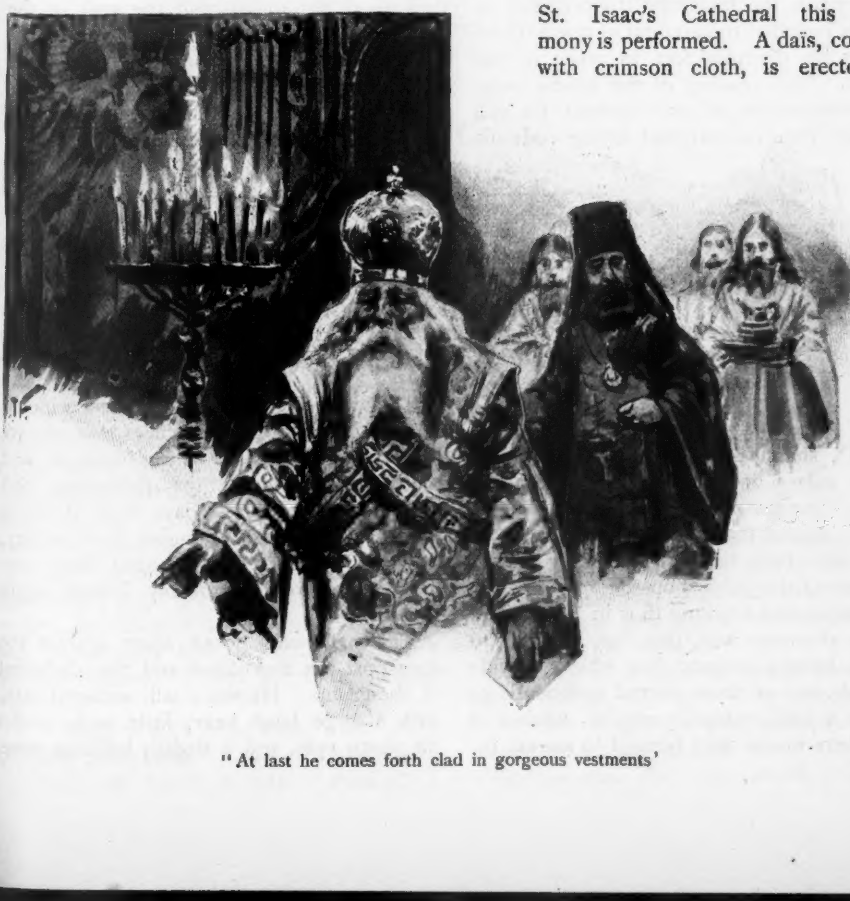
II

In the week preceding Palm Sunday gaiety pervades the city. The shops are gaily decorated with articles, both useful and ornamental, and shopping becomes the order of the day, as present-giving is one of the features indispensable to the due observance of Easter. All the public markets, including the world-renowned Gostini Dvor, in Nevsky Prospect, famed for its shops and valuable merchandise, stalls are erected for the sale of toys, confections, and bric-à-brac. Every one is in the best of humour, and is bent upon the purchase of toys, artificial flowers, singing birds, ikons, or other wares. The higgling about prices is amusing, the seller always asking nearly double what he will take, the buyer offering considerably less than he will give. The former declares in God's name that he cannot take less than he asks, and declares solemnly that it is a ruination price. The principle upon which shopping is conducted is to make allowance for beating down the price by asking an exorbitant one, to allow space for that operation. If a Russian gets the price he asks for an article he is seized with remorse that he did not ask more; the buyer, if his first price is accepted, becomes remorseful that he did not offer less.

Palm Sunday is called Verba, the week preceding Verbni Nedelli. All must have a palm branch for that festival (not a real palm branch, but a willow covered with catkins), to which is generally attached the imitation of a face representing that of our Saviour. These so-called palms are brought home to adorn the family ikon, and generally remain until the following Palm Sunday. On this day fish can be eaten without committing sin. The last week, and by far the bitterest in Lent, begins with Palm Sunday, and is largely devoted to humiliation and cleaning.

Before the Passion—like the Jews, who at Passover search diligently for and cast out the old leaven—the Russian housewife likewise searches out every corner, most remorselessly sweeps from its hiding-place every particle of dust. Everything is done to make the house and its contents fitting to meet a risen Saviour. The streets, always very clean, receive special attention, even the lampposts are carefully washed down and the kerbs sanded. Everything that will clean has brush and soap-and-water applied to it. The reason of this is the belief that our Saviour invisibly walks about the earth for forty days after Easter, that is, until Ascension Day.

On the Thursday of Passion Week, "Strashnaya Nedelli," *i.e.*, Terrible Week, is enacted in a very realistic fashion one of the last acts of our Saviour—"the washing of the Disciples' feet." After the close of the second diet of worship at St. Isaac's Cathedral this ceremony is performed. A daïs, covered with crimson cloth, is erected in



"At last he comes forth clad in gorgeous vestments' front of the altar rails, or, rather, royal gate. At the end farthest from the royal gates is placed what may properly be called a chair of state, while six chairs are placed on each side of the daïs. A subdued reverence seems to pervade the worshippers as they look with expectancy towards the royal gates, from which will emerge the bishop, or other high dignitary of the Church, who is to impersonate Christ. At last he comes forth, clad in gorgeous vestments, resplendent with gold and silver, accompanied by a deacon and several acolytes, bearing an ewer and basin of solid silver gilt with gold, a towel, and other articles necessary for the occasion. Slowly, and with every appearance of sadness, he mounts the step of the daïs, and seats himself in the chair of state, the worshippers meanwhile crossing themselves most devoutly. After seating himself, the disciples, in twos, emerge from behind the royal gates and approach the daïs. Crossing themselves, they wait until beckoned by the officiating "Christ" to ascend and take their places, one on the right side, the other on the left. All being assembled and seated, a priest or deacon reads the lesson for the occasion, in which is included the account of our Saviour washing his disciples' feet, as given in the Gospels. The reading of the lesson over, the representative of our Saviour for the time rises from his seat, and, laying aside his garments, girds himself with a towel, and prepares to wash the disciples' feet. Two acolytes bear the massive basin, and another the ewer. The officiating dignitary takes the ewer, pours the water into the basin, which is placed at the feet of one of the first disciples, who takes off the shoe and stocking from the right foot, and places the foot in the basin. The kneeling "Christ" laves the foot with a little water, then takes the towel wherewith he is girded and wipes their feet, getting in return a kiss of love. At last the basin is placed at the feet of the impetuous Peter, who, rising, says, "Dost thou wash my feet? Thou shalt never wash my feet," to which the reply is in the literal words of our Saviour. Peter at last sits down, places his right foot in the basin, gets it washed, and is more demonstrative in his kiss of love than any of the other eleven.

Many of the more intellectual Russians will freely admit that this dramatic representation of one of the closing acts of our Saviour's life is absolutely necessary for the spiritual benefit of the masses, as otherwise they could not understand the work of the Saviour while on earth. They cannot but with difficulty be convinced that Christ was not a Russian, and are shocked if told he was a Jew, a race they hold in abhorrence for their crucifixion of the Saviour.

THE LITTLE 'UN

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

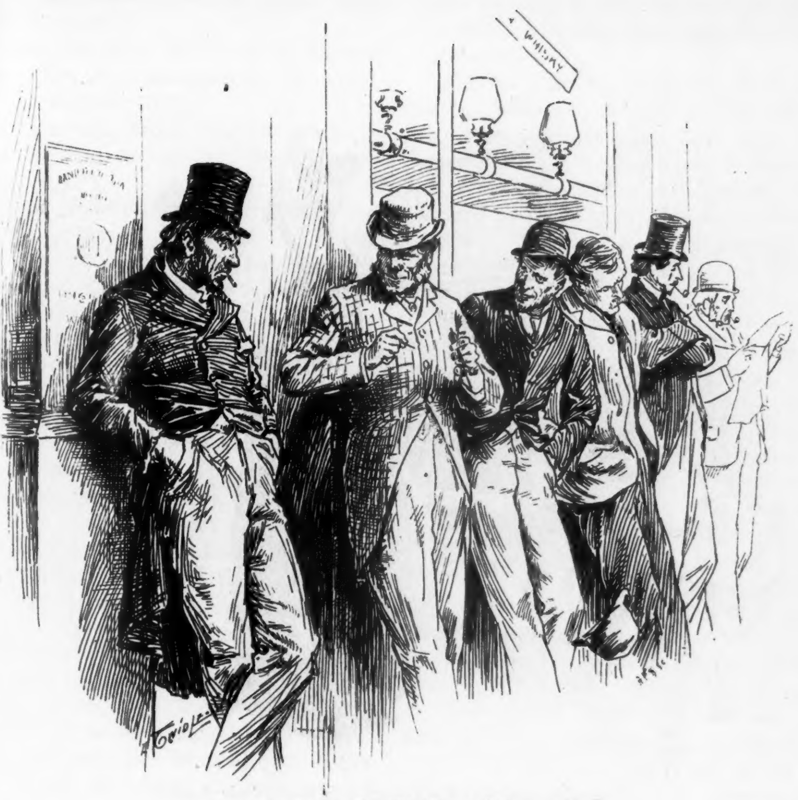
I

SIX shabby idlers were sunning themselves outside The North Star in Cursitor Street. One lolled apart against the door-post, five leaned in a row with their backs set squarely against the front of the public-house.

Smoking and blinking thus in the warmth of the afternoon sun, they had snoozed to such a blissful languor that when, at wide intervals, one of them revived sufficiently to mutter a half-intelligible remark, neither of the others would exert himself to answer it.

They were law-stationers' clerks becalmed in a long vacation. Law offices were closed, lawyers were away on their holidays, and the lean scribes of the profession had rarely more than three days work to do in a week. They were lounging there to-day, these six, as they had lounged there yesterday, and would probably lounge again to-morrow.

The man who dozed apart against the door-post was the oldest and the shabbiest of the group. He was a tall, withered man, with a large head, heavy little sacks under his sleepy eyes, and a slightly bulbous nose.



We did talk of subscribin' for a little wreath "

His moustache and beard were scanty and untrimmed, and his general expression was morose and uninviting. The large head appeared larger than it was by reason of his mangy tall hat being a size too small for it. He wore a tightly-buttoned frock coat that was faded to a greenish-brown, and grey trousers, very baggy at the knees, and very frayed about his boot-tops; the boots were disgracefully down at heel, and there were black streaks in the bend of his left sleeve where he wiped his pen.

"Yes. When I heard you'd got the d.t.'s agen, Mr. Fant," drawled the nearest idler to him, resuming a somnolent murmur he had commenced and discontinued a few minutes before, "I said to young Freddy here——"

"It wasn't d.t's this time," Mr. Fant gloomily interposed, "it was only pleurisy."

"Well, we heard it was. 'Freddy,' I said, 'we shan't see *'im* any more. The third go's always fatal. I don't 'old with goin' to excess, I don't; let it be a warnin' to you,' I said, 'never to 'ave more'n two.'"

"We did talk," grinned Freddy, lazily corroborating him, "of subscribin' for a little wreath—we felt so sure of it."

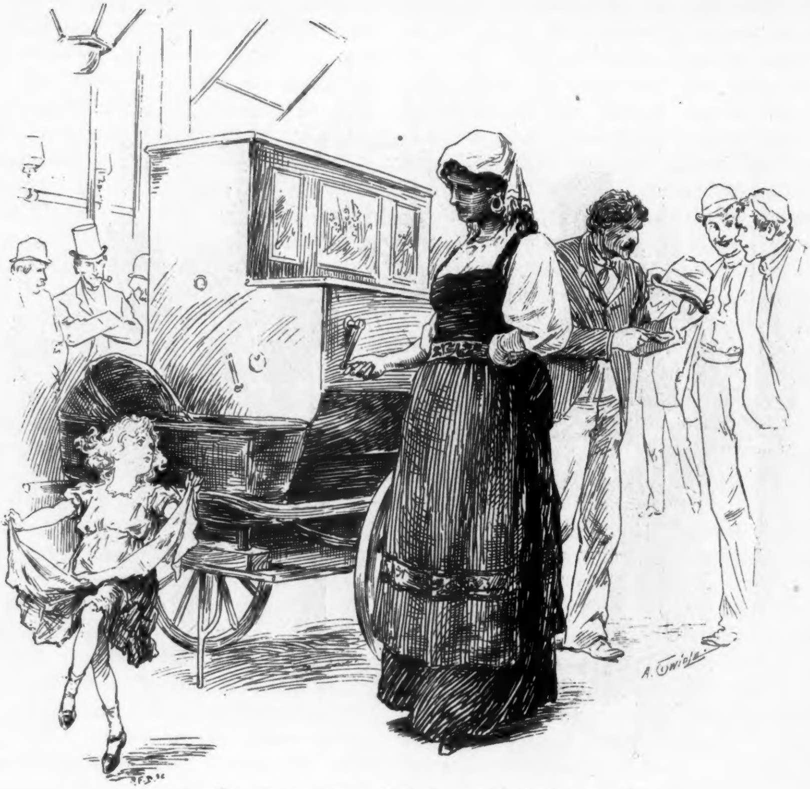
Mr. Fant remained passive and impervious.

The other two were drifting back into a contented stupor, when all of a sudden somebody whistled. Instantly six pairs of eyes opened and flashed all in the same direction. A dusty, pallid man stood beckoning from the doorway of a law-stationer's shop across the road.

"Job for somebody?" growled one of the six. "Go on, Freddy. It's your turn."

Freddy's long legs were galvanised into spasmodic activity, and he went.

Of the other five, two retired into The



" Fluttering her threadbare skirts in a quaint little dance "

North Star for consolation, three sank back into their former listless attitudes and re-lit their pipes.

They were lulled by the snore of traffic in Chancery Lane, out beyond the end of the street. Now and then an intrusive cart would rattle noisily past them, otherwise the quiet of the place was undisturbed, except for the monotonous grumble and thump of printing machines in some adjacent works.

Presently a perspiring Italian wheeled a piano-organ into the street and, affably grimacing, drew up exactly opposite The North Star. A weary female who accompanied him attached herself mechanically to the handle and proceeded to turn out a tune. She scattered the notes of a blithe prelude into the air and, with the melancholy perseverance of an automatic effigy, dashed on to a rollicking melody.

The loungers were startled into wakefulness. Mr. Fant glanced round about as if expecting to see something or somebody else besides the organ and the organists, and all of them looked and listened with a dull enjoyment. The tune was of the music-hall variety—a frivolous, lilting air that got into the feet of its hearers, as an intoxicant goes to the head. Several indifferent heels drummed in time on the pavement outside The North Star; printers' boys, temporarily emancipated from the neighbouring works, jigged on the kerb and sang snatches of the chorus; and, in a flash, as if one joyous note of the music had materialised into visibility, a tiny, golden-haired, dimpled baby-girl was out there in the road fluttering her threadbare little skirts in a quaint little dance, her small feet flying so airily they scarcely seemed to touch on the ground at all.

" Here's the little 'un ! " chuckled one of the loafers. " Thought it would soon bring *her* out."

"I saw her comin' down the court. Don't she do it a treat!"

"Some youngster that lives in the same house an' dances in pantomimes—she taught her. She told me so."

Mr. Fant said nothing, but his eyes began to sparkle, and he watched her rapt and silent.

And the tiny feet went merrily as if they would never grow tired, and round and round bobbed the happy, buoyant little figure—such a little, little figure, and so lightsome that the first puff of wind might almost have caught it up and carried it floating and wavering away like the downy, feathery ball that is blown from a dandelion.

Half way through a fantastic circling movement she unexpectedly caught sight of Mr. Fant, and, with a cry of delight, ran straight from the middle of her dance towards him.

"Uncle Fant!" she piped in her pretty childish treble. "Uncle Fant! Where you bin? They said you wouldn't come back no more."

"Did they?" Mr. Fant smiled pleasantly, and stooped to pinch her cheek; and when Mr. Fant smiled you would hardly have recognised him as the same man, his features were so softened and humanised. "But I have come back, you see, and here I am."

"Has you bin poorly?"

"Yes, little 'un."

"Uncle Fant!" She had taken one of his hands in her small chubby fingers and was swinging and leaping about his feet. "Ain't you goin' to kiss me?"

He stooped right down and kissed her, and straightened himself up again shamefacedly.

"They said you wasn't comin' back, Uncle Fant," she went on, laughing into his face; "and I cried, I did."

"Cried! What for?"

"'Cos I didn't want you to go away. I wanted to see you. . . . Oh! That's the one I like!"

The tune had changed and in a moment she had skipped away from him and was dancing airily in the road again.

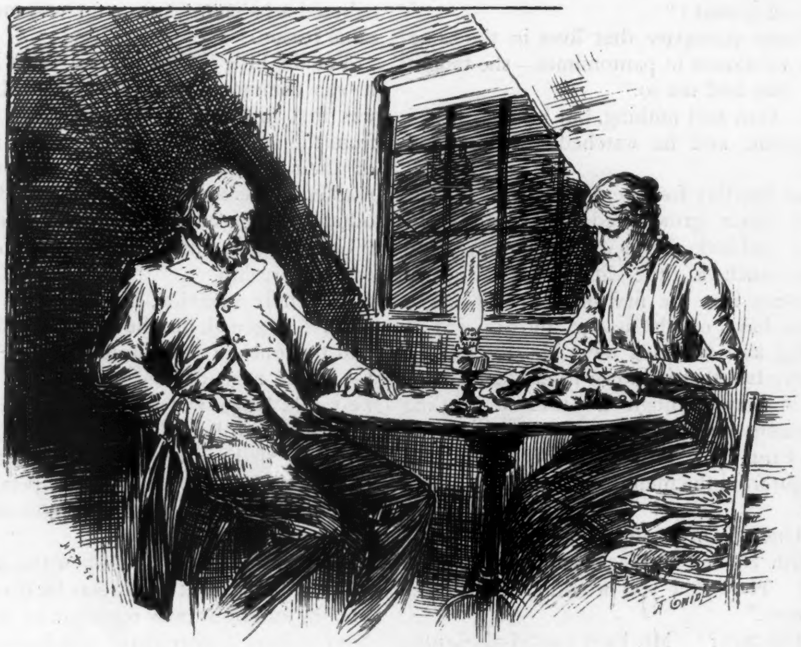
Whilst the weary woman was grinding, the Italian went on tour with an oyster shell. Mr. Fant dropped a penny into it, not because he liked music, but because the little 'un liked it; and the other scribes contributed a ha'penny apiece for very much the same reason.

For the little 'un patronised them all, but it was commonly recognised that Mr. Fant was first favourite. She had taken to him from the outset and during the twelve months of their acquaintance had shown such a marked preference for his society that the others had facetiously christened him "Uncle," and she unhesitatingly accepted the relationship.

Generally speaking, Mr. Fant was not expansive or genial, but the sight of the little 'un and the touch of her wheedling hands thawed the frozen heart of him miraculously, so that he would laugh with her, and play with her, and chatter to her in baby-English, and take a lavish delight in insisting on a diminutive palm, as soft and pink as a rose petal, being opened very wide for the accommodation of a penny for sweets.

There had been a time when the little 'un was not seen about the streets for many days, and by-and-by it was reported by a neighbour of hers, a dilapidated gentleman whose interest in astronomy brought him frequently to The North Star, that she was dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. And close on this, currency was given to a preposterous and incredible rumour concerning Mr. Fant which shall be repeated for what it is worth.

The little 'un lived down Butler's Court, which turned out of Cursitor Street almost exactly opposite The North Star. Mr. Fant did not live down that court and was never seen to go into it. Nevertheless, it was alleged against him by indefinite persons that he had been observed to lurk in Butler's Court and waylay the parish doctor as he came out of a certain house there. Further, it was represented that, taking advantage of the door of that house being always open for the convenience of tenants, he had been detected dodging in and upstairs in a furtive and guilty fashion, with a bag of grapes in his hand, and his pockets bulging with oranges. Worse than this, it was said that in order to justify his visits, he deliberately passed himself off on the little 'un's mother as the School Board man, and was not discovered in this outrageous hypocrisy until the little 'un got well enough to denounce him.



"Pushed a half-crown and some coppers across the table to her"

II

After bending all one day over his desk in a cramped, sky-lighted back room, Mr. Fant finished the engrossment of two lengthy deeds, wiped his pen, drew his money, and strolled out in the dusk towards The North Star.

"Fant!" It was a loafing scribe that called to him. "Heard the news? The little 'un's mother's dead."

Mr. Fant stood a minute, startled.

"Who said so?"

"Some old gal who came over for some beer a little while ago. She says the little 'un's been over to look for you two or three times."

Mr. Fant lit his pipe with a fine callousness, as intimating that it was no business of his, anyway.

Then, instead of going into The North Star, he thrust his hands in his trouser pockets, and lurching off with an air of most profound indifference, turned up Furnival Street as if he were going home.

Now, there were two ways into Butler's Court: one opposite The North Star, and one through a pinched archway out of Furnival Street; and, with a casual glance behind him, Mr. Fant vanished suddenly into that archway.

On the top floor but one of a house in the court, a door opened to the sound of his passing tread and a woman looked out.

"Oh, it's you, sir," she cried, recognising him; then to some one within, "Here, Gerty, here's yer uncle."

In a moment the little 'un bounded out to him, and he stooped and rose with her in his arms, her small clasp tightening round his neck, her face nestling against his, and the little figure convulsed with sobbing.

"There, there, don't cry. It's all right," he stammered, half shyly. "Rather sudden, wasn't it?" he said to the woman, with a lift of his eyes toward the floor above.

"Oh, no, sir. She's been going off rapid for some time," she returned. "The doctor never thought she'd last so long." As Mr. Fant offered no observation, but seemed absorbed in troubled thought, she went on, "An' there's no one to take the child. She don't seem to have no friends—her father died three year ago an' more. . . . You ain't a real uncle, so I s'pose it'll ha' to be the workhouse, poor mite!"

"Yes I am," gasped Mr. Fant aggressively. "I'm real enough. She ain't going to any workhouse. She'll come with me. I—I shall have to have her. The parish'll make me. It's the law."

"Oh, I didn't know you was really her uncle. Well, I'm glad of it. I'd have 'ad her here wi' me sooner than let 'er go to the parish, only I got seven o' my own, an' that's a handful."

"Yes," said Mr. Fant frowning sternly. "She'll ha' to come with me. It's the law. I can't get out of it. If you don't mind me leavin' her here for about an hour while I go and let her aunt know about it——"

"To be sure, mister. She'll be all right here till you come back."

And having quieted the little 'un and comforted her with promises of a quick return, he hurried downstairs alone and out and along the dismal lamp-lit streets till in a squalid lane off Hatton Garden he arrived at his own door.

He lived in two attics over an inferior coffee-shop, and mounting to one of these he came upon a faded woman sewing at some sort of tailoring. She was a lank, hard-featured woman, and her hair was streaked with grey.

They gave each other no manner of greeting. Mr. Fant sat down, fumbled in his pockets, and pushed a half-crown and some coppers across the table to her.

She glanced up at him curiously.

"You're early to-night."

"Yes," he said awkwardly, "Just—er—come from the office."

She gathered the money into her purse, and went on sewing.

He coughed at intervals, and peered under his brows at her, dubitating.

"I say," he began abruptly, "you remember that little 'un I ve mentioned? Her mother's dead. That little 'un that dances, you know."

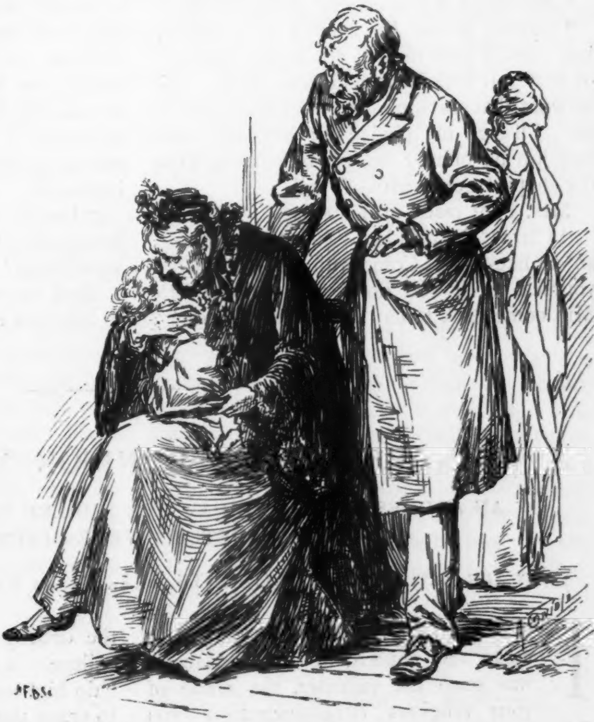
Mrs. Fant murmured "Poor thing!" but seemed otherwise unmoved.

The silence hardened between them again, and Mr. Fant only broke it at last by a desperate effort.

"They're goin' to send her to the workhouse," he ejaculated. Then his words came at a rush, but in so tremulous a voice that his wife gazed at him, wondering. "Clara—she's such a little thing, no bigger than our Min was. She's exactly like Min—the same hair and eyes—I almost thought when I first saw her it was our little Min come back to me."

His voice quavered into silence, and he turned his face from her. She resumed her sewing with fresh energy, and perhaps it was only some trick of the lamplight that made her harsh features seem strangely softened.

"It would be cruel to send her to the workhouse," he spoke again presently. "Why—why couldn't we have her here?"



"Folded the little 'un to her breast and began to cry"

"Why, indeed!" Mrs. Fant laughed scornfully. "At the rate you go on we don't have enough for two. How we should manage to live at all with three!——"

"Look here, Clara," he interrupted eagerly. "I've been better for months past than I used to be, haven't I?"

"You'd good need to be——"

"I know I did. But, look here!—I was all right till our little Min went, wasn't I? It was that that sent me all wrong. I didn't care, and I was miserable."

"An' wasn't I?"

"You was as fond of her as I was, but you were a good woman, Clara, an' I was a poor fool. It knocked me all to pieces. If she could come back, it 'ud pull me round an' I should be myself agen. An' this little 'un—" he swallowed a lump that rose in his throat—"she's our little Min over agen—exactly. If she was here with us—it would seem . . . Clara! Think, if it was our little Min an' they were sending her to the workhouse! We can't let her go there. If you'll have her here, Clara, I'll make you a promise."

"An' forget it to-morrow," she said coldly.

"I swear to you I'll keep it to my dying day. She'll help me—if she comes—it'll be all as if our little Min had never died. I'll do what that parson's been worrying me to do. I'll sign his pledge for him and take that job he offered an' get right away from the chaps I booze with—I will."

Mrs. Fant made no response.

"Clara!" he pleaded, "just the same age, an' so like—— Come with me an' see for yourself, an' if you don't feel it's our little Min come back to us . . . Will you, Clara?"

"I can't come till I've finished tacking this lining in," she cried irritably, "so just leave me alone."

He said no more.

He waited patiently whilst she completed her tacking without undue haste, and when she got up, grumbling vaguely, and tied her bonnet on, he rose and went with her.

They walked back by the way he had come, in under the arch, and so up and into the presence of the little 'un herself.

She ran to Mr. Fant at once, but he was shrewd and politic; as soon as Mrs. Fant had accepted the invitation of the woman who tenanted the room and sat down, he placed the child in her lap.

She passed a wandering hand over the tangled, golden curls, and looked intently into the dimpled face and baby eyes that opened wistfully on her own worn features; then suddenly folded the little 'un to her breast and began to cry without any apparent reason. The other woman was unreasonable enough to cry with her, and soon there was not a dry eye in the room, except Mr. Fant's, and his would not have been dry either if he hadn't kept wiping them on his sleeve. He found the little 'un's bonnet and jacket, such an infinitesimal jacket that he could hardly take hold of it with both hands at once!—he helped to put them on her and attempted to pick her up for the purpose of conveying her home. But Mrs. Fant pushed him aside.

"Leave the child alone," she said, brusquely; "you'll only be dropping it, or something."

And she carried the little 'un homewards in her own arms.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, ST. PETER'S, VERE STREET

By the Rev. W. PAGE ROBERTS, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Canterbury

IT is a joy to me that you have chosen to make this church, of which Maurice was once the minister, the scene of your religious commemoration—you who with thankfulness and pride acknowledge the debt you owe to the founder of your college. I am not too poor but that I can "do him reverence," even if I am too feeble to grasp the far-reaching thoughts of a mind as profound and exalted as it was delicately discriminating. I would gladly have listened to-day to some one more nearly approaching the heights on which Maurice stood and gazed on heaven, than I do; for I fear me

> I could not breathe in that fine air,
> That pure severity of perfect light.

In the few words I can allow myself, I must confine them to the religious aspect of the work of Maurice. But what aspect of his work is there which is not religious? If ever there was a man who was but one thing, an absolute unity, a man of whom it may be said his "eye was single and his whole body full of light," it was the master you to-day commemorate, the man of God your hearts have canonised. He was all of a piece, and that piece was religious. Whether he lectured on philosophy, or discoursed on the study of books, or devised the means for social amelioration; whether he charmed in conversation or sympathised in letters, or assisted at the metaphysical society, or, I may add, wooed a maiden for his wife, religion, and religion as a subduing sweetness, was never absent. Virtue went out of him.

But when I say he was absolutely one, at the same time he was

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

There were few subjects of which he had no knowledge. Over wide regions of learning he ranged; and if he did not reach the depths of those who restrict their labours to one narrow spot, he was never superficial. His "History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," with its survey of thought from the Ionian schools to the speculations of Hegel and Comte, is a remarkable product of a life filled up almost to the full with clerical work and schemes for social welfare. But all the various departments of his knowledge, and all his social activities, bore the imprint of a mind essentially and not occasionally religious. Religion made it one.

Perhaps the two most eminent ecclesiastics, or at least the most memorable, produced by the Church of England this century are Newman and Maurice. And if, with the comprehensive sympathy of Maurice, we embrace the Nonconformist Churches, we may place by the side of our own offspring the name of Spurgeon, made though he was of a less precious metal. Now we may say that Newman was reactionary, Spurgeon stationary, and Maurice evolutionary; and as a factor in the religious thought of this century, Maurice was the most effective and the most beneficially effective of the three. There is a fascination about Newman, irresistible alike in personality and literary expression. No one ever failed to understand Newman. He may have been subtle, entangling men in his logical web; but his style is seductive, delightful, convincing. You must rush away from it to escape the spell. His scorn is withering, his indignation burning, the sweep of his fervour irresistible, his solemnity almost supernatural. But all is clear as the day. I confess I am impatient of obscurity in expression. It does not always indicate profundity of thought. At times I fling down my Browning, not only with indignation at the grosseries of rhyme and rhythm, like a smack in the face, but with irritation incapable of repose, at the bewildering opacity of the phrases, like a black London fog, through which from time to time you think you can discern a passing torch. It is much the same with the studied contortions, inversions, and dislocations of Mr. Meredith. It must, however, be admitted that women seem to make light of these difficulties, and to be more skilful than men in disentangling ravelled skeins of thought, just as they are with other more tangible tangles. Newman once said to Manning that when dealing with him at times he did not know "whether he was standing on his head or his heels." Well, I have at times thought that if I could perform the former feat and see these tormentors, whose fascination I cannot resist, from a reversed position, I might have an instantaneous intuition of their meaning. And something of the same obscurity envelops the writings of Maurice, especially when he is dealing with the controverted subjects of religious thought. There is spread over them a celestial mist, through which you can scarcely distinguish one object from another, but through which you can perceive and feel the sun. Such a book as the "Kingdom of Christ," radiant with love divine, scarcely indicates whether the writer inclined to Romanism rather than to Quakerism, or *vice versa*, or whether Unitarianism did not include the essence of both, and

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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, ST. PETER'S, VERE STREET

By the Rev. W. PAGE ROBERTS, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Canterbury

It is a joy to me that you have chosen to make this church, of which Maurice was once the minister, the scene of your religious commemoration—you who with thankfulness and pride acknowledge the debt you owe to the founder of your college. I am not too poor but that I can "do him reverence," even if I am too feeble to grasp the far-reaching thoughts of a mind as profound and exalted as it was delicately discriminating. I would gladly have listened to-day to some one more nearly approaching the heights on which Maurice stood and gazed on heaven, than I do; for I fear me

> I could not breathe in that fine air,
> That pure severity of perfect light.

In the few words I can allow myself, I must confine them to the religious aspect of the work of Maurice. But what aspect of his work is there which is not religious? If ever there was a man who was but one thing, an absolute unity, a man of whom it may be said his "eye was single and his whole body full of light," it was the master you to-day commemorate, the man of God your hearts have canonised. He was all of a piece, and that piece was religious. Whether he lectured on philosophy, or discoursed on the study of books, or devised the means for social amelioration; whether he charmed in conversation or sympathised in letters, or assisted at the metaphysical society, or, I may add, wooed a maiden for his wife, religion, and religion as a subduing sweetness, was never absent. Virtue went out of him.

But when I say he was absolutely one, at the same time he was

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

There were few subjects of which he had no knowledge. Over wide regions of learning he ranged; and if he did not reach the depths of those who restrict their labours to one narrow spot, he was never superficial. His "History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," with its survey of thought from the Ionian schools to the speculations of Hegel and Comte, is a remarkable product of a life filled up almost to the full with clerical work and schemes for social welfare. But all the various departments of his knowledge, and all his social activities, bore the imprint of a mind essentially and not occasionally religious. Religion made it one.

Perhaps the two most eminent ecclesiastics, or at least the most memorable, produced by the Church of England this century are Newman and Maurice. And if, with the comprehensive sympathy of Maurice, we embrace the Nonconformist Churches, we may place by the side of our own offspring the name of Spurgeon, made though he was of a less precious metal. Now we may say that Newman was reactionary, Spurgeon stationary, and Maurice evolutionary; and as a factor in the religious thought of this century, Maurice was the most effective and the most beneficially effective of the three. There is a fascination about Newman, irresistible alike in personality and literary expression. No one ever failed to understand Newman. He may have been subtle, entangling men in his logical web; but his style is seductive, delightful, convincing. You must rush away from it to escape the spell. His scorn is withering, his indignation burning, the sweep of his fervour irresistible, his solemnity almost supernatural. But all is clear as the day. I confess I am impatient of obscurity in expression. It does not always indicate profundity of thought. At times I fling down my Browning, not only with indignation at the grosseries of rhyme and rhythm, like a smack in the face, but with irritation incapable of repose, at the bewildering opacity of the phrases, like a black London fog, through which from time to time you think you can discern a passing torch. It is much the same with the studied contortions, inversions, and dislocations of Mr. Meredith. It must, however, be admitted that women seem to make light of these difficulties, and to be more skilful than men in disentangling ravelled skeins of thought, just as they are with other more tangible tangles. Newman once said to Manning that when dealing with him at times he did not know "whether he was standing on his head or his heels." Well, I have at times thought that if I could perform the former feat and see these tormentors, whose fascination I cannot resist, from a reversed position, I might have an instantaneous intuition of their meaning. And something of the same obscurity envelops the writings of Maurice, especially when he is dealing with the controverted subjects of religious thought. There is spread over them a celestial mist, through which you can scarcely distinguish one object from another, but through which you can perceive and feel the sun. Such a book as the "Kingdom of Christ," radiant with love divine, scarcely indicates whether the writer inclined to Romanism rather than to Quakerism, or *vice versa*, or whether Unitarianism did not include the essence of both, and

Reason fades
In the calm twilight of Platonic shades.

Nevertheless, "this herald so divine of truth's arising day" has had more transforming power on the religious thought of this century than any one else; and since Butler no name deserves a higher place. If his books will gradually cease to be read—and with rare exceptions all books which are imperfect in form rapidly become uninteresting and finally unintelligible—so that while the Apologia of Newman will continue to be studied like the confessions of Augustine and Rousseau, the self-revelations of Maurice may not have a very long life — he himself will have entered into the thought of the future, and taken his place among the immortals,

. . . and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.

Newman simply removed from one system to another already existing and complete, and drew others after him; while his influence upon his disciples within our own church who shrank from following him into the Roman Asylum, was simply retrograde, conducting them to the portals they dare not enter. No new development of thought was made. Rome gained a band of refined scholars and well bred enthusiasts of pietistic discipline, who added to her priesthood unwonted features of gentility; but they had to learn and not to teach.

Spurgeon in one respect may be said to be the most striking phenomenon of clerical life in the whole history of Christendom. No one either in the early, mediæval, or modern churches has done what he did. For years and years he held together a congregation of four or five thousand people, preaching to them three times a week, and publishing the sermons continuously in tens of thousands—sermons which were neither marvels of eloquence nor wonders of learning; simply strong solutions of old Puritan theology administered in racy, idiomatic English, enlivened by outbursts of homely unrestrained humour. Think of the masses who attended the Tabernacle—now a ruin, and we may sympathise with those who suffer at the loss of a structure which only affection for the founder could ever have made endurable even to Philistine taste—and the small group of distinguished men, which failed to fill this little church when Maurice preached! But the most conspicuous quality of Spurgeon was his granite-like resistance to the assaults of modern science and criticism, hurling them back as the rocks of the Land's End do the beating waves of the Atlantic. Indomitable, uncompromising sincerity was his distinction. But if Newman was reactionary and Spurgeon stationary, I have called Maurice evolutionary. Their

Life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.

Not only did he believe in an everliving and operating Divine Spirit—he himself was so inspired by that Spirit that through all manner of forms and all systems of religion, in all the great products of human thought he saw the working of that Spirit. As we may say, he saw into the soul of things—and so to the majority he was enigmatical and agitating, like some one from the spirit world who brought strange tidings to their ears. With the philosopher of "Sartor Resartus" he saw how much the world believed in clothes which it mistook for souls.

But he did not spend his life in railing at the clothes. He treated them as things indifferent, scarcely worth a thought. He saw, as though he operated by the aid of some searching rays, through the bodily investiture, into the life indeed. It was not Roman vestments or Quaker grey habiliments. It was not the formulated dogma, nor the stiff unbending article which held his steadfast gaze. It was the Divine Spirit within. And thus he seemed to be of all sects, all parties, all philosophies. When he described them, it was the element of truth they contained which he displayed, and therefore each in turn seemed to be his own personal belief. It was not that he was either High Anglican or Unitarian, but that his spirit perceived the element, large or little, of the Divine Spirit they contained, and that Spirit was his own; and this spiritual clairvoyance, when

Thought leapt out to wed with thought,

made him a prophet indeed, producing new perceptions in men's minds, and promising more. His book on the "Religions of the World" was written when much less was known about them than is known to-day, and we should scarcely go to it for the latest information on the subject. But we must remember that Maurice was almost a pioneer in the study of comparative religion. And if any question his right to this distinction, he was pre-eminent, I may also say singular, in revealing the Spirit of God at work in all these religions. They were not to be denounced as of the devil. The spirit of Islam which to-day curses the infidel—that is, the Christian—was well-nigh the spirit of every religion in dealing with other religions. As to the Jew Jahveh was not only divine but Baal altogether diabolical, so to the Early Church the gods of the classic world were demons; to Romanists, Protestantism is the work of the enemy of souls; and to Evangelical pietism, Unitarianism is criminal blasphemy. But Maurice probed, or rather instantaneously pierced into these various systems, and discovered the element of truth by which they lived; and he told it, and gave to each the name of brother. This power of spiritual divination by which he perceived the heart and soul of venerable forms of thought, is conspicuous in his teachings on the doctrine of the Atonement and the doctrine of eternal tormented sin. No one since St. Anselm has had a more transforming influence upon this doctrine than Maurice, and I may add his friend Macleod Campbell. It is to be seen in the Anglo-Catholic treatment of the doctrine in "Lux Mundi" and in such a writer as the Nonconformist Dale. High and Low, Churchmen and Dissenters have had their conceptions of the work of Christ raised to a higher level. The old *nisi prius* views have given place to a great doctrine of attraction, the attraction of the Cross. "I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me"—and Maurice was the Newton who made clear the law which had ever been operative though imperfectly conceived. And so it was with what is called the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. With fine discrimination, which only his love for God could have made possible, he discerned the moral element in the Bible use of the word eternal. And if with that self-suppressing humility which always characterised him, he did not lay down a dogma of Universal Salvation, he saw in history the direction in which the Divine Spirit is working—the "divine event to which the whole creation moves," as said his disciple Tennyson. And the result is unquestionable. The doctrine of a pit of tormented evil for ever to be kept in existence is less frequently proclaimed; its fiery flames have been damped down in many churches, and in some extinguished.

But the effects of his work are not merely to be seen in the modifications he made in these ancient modes of thought, and in others which may be directly traced to his teaching. His power is the spirit which proceeded from him, the evolutionary spirit which has been working in the Church with ever-growing energy since his day. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." The men of to-day who in their youth sat at the feet of Maurice, and received a measure of the Spirit so richly bestowed upon him, are said by some who do not understand him to be quite unlike him—that he has no representatives left. And sometimes as they add a stone to the tomb of the prophet their fathers persecuted, they flatter themselves that perhaps they are his truest representatives. But little as one desires to keep alive the memory of evil days that are gone, especially when those days are sincerely repented of by those who made them evil, it may sometimes be useful to recall it as a warning against a repetition of the offence. It is possible Maurice might scarcely recognise some of his sons. And he might be astonished to see Colenso enthroned in the Pusey House. The whole world moves on, even those who think they are standing still, or are stopping the revolution of the globe by placing their backs against it—"*E pur si muove.*" It is enough that a man does the work given him by God for his own day. If he is an inspired man, his indirect work will be more extensive than his direct work. And if the legitimate sons of Maurice, the children of his spirit, have made still further developments, and are condemned by those who have slowly come up to the place from which Maurice started, we may be pardoned if we remind them of the lines of Tennyson—

> Should eighty thousand college councils
> Thunder "anathema," friend, at you;
> Should all our churchmen foam in spite
> At you, so careful of the right.

We may remind them that the Council of King's College by a majority of votes carried a resolution, in which the principal, Dr.

Jelf, concurred, to the effect that "the continuance of Professor Maurice's connection with the College as one of its professors would be seriously detrimental to its usefulness, and that his opinions on the final issue of the Day of Judgment are of dangerous tendency." ("Life," vol. ii. p. 191.) And the most brilliant professor of divinity Oxford has possessed this century, a man as learned as he was eloquent and as acute as he was versatile, declared that "the Council of King's College had done a substantial duty to the Church and the nation in suppressing at once a teaching that immediately interfered with the very foundation of religion and morals." It may not be welcome to some to be reminded of such things any more than it is welcome to Rome to be reminded of her persecuting deeds. It may, however, be salutary.

And here I must draw to an end. It will be the privilege of others to speak directly on your noble foundation, which, like all Maurice's work, he based on religion, and religion as represented by the Church of England, the Church in which he was so mightily an agent of good. Already it has done great work in forming noble women who have shone as lights in the world. It has still much to do. The reactionary spirit and the stationary are powerful. It is for you to supplement them by the progressive spirit of your great Master.

While you join with the other great parties of the Church in maintaining in it a fervent piety, it is for you, by your domestic influence as well as by more public speech and pen, to help in making the Church of England the leader and the consecrator of modern thought. You must not "sit nor stand, but go." For be sure of this, that superstition is the parent of unbelief, and credulous women make sceptical men. If you would save religion you must not suppress your mind. And with words of Archbishop Trench, spoken as chairman of the Committee of Queen's College, when Maurice, its founder, felt called upon to resign his place in it lest the violent attacks made upon him by both the High and Low Church parties should injure the college he so much loved, I will conclude the remarks you have been patient enough to permit. "Your portrait placed in our hall of meeting will there constantly remind us of one the freest that we have ever known from every sordid aim, the readiest we have ever known to spend himself on all self-denying labours for others; the most forgetful of himself, and who, therefore, may least of all be forgotten by us. Nor will this be our only gain. We shall thus, as we would fain hope, be also reminded that only as we carry on our work in the spirit which you would have imparted, which we trust you have bequeathed to us, can we look for any true success, any lasting blessing."

And if beyond the shadow and the sleep
  A place there be for souls without a stain,
Where peace is perfect and delight more deep
  Than seas or skies that change and shine again;
There none of all unsullied souls that live
  May hold a surer station—none may lend
More light to hope's or memory's lamp, nor give
  More joy than thine to those that call thee friend

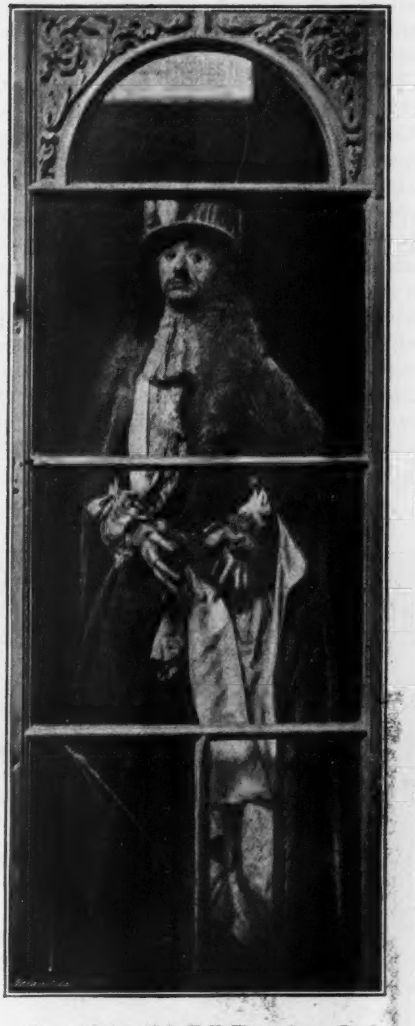
—SWINBURNE.

THE PLAY OF THE DEAD FOLK AT WESTMINSTER

By the Rev. W. J. FERRAR, M.A.

It was in the time of Abbot Islip, who ruled at Westminster for the first thirty years of the sixteenth century, that Henry VII's Chapel was raised in all its elaborate beauty. The Abbot himself put many a finishing touch to the great church; the Western towers, the statues in the niches, and this small chapel leading out of the North transept of the apse were of his building; and here in the chapel, an example, as Dean Stanley says, of "the last efflorescence of monastic architecture," the good old man, whose motto was "Seek peace and ensue it," sleeps his last sleep.

It is in a little chamber above the Chapel that the famous wax effigies of the Abbey are to be found. Past an elaborate perpendicular window, through a very narrow doorway, and up a little staircase, we are taken to see them, the verger lighting the way with a lantern, and before we are quite prepared, we are face to face with King Charles II. at the top of the stair.



(From a photograph by H. N. King, 4 Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, London)

CHARLES II.

But what is the history of these wax figures, and how did it happen that they are among the sights of Westminster? For our explanation we must go back to the old funeral rites of our noble families, to the times of torch-light funerals, and protracted days of "lying-in-state" surrounded by mourners—perhaps, further still, to republican Rome, and the patrician who had in his hall the "masks" of his ancestors, and was comforted at the approach of death by the thought that they would be carried at his obsequies.

These waxen figures played a considerable part in the last rites of the great, in England, from the fourteenth century onward. Similar effigies seem to have been formed then of "boiled leather" (*cuir bouilli*) and borne upon the coffin in the funeral procession. But that was not all; if one had entered Westminster Abbey within a few weeks of such a funeral, one would have seen near the place where the body was buried a kind of platform with black curtains, and within would have stood the waxen effigy. This gloomy erection was called the "hearse," and epitaphs and elegies were pinned and pasted to it; in ordinary cases it was allowed to remain about a month, and when it was removed, the waxen figure seems often to have been left standing near the tomb. The construction of these "hearses" was entrusted to great artists; Inigo Jones, for instance, designed the catafalque of King James I.

There seem once to have been such figures of Edward I. and Queen Anne of Bohemia; Edward III. and Philippa; Henry V. and Katharine; Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, Henry, Prince of Wales, Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Queen Anne: but as we shall see, time has made terrible gaps in the royal ranks. No doubt the figures were not well treated during the Revolution, but yet in the year 1658 a rhymester could write in doggerel rhyme:

Henry the Seventh and his fair Queen,
  Edward the First and his Queen,
Henry the Fifth here stands upright,
  And his fair Queen was this Queen.
The noble Prince, Prince Henry,
  King James' eldest son;
King James, Queen Anne, Queen Elizabeth,
  And so this chapel's done.

The broken remnants of this goodly company are most of them screwed up in a chest out of sight; not one of them remains perfect. It is a later generation of effigies that inhabit the wainscot presses of Abbot Islip's chapel to-day; and putting Queen Elizabeth out of the question, for she is a late reproduction of a destroyed effigy, the modern sight-seer must be content to start with Charles II. He stands before us in the faded robes he wore at the installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor. There is something of the gipsy in his dark swarthy complexion; a slight moustache covers his upper lip; his expression is bold, reckless, and daring, and one feels that the figure might well stand for a buccaneer. Perhaps it is unfair to say that his face tells that "he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," but he certainly looks like one not much used to consider his actions, though his face shows plenty of ability. One can well believe that when he chose to bend his careless faculties to work, "he could do more in ten minutes than most men in as many hours"; and one can quite see in his fine athletic figure the lover of tennis and "the game of Pall-Mall," and the man who, at the Great Fire, knew how to rise to the occasion. A reckless, careless, childish man he certainly was, but hypocrisy was never his failing; and we will hope there was more than a jest in his words when he used to say in appreciation of Bishop Ken's stern denunciations, "I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults."

(*From a photograph by H. N. King, 4 Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, London*)

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

Another Stewart stands near, Frances Theresa, Duchess of Richmond, who died in 1702. She was a daughter of a Stewart of Blantyre, and was a famous beauty in her day. It is said that she is the original of that figure so familiar to us all, the "Britannia" of our coinage; and strange it is to think that even the poorest to-day possess a model of "La belle Stewart," of the court of Queen Anne. She wears with stately pride the coronet and robes which she wore at Queen Anne's coronation, though, alas! the velvet is shabby and its colour gone. According to her will she was to be "as well done in wax as could be," and enclosed "under clear crown-glass and no other." Upon a little perch by her side sits the pathetic companion of her state, the small grey parrot which belonged to her for over forty years, and died a few days after its mistress: the poor little stuffed bird is a touch of nature that speaks to the heart.

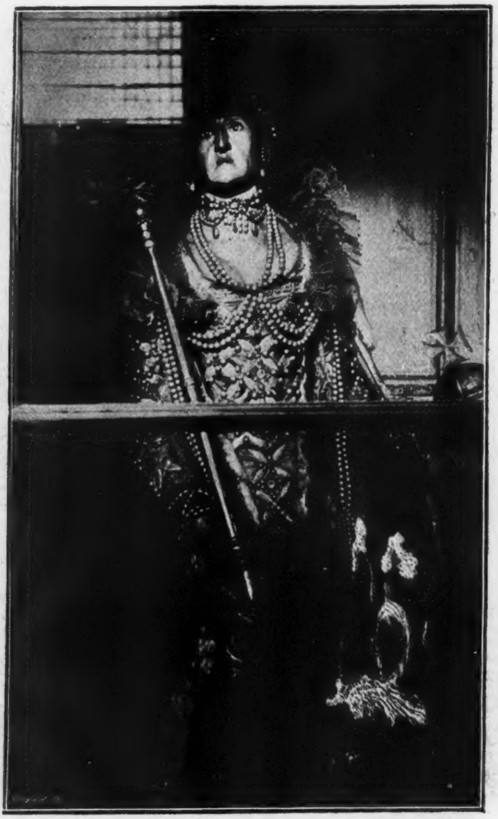
The lady on the left with her little three-year-old son by her side, and the flower in her hand, was Catherine Darnley, a daughter of James II. She had rather a sad history: she was first the wife of Lord Anglesea, who treated her shamefully, and being divorced from him she became the wife of a striking figure of the time, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham and Marquis of Normanby. Sheffield was a great courtier, and had even aspired to the hand of Princess Anne, who gave him his Dukedom when she became Queen. He was something of a poet, and is included as such in "Johnson's Lives." He was a victim of the fashionable scepticism of the day: the touching Latin epitaph which is inscribed on his monument hard by, and which he wrote himself, tells of his devotion to his country, of his religious doubts and uncertainty, but high moral ideal and serenity in the presence of death: "Ignorance and error are human, but I trust in God, Almighty, most benevolent! Being of beings, have mercy on me." It is strange to think that the Dean would not allow an expression of reverence for our Lord to be included in this fine and touching epitaph: if full orthodox belief were not expressed, he preferred to have nothing. John Newton remarked truly of the words of Sheffield: "If any heathen could be found who sees the vanity of the world and says from his heart, 'Being of beings, have mercy on me!' I believe he would be heard": but he adds that he never found any heathen who could say it. Sheffield was nearer to faith than he or his contemporaries thought.

(From a photograph by H. N. King, 4 Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, London)

QUEEN MARY

His Duchess, who stands before us, arranged all the details of her funeral with scrupulous exactness with Garter King of Arms; and the hearse in which she was to stand under sable canopies in the Abbey seems to have occupied her thoughts almost to the last. We are told that "she feared dying before the pomp should come home," and that she exclaimed feebly from her bed: "Why don't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished." So that spirit seems to say its last word, which for so many centuries inspired the morbid gratification that the noble felt in those ghastly funeral honours. The childish figure of her little son, who died when three years old, stands beside her dressed in red velvet; and fronting her is the recumbent figure of her eldest son, who bore the Dukedom for a short space, and died at Rome, to the bitter grief of his mother, when only nineteen. His is the last effigy that was placed on a coffin. He is attired in full ducal robes, ermine, and jewelled coronet; and the beautiful modelling of his face is like nothing so much as death. His funeral followed shortly after that of the great Duke of Marlborough. His mother, feverish to do her son all possible honour, asked the Duchess of Marlborough to allow him to be borne to his last resting-place in the same hearse which carried the Duke so short a time before. Her request was refused by Duchess Sarah in these haughty words: "It carried my Lord Marlborough, and shall never be profaned by any other corse." The mother, stung by the reply, sent back the answer: "I have consulted the undertaker, and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds." This bickering of great ladies in their sorrow is very pathetic in its way. The mother died four years after the death of her ill-fated son.

Queen Anne's is a very pleasing figure:



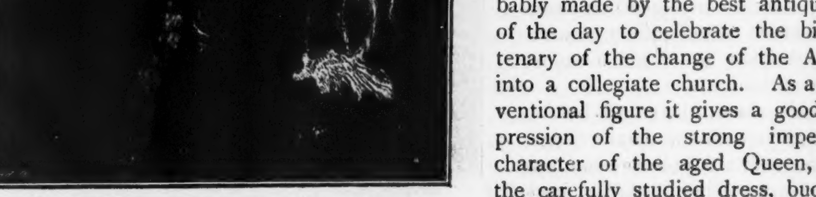
(*From a photograph by H. N. King, 4 Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, London*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH

she wears a rich brocaded gown, and her dark hair hangs on her shoulders. There is a very sweet expression on her full open face, and one seems to get a better idea of what she really was from this effigy than from hours with the historians.

Her sister, Queen Mary, stands in another case with her royal consort, who is placed upon a pillow to make him as tall as his queen. Between them is the crown: there is little to notice in the group, except that poor Queen Mary seems hardly to come up to the praise of her court-poets; but she died of small-pox, and it may have been impossible to obtain a correct likeness after her death.

Queen Elizabeth dates only from 1760. The original figure in the "dirty ruff," to be presently alluded to, was worn out some fifty years before, and the present one was probably made by the best antiquaries of the day to celebrate the bi-centenary of the change of the Abbey into a collegiate church. As a conventional figure it gives a good impression of the strong imperious character of the aged Queen, and the carefully studied dress, buckled shoes, and chains of pearls do as much for her vanity.

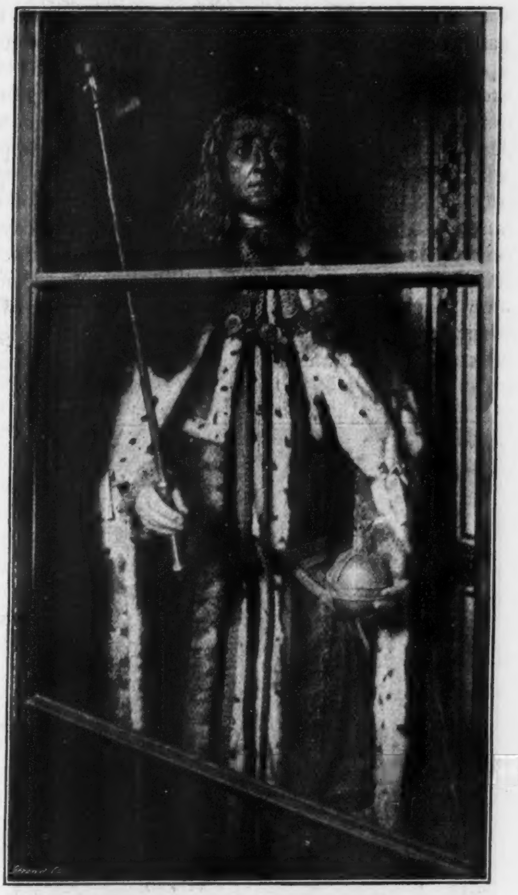


(*From a photograph by H. N. King, 4 Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, London*)

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Two figures still remain: Chatham who died in 1778, in the very robes which he wore in the House of Lords on that last wonderful occasion. This was no proper funeral effigy, but a mere "waxwork" made to increase the profits drawn from what was called by some "The Play of the Dead Folk." He stands perhaps as he stood when, in that last oration with trembling voice recalling even then the tones of his old eloquence, he demanded whether "the country which but seventeen years ago was the terror of the world was to stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, 'Take all we have, only give us peace.'"

And last of all we see the slim, boyish figure of Nelson, even more obviously "a waxwork"; but it is dressed in Nelson's real clothes and hat, and seems to be a good likeness. The story of how he came to be here does not reflect much credit upon the authorities. Those who profited by the fees paid to see the sights of the Abbey were suffering from the greater popularity of the crypt of St. Paul's after Nelson's funeral, which contains his funeral car; and so they caused this figure to be made for their gallery, and duly advertised in the Abbey guide. One thinks with Dean Stanley of the strange satire there is here on Nelson's inspired cry at a critical moment at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent, when having taken the *San Nicholas*, he immediately boarded another three-decker, exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!"



(From a photograph by H. N. King, 4 Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, London)

KING WILLIAM

General Monk's figure is no longer presentable; but we can see his armour and jack-boots; nor is the redoubted helmet here still, in which the greedy vergers used to collect their fees; whereof the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" rhymed—

> I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester's crowning fight,
> When on my ears a sound there fell, it filled me with affright,
> As thus in low unearthly tones I heard a voice begin:
> "*This here's the cap of General Monk! Sir, please put summut in!*"

These poor wax-figures have indeed been through strange vicissitudes. Despoiled as they were of their finery during the Commonwealth, neglected and uncared for in the early years of the Restoration, and at last converted into a rather questionable means of enlarging the salaries of the minor-canons and lay-vicars, it is no wonder that after the burial of Sheffield, in 1740, no one ventured to suggest another effigy. In the time of Queen Anne the figures had fallen into contempt; one is only surprised that the Queen's effigy was ever made to join so motley a crew. The author of "Tom Brown's Walk through London and Westminster" describes how he found in 1717 the "dirty cobweb hole and the old worm-eaten presses, whose doors flew open at our approach." It is piteous to read how, "here stood Edward III., as they told us, which was a broken piece of waxwork, a battered head, and a straw-stuffed body, not one quarter covered with rags; his beautiful queen stood by him, not better in repair; and so to the number of half a score kings and queens not near so good figures as the king of the beggars makes, and all the begging crew would be ashamed of their company; their rear was brought up by good Queen Bess, with the remnants of an old dirty ruff."

(From a photograph by H. N. King, 4 Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, London)

NELSON

The customary time for showing the figures to the people was on holidays between the sermon and evensong, and a story from the Queen Anne period will show how "The Play of the Dead Folk" was appreciated, and will also illustrate the length of the sermons of the great preacher of the day—Isaac Barrow. It was a holy-day, and "the meaner sort of people" had flocked from all parts to pay their two-pence for seeing the figures, and when they saw the learned doctor in the pulpit long after the usual time, "fearing to lose that time in hearing, which they thought they could more profitably employ in viewing, these, I say, became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not give over playing till they had blowed him down." Imagine the ignominious descent of Dr. Barrow from the pulpit! It is interesting to recall also the fact that on another occasion when he had accepted the invitation of the Dean to preach—this was on a Sunday, when there was no chance of the sermon being so shortened—Dean Sprat explained to the preacher in the vestry that "the auditory loved short sermons and were used to them," and begged him not to be too long. Dr. Isaac showed him his discourse founded on Proverbs x. 18, "He that uttereth slander is a liar," in which slander and lying were separately considered. The Dean suggested that the first part of the sermon would, perhaps, be sufficient; and he was well-advised, for it took the doctor a full hour and a half to deliver it.

By the end of the century things were still worse with our effigies. Pennant, the antiquarian, dismisses them most scornfully as "a parcel of human figures which in old times were dressed and carried at funeral processions; but at present very deservedly have got the name of the *ragged regiment.*" A truer idea of what was fit, and a keener sense of the value of all such historical links with the past, has saved the few uninjured figures from further damage. Dean Stanley was a good friend to them, and in the security of their closed cases they are subject now only to the slow and gentle inroads of the invincible devastator, Time. There is even a melancholy dignity about this ill-lighted chapel, and its cases of great people, whose earthly life has already receded so far into the past: the king, the queen, the noble lady, the statesman, the admiral, here they stand when day outside is bright, when night hangs heavy—always in a mysterious gloom, and clad for ever in the robes they wore on the great days of their lives, though their still faces have so much of the cold stillness of death. One does not envy the soul of the person, who, conducted up that narrow stair, and brought into the twilight of this silent company, does not feel its pathos—the sad significance of the faded purple robes of state, the yellowed lace, the tarnished braid of gold, and the mouldering imitation flowers set so long ago into the lifeless hands. To unfold the stories of those tenants of the Islip Chapel fully—what depths of human nature would it not unmask, what royal folly and thoughtless sin, what vanity, statecraft, and worldly pride, what love and sorrow! Ay, and what noble human nature, what gentle womanliness, what determination, what bravery and glory! Such surely are the thoughts that crowd in upon our minds as we stand in the midst of the silent group round the recumbent figure of young Sheffield, as our eyes look from Charles to the Duchess and her infant boy, from Queen Anne to Queen Elizabeth, and from Pitt to Nelson! And as we turn to descend to the transept again with those pictures of the dead in our minds, the words of the great moralist come back to us with a new force: "When I look upon the tombs of the great, envy dies in me . . . when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow . . . when I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

By NEIL MUNRO

THE past month has seen oceans of ink spilled in the recountment of Mr. Kipling's achievements, yet of the myriad commentators who made the novelist's sick-bed inspire their laudatory pens no one seems to have attempted an analysis of the man, and what, in our indispensable phrase, we call his message. It has been iterated to weariness that he writes with the star-gemmed quill of genius and the fiery exaltation of the patriot. These are the more obvious of his qualities, the abstract impressions created by his work, that would of themselves perhaps have left us cold because of their very commonness, for Providence flicks a brain-patch a little out of the normal in one or two skulls in every English Board School (with a double allowance for North Britain), and reverence for the Old Rag, the zest of the glory of going on and of being an Englishman, is thrust, with gas-pipe drill and the manual exercise, into multitudinous Boys' Brigades till pride of country exudes from every pore. The clanging patriotic note we have heard so much about in the past few weeks is, at least in its more arrogant note of Imperialism, by no means the most universally esteemed of Mr. Kipling's characteristics, nor is it new with him. Did not Campbell trumpet to our hearts in the sonorous call that finds its last lingering haunting note in the name of Elsinore; and did not Tennyson and Doyle and Swinburne, eminently among others, strike lustily on Britain's brass-bossed shield generations more or less before the refrains of Atkins and the Adventurers hummed through the century end?

And yet the application of the spectroscope to a star so new and dazzling is no trivial business, for directly of the star itself we have seen but little. We have biographical glimpses of an infant in Bombay, a schoolboy at Westward Ho, a reporter and subeditor in India, but no intimate details of what went to the making of a personality matured marvellously at the age of twenty-one, and destined to become the most potent influence in English letters in his own generation, so far as it has gone. What we know of Mr. Kipling must be gathered from his work: him the interviewer has followed vainly, and the personal paragrapher has had to dish up for his patrons disappointing and more or less apocryphal scraps. We find revealed in those works a singular physical and mental vitality, "a very strong man," as he has said himself of Tommy Atkins, with a great and exuberant zest in every aspect of life, with huge self-confidence, humour, irony, curiosity, and stoicism in a wonderful degree. That ever-apparent delight he has in the terminology of crafts, trades, and callings obviously outwith his direct experience, may be accepted as indicative not only of the common artistic appreciation for out-of-the way and pregnant words or phrases, but of a real love for the teeming interests, the human activities they express. For generations our poets and romancers have cherished the old mechanical plant of their ancestors—loves, seasons, scenery, and (to a lamentable and indecent extent of late) the internals. Mr. Kipling, thrown by the caprice of fortune into a career oscillating between two worlds, began the business of his life by surrendering most of the old conventional inspirations and locutions, and used his eyes to look abroad upon the marvel of the modern world. Cortes and his men (or, more correctly, Balboa) saw from their peak in Darien but an empty, wind-blown ocean; Kipling had a greater cause for wild surmise as perhaps the very first—Whitman out of count—to behold the Seven Seas thrid by the traffic of man, so infinitely romantic, so infinitely eloquent of the irrepressible valour of the race. Lesser men it has left unmoved, —unless they were underwriters—him it touched to great emotional issues. It has been so with him on land too. Tommy Atkins and Britain's pioneer work on vexed frontiers have inspired him, not primarily because he was an Englishman, but because he was a man moved profoundly by the persistence of his fellows in a world whose pathos and oft futility he has obviously at the same time understood. Man the artificer, "the disease of the agglutinate dust, lifting alternate feet," Mr. Kipling has seen in the light of comprehensive humanity and brotherhood. Ships threshing the seas triumphant, armies combating ague, fever, heathendom, and bloody death; railways roaring over continents, hunters boldly venturing upon trails mysterious and forlorn, outposts of progress in raw new lands—the terrific yet magnificent significance of these human enterprises has impressed him. And all that he has observed he has seen with the philosophic eye, he has enveloped his every picture, his every sentiment with stoic calm, that, now we have emerged from the experiments of the problem—novelists and the didactic poets, is essentially the mood in which the century shall go out.

About a dozen books—a book a year for the years of his activity—provide us with the scope of Mr. Kipling's genius. If he wrote no more they were sufficient to establish his reputation as a man marking an epoch in English letters. We could indeed sacrifice some of his work without detracting in the smallest degree from his permanent reputation, though the loss might mean the surrender of many light and cheerful hours. "Under the Deodars," for instance, that exposure in youthful sarcasm of domestic eccentricities in Anglo-Indian life, so often superficially flippant and smart, reveals nothing of the mature, reflecting Kipling; another generation will probably confess that it would part without a pang with these and other stories where the Hauksbee flourishes. "Brugglesmith" and "Badalia Herodsfoot," "My Sunday at Home," and a few other caprices of his prose muse might also pass into the limbo unwept, unhousel'd, unanel'd. The marvel is that a writer so profuse and versatile should have made mistakes so few. The perfect remainder, speaking comparatively, charm by their novelty, their vitality, their indubitable genius, but most of all because of the man they reveal, as must be the case in all great works of literary art, Mr. Browning's doctrine of reticence to the contrary. In them we find the human affection that inspires good literature, the essential, but not too prominent, touch of pathos, the tolerance that says the charitable word for the weakling, yet bows the head to just punishment, for man is master of his fate. It may be that Mr. Kipling has sought after the artist's impartiality in limning such a portrait as that of Terence Mulvaney, surely one of the most permanent and lovable characters in fiction, but despite himself his personal predilections emerge in the portrait. We have in that erratic representative of our red-coat rule in India the most familiar type of his creator's heroes. Mulvaney borrows some of the blackguardism of D'Artagnan; he is a little of the bully, of the drunkard, the barrack-room Don Juan, with few claims upon our respect as sober Christians and decent citizens. Yet how humorous are his lovable attributes; his cameraderie shines on him like a cuirass, his response to his better man is frequent and convincing. Savagely surrounded, savagely descended, the bitter circumstances of his life conspiring always to show the worst of him, we must be prizing, as his painter does, the occasions when he defies his destiny and laboriously acts the man. What sins are we not half ready to condone in a hero so speckled when, in "With the Main Draft," having kept his heat-tortured comrades amused through the sleepless night with his story,

"'Oh, Terence,' I said, 'it's you that have the tongue.'

"He looked at me wearily, his eyes were sunk in his head, and bis face was drawn and white. 'Ey, ey,' said he, 'I've blandandhared thim through the night somehow, but can thim that hilps others hilp thimselves? Answer me that, sorr.'"

Mulvaney is the composite Kipling hero. Unlike the musketeer of Louis XIII., he moves in an atmosphere, not a vacuum tube; we know not only what he is, but why he is what he is; he is a living person, not a marionette. This realism and this atmospheric envelopment distinguish all the best of Mr. Kipling's creations. His women, whether they be camp heroines, dubious ladies of the married quarters, creatures of Simla intrigue, or common wives and mothers, stand upon their legs, move and have their being in their appropriate and native air, a phrase here and there, let slip as if it had no great relation to the matter at issue, telling all the history and ancestry which the new novelist of heredity must have numerous chapters, doleful and melancholy chapters, to lay bare. Mrs. Hauksbee is not a heroine except to the tolerant artistic eye that beholds her wonderfully human and true to a life that has contradictions and complexities utterly beyond our unravelling. I have said we might part with her without a pang, and yet I doubt if we could; rather I should have said we could let go her attendant train of vapid and caddish followers, and forget the social life of which she is the centre. She herself is Mr. Kipling's strongest female character. He knows her past, he reveals all the ignominy of her present, but, carrying his tolerance further in her than in any other, he betrays what seems an admiration for her powerful personality.

In his first few books Mr. Kipling, with heroes and heroines more or less variant of the two named, made more populous the world about us of unforgettable men and women of the imagination. "Plain Tales from the Hills," and the half-dozen booklets published first by Wheeler of Allahabad, in grey paper covers that yet to look upon is to experience a sense of boon friendships—these contain the work that he will find it difficult to improve upon. There we were made acquaint for the first time with the Terentian philosophy—

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide;

the British soldier became for the first time something more than a Surrey-side melodramatic tinpot hero; our little wars with Pathan and Dacoit jumped into actuality, and were no longer occult suggestions, remote, far-off, incomprehensible in the brief telegraphic news of the morning papers. India itself, with its name redolent of romance from the days of Virgil, found its exponent for the modern man, and we became of a sudden familiar with a country where nothing had ever happened before but famines and mutinies; with its heats, its rains, its colour, its vast spaces, its commingling odours. The hot savage soil on the fringe of barbarian blackness turned up red to the coulter of civilisation. Whitechapel and the English areas where zymotic disease abounds wrestled for our glory with savage Orientals; we were in a new world, where, luckily, people, as in the days of Scott, were doing things eternally, and not simply whining at existence.

"The Drums of the Fore and Aft" and "The Man Who Would Be King," these notably among the early essays in a new method of fiction stirred us by the vivid illusion they conveyed, by the vista they suggested of space and action, by the romance with which they were informed in every image, the wholesome manliness that throbbed in every sentiment. It is in the genre of which they are the best examples that Mr. Kipling is pre-eminent. In the superficial elements of many of his other stories there is much imitable though novel and ingenious, in those named and in the horror of "The Mark of the Beast" and "The End of the Passage," there is inspiration of a much more rare and elusive kind, a quality that cannot be repeated by any other writer.

(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, 55 Baker Street, London)

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

The gods were extravagantly good to Mr. Kipling, for with his gift of dramatic tale and a career to equip him for its expression, they gave him the gift of poetry, lacking which prose narrative is soulless and evanescent. It is the poetic insight that over and over again redeems brutal and even vulgar passages in his tales from our indifference or contempt; there he would have shown the poet if "Departmental Ditties," "Barrack-room Ballads," and "The Seven Seas" had never been written. But he has in his works of verse justified himself as the laureate of English endeavour. A brain-weary people, sick of abstruse sermons played upon dulcimers, have hailed with gladness a song and chorus accompanied by the banjo. Some of the strenuous young gentlemen who sing in pestilently unmusical and jerky measure of life, time, and early demise have an equipment Mr. Kipling cannot or does not boast of. They rejoice in vocabularies extensive and precious; they have a fastidiousness that keeps them clear of the cheap tune, the vulgar hero, the sentiment of the Lion Comique, the dialect that is unheard in drawing-rooms. They can write much that Mr. Kipling could not write to save his soul, but they cannot write so as to be read or listened to, which, cant aside, has been the first ambition of every ballad-maker since the days when Homer smote his lyre. Literature in prose or poetry is saved from eternal perdition by fresh starts; just when the material of conventional verse has been spread out thin to invisibility, and sheer intellect is going to upset our apple-cart, a lark soars into the heavens with a simple song for lesson, a man sheds the cerements of convention, steps back from the choir, and gives his natural voice a trial unafraid. Then, no matter what he sings—weariness and fret, the joy of life, passion, Spring or stars, if a robust individuality, a clean nature, a lyric lilt and cadence be his, we must be listening. His are the airs that the people find haunting; they may be even only temporary in appeal, but permanence is not, in spite of all we say to the contrary, the first and greatest essential of poetry. Wharton boasted that with "Lillibulero" he had whistled a king out of three kingdoms; we have to-day forgotten that air that Uncle Toby so constantly dwelt on, but in the final balancing of things that have influenced, who can say that the forgotten "Lillibulero" is not more weighty than studious measures in classic mould a few rare exclusive souls have sung for centuries?

With material entirely new, with a method novel, Kipling, in "Barrack-room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas," has captured the general ear and touched the general heart. That, it may be retorted, was done aforetime by the Muse of Mr. Sims. Yet in this instance there is a great difference, though it seems sacrilege to hint the necessity of differentiation. It is not the music-hall audience alone that is impressed by the weird terror of "Danny Deever," the sentiment of the majestic "Ballad of East and West," the *élan* of the "Sons of the Widow," and the cadence and wistfulness of "Mandalay." In these measures artists have found the lyric note no way abased. Good as "Barrack-room Ballads" were, the more recent "Seven Seas" was better. There we found Mr. Kipling still with "the best words in the best order," as Coleridge defined poetry, but more profound in the hearts of man. A wider sweep of interests, a more mature valuation of the phenomena of life, a more opulent and canorous note peals in his lines, the man behind the instrument is more finely revealed. Any claim by any other living man than the author of "A Song of the English" to be considered the laureate by divine right of English peoples would be ridiculous. But the Imperialism of the book is only one of its impressive features. The age of steam and telegraph, Hotchkiss guns and Saratoga trunks has found its balladist there, and he has found nothing common or unclean. The soldiers of the later military ballads, too, betray an ageing creator; they are still strumming on the banjo, but their songs have lost some of the shallow inspiration of the 'Alls; they lean upon homing bulwarks and reflect upon the sweet futilities that have stayed them here and there upon the sides of "the 'appy roads that take you o'er the world." And the seas cry in his work for the first time, not the played-out oceans of dhow and galley and picturesque but unwieldy three-deckers, but of the darting cruiser, the liner spurning leagues a day in every weather, the buffeting of the elements, and the engineer.

There are other works of Mr. Kipling than those I have named. The "Jungle Books" delight by their insight, almost magic, of the untamed wilds and all their residents; "Captains Courageous," less felicitously inspired but yet original and unique, "Many Inventions," and "The Day's Work," "Life's Handicap," "The Light that Failed," and "The Naulakha" have material fresh and strong. Taking either his prose or poetry in separate parts, testing by ordinary canons, it will happen that the writing seems often to be on a lower plane than the imaginative inspiration, and a sense of something wanting may ensue. But surveying the work of Mr. Kipling as a whole, the most fastidious must be impressed by the greatness of its genius, the scope and variety it displays, the essentially wholesome influence it creates.

THE SLEEP OF SORROW

IT is surely one of the most beautiful and tender mysteries of our human life that grief should weigh heavy on the eyelids, and that, at the very moment when the burden begins to exceed our power of endurance, the anguish of hearts bereaved and broken should lapse into the blessed unconsciousness of sleep. In the bitterest miseries we are capable of suffering we seem to walk most nearly on the brink of that deep and assuaging oblivion.

It cannot but be that the physiologist and the physician have formed for themselves some more or less satisfactory physical theory to explain how it happens that the most grievous sorrow lies so close to a forgetfulness of all sorrow; but if they have discovered the secret they do not appear to have popularised their knowledge, and one is left to form one's own conjecture whether the sleep of sorrow is not due to the full heart drawing to its own sustainment the warm stream of life and leaving the brain depleted; or whether it results from the absorption of the soul in itself, and the consequent closing of those channels of the senses by which the stimulus of the external world plays on the organs of the mind.

Whatever the physical account of the phenomenon may be, the slumber of grief is none the less a divine interposition; and the dew of its mercy falls on babe and grey-beard, on man and woman alike. Who that has read Patmore's poignant little poem "The Toys" but remembers how, the small child having been chastised and dismissed with hard words and without a good-night kiss, the father, "fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,"

> visited his bed,
> But found him slumbering deep,
> With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
> From his late sobbing wet.

Who, indeed, that has been blessed with children of her own but can tell how sleep has suddenly closed the streaming eyes and tranquillised the quick troubled breath into a soft and regular respiration? And have we not ourselves had each of us more than one experience of that heavenly touch of unconsciousness while the tears were still wet on our faces?

Yet how strange it is that reference to this solace of human misery is so rarely to be met with in literature—at least in a form worthy of its beautiful and compassionate beneficence! A casual phrase here and there—the "balm of hurt minds," the knitting up of the "ravell'd sleave of care"—serves to indicate that the fact is familiar enough, but one would have expected that many writers would have made it the theme of fiction or of poetry.

The most striking instance I can recall occurs in the New Testament. Thrice it is recorded that the disciples fell asleep in the Garden of Gethsemane; but it is Luke alone, the wise physician, who mentions that they were "sleeping for sorrow." The other Evangelists set down the mere fact, but the saintly *hakim*, skilled in the maladies of the body and the mind, deemed it needful to explain how it was that in that supreme hour of agony and desolation the beloved and devoted followers of the Master had apparently yielded to a selfish ease, and left Him alone to that dereliction of soul to which only an angel from heaven could administer consolation. They were "sleeping for sorrow."

But if literature is sparing in impressive examples, we meet them occasionally in the daily papers, reported with a matter-of-fact straightforwardness which emphasises rather than detracts from their pathos. A few months ago I cut out a paragraph which told the story of the wife of a labourer, one of whose sons had died. Distracted with her loss, she wandered away from her home, and was found lying fast asleep among the underbrush of the woods. In this sleep she remained for nearly five months, "and on awakening in the afternoon insisted on getting up at once, believing that she had merely overslept herself after a restless night in which she had had 'peculiar dreams.'

This was no doubt an extreme case, one indeed which most readers would feel disposed to attribute to some malady of the body rather than to a violent emotion of the soul: but who is wise enough to instruct us in what diseases, or at what point in a disease, our spiritual nature is or is not concerned? This five months' sleep, abnormal as it appears to be, was doubtless a true instance of "sleeping for sorrow"; and one is lost in amazement in thinking of its inexplicable mysteries.

Whether she awakened free from grief the story does not tell, but this too is among the healing miracles of the sleep of sorrow. Some five centuries ago the writer of the beautiful poem "Pearl" tells how he fell asleep in despair on his little child's grave, saw her in a dream, and awakened with a heart made whole. Even that strange experience has occurred once at least—probably many times—in our own days.

VIOLET CLIFFORD.

THE ETERNAL CITY

By WILLIAM SHARP

IN the chronicles of the Celtic saints there is a remark attributed to Gildas, the Breton bishop: that neither Jerusalem nor Rome was immortal, and that the only Eternal City was in the Word of God. It is doubtful if Gildas really spoke thus, for in his day Rome was not alluded to as Urbs Æterna; but words to that effect he may well have said. More than one great ethical teacher or mystic has said the same thing: Spinoza, that the Eternal City was but an analogue for the Divine Hope; Swedenborg, that in this world there is but one citadel which is for ever being besieged yet is never destroyed—the Soul of Humanity; Ruysbroeck, that for each man the capital of the world is wheresoever he can distinguish the Divine Whisper.

It is neither as the chronicler of spiritual Rome nor as a mystic that Mr. Marion Crawford set himself to the task he has worthily fulfilled.* Nor, again, has he set himself to emulate Niebuhr or Mommsen or Gibbon, nor even Ampère or Gregorovius. He knew that no one man could tell the whole story of Rome in all its detail; he knew that others have studied its phases from all standpoints, and so was as little anxious to become a rival of Mr. Bryce as of Lanciani or Schneider. In truth, there is no place for any enthusiast with such o'er-leaping ambition. Edward Gibbon himself would, to-day, find it difficult to persuade a publisher to undertake his great history.

What was wanted was a concise and yet picturesque narrative, written by a man familiar with Rome and Roman history and all things Roman; a scholar as well as a student; and, primarily, a writer, one to whom words are what notation is to a musician, or what pigments are to a painter—the unique means of artistic expression. Perhaps there is none living who in these respects could so conspicuously stand out in this category as Mr. Marion Crawford. All who know his Roman and other Italian romances are aware of his deep and sympathetic familiarity with his subject-matter. Born in Italy, he spent his childhood there, and a year or two of his youth in Rome; and since 1883 has to all intents resided in Rome or at his lovely house in Sorrento. Obviously, therefore, thus so far qualified, and being the man he is, he stands peculiarly fitted to be the popular chronicler of Rome. To be able to approach as a poet the great subject; as a historian to apprehend it in its vast reach and variety; to have all the trained skill and critical in sight of the scholar; and to be able to bring to the telling the constructive and eliminative and narrative powers of a romancist of distinction—this is what could be expected of few men.

Mr. Crawford had not only to tell in its main features the story of Rome from its primitive days as a shepherd settlement, through its Pagan, Republican, Imperial, Barbaric, and Papal ages, to the monarchical Rome of to-day, capital of reunited Italy, and the "spiritual metropolis" of millions throughout the world, but to give an adequate topographical account of each of the fourteen civic "regions" which constitute Rome as it was and is, and to inform the whole with atmosphere, to illumine all with the understanding of knowledge at first hand, and to compel continuous attention by the charm of a fluent, graceful, and sympathetic style. If that style be sometimes too fluent, too graceful, for the great events and issues dealt with, the shortcoming on the author's part must be condoned: he had to tell his story with uniformity. One of his ablest critics has remarked that "Urbs Æterna" should be painted by Michelangelo, sung by Dante, and carved in everlasting prose by the historian of the Cæsars; but the critic himself is compelled to admit that this is an impossible dream. Mr. Marion Crawford is neither a Michelangelo nor a Dante; and if he were, he would not have given us this delightful work of his maturity; so we should be thankful, without foolish carping, or wishing what neither he nor any other contemporary could be, or that "Ave Roma Immortalis" were a

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* "Ave Roma Immortalis." By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols. With map, 28 photogravure plates, and many woodcuts. Macmillan & Co.

"marmoreal epic" instead of a most vivid and brilliant and, within its limits, marvellously complete chronicle.

Rome: what does the magic word convey to most minds? To be familiar with the pagan, mediæval, or papal city is to have a lifelong subject of interest: to know Rome just as it is is to love it: for millions its name has a more sacred significance than any town in the world, save fallen Jerusalem and ruined Bethlehem and Nazareth. But to the great majority of those who do not come within this triple category—what does the word, the unforgettable name, summon to the mind?

Perhaps to most people who have read and thought, Rome stands for that which represents the darker side of the human struggle for communal and national freedom, for communal and national greatness, for spiritual domination. Let us go with Mr. Crawford to the vast upper galleries of St. Peter's, and look upon this mysterious Rome. "Four hundred feet in the air, you look down on what ruled half the world by force for ages, and on what rules the other half to-day by faith—the greatest centre of conquest and of discord and of religion which the world has ever seen. A thousand volumes have been written about it by a thousand wise men. A word will tell what it has been—the heart of the world. Hither was drawn the world's blood by all the roads that lead to Rome, and hence it was forced out again along the mighty arteries of the Cæsars' marches, to redden the world with the Roman name. Blood, blood, and more blood, that was the history of old Rome—the blood of brothers, the blood of foes, the blood of martyrs without end. It flowed and ebbed in varying tide at the will of the just and the unjust, but there was always more to shed, and there were always more hands to shed it. And so it may be again; for the name of Rome has a heart-stirring ring, and there has always been as much blood spilled for the names of things as for the things themselves."

In this sense, we have each of us our Rome to meet; for most of us at some time or another win suffering and long regret by fighting for the shadow, for the name of a thing, while the substance, the thing itself, passes quietly from the assured, the attainable, into the for-ever unattainable.

But, on the other hand, to a great number "Rome" must mean something much more than a name of tragic omen. It is a sacred city, a city hallowed by lofty memories, sanctified by holy names, ennobled by ideals, the supreme "home of lost causes."

If one stand, in actuality or in thought, under the dome of St. Peter's, one may well cast detail of history to the winds, and let the mind stand free to the tremendous traditions of the place; since, as Mr. Crawford adds, so much of them is truth beyond all question. "Standing where Charles the Great was crowned eleven hundred years ago, one stands not a hundred yards from the grave where the Chief Apostle was first buried. There he has lain now for fifteen hundred years, since the 'religion of the fathers' was 'disestablished,' as we should say, by Honorius, and since the Popes became Pontifexes Maximi of the new faith. This was the place of Nero's circus long before the Colosseum was dreamed of, and the foundations of Christendom's cathedral are laid in earth wet with blood of many thousand martyrs. During two hundred and fifty years every Bishop of Rome died a martyr, to the number of thirty consecutive Popes. It is really and truly holy ground, and it is meet that the air, once rent by the death-cries of Christ's innocent folk, should be enclosed in the world's most sacred place, and be ever musical with holy song and sweet with incense."

There is no historic name that so appeals to the imagination. Even the most commonplace tourist to the Rome of to-day—a Rome degraded by the speculator, the jerry-builder, the "broken men" of a broken kingdom, once the greatest, now in a sense the saddest of world-famous capitals—cannot but respond in some degree to the magic that lies even in the very name. The city is still so beautiful, so grand, so royal in its fallen splendour; life there is still so wonderful, that even the bastard grandiosity of the palace of the Ministry of Finance (vastest and vainest and most superfluous of all the great structures in Rome), the second-rate Parisianism of the Via Nazionale, the London-Suburbanism of the despoiled Gardens of Minerva, the Battersea-dreariness of the model dwellings in the Prati di

Castello, the trams in the Corso and motor-cars on the Flaminian Way—all this and much more, cannot wholly destroy the old marvellous illusion—cannot relegate Rome to the company of Nineveh and Babylon.

"The story of Rome is the most splendid romance in all history." It is with these words that Mr. Crawford begins his chronicle. From the first migration of the hill-shepherds to the Rome of our own day which saw the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope, what an evolution, what a vast, splendid, terrifying, thrilling, sordid, magnificent processional!

One wonders if it was indeed only the instinct of a tribal people, or response to a guiding voice, that made these few shepherd-folk from the mountain-lands settle upon the river-divided plain in one particular spot where seven low hills rose solitary. "One of these hills the leader chooses, rounded and grassy: there they encamp, and they dig a trench and build huts. Pales, mistress of flocks, gives her name to the Palatine Hill. Rumon, the flowing river, names the village Rome; and Rome names the leader Romulus, the Man of the River, the Man of the Village by the River; and to our own time the twenty-first of April is kept and remembered, and even now honoured, for the very day on which the shepherds began to dig their trench on the Palatine, the date of the Foundation of Rome, from which seven hundred and fifty-four years were reckoned to the birth of Christ.

"And the shepherds called their leader King, though his kingship was over but few men. Yet they were such men as begin history, and in the scant company there were all the seeds of empire. First the profound faith of natural mankind, unquestioning, immovable, inseparable from every daily thought and action; then fierce strength and courage, and love of life and of possession; last, obedience to the chosen leader, in clear liberty, when one should fail, to choose another. So the Romans began to win the world."

If Mr. Crawford had written his book throughout as he has narrated the rise of Rome from the sheepfold of Romulus to the walled town of Servius ("and the King of Italy to-day, driving through the streets in his carriage, may look upon the wall of the King who reigned in Rome more than two thousand and four hundred years ago"); from the fall of Tarquin the Proud and all his kin, to the uprising of shadowy Etruria and the coming of Porsena and his host to that for-ever famous Sublician bridge defended by Horatius, to the disappearance of the Kings and the rise of the Commonwealth, the Roman Republic—his work would be memorable also as a masterpiece in art. Unfortunately far too much of this fine book is written journalistically; there are sections of it indeed, such as the otherwise excellent chapter on the present Pope, which read as though excerpted from the interviewer's record in an American newspaper. But in these early chapters the poetry and romance and grandeur of his theme have inspired the author, and in concentration, picturesqueness, vividness, his style is admirable.

Even on so hackneyed a theme as the famous defence of the Janiculum he can be succinct and yet relate freshly. "Just then Etruria wakes, shadowy, half Greek, the central Power of Italy, between Rome and Gaul. Porsena, the Lar of Clusium, comes against the city with a great host in gilded arms. Terror descends like a dark mist over the young nation. The rich fear for their riches, the poor for their lives. In haste the fathers gather great supplies of corn against a siege; credit and debt are forgotten; patrician and plebeian join hands as Porsena reaches Janiculum, and there heroic figures of romance stand forth from a host of heroes. Horatius keeps the bridge, first with two comrades, then, at the last, alone in the glory of single-handed fight against an army, sure of immortality whether he live or die. Scævola, sworn with the three hundred to slay the Lar, stabs the wrong man, and burns his hand to the wrist to show what tortures he can bear unmoved. Clœlia, the maiden hostage, rides her young steed at the yellow torrent, and swims the raging flood back to the Palatine. Clœlia and Horatius get statues in the Forum; Scævola is endowed with great lands, which his race holds for centuries, and leaves a name so great that two thousand years later, Sforza, greatest leader of the Middle Age, coveting long ancestry, makes himself descend from the man who burned off his own hand. They are great figures, the two men and the noble girl, and more real to us than Romulus or even than Lucretia, because we can stand on the very ground they trod, where Horatius fought, where Scævola suffered, and where Clœlia took the river."

The first part of "Ave Roma Immortalis" ends with a passage of singular beauty and power. In a few words, informed with comprehensive knowledge and animated by that intellectual mastery become rhythmic which makes style, Mr. Crawford tells how, out of an incident as trivial as if infinitely more picturesque than that of the tea-chests before the outbreak of the American War of Independence, the Grecian empire vanished with Pyrrhus before the might of "barbarian Rome"; how Carthage fought her long and bitter duel till Hannibal, one of the greatest of the world, drank his poison of despair; till the second Scipio, in the old terrible imagery, gave the great Carthage to the owl, the prowling hyena, and the gathering dust.

Often Mr. Crawford puts in an illuminative epigram what in detail would call for a long history. Thus, after the sanguinary story of Rome from the death of the Gracchi to the final welcome silence of Marius and Sylla, when all seemed lost for the hopes of world-empire, Mr. Crawford says simply and satisfyingly, "of the chaos Sylla left behind him Cæsar made the Roman Empire."

It is in the unparalleled romance and wonder of the career of Julias Cæsar—from the time when as a youth in his teens he became high priest of Jove to the day when he was acknowledged Pontifex Maximus—that Mr. Crawford touches his highest level.

But if a less high literary level be maintained throughout the greater part of the book, there will to the ordinary reader, and particularly to those who, however superficially, "know" Rome, be an endless fund of interest and charm, reminiscent and suggestive, in the many chapters (often beautifully illustrated) which severally deal with the fourteen "regions" of Rome. Here the author has, with deft skill, utilised all his own knowledge, with much drawing upon the writings not only of the classical chroniclers, and of the famous historians, but also of contemporaries from Gregorovius to Hare.

In some sense we can each of us cast, if not a coin, at least a thought, a desire, into that Aqua Virgo, which for centuries the Romans called the Trevi—long before the celebrated fountain was built in the early part of last century. For there is an Aqua Virgo, a fountain, in the heart of each of us, wherein, as in the beautiful dove-haunted Trevi Fountain in Rome, we may throw a desire, a hope, with surety that some day, soon or late, it will be realised—as Rome, they say, awaits those loving pilgrims who, on the eve of departure, do not forget the oblation to Trevi Fountain.

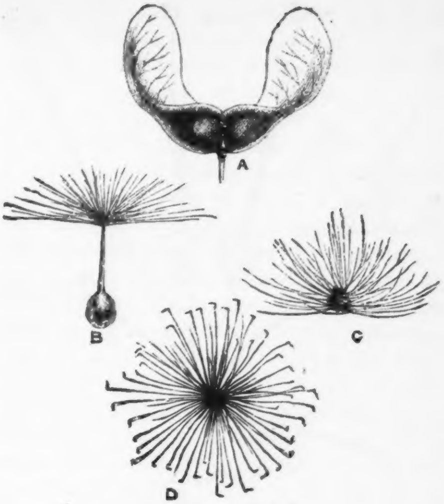
"For a man can no more say a last farewell to Rome than he can take leave of eternity. The years move on, but she waits; the cities fall, but she stands. A man may live with Rome, laugh with her, dream with her, weep with her, die at her feet; but for him who knows her there is no good-bye.

"So he who loves Rome, and leaves her, remembers her long and well; but he comes back at last, and sees her as she is, and he stands amazed at the grandeur of all that has been, and is touched to the heart by the sad loveliness of much that is. Together, the thoughts of love and reverence rise in words, and with them comes the deep wonder at something very great and high." And so. . . *Ave Roma Immortalis!*

SOME SELF-BURYING SEEDS

By the Rev. T. BIRD

ALL plants are more or less accurately adapted to the conditions and circumstances in which they grow, their various parts have the shape and size and mode of development and power of movement, and other characters needful for this purpose. For if this were not the case they would inevitably perish in the struggle for existence. Now, as the conditions under which plants live are of almost infinite variety, it necessarily follows that the characters of various plants differ in like manner. The cause of this variation is one of the great biological problems of the present day. The great questions of development centre round this variation. Do plants vary indeterminately, *i.e.*, do plants produce endless variations, the fittest only surviving, as Darwin thought; or are the variations produced in definite response to external surroundings, *i.e.*, by self-adaptation to their environment, as many later biologists insist? The latter theory seems to be the one now most generally held. In most of these adaptations both the purpose and the mechanical contrivances for its attainment are easily recognised. Take, for instance, the various contrivances for the dispersal of seeds, a subject upon which much has been written in recent years. Sir Joseph Hooker and the late Charles Darwin and many other writers have shown us their tenacity of life under the most adverse circumstances: how they may be carried immense distances over land and sea, from continent to continent, by wind and ocean currents. Some seeds are so minute, and are produced in such infinite numbers, that it is difficult to place any limit to the distance they may be carried by winds and hurricanes. Other anemophelous seeds have special mechanical contrivances such as the long white hair of thistle-down or the beautiful membranous little wings of the fruit of the maple. Birds, again, are wonderful carriers. Fruits which are green while unripe but turn red when ripe, such as the strawberry, at once become conspicuous and are eaten by birds, and the seeds are carried away and deposited unharmed. The earth which adheres to the feet of birds is often full of seeds. From the ball of earth adhering to the leg of a red-legged partridge Mr. Darwin raised no less than eighty-two separate plants of about five distinct species. Some seeds have hispid awns and hooks and prickles which stick to the feathers of birds and the hairy coats of animals, and others are enclosed in hard nuts and are carried by running water, such, for instance, as the cocoa-nut, which floats across the Indian Ocean. Man himself acts unwittingly as a seed-bearer, for he sows along with his cereal crops the seeds of many weed grasses, which spring up and flourish in his well-tilled ground.

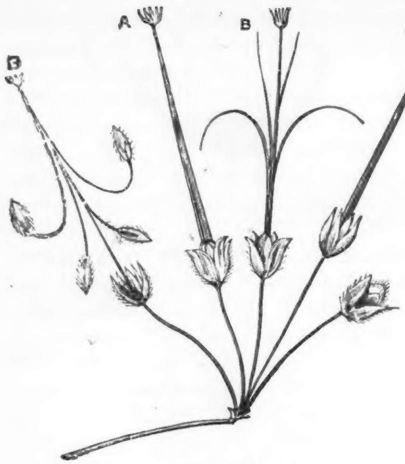


ANEMOPHELOUS SEEDS

A Winged pericarp of elm
B Dandelion
C Cotton grass
D Thistle

In these ways, and in many others, seeds are preserved and scattered, and the special mechanical contrivances for this purpose are easily recognised. But there are certain mechanical contrivances which require closer examination and some reflection to understand. Of the many instances there are one or two which are very wonderful, and which the reader can easily observe for himself. The seeds hitherto mentioned have peculiar adaptations for their dispersal, but the seeds we shall proceed to examine not only have many advantages for dispersal, but added thereto they have this also, that when they fall to the ground they can at once set about burying themselves in the earth. Of those that we shall examine, one is the fruit of a common English wild flower, two are common English grasses, and the last is a pestilent grass of the North American prairies.

Let us take first the common English wild flower, which any one may gather and examine for himself. It is the Stork's-bill; *Erodium* is its botanical name, the most remarkable of the wild geranium tribe. It grows in waste places near the sea and flowers all through the summer, and is called the Stork's-bill from the curious appearance of the seed capsules; for after the petals have fallen,



STORK'S BILL

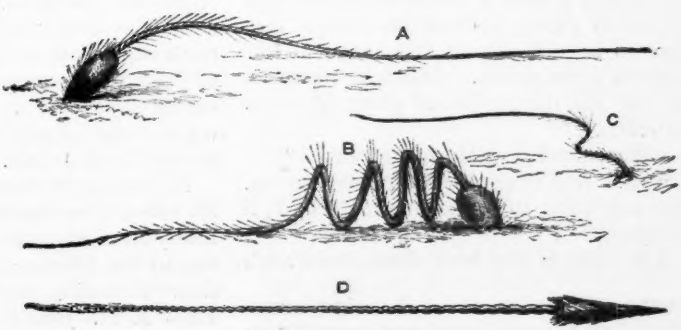
A A Before dehiscence.
B B After dehiscence.

while the seed is ripening, there grows out a long beak like the bill of a stork. The seed capsules are five in number in each flower, each capsule having the shape of a cone, the apex of which points downwards. Attached to each seed capsule is a long, thin, slightly-hairy awn. While the seed is still ripening and the awns still growing they lie in a straight bundle, but when the seed is ripe the capsules separate and the awns coil up from below upwards. In certain cases the capsules separate suddenly, and the awn coils up like a spring, thus throwing the seed a considerable distance from the parent plant. In the annexed diagram the mode of dehiscence is illustrated, A before and B after the separation of the seed capsule. And now a wonderful thing happens: the seed begins at once to bury itself. And this is the manner in which it is done. The awn becomes dry as it lies on the ground, and the outer side begins to contract; this causes it to bend round into a sickle-shaped curve, and by this process the pointed end of the capsule is bent downwards to the ground. The lower part of the awn near the seed capsule now begins to contract, with narrow spiral coils like a minute corkscrew. By means of this spiral twisting of the awn the capsule is turned round and round on its own axis, and begins to enter the ground. The process still continues, the capsules being unable to be withdrawn by reason of the minute hairs which act as grappling hooks. In the following diagram this awned barbed capsule, with its curved and spiral twisting, will be seen. After the end has entered the ground, it is followed by the twisted awn. As the spiral coils do not extend very far up the awn the first coiling does not draw the seed very far into the ground, but when the soil becomes damp at night the awn untwists and tries to become straight, and in so doing drives the seed farther into the ground, for it cannot be withdrawn because of the hairy grappling hooks. When the soil dries in the morning the awn again re-coils, till finally the whole seed and awn are buried. The whole of this wonderful process may be observed by any one who will take one of the twisted awned capsules and lay it on a sheet of paper and moisten it. It at once begins to uncoil and straighten itself out, and in so doing it rolls over and over on the paper; but as it moves into a dry place and itself begins to dry it stops a short time till the re-coiling begins, and away it starts again. In this manner it will move an inch or more over the paper.

This twisting of the awn depends upon the hydroscopic torsion of its individual cells. If a portion of the awn is boiled for a short time in a solution of nitric acid and chlorate of potash, the individual cells may be easily teased out, and when dry can be examined under the microscope. If a high power be used certain cells will be observed which are twisted on their own axes, and which untwist when water is added. It is upon the torsion of these specialised cells that the awn is twisted.

I have described this process at some length because it is upon this principle that the other self-burying seeds I shall mention are constructed. Their success depends upon the awn being extremely sensitive to changes in the amount of moisture in the atmosphere. There are a number of substances which absorb moisture from the atmosphere, which elongate when moist and contract as they become dry. Every one has seen the old-fashioned barometer of two little figures, male and female, so arranged in reference to a little house with two doors that when the air is damp the man comes out, and when dry, the woman. This hydroscope, for it can hardly be called a barometer, depends upon the property twisted catgut possesses of untwisting when moist and twisting when dry. As these hydroscopes change but slowly, their indications are always behindhand with the state of the weather, and never are they very exact. The awns of the common Wild Oat grass—*Avena fatua*—which is a common grass in cultivated fields amongst the corn or clover, or by the waste ground adjacent, is so extremely sensitive to hydrometric changes that it also has sometimes been used in the construction of hygrometers, an instrument intended to measure the amount of moisture in the air. Such an hygrometer can be easily made by taking one of these awns, or, better, the awn of *Stipa spartea*, and fixing one end firmly in a cork by means of a piece of fine wire and to the other end a needle at right angles to the awn. If the cork is placed on a piece of cardboard, and a graduated circle drawn round it, rough readings may be taken. When the air is damp the needle will move round from right to left—that is, in the direction of the hands of a watch, and when dry it will move in the reverse direction. The glumes of both the Wild Oat grass and the Downy Oat grass—a grass to be found in dry situations in chalky or limestone districts—are hairy at the base, and have long bent twisted dorsal awns. These awns are used in giving the peculiar screwing motion which buries the seed in the ground.

The above-mentioned self-burying seeds are all common in England, and do not abuse their high privileges, but the last one I shall mention is a terrible one and a great annoyance to the farmers of the Northern States and Canada. The awn is very long, very strong, and closely twisted, the seed capsule is long, round, and thin, and is furnished with an extremely hard and sharp point like a thorn, as shown in the opposite diagram. If one of these is placed on a piece of woollen cloth, it will soon work its way in, and it is quite impossible to pull it out again, because of the reverted hairs; it can only be pulled straight through the stuff. The name of this grass is *Stipa spartea*—spear grass, the farmers call it—and though wonderfully adapted for the purpose of burying itself, it only too frequently misuses the power with which nature has endowed it. As the sheep are grazing over the prairies, their long awns, by reason of their hairiness, attach themselves to the wool on their backs, and, being very strong and very sensitive to atmospheric changes, rapidly work their way through the fleece until they penetrate the flesh and set up a painful ulcerating sore. It is not uncommon for the whole body of a sheep to be one big sore, and the poor beast, having suffered great torture, has finally to be killed. A Canadian farmer once said to me, that it seemed to him impossible to believe in the goodness of God, who had made such a terrible instrument to torture the poor dumb animals who are perfectly incapable of helping themselves. But did the Creator make these self-burying seeds to torture sheep? Is it not man who compels the sheep to graze where such fearful grasses grow? For they certainly would not live there of their own free will, and if they did they would soon be exterminated, unless they changed their coat and adopted one more suited to such an environment. Is not the wisdom and the beneficence of the Creator rather shown in causing the development of seeds so marvellously adapted for the purposes of their life?



SELF-BURYING SEEDS

A Stork's Bill—Erodium, showing sickle-shaped curve which brings the point to the ground.
B " " showing spiral coils for burying } Magnified.
C " " almost buried
D North American spear grass, *Stipa spartea*.

THE SAVING OF THE "VESTA"

A RECORD FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE LATE COLONEL MARTIN PETRIE*

ON the morning of the 20th of March, 1855, I was wakened from a somewhat fitful and uneasy slumber by a tap at the door, and the following letter was handed to me: "Mon cher Monsieur Petrie,—Veuillez je vous prie prévenir ces messieurs passagers que nous partons à huit heures ce matin pour profiter du beau temps, et pouvoir faire le plus de route possible pendant la journée pour éviter les glaces. ALPHONSE DUCHESNE, Capitaine de la *Vesta*."

About noon, the warps are cast off one by one. "Attention à la machine. En avant." The assembled crowd gives three lusty cheers; the *Vesta* drops her tricolor, and all hands lustily return them. The pilot gives the captain a parting caution—on no account to entangle his iron vessel in the ice.

Captain Duchesne mounts to the maintop to scan the prospect; I soon follow, and take my seat beside him on the crosstrees. Before us, at a distance of four or five miles, lies a vast field of ice, streaks of blue water appear here and there, and a few vessels are under sail, but we cannot discover whether they are making any progress. Duchesne does not relish the idea of turning back.

One streak of brash ice is easily passed close to Cape Spear, and we begin to approach the main field. But before we have gained half a mile it becomes evident that the ice is closely packed, the lumps give place to large floes, and every moment our progress grows slower. Ahead, as far as the eye can see, the surface of glittering ice is unbroken.

"What think you, Monsieur Petrie?"

"It is very clear that we cannot go on. The only thing to be done is to go back, if we can."

The helm is put hard down, the *Vesta's* head is coming round slowly, but now our difficulties begin. Hitherto the vessel had separated the ice, as she drove through it, leaving the water astern clear for the screw to play in; but directly she begins to turn huge lumps come under her counter, and the screw thumps terribly against them as it turns round.

"Duchesne, mon cher, this won't do. You will break your screw to pieces."

So Duchesne stretched himself on the deck, and, looking over the stern, watched for the great lumps, and gave the order to ease and stop the engine as they came near to the screw.

But still the ice packed tighter and tighter around us; her head had not gone round more than a quarter of a circle, and at last she scarcely moved at all.

The day declined, the night fell, and nothing more could be done.

The *Vesta* is an auxiliary screw steamer of about 350 tons register, built at Granville in France. She is long and narrow, but finely moulded; her after-deck is raised about three feet, the cabin being under it; and her rigging is that of a barque full-rigged. The long cabin has berths shut off on each side. Her engines are of sixty horse-power, and her propeller is on the screw principle.

As to *personnel*, beginning with Captain Alphonse Duchesne, as bold and gallant a sailor as ever commanded a ship, and as frank and worthy a fellow as one could wish to have for a companion. Of his crew I cannot say as much. The only one deserving the name of sailor was a Swede whom he shipped at St. John's.

As passengers there were Dr. L——, with his wife and two young children; six officers, nearly all of whom were, like myself, on their way to the Crimea; Mr. H——, and Monsieur Toussaint, who kept the Hotel de Paris at St. John's, completed the cabin party. Forward were a sergeant and eight men, invalided home to Chatham.

March 21st.—The rays of the rising sun were gilding the tops of the distant hills and clothing the icy field around with dazzling whiteness as I came on deck. The *Vesta* is now about two-thirds of a mile from the edge of the ice-field, which ran north and south parallel to the general line of the coast, and some three miles from it. Since evening, great floes, twenty or thirty feet across and four or five feet thick, have closed about us. The pilot was right, and we have done a silly thing in getting into the ice at all. Still, the day is before us. Pipe all hands to breakfast, and then to work. First, we must, if possible, bring the *Vesta's* head round towards the land.

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* Colonel Martin Petrie was of Scottish extraction, and second son of Commissary General William Petrie. After a childhood full of travel and adventure, he entered the army in 1846, and served for several years in North America. His exploit in saving the ship in which he returned to Europe earned him the name of "the hero of the *Vesta*."

"Get poles and spars, and a lot of you go out on the ice and try to push on one side that great ugly floe she has been grinding at all night. Hurrah! it moves. Away with it, lads! Well done! Now, Duchesne, stick on every stitch that will draw; up with the steam, so as to be ready, and we will see if the *Vesta* cannot find her legs."

The wind is on her quarter now; all the canvas is soon spread, and draws well. She begins to move.

"Here is another floe. Out with the poles, and shove away, my men."

She grinds her bow at it, and soon it is pushed off.

"Look out on the ice there; jump up, or you will be left behind."

I sprang up on deck by the chain bobstay; she is fairly moving now.

"Look out at the wheel; keep her head between those two floes, if you can. Now!"

Bang she comes with a shock, but not a very big one.

"Voyez donc, Petrie," says Duchesne, chuckling; "she cuts this thick ice like an axe." And her head, rising with the swell, comes down upon a floe and severs it, while the vessel receives a shock which makes her quiver from stem to stern and blanches the cheeks of some. Soon the ice becomes looser and less compact, and she is walking pleasantly through it.

The ice rapidly becomes softer and at last offers no sensible obstacle to our progress. Here we are at its edge. The *Vesta* is once more in her own element. Heavy rain and thick fog now came on, and we had at least forty miles before us ere we could find ourselves clear of Cape Race.

"Look here, Petrie," said L——, "you just tell Duchesne that we can't do better than make our way to the Bay of Bulls. It must be about opposite to us now, and I warrant I will find it fast enough. I know every inch of the coast from Cape St. Francis to Placentia."

"In with the canvas!"

"En avant la machine!"

"Now, Duchesne," says our trusty new pilot, "put her head right for the shore as straight as you can go."

For nearly an hour all eyes are strained to get a glimpse of the land. At last a towering cliff appears ahead.

"Go close to it; don't be afraid. The coast goes straight down like a wall into the sea here."

"It looks very much like the northern head. Starboard the helm; we will try and find the southern one now."

The vessel's head is directed at a right angle to her former course, but again nothing but fog is visible.

"Now, Duchesne, put on easy steam and hug the shore. If this is Gull Island we will sail right round it, and then try back; but if it is the harbour we will go right up to it."

Slowly the *Vesta* advanced. The water becomes smooth, and the wind ceases. The spars of a vessel ahead are dimly visible in the fog; a boat puts off from it.

"Are you in need of a pilot?"

"Thank you, we are doing very well."

Safe in the Bay of Bulls, Duchesne looked happier than he had done for twenty-four hours.

March 22nd.—The sun and our anchor rose together. Once more our sails swelled in the breeze, and our screw revolved. The ice had only broken a small bit off the corner of one of its blades. The day was bright and clear; the waves tumbled playfully about, but the wind was cold and piercing. The ice-field, which had drifted farther from the shore, glistened in the sun, and the *Vesta* continued her course southward in order to get round the far end of it.

March 23rd.—In the morning Captain Duchesne bore up and stood eastward. We had now turned the point of the ice, but detached icebergs were still visible all around, and we had to be careful, as small floes are not easily seen, especially at night, when the waves break in crests. The breeze continued fresh and increased in force as the day wore on. At nightfall we shortened sail and made all snug, and later on the engines were stopped and the screw disconnected, and every sail taken off except the jib. It was going to be a rough night, and we could no longer steer our course, but ran away south-west before the gale, which soon increased to a perfect hurricane. The Swede and Duchesne took turns at the wheel.

The *Vesta* flew before the growing gale. Above, nought was heard but the wild howling of the wind, the lashing of the waves, and occasionally the voice of the undaunted Duchesne giving a terse order. Below, all was silence. As she dashed through the raging sea the little *Vesta* trembled and quivered and strained from stem to stern. Our situation was critical if not dangerous. My friend L——, brave and undaunted as I have often seen him in peril, was overcome. His teeth chattered, his hands were cold; usually regardless of religion, he seemed deeply impressed now with the sense that we were altogether in the hands of Him who

> ". . . . plants His footsteps in the sea
> And rides upon the storm."

Silently I lifted up my heart to God.

March 24th.—All at once, a stunning shock came against her stern as if a cannon ball had struck it. She heeled over, and tremblingly righted just as Duchesne, axe in hand, was about to cut one of the boats away to help her to recover. A heavy sea had struck her quarter.

I dressed hastily and came on deck to find Duchesne at his post.

"Petrie, mon cher," he said in a firm tone, "there is much water in the vessel. Call your soldiers as quickly as possible to help at the pumps."

I made my difficult way along the deck through the tangled cordage and numberless things that had broken loose, and were tumbling about in all directions, the waves washing over me as I proceeded.

"All hands wanted to the pumps immediately! Come up, soldiers, as quick as you can!"

Never shall I forget the feelings of that moment. The scene was wild beyond description. The waves, like huge black mountains, threatened to overwhelm the little *Vesta* utterly as she tore madly through them, under her jib only, at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. So intense was the cold that the water froze as it came on board, and the sides of the vessel and all the ropes were coated with ice. The brave Duchesne, who had been on deck during two whole nights, stood unmoved at his post. I went below to get something to eat for us both. Toussaint produced a vast plain cake. I cut off a slice for Duchesne, and slipped a bottle of wine into my pocket. L—— came up, tears starting from his eyes: "God only can save us now!" The words were hardly out of his mouth when in an instant, with a frightful crash, the skylight was torn off, a deluge of water rushed into the cabin, and a shriek of horror burst from its occupants.

A tremendous sea striking her aft had almost buried the *Vesta*, breaking away the iron railing round her stern, tearing the iron wheel from its axle and flinging it on the quarter-deck. The rail of the poop and the cook-house amidships were also carried off, and all on the poop were thrown forward on the quarter-deck. We picked ourselves up, and Duchesne cried:

"We must bring her head round."

But the Swede, fearing that if she went into the trough of the sea she would be overwhelmed, protested:

"Captain, no lay to!"

Duchesne told me afterwards that his heart misgave him as he issued the order, but nothing else could be done; another such sea would sink us.

I went to the top of the companion ladder. "Toussaint, a carving-knife as quick as you can!" Then I made my way along the gaff, which was lowered down upon the spanker boom, cutting away the gaskets. When it was loose, Duchesne, L——, P——, and I clapped on to the haulyards—round came the little *Vesta* beautifully; but it had been an anxious moment.

And now the tiller must be put to rights. I sat down, and with a wrench, which the Swede had brought up from the engine-room, I unscrewed the two large nuts of the bolts that held the iron bracket of the tiller, knocked the bolts into the deck with a sledge hammer, and then, by very hard knocking, managed to lash the whole thing down to leeward. Duchesne looked at the open skylight, and pointed to the maintop sail lying on the quarter-deck. Taking my carving-knife once more, I severed it from the boom, and with the same hammer that served for the rudder-head I nailed down the doubled half of the mainsail over the opening of the skylight.

Of the ship's company, Duchesne alone remained. The whole crew, frozen with the intense cold, drenched and bruised by the large heavy sea that swept over us, and appalled at the peril of our situation, had crept below.

"Four feet and a half of water in the hold. Keep the pumps going."

The soldiers are worn out, deluged, and carried off their legs by the waves pouring over the ship's side. But they refuse not to obey their officers. Long did we toil; but the pumps threw up less and less, and at last became choked and useless. In the engine-room the water was increasing continually, the engineer and stokers were crying in utter despair, unable to make any exertion. The *Vesta*, heavily weighted with water, laboured terribly; the wind raged; nothing could be gloomier than the scene.

My hands were frost-bitten and in great pain; my back ached with the exertion of pumping; I looked out over the angry waves. L—— came up. "Dick," said I, "our time in this world is come, I fear. I don't think she can float another two hours; boats could not live in this sea."

Tears rolled down his face. He spoke of his father and mother and all who were dear to him. I went down to the cabin. Mrs. E——, frantic with terror, was invoking the Virgin Mary in loud tones. Mrs. K—— lay in her berth with her two little children unconscious of their condition. She and Mrs. L—— asked how matters went on deck.

"No immediate danger; but I fear she cannot float much longer. I will let you know when she seems about to go down."

We tried to console each other, and I returned on deck.

I went to the pumps. Duchesne, still unmoved, said, "Mon cher, they are choked. We must have them up and cleared." They were heavy metal pumps, secured to the deck with screws. My men began to show symptoms of mutiny, and wanted to go below and seize the wine and spirits. I sternly ordered them to remain, giving them wine and biscuits occasionally.

I looked in vain for a screwdriver, but found a caulking-chisel, with which I managed to undo the screws as well as nearly frozen hands would permit. A lanyard was put through the spout, and secured to the throat haulyards of the main spencer, which were hooked on to it. "Haul away!" L——, C——, and P—— dragged up the ponderous pump with much effort, and directly it came up I stuffed a pair of sailor's trousers into the hole, for the deck was a foot or two under water, and otherwise the ship would soon have been swamped. With no little difficulty I got a rope round the pump, which swung frightfully, and lashed it to the bitts by the mainmast.

A tremendous wave broke over the bulwarks and washed us off our legs. So great was the shock, that I thought the deck must have riven under us.

The rose of the pump was choked with oakum and bits of coal, &c. Catching up the carpenter's saw from a heap of rubbish, I cut a piece out of the side of the thick copper pipe, severely lacerating my hands over the job—no easy one with only a wood saw.

The pump was lowered, the piston and handle fixed, and now it drew beautifully. "Il faut installer l'autre aussi, mon cher." Out with the piston, undo the screws. The work proceeded but slowly, for we were half drowned in volumes of water all the time. Again I cut a large hole in the side of the pipe; but our utmost efforts could not lower this pump into its place, as something had got under it. And as the pipe below the flange was much smaller than the hole, the water was pouring in quickly.

"Haul it up once more and lash it fast!" I then sawed the rose completely off, shortening the pipe by about four inches. "Try again! Well done! Down it goes! Now in with all the screws." With bleeding hands I fixed them. All hands then mustered on deck, and all the passengers and soldiers were told off into reliefs to keep the pumps going.

I walked forward with Duchesne, and we saw that the straining of the ship in the storm had opened the seams of the deck all along its edge where the wood joined the iron, and water was pouring in. This explained the condition of the hold.

"If you can caulk, Petrie, you will find some oakum in the storeroom."

I had the caulking-chisel in my pocket, and taking the top of the rudder-head for a hammer, I sat down in the water, the waves washing over me the whole time, rolled the oakum into lengths, and caulked away, my back aching insupportably.

Duchesne came up with the dismal news that the water was still rising in the engine-room. It was in truth a melancholy sight; the sea washing into the furnaces as the *Vesta* rolled, iron gratings and tools floating about in the coaly water. Duchesne decided to hoist the pump out of the fore-compartment, and let it down into the engine-room. Four officers then took turns at working it, and I went and lay down in my berth quite worn out. When I returned on deck presently, I found Duchesne hardly able to stand, and persuaded him to go below for a short rest, promising that I would keep all hands at the pumps, and tell him if anything fresh occurred. It was about five o'clock when he left me in charge. I continued my caulking, and closed all the widest seams, and then tore up the sheets of my bed, lifted the covers of the coal-bunkers, and jammed them down with the calico between to make them water-tight. I then nailed battens over all the six. My hands were now too sore to manage a rope or a pump-handle, so I went to the engine-room and supplemented the pumping by filling a bucket, which L—— and K—— kept hauling up.

As the sun set the gale abated, the sea went down, the hands at the pumps were no longer washed from their places, and the water in the engine-room began to yield to our exertions. The engineer and his men revived enough to help by working the "cheval," or small feeding-pump.

Till ten o'clock I sat on an iron grating in the engine-room, and to my great joy saw the water subside till the floor was dry again.

We were out of danger, and as many on board had already most warmly expressed to me, I had contributed to our safety. I lay down, my heart overflowing with gratitude to Him who had heard our prayers and rescued us from death.

March 25th, Sunday.—At 2 A.M. I rose and went to the engine-room to warm myself at the fire now lighted in one of the furnaces, for my hands were in great pain, and my feet were as cold and insensible as marble.

We were now 300 miles from St. John's, and 1600 miles from Liverpool. Some were clamorous for putting back. But Duchesne pointed out that if we returned we were almost sure of adverse winds and fields of ice, whereas we should probably have fair winds and moderate weather if we went on. This view seemed reasonable, the dissentients were few, and accordingly preparations were made for continuing our voyage to England.

All were smiling again, and merrily active over the repairs. I alone sat idle, my knuckles festered with the frost and salt water, my hands utterly stiff and helpless. "Mon cher Petrie," said Duchesne, "vous avez la vrai esprit de soldat et de marin aussi." Never did worshippers join in more fervent thanksgiving to God than those assembled that day in the *Vesta's* cabin. And at dinner we attacked the viands like famished wolves.

The next day was gloomy and threatening, with black clouds and rising wind, and it was clear that the *Vesta* must be ready for another encounter with the elements that night. Every precaution was taken to make all snug, and to have the means of repairing any mishap at hand. On comes the gale. "Disconnect the engines, but keep the fires in lest we need them. Now, men, look alive! Clap on to the reef tackles. Haul away! Steady. Keep her shaking there at the helm! Man the foretopsail haulyard! Belay! Now, then, clap on the main topsail haulyard. Up with the yard. Trim the braces. Haul in the slack of the weather topsail braces." The maintopsail is furled, and the *Vesta* pursues her way under the foresail alone.

Night has fallen, the gale increases.

No pen could do justice to the awfulness of the midnight scene. The sky is dark and lowering, the wind blows in furious puffs, moaning with a melancholy dirge through the straining cordage. The *Vesta* looks a mere cockle-shell, flying like an affrighted spectre before the billows, each coming on like a black mountain and threatening to engulf her.

"Messieurs, you must lash yourselves if you remain on the poop. One of these waves over us would sweep you into the sea instantly."

"I say, Duchesne, that foremast bends like a whip."

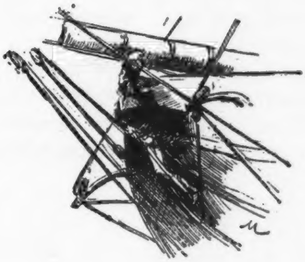
"No fear, it is a tough stick. And the foresail is quite new, Number 1 canvas: no fear of it. And the sheets are all new from St. John's." Then, as the storm increased, "Ah, mon cher, c'est un drôle metier d'être marin."

And then wind and sea and compass engrossed his whole attention, and not another word was uttered. Lashed to the mizzen-mast, I watched the waves rising like a wall behind us, each threatening to sweep over us. About 3 A.M. a drizzling rain set in. Duchesne pointed to an inky cloud appearing over the horizon.

"Maintenant nous aurons du beau temps."

As he spoke a break in the clouds revealed a friendly little star which winked knowingly at us; the clouds dispersed; the breeze was steady; and at dawn we met in the cabin, to offer heartfelt thanksgiving to Him who had preserved us through the storm and stilled the waves. I took a gigantic sandwich to Duchesne, who, weary as he was, remained in the engine-room directing the refixing of the boiler.

After this our voyage was prosperous and uneventful, and we dropped anchor in the Mersey on the 6th of April.



SUNDAY READINGS FOR APRIL

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

PRISCILLA AND AQUILA—I

"Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles, and salute the church that is in their house."—Rom. xvi. 3-5.

EVEN in the scanty notices which we have of this wife and husband, there are many interesting points and instructive lessons. The facts concerning them may be briefly told.

Aquila was a Jew; whether Priscilla was a Jewess we do not know. Her name is Roman, but that does not decide as to her race, for Jewish men, at all events, frequently bore Latin names. If she were not a Jewess by birth, we have in their case a mixed marriage, such as was not uncommon, and of which Timothy's parents give an example. The correct form of her name is Prisca, which is sometimes applied to her, and of which Priscilla is an affectionate diminutive. The couple had been living in Rome, and had been banished from that city by Claudius, as Jews have been hounded out of every country in Europe. They came thence to Corinth, possibly *en route* to Aquila's native Pontus, on the Black Sea, when they met Paul, and had their lives revolutionised. Their association with him was at first a purely business connection; they went into partnership as tent-makers, a craft of which one principal seat was Paul's native Cilicia. But as they sate at their work, there would be many earnest talks about the Christ, and the power of Paul's teaching and the magnetic influence of his great personality drew both husband and wife to Jesus. The bond thus knit was too close to be easily severed; and so, when Paul returned across the Ægean to Ephesus, his two new friends kept with him, which they would be the more ready to do as they had no settled home, and a move to Ephesus brought them nearer Pontus. They remained with Paul during his somewhat prolonged stay in the great Asiatic city; for we find greetings from them in 1 Cor., which was written from Ephesus about that time. But when Paul left Ephesus their companionship seems to have ended; and we next hear of them in the epistle to the Romans (about a year after 1 Cor.), in which they are saluted as then resident once more in Rome. A gap of probably about eight years intervenes, and then we catch one more glimpse of them in Paul's last letter (2 Tim.). At that supreme moment, with death staring him in the face, his heart goes out to his two old friends, and he sends them a parting token of undying love. There are only two salutations in the letter, and one of them is to Prisca and Aquila. Probably this wandering couple had returned to Ephesus. What, then, do these sparse notices suggest to us?

We may find in them an object lesson as to the effect of Christianity in hallowing domestic life and wedded love. In the majority of the references to this couple Priscilla is named first. She seems to have been "the better man of the two," and Aquila drops into the background. Now, such a pair, in which the wife took the foremost place, would have been absolutely impossible in heathendom. But they are typical figures, "a little mirror which shows a great matter," giving a glimpse of what Christianity was doing then all over the empire, and what it is doing everywhere to-day—lifting woman to her rightful place. These two, "yoked in all exercise of noble end," and helping one another in Christian service, and bracketed together by the apostle as "his fellow-helpers in Christ Jesus," stand before us as a living picture of what sweet family life and wedded love may be glorified into, if the light from heaven shines down upon them, and is thankfully received into them. Such a house, as the shifting home of Priscilla and Aquila was, is the product of Christianity, and such should be the home of every Christian husband and wife, even one of "the tabernacles of the righteous," in which "the voice of rejoicing and salvation" is ever heard. All our loves are then most precious when into them there flows the ennobling, calming, transforming thought of Christ and His love. Still, as at the rustic wedding at Cana, where He is a guest, He becomes a Host, and heightens the water of earth-born joys into the "best wine" of joy in Him.

These two had "a church in their house." It was centuries after their time before there were buildings exclusively devoted to public worship. So Priscilla and Aquila had some room—perhaps the workshop where the tents were stitched—spacious enough for some of the brethren of the city where they might be to meet in. The meeting may have been small in numbers and devoid of organisation, but Paul has no scruple in calling it a church. That gives us not only a glimpse into the primitive simplicity of the early worship, but puts a stringent question to all of us as to what our homes are. Fathers and mothers, who are responsible for the religious atmospheres of their houses, may ask themselves if any one would see in them a house with a church in it.

SECOND SUNDAY

PRISCILLA AND AQUILA—II

PURSUING our study of the lives of Priscilla and Aquila, we may gather from them an object-lesson as to the hallowing of trade and travel. It does not appear that, after their stay in Ephesus, they were closely associated with Paul, and certainly they were not among what we may call his evangelistic staff. Nor do they appear to have met him again after that time. Their gypsy life was probably forced on them by the exigencies of Aquila's trade.

When he had made tents in Ephesus for a while, he moved on somewhere else, looking for work. Yet Paul calls them his "fellow-workers in Christ Jesus." A roving life is not generally conducive to depth of spiritual character; but their wandering career did not hurt these two. They took their religion with them wherever they went: and they spoke about it wherever they took it. It did not depend on locality, as does that of people who are "religious" when they are at home, where many know them, but seem to send it to their bankers with their silver, when they go for a holiday. No matter whether it was in Corinth or Ephesus or Rome, these two carried Jesus Christ with them where they went, and while they were plying their trade (for Priscilla could sew the goat's hair cloth as well as her husband) were also preaching Christ. If all Christian tradesmen, merchants and travellers would take a leaf out of the book of these two, what a mighty agency would be called into being, and how society would be leavened with Christian influences!

But Priscilla and Aquila are also a brilliant example of the heroic self-devotion which is kindled by true Christian Faith. "For my sake," says the Apostle, "they laid down their own necks." We do not know to what incident he refers; possibly it may be the riot in the theatre at Ephesus, in which he was in great danger, and which made a deep impression on him. But the language seems both more emphatic and more specific than that incident would warrant. Probably it was at some serious juncture of which we know nothing, one of those "deaths oft," the mention of which was but once forced from the Apostle, that these two, the brave woman and her husband, offered themselves as victims in his stead—"Take us, and let him go. His life is worth more than those of a hundred like us. We are glad to lay our heads on the block if he may live and serve the churches." The sacrifice was not accepted, but Paul felt the heroism of it in his deepest heart, and not he "only, but all the Churches of the Gentiles," as well they might. That magnanimous self-surrender was a wonderful token of passionate admiration and love towards the Apostle; but its deepest motive was a yet deeper love to the Apostles and their Master.

Faith in Christ and its consequence, love to Him, should turn cowards into heroes, and by destroying self-regard, should make the utmost self-sacrifice natural, easy, and blessed. Such heroism may be exercised in, and is needed for, prosaic daily life, and the same spirit which has carried martyrs to the pyre or the block finds ample field for its manifestation in the monotonous routine of uneventful lives. If the love of Christ is in us, as it should be, we shall be ready to yield ourselves living sacrifices, and to be brave in action and steadfast in endurance.

Long years after that unconsummated sacrifice, the Apostle, on the further edge of life, remembered those who had been "ready to be offered." Much between had become dim; trusted friends had dropped away like Demas; he was about to lay his own neck on the block; but before he gave himself up to the headsman, he waved his farewell to these two who had remained faithful, and wrote in his last letter: "Salute Prisca and Aquila." Paul's Lord is not less mindful of His friends' love, nor less eloquent in praise of their faithfulness. He "will never forget any of their works." "Whosoever therefore will confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father which is in Heaven."

THIRD SUNDAY

PRISCILLA AND AQUILA—III

BEFORE we part with Priscilla and Aquila, we may draw from their history a suggestion as to the unexpected issues of little things. A complicated chain of circumstances had one of its ends fastened round the Apostle, and the other round the husband and wife. It steadily drew them nearer and nearer, till they met, strangers but destined to be inseparably linked together from that moment. Claudius had banished the Jews from Rome, in some whim of absolute power, or from one of the spasms of needless fear which avenge humanity on despots. So these two were uprooted and floated like drift wood to Corinth. We do not know why they went thither, and perhaps they did not know, but God knew. And while they were thus being brought from the West, the Apostle was, in like unconscious ways, being pushed thither from the East. He had been prevented by the Spirit from preaching in Asia Minor, and forced against his intention to Troas, and drawn across the sea to Macedonia, and hounded out of Philippi and Thessalonica, and smuggled out of Beroea, and left Athens having done little there, and so at last found himself in Corinth, face to face with the tent-maker from Rome and his wife. In his solitude and apparent depression, he was glad to find some human kindness in them, and by degrees they all came closer, none of them foreseeing the issue. Who proposed the partnership in business we know not, but whichever did so, the connection could not have been meant to be lasting. They "rough-hewed" the ends, but God "shaped" them.

What came of that apparently "accidental" meeting? First, the conversion of Aquila and his wife, and the effects of that are being realised by them in heaven at this moment, and will go on to all eternity. We may learn the lesson that, in the infinite complexity of events, and the inextricable tangle of results ever growing and interlacing, like the undergrowth of tropical forests, we shall do little good by trying to force our own way through the jungle, we can see but a small space ahead, therefore we need not worry ourselves by forecasting. We shall be wisest if we trust God, and be sure that the Hand which is pushing us is impelling us in the right direction, and that, if we yield to its gentle, firm guidance, we shall be brought by "the right"—though it may be, a roundabout—" way to the City of Habitation." We are like a prisoner groping with his hand in the dark along the walls of his cell, who unawares touches a spring which moves a stone, and discloses an opening that lets in a breath of pure air, and clears the way to freedom. So we go on, as if stumbling in the dark, and presently, when we least think it, do some trivial act that originates a train of events, which shape our whole future to a better end than we knew.

When Priscilla and Aquila were in Ephesus they made another "chance" acquaintance, brought there by another concatenation of circumstances, apparently equally fortuitous, really equally pre-arranged. A brilliant Alexandrian Jew, Apollos by name, had received in that great centre of Jewish learning a profound knowledge of the Old Testament, no doubt of the usual Rabbinical type. But he had come under another influence, that of John the Baptist's teaching, which he had probably received at second-hand. What brought him to Ephesus we do not know, but we may be quite sure that he was not seeking what he was destined to find there. He came across Aquila and his wife, who were drawn to him by his Scriptural knowledge and fervency. So, though he was probably much their superior in education and ability, and, as an Alexandrian, a more polished person than the tent-maker from Pontus, "they expounded unto him the way of the Lord more perfectly." They little knew what a mighty power for Christ was sleeping in that man, who, with all his knowledge, knew so much less than they did, but, with all his knowledge, was willing to be taught by them. They took him in hand, just as Paul had taken them, and he became a preacher only second to Paul, and in the eyes of some, superior to him. Thus the circles widen and widen, when the stone is thrown into the lake. God's grace fructifies from one man to another, and spreads onward and outward. All Apollos' converts, and all their converts, and theirs again, right down the ages, and perhaps the Epistle to the Hebrews, may, in one view, be traced back to Aquila and Priscilla.

We need not be solicitous about the issues of our deeds, which we can neither influence nor perceive; let us be careful as to what we can see and influence—their motives. If we look after this end, God will look after the other. Seeing that "thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that," or how much any of them will prosper, let us grasp all opportunities to do His will and glorify His name.

FOURTH SUNDAY

BURNING AND NOT BURNING OUT

"And behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."—Exod. iii. 2

It was a sharp descent from a palace to the wilderness, and forty years of a shepherd's life were a strange contrast to the brilliant future that had seemed likely for Moses. But God tests His weapons before using them, and great men are prepared for great deeds by great sorrows. Solitude is the mother-country of the strong, and the wilderness with its savage crags, its awful silence, and the unbroken round of its blue heaven, was a surer place to meet God in, than could be found in the heavy air of a palace or the vulgar splendours of a court. So, as the lonely shepherd was pacing slowly in front of his flock, he saw a strange light that asserted itself even in the bright desert sunshine. "The bush" does not mean a single shrub, but implies a little cluster or copse of the dry undergrowth, characteristic of the desert, over which any ordinary fire would have passed like a flash, leaving it grey ashes. But that steady light persisted long enough to draw the attention of the shepherd, and to admit of his going some way before reaching it. And then—and then—the Lord spoke. What did the unconsumed bush mean?

It is generally understood as a symbolical representation of the preservation of Israel, even in the fiery furnace of Egyptian oppression. But, beautiful as that explanation is, and consecrated to some of us as it is by the use made of it in the Churches of Scotland, which take *Nec tamen consumebatur* as their motto, it seems to break the law that applies to all other symbolical accompaniments of divine appearances, which uniformly set forth truth about God and not about His church, and represent to the eye the same Revelation as is given to the ear by the articulate words. The bush proclaimed the same truths which were spoken out of it, and these were a Revelation of the divine nature.

Throughout Scripture, fire is a symbol of that Nature, as in the smoking lamp and the blazing fire that Abraham saw, or the pillar that lighted the darkness over the sleeping camp, or as in the prophet's word: "The light of Israel shall be a flaming fire," or as in the Baptist's prophecy of a baptism in the Holy Ghost and in fire, or as at Pentecost with its fiery tongues, or as in the great saying "Our God is a consuming fire." Fire is the source of warmth, and so, in a sense, of life. It is full of quick energy; it transmutes dead matter into its own ruddy likeness, and changes gross earthly dulness into flame aspiring towards the skies. Therefore it is fit symbol of creative and cleansing power. God is the fiery Spirit of the universe, a spark from whom irradiates and vitalises every living thing. But the felicity of the symbol is that, along with blessed thoughts of life-giving and purifying, it suggests potentiality of destructive energy. The same God is the fire to quicken, sanctify and bless, and if rejected, to consume; "What maketh heaven, that maketh hell."

The bush burned and was not consumed. That undying flame teaches the same great truth as the accompanying words: "I am that I am." It burns and does not burn out, it has no exhaustion waiting on its energy, and thus is a symbol of the One Being whose Being is its own law and its own source. He gives and is none the poorer; He works and never wearies; He "operates unspent"; He loves and loves for ever. We are that which we become, He is that which He is. We die because we live, but He lives by His own life. That fire burns and needs no replenishing, and knows no extinction. Surely that great sight, which startled and strengthened the shepherd for his tremendous task, may well evoke our faith. Surely, in our fleeting days, the one means of securing for ourselves blessedness, rest, strength, and a life that, like His, can never die into cold ashes, is to grasp this great truth, and to knit ourselves to Him who lives for ever, and whose love is as lasting as His life. "The eternal God, the Lord, fainteth not, neither is weary. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He reneweth strength."

Humble as was the ragged sapless bush, springing up and living amidst the desert sands, it was not too humble to hold God; it was not too gross to burst into flame at His touch; it was not too fragile to be gifted with unconsumed life, like His that deigned to abide in it. If He dwells in us, we shall live as long as, and because, He lives, and the fire that He kindles shall be in us a fountain of fire, springing up into life everlasting.

FIFTH SUNDAY

THE PATIENT MASTER AND HIS DULL SCHOLARS

"And when Jesus knew it, He saith unto them, Why reason ye because ye have no bread? Perceive ye not yet? neither understand? Having eyes, see ye not? having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?"—Mark viii. 17, 18

How different were the thoughts of Christ and of His disciples, as they sat together in the boat, making their way across the lake! He was pursuing a train of sad reflection, which just before they embarked had forced Him to "sigh deeply in His spirit" over a generation which was blind to Him and greedy after "a sign." In the boat, He had warned the disciples, bidding them beware of the leaven of the Pharisees. While He was thus meditating in the stern, they, sitting forward on the thwarts, were taken up with the omission, very natural in the hurry of pushing off, to lay in a supply of provisions. They were so much occupied with petty trouble that they twisted Christ's warning into His rebuke for what they were rebuking themselves for. So apt are we to interpret the words of others by the thoughts uppermost in ourselves. Their slowness of apprehension deeply moved Jesus, as is shown by the remarkable and unique hail of questions with which He met it. Only in Gethsemane do we see traces of equal agitation sweeping across the windless sea of his spirit.

These rapid questions give us a glimpse into His grieved heart. We can understand the mood of which they are the utterance. They express the almost despair which comes over the most patient teacher, when He finds that all his pains have been lost, and that years of effort on his part have scarcely left more traces on unretentive minds than remain on the ocean after the passage through it of a keel. We do not realise how large an element in the sorrows of the Man of Sorrows was His necessary association with those who did not understand Him, however truly and blindly they loved Him. Just because they did love Him, was He so deeply pained by their dull perception of Him. He calculated, as we may say, on being misunderstood by Pharisees and other outsiders, but that His disciples, who had been beside Him and listening to Him so long, should see no further into Him, cut deep into His loving heart.

Our Lord's questions suggest not only emotion, which proves Him one of ourselves, but three distinct types of emotion, all dashed with pain. They clearly express astonishment, which we need not hesitate to ascribe to Him, when we read that He "marvelled at their unbelief," and was filled with happier wonder at the Centurion's faith, the fruit of a wild vine, which surpassed all that He had seen growing on the tended plant, Israel. He did wonder that, after all His toils and unveiling of His very heart to these followers, they were so hopelessly at sea as to His meaning. Though He was the Incarnate Word, or rather because He was, He shared in that emotion which is peculiar to a limited understanding, wonder; and His disciples' unresponsiveness drew it forth. He had to learn by experience the depth of their denseness and ignorance. Does He not sometimes wonder at ours? May we not believe that the Manhood of Jesus is not now so raised above what it was on earth, as that that same feeling of surprise does not sometimes pass across it, as He looks down on us? Surely He is asking us the old question: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet dost *thou* not know me?"

Grief, as well as wonder, speaks in these questions; and that emotion is ascribed to Jesus in another place, in plain words, as being occasioned by "the hardness of their hearts." It may be too much to say that it, too, is possible to the exalted Christ, but we read "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Unworthy disciples grieve Him most. It is a searching question—is there not something in our hearts or lives that gives a pang to His heart, that causes Him to "sigh deeply in His Spirit"?

May we not see, too, in this rapid fusillade of questions, the other emotion, which, in the passage already quoted, is intertwined with grief? "He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved." Infinite sorrow, pure pity and real indignation were harmonised in Him. Surely a Christ in whom the possibilities of wrath are not united with love is a maimed Christ. The Lamb of God is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

The heaped up questions are not mere emotional repetition. They suggest different phases of the disciples' failure. "Why reason ye about bread?" Minds absorbed with material good will not be quick to hear or understand Christ's teaching. If we in the bows have all our thoughts running on bread, we shall misunderstand Christ in the stern, warning against the leaven of the Pharisees.

That absorption leads to stolid insensibility, which "perceives not, nor understands," and to a heart hardened in the sense of being impenetrable by Christ's warnings, or promises, or revelations of truth. If it rained on basalt for a month, the drops would run down the polished sides, and an inch below the surface would be dry. That stolid insensibility results in our not using the capacities which we have. If we did, we should have more; because we do not, they are atrophied and perish, like the eyes of the fish in underground waters.

The cure for all these evils is suggested by the last question: "Do ye not remember?" With the baskets full of fragments scarcely eaten, the disciples were worrying themselves because there was only one loaf in the locker. If a man will bethink himself of what Jesus did for him when here on earth, and has been doing for him all his life, he will not be so swallowed up by earthly cares or riches as to have no eyes to see things unseen, and insensibility will be changed into sensitive quickness of apprehension of the lightest word of the patient teacher.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

WHEN the Letters of Mrs. Browning were published a year ago most readers must have felt that, however closely they were attracted to the writer by the sweetness of her nature and the pathos of a life in which, as she herself said, most of the events and nearly all the intense pleasures belonged to the world of thought, the real innermost woman—the woman in love—was still unknown and withheld from their knowledge. They were left to conjecture, if they were sufficiently interested in the matter to do so, how the poet and poetess had been drawn together, and to wonder whether *their* love-letters were as foolish and fond, as trivial and ecstatic as those of commonplace mortals are apt to be. Our interest in Robert Browning and in the part he played in her destiny was scarcely satisfied. We read with quickened pulses of the years of ill-health, with their temporary recoveries and alarming relapses, and of the cruel folly and selfishness of a father whose refusal to sanction her residence abroad during the winter was but in keeping with his furious determination that none of his family should marry with his approval. We were told how Browning gave her love and freedom; how they were married privately on the 12th of September, 1846, and a week later left England together; how the father, irrational and irreconcileable, returned five years later, with their seals unbroken, all the letters she had written to him; and how that rash adventure of love was crowned and justified by fifteen years of happiness. In the light of these facts one understood what strange actuality underlies that passage in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese":

> Straightway I was 'ware,
> So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
> Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
> And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
> "Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said
> But there,
> The silver answer rang—"Not Death, but Love."

But Browning himself was held in abeyance; "the part of Hamlet" had been struck out, except indeed for the account given in one of the most beautiful and simple letters ever penned, wherein Mrs. Browning relates how she regarded his love as "a bare impulse—a generous man of quick sympathies taking up a sudden interest with both hands;" how she showed him that he was "throwing into the ashes his best affection," while she "had not strength, even of *heart*, for the ordinary duties of life;" how his only and sufficient reply was that he loved her, and would to his last hour. Now we have all deficiency in this respect made good by the two closely printed volumes which contain the love-letters of 1845–46,* and which for all their eleven hundred pages may be said to be summarised in the preceding sentence.

Had this correspondence been withheld from publication our literature would have been the poorer by the unique and convincing portraiture of two beautiful and rarely-gifted natures. Every letter-writer unconsciously reveals the manner of man he is, and no man so completely gives himself away—whatever the value of the gift—as the man who is writing to the woman he loves; but it may be doubted if the public has ever before been permitted to read the letters of lovers in which the affection was more ideal, chivalrous, and impassioned, and in which the writers laid bare their own souls with such an ingenuity and subtlety of introspection. Over and over again, as one turns the pages, a consciousness obtrudes that these confidences were intended for one reader only and that we had better close the book; and yet, natural as these scruples are, the further we read the more certain it grows upon us that it is well for us to learn how two great souls regarded love and marriage and life, and in what fashion of speech they drew to each other. For the rest we need not be more delicate than Mrs. Browning herself:

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* "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett-Barrett, 1845–46." With Portraits and Facsimiles. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co. 21*s*.

> I, for my part, value letters as the most vital part of biography, and for any rational human being to put his foot on the traditions of his kind in this particular class does seem to me as wonderful as possible. . . . I can read book after book of such reading—or could! And if her [Miss Martineau's] principle were carried out, there would be an end! Death would be deader from henceforth. . . . We should all be ready to say that if the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other surviving souls let them be open to men hereafter, even as they are to God now. Dust to dust, and soul-secrets to humanity—there are natural heirs to all these things. Not that I do not intimately understand the shrinking back from the idea of publicity on any terms—not that I would not myself destroy papers of mine which were sacred to *me* for personal reasons—but then I never would call this natural weakness virtue, nor would I, as a teacher of the public, announce it, and attempt to justify it as an example to other minds and acts, I hope.

After all it is the intimate personal experience that is most interesting and helpful to us, and at the same time the most difficult to come by. As Browning himself remarks in his preface to "Sordello," "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study."

Probably the most peculiar characteristic of these volumes is the intense absorption of the writers in each other. From January to January and from January again to September they live practically in a world of their own. Now and again, at rare intervals, one or the other awakens to the fact that there is a populous universe outside, and a familiar name—Carlyle, it may be, or Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau or Horne of "the Farthing Epic"—appears on the page; but there is very little gossip of any sort to be had for the gleaning. The constant inexhaustible theme is love—the amazement of love, the incredulity of love, the vain dream of love to one whose life has been such that, as she once said of herself, "a bird in a cage would have as good a story," then the splendour and rapture of love breaking into such confessions as this, in prose:

> To many you might be better than all things while one of all things: to me you are instead of all; to many, a crowning happiness—to me, the happiness itself.

And this in verse, though till now it has been impossible to divine how slight was the difference even in phrase between the feeling of the lover and that of the poet:

> Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
> Unlike our uses and our destinies.
> Our ministering two angels look surprise
> On one another, as they strike athwart
> Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
> A guest for queens to social pageantries.
> . . . What hast *thou* to do
> With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
> A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
> The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?

Indeed it is only in the light of these letters that the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" acquire their complete autobiographical significance; and though that may count for nothing in our estimate of them as poetry it counts for much in our understanding of Mrs. Browning.

Similarly one cannot but be struck by the fact that here in his prose of every day Browning is essentially the Browning of his books. He wore some portion of his singing-robes all through the week. One is prepared to find that thoughts, subtleties of analysis, felicities of phrase, chanced on here at haphazard in the warmth of correspondence, are the seeds of poems or lines in poems which came afterwards to bloom. In more than one letter there is a passage which—give it such technical touch as is needed for blank verse—reads like an extract from "The Ring and the Book," or which might indeed have come as it stands from "A Soul's Tragedy." Take, for example, the case put for the duello at the beginning of the second volume. Or consider this snap-shot of "the Bora":

> By the way, what a characteristic of an Italian *late* evening is Summer-lightning—it hangs in broad

> slow sheets, dropping from cloud to cloud, so long in dropping and dying off. The "bora," which you only get at Trieste, brings wonderful lightning—you are in glorious June weather, fancy, of an evening, under green shock-headed acacias, so thick and green, with the cicalas stunning you above, and all about you men, women, rich and poor, sitting, standing, and coming and going—and through all the laughter and screaming and singing, the loud clink of the spoons against the glasses, the way of calling for fresh "sorbetti"—for all the world is at open coffee-house at such an hour—when suddenly there is a stop in the sunshine, a blackness drops down, then a great white column of dust drives straight on like a wedge, and you see the acacia heads snap off, now one, then another—and all the people scream "la bora! la bora!" and you are caught up in their whirl and landed in some interior, the man with the guitar on one side of you, and the boy with a cageful of little brown owls for sale on the other—meanwhile, the thunder claps, claps, with such a persistence, and the rain, for a finale, falls in a mass, as if you had knocked out the whole bottom of a huge tank at once—then there is a second stop—out comes the sun—somebody clinks at his glass, all the world bursts out laughing and prepares to pour out again—but *you*, the stranger, *do* make the best of your way out, with no preparation at all; whereupon you infallibly put your foot (and half your leg) into a river, really that, of rainwater—that's a *Bora* (and that comment of yours, a justifiable pun!)

What a sentence! But what a living, vivid picture!

Of the pervading emotional spirit of the correspondence no selection of scraps and phrases can give any satisfactory indication, though the noteworthy sentences are as plentiful as mice in Patagonia. One smiles, however, at the occurrence in the letters of these lofty spirits, of some of the charming fatuities of the most commonplace of lovers. Even "R. B.," though he expresses himself less obviously than the rest of us, experiences the feeling that there are cases in which one would wish to "vowel-point my commonplace letters and syllables with a masoretic *other* sound and sense, make my 'dear' something intenser than 'dears' in ordinary, and 'yours ever' a thought more significant than the run of its like"; and he is as delighted as the most fantastical of us has ever been, when he finds that he may address his "moon of poets" by the divine appellative of "Ba"—the esoteric sweetness of which is explained in this wise:

> We are famous in this house for what are called nick-names . . . and I am never called anything else (never at all) except by the *nom de paix* which you find written in the letter—proving, as Mr. Kenyon says, that I am just "half a Ba-by" . . .—no more nor less;—and, in fact, the name has that precise definition.

There is a disposition to smile when one recollects that the lady was forty; but what is "forty" to love and poetry? When a man and woman are in love, be the age what it may, ever and always

> The year's at the spring
> And the day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven;

and it is their own fault if it does not remain at seven world without end, with never a sparkle the less on the hill side dew-pearled.

But here in parenthesis let me refer once more to the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and place that pet-name in its true and gracious light:

> Yes, call me by my pet name! let me hear
> The name I used to run at, when a child,
> From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,
> To glance up in some face that proved me dear
> With the look of its eyes. I miss the clear
> Fond voices which, being drawn and reconciled
> Into the music of Heaven's undefiled,
> Call me no longer. Silence on the bier,
> While I call God—call God! So let thy mouth
> Be heir to those who are now exanimate.

In Browning's case there was a glamour of poetry as well as a glamour of love: "I love your verses with all my heart," he wrote at the very outset ". . . I can give a reason for my faith in one and another excellence, the fresh strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos and true new brave thought. . . . I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart—and I love you too." Not the real woman yet, but the lady divined through the dawn-light of the poems. Later, while he was speaking of such work as "Luria" and "A Soul's Tragedy" as failures, he never wavered in his admiration of her singing. To the end she was "half angel and half bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire."

Her delight and pride in his achievements were not marred by lack of judgment or frankness. "'Sordello,'" she told him, "is like a noble picture with its face to the wall just now—or at least, in the shadow;" but she did not hesitate to class this or that poem or play "with the other masterpieces of the world." In the matter of playfulness, women being apparently less expert at pet-names than men, she never got beyond plain "Robert," but she could turn a pretty phrase on occasion:

> There is something better, as you said, even than your poetry—as the giver is better than the gift, and the maker than the creature, and *you* than *yours*. Yes—*you* than *yours*. . . . (I did not mean it so when I wrote it first. . . . but I accept the "bona verba," and use the phrase for the end of my letter). . . . as *you* are better than *yours;* even when so much yours as your own
>
> E. B. B.

But from the moment when she finds that she cannot persuade him that he is throwing his best affection "into the ashes," and that she can no longer resist his pressure, she is in the main tremulously alive to all that his love is to her:

> Now if you ever fancy that I am *vain* of your love for me, you will be unjust, remember. If it were less dear, and less above me, I might be vain perhaps. But I may say before God and you, that of all the events of my life, inclusive of its afflictions, nothing has humbled me so much as your love. Your love has been to me like God's own love, which makes the receivers of it kneelers.

And again:

> If you knew what I feel at moments, and at half-hours when I give myself up to the feeling freely and take no thought of red eyes. A woman once was killed with gifts, crushed with the weight of golden bracelets thrown at her: and, knowing myself, I have wondered more than a little how it was that I could *bear* this strange and unused gladness without sinking as the emotion rose. Only I was incredulous at first, and the day broke slowly . . . and the gifts fell like the rain . . softly; and God gives strength, by His providence, for sustaining blessings as well as stripes. . . . May God so deal with me, so bless me, so leave me, as I live only for you and *shall*. Do you doubt *that*, my only beloved?

One last woman's phrase and I have done:

> Good Heavens! how dreadfully natural it would be to me, seem to me, if you *did* leave off loving me! How it would be like the sun's setting—and no more wonder!

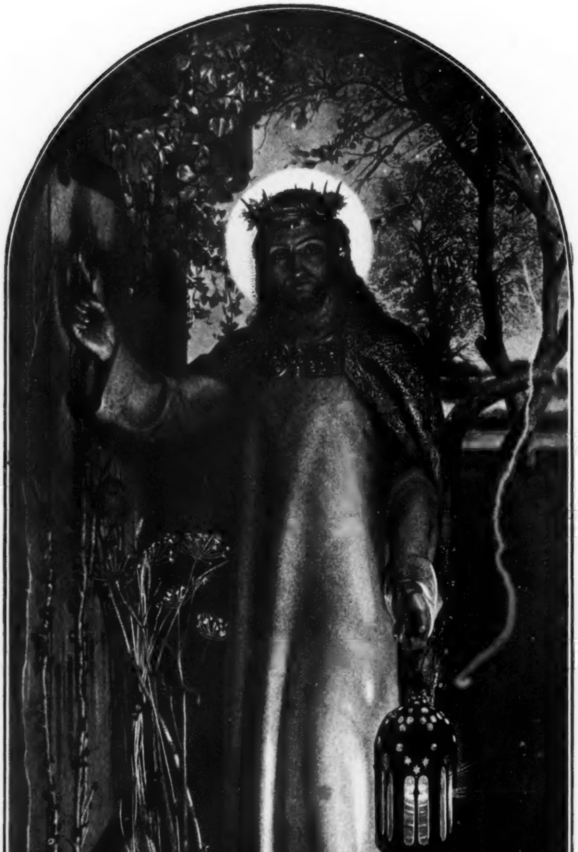
"These letters," writes the editor of the correspondence, "are all that ever passed between my father and mother, for after their marriage they were never separated"—and that alone is a curious fact in fifteen years of married life. From the time of Mrs. Browning's death they were kept in "a certain inlaid box," into which they exactly fitted, all arranged in order and numbered. The poet destroyed all the rest of his correspondence, and not long before his death, referring to the letters, he said to his son: "There they are, do with them as you please when I am dead and gone!" To this brief story of the correspondence may be added the words of the mother, written forty years before, when the ink was still black which has since faded and left several words scarcely legible:

> My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
> And yet they seem alive and quivering
> Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
> And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
> This said,—he wished to have me in his sight
> Once, as a friend; this fixed a day in spring
> To come and touch my hand . . . . a simple thing,
> Yet I wept for it!—this . . . the paper's light . . .
> Said, *Dear, I love thee;* and I sank and quailed,
> As if God's future thundered on my past.
> This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled
> With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
> And this . . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed
> If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

Mr. Ruskin has put into a striking form a truth which most people are slow to discover:

> The *utmost* a man can do is that which he can do without effort. All beautiful work—singing, painting, dancing, speaking—is the *easy* result of long and painful practice.

The passage occurs in an interesting collection of letters, entitled "Ruskin: Rossetti: Preraphaelitism. Papers 1854 to 1862," edited by William Michael Rossetti (George Allen, 10s. 6*d.* net). The dates indicate the period beginning with Dante Rossetti's personal acquaintance with Mr. Ruskin in 1854, and closing with the death of his wife in 1862; and the letters throw a pleasant light on Mr. Ruskin's intimate relations with the poet-painter and the gifted lady who afterwards became his wife, besides affording glimpses of a number of Rossetti's friends. The volume contains eleven beautiful reproductions of pictures by Rossetti and one of "Burd Helen" by W. L. Windus.



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"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK"

By W. Holman Hunt

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By NEIL MUNRO, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XIII

A GHOST

I THINK that in the trees, the dryads, the leaf-haunters invisible, so sad in childlessness, ceased their swinging to look upon the boy and girl so enviable in their innocence and happiness. Gilian knelt and gathered up the flowers. It was, perhaps, more to hide his vexation than from courtesy that he did so, but the act was so unboylike, so deferring in its manner, that it restored to Nan as much of her good humour as her laughter had not brought back with it. As he lifted the flowers and put them together, there seemed to come from the fresh lush stalks of them some essence of the girl whose hands had culled and grasped them, a feeling of her warm palm. And when handing her the re-gathered flowers he felt the actual touch of her fingers, his head for a second swam. He wondered. For in the touch there had been something even more potent and pleasing than in the mother-touch of Miss Mary's hand that day when first he came to the town, the mother-touch that revealed a world not of kindness alone—for that was not new, he had it from the little old woman whose face was like a nut—but of understanding and of sympathy.

"Have you any more wonders to show?" said Nan, now all in the humour of adventure.

"Nothing you would care for," he said. "There are lots of places just for thinking at, but——"

"I would rather them to be places to be seeing at," said Nan.

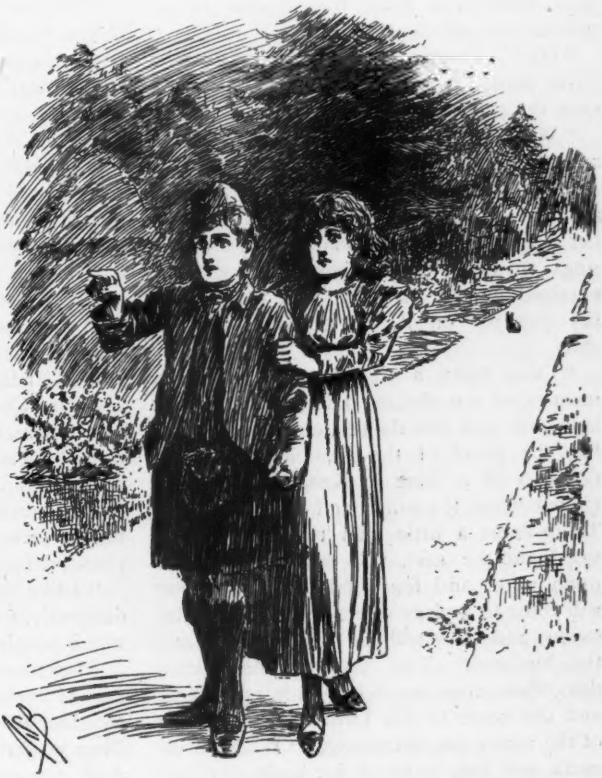
Gilian reflected, and "You know the Lady's Linn?" he said.

She nodded.

"Well," said he. "Do you know the story of it, and why it is called the Lady's Linn?"

Nan confessed her ignorance; but a story—oh, that was good enough!

"Come to the Linn and I'll show you



"'We must walk across there,' he said"

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the place, then," said Gilian, and he led her among the grasses, among the tall commanding brackens, upon the old moss that gave no whisper to the footfall, so that, for the nymphs among the trees, the pair of them might be comrades too, immortal. A few moments brought them to the Linn, a deep pool in the river bend, lying so calm that the blue field of heaven and its wisps of cloud astray like lambs were painted on its surface. Round about, the banks rose steep, magnificent with flowers.

"See," said Gilian, pointing to the reflection at their feet. "Does it not look like a bit of the sky tumbled among the grasses? I sometimes think, to see it like that, that to fall into it would be to tangle with the stars."

Nan only laughed and stooped to lift a stone. She threw it into the very midst of the pool, and the mirror of the heavens was shattered.

"I never thought I could throw into the sky so far," she said mischievously, pleased as it seemed to spoil the illusion in so sudden and sufficient a manner.

"Oh!" he cried, pained to the quick, "you should not have done that, it will spoil the story."

"What is the story?" she said, sitting and looking down upon the troubled pool.

"You must wait till the water is calm again," said he, seating himself a little below her on the bank, and watching the water-rings subside. Then when the pool had regained its old placidity, with the flecked sky pictured on it, he began his Gaelic story.

"Once upon a time," said he, in the manner of the sheiling tales, "there was a lady with eyes like the sea, and hair blowing like the tassel of the fir, and she was a daughter of a King in Knapdale, and she looked upon the world and she was weary. There came a little man to her from the wood and he said, 'Go seven days, three upon water and four upon land, and you will come to a place where the moon's sister swims, and there will be the earl's son and the husband.' The lady travelled seven days, three upon water and four upon land, and she came to the Linn where the sister of the moon was swimming. 'Where is my earl's son that is to be my husband?' she asked; and the moon's sister said he was hunting in the two roads that lie below the river bed. The lady, who was the daughter of the King of Knapdale, shut her eyes that were like the sea, and tied in a cushion above her head her hair that was like the tassel of the fir, and broke the crystal door of dream and reached the two hunting roads in the bed of the river. 'We are two brothers,' said the watchers, standing at the ends of the roads, 'and we are the sons of earls.' She thought and thought. 'I am Sir Sleep,' said the younger. 'And will you be true?' said she. 'Almost half the time,' he answered. She thought and thought. 'I am very weary,' she said. 'Then come with me,' said the other, 'I am the Older Brother.' She heard above her the clanging of the door of dream as she went with the Older Brother. And she was happy for evermore."

"Oh, that is a stupid story," said Nan. "It's not a true story at all. You could tell it to me anywhere, and why should we be troubled walking to the Linn?"

"Because this is the Lady's Linn," said Gilian, "and to be telling a story you must be putting a place in it or it will not sound true. And Gillesbeg Aotram who told me the story——"

"Gillesbeg Aotram!" she said in amaze. "He's daft. If I thought it was a daft man's story I had to hear I——"

"He's not daft at all," protested Gilian. "He's only different from his neighbours."

"That is being daft," said she. "But it is a very clever tale and you tell it very well. You must tell me more stories. Do you know any more stories? I like soldier stories. My father tells me a great many."

"The Cornal tells me a great many too," said Gilian, "but they are all true, and they do not sound true, and I have to make them all up again in my own mind. But this is not the place for soldier stories; every place has its own kind of story, and this is the place for fairy stories if you care for them."

"I like them well enough," she answered dubiously, "though I like better the stories where people are doing things."

They rose from their seat of illusion beside the Linn where the King of Knapdale's daughter broke the gate of sleep and dream. They walked into the Duke's flower garden. And now the day was done, the sun had gone behind Creag Dubh while they were sitting by the river; a grey-brown dusk wrapped up the country-side. The tall trees that were so numerous outside changed here to shorter darker foreign trees, and yews that never waved in winds, but seemed the ghosts of trees, to thickets profound, with secrets in their recesses. In and out among these unfamiliar growths walked Nan and her companion, their pathway crooking in a maze of newer wonders on either hand. One star peered from the sky, the faint wind of the afternoon had sunk to a hint of mingled and moving odours.

Gilian took the girl's hand, and thus together they went deeper into the garden among the flowers that perfumed the air till it seemed drugged and heavy. They walked and walked in the maze of intersecting roads whose pebbles grated to the foot, and, so magic the place, there seemed no end to their journey.

Nan became alarmed. "I wish I had never come," said she. "I want home." And the tears were very close upon her eyes.

"Yes, yes," said Gilian, leading her on through paths he had never seen before. "We will get out in a moment. I know—I think I know, the road. It is this way—no, it is this way—no, I am wrong."

But he did not cease to lead her through the garden. The long unending rows of gay flowers stretching in the haze of evening, the parterres spread in gaudy patches, the rich revelation of moss and grass between the trees and shrubs were wholly new to him; they stirred to thrills of wonder and delight.

"Isn't it fine, fine?" he asked her in a whisper lest the charm should fly.

She answered with a sob he did not hear, so keen his thrall to the enchantment. No sign of human habitation lay around except the gravelled walks; the castle towers were hid, the boat-strewn sea was on their left no more. Only the clumps of trees were there, the mossy grass, the flowers whose beauty and plenteousness mocked the posie in the girl's hands. They walked now silent, expectant every moment of the exit that somehow baffled, and at last they came upon the noble lawn. It stretched from their feet into a remote encroaching eve, no trees beyond visible, no break in all its grey-green flatness edged on either hand by wood. And now the sky had many stars.

Their gravelled path had ceased abruptly; before them the lawn spread like a lake, and they were shy to venture on its surface.

"Let us go on; I must go home, I am far from home," said Nan, in a trepidation, her flowers shed, her eyes moist with tears. And into her voice had come a strain of dependence on the boy, an accent more pleasing than any he had heard in her before.

"We must walk across there," he said, looking at the far-off vague edge; but yet he made no move to meet the wishes of the girl now clinging to his arm.

"Come, come," said she, and pressed him gently at the arm; but yet he stood dubious in the dusk.

"Are you afraid?" she asked, herself whispering, she could not tell why.

He felt his face burn at the reflection; he shook her hand off almost angrily. "Afraid!" said he. "Not I; what makes you think that? Only—only——" His eyes were staring at the lawn.

"Only what?" she whispered again, seeking his side for the comfort of his presence.

"It is stupid," he confessed, shame in his accent, "but they say the fairies dance there, and I think we might be looking for another way."

At the confession, Nan's mood of fear that Gilian had conferred on her was gone. She drew back and laughed with as much heartiness as at his story of the heron's nest. The dusk was all around and they were all alone, lost in a magic garden, but she forgot all in this new revelation of her companion's strange belief. She turned and ran across the lawn, crying as she went, "Follow me, follow me!" and Gilian, all the ecstasy of that lingering moment on the edge of fancy gone, ran after her, feeling himself a child of dream, and her the woman made for action.

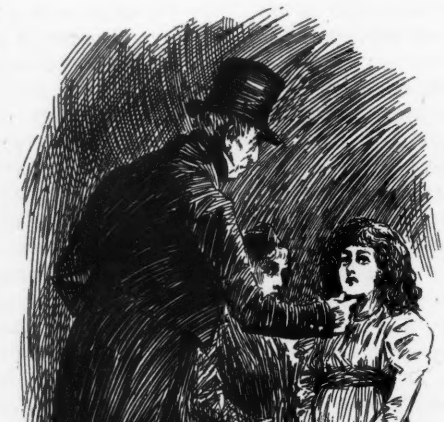
A sudden opening in the thicket revealed the shore, the highway, the quay with its bobbing lamps, the town with its upper windows lighted. At the gateway of the garden the Cornal met them. He was close on them in the dusk before he knew them, and seeing Gilian he peered closely in the girl's face.

"Who's this?" said he abruptly.

Gilian hesitated, vaguely fearing to reveal her identity, and Nan shrank back, all her memories of conversation in Maam telling her that here was an enemy.

Again the Cornal bent and looked more closely, lifting her chin up that he might see the better. She flashed a glance of defiance in his scarred old parchment face, and he drew his hand back as if he had been stung.

"Nan! Nan!" cried he, with a curious voice. "What witchery is this?" He was in a tremble. Then he started and laughed bitterly. "Oh no, not Nan!" said he. "Oh no, not Nan!" with the most rueful accent, almost chanting it as if it were a dirge.


"Lifting her chin up that he might see her better"

"It *is* Nan," said Gilian.

"It is her breathing image," said the old man. "It is Nan, no doubt, but not the Nan I knew."

She turned and sped home by the seaside, without farewell, alarmed at this oddity, and Gilian and the Cornal stood alone, the Cornal looking after her with a wistfulness in his very attitude.

"The same, the same, the very same!" said he to himself, in words the boy could plainly hear. "Her mother to the very defiance of her eye." He clutched Gilian rudely by the shoulder. "What," said he, "were you wandering about with that girl for? Answer me that. They told me you were off after the soldiers, and I came up here hoping it true. It would have been the daft but likeable cantrip I should have forgiven in any boy of mine; it would have shown some sign of a sogerly emprise. And here you are, with a lass wandering! Where were you?"

Gilian explained.

"In the flower garden? Ay! ay! A lassie on the roadside met your fancy more than Geordie's men of war. Thank God, I was never like that! And Turner's daughter above all! If she's like her mother in her heart as she's like her in the face, it might be a bitter notion for your future."

He led the way home, muttering to himself. "Nan! Nan! It gave me the start! It was nearly a stroke for me! The same look about her! She is dead, dead and buried, and in her daughter she defies us still!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE CORNAL'S LOVE STORY

MISS MARY, in great tribulation, was waiting on them at the stair-foot, her face, with all its trouble in dark and throbbing lines, lit up by the lamp above the merchant's door. When she saw her brother coming with Gilian she ran forward on the footway, caught the boy by the hand and dragged him in.

"I am very angry, oh, I am terribly angry with you!" she cried. "Do not speak a word to me." She pushed him into a chair and spread thick butter on a scone and thrust it in his hand. "To frighten us like this! The Captain is all over the town for you, and the General has sent men to drag for you about the quay."

Peggy the maid smiled over her mistress's shoulder at the youth. He ate his scone with great complacency, heartened by this token that something of Miss Mary's vexation was assumed. Not perhaps her vexation—for were her eyes not red as with weeping?—but her anger, if she had really been angry.

"You are a perfect heartbreak," she went on. "The Cornal heard you had run oft after the sogers, and——"

"Would that vex you?" asked Gilian.

"It would not vex Colin; he would give his only infant, if he had one, to the army; but I was thinking of you left behind in the march about the loch-head, and lost and starving somewhere about the wood of Dunderave."

"I would not starve in Dunderave so long as the nut and bramble were there," said Gilian, rejoicing in her kindly perturbation. "And I could not be lost anywhere——"

"—Except in the Duke's flower garden, wasting the time with—with—a woman's daughter," said the Cornal, putting his head in at the kitchen door. He frowned upon his sister for her too prompt kindness to the rover, and she hid behind her a cup of new-skimmed cream. "Come upstairs and have a talk with Dugald and me," he went on to the boy.

"Will it not do in the morning?" asked Miss Mary, all shaking, dreading her darling's punishment.

"No," said the Cornal. "Now or never. Oh! you need have no fears that I would put him to the triangle."

"Then I may go too?" said Miss Mary.

The Cornal put the boy in front of him and pushed him towards the stair-foot. "You stay where you are," he said to his sister. "This will be a man's sederunt."

They went up the stair together and entered the parlour, to find the General half-sleeping in his lug-chair. He started at the apparition of the entering youth.

"You are not drowned after all," said he, "and there's my money gone that I spent for a gross of stenlock hooks to grapple you."

"Sit down there," said the Cornal, pointing to the chair in which Gilian had first stood court-martial. The bottle was brought forth from the cupboard; the glasses were ranged again by the General. In the grate a sea-coal fire burned brightly, its glance striking golden now and then upon the polished woodwork of the room and all its dusky corners, more golden, more warm, more generous, than the wan disheartened rays of the candles that shook a smoky flame above the board. Gilian waited his punishment with more wonder than fear. What could be said to him for a misadventure? He had done no harm except to cause an hour or two of apprehension, and if he had been with one whose company was forbidden it had never been forbidden to him.

"It's a fine carry-on this," said the Cornal, breaking the silence. "Ay, it's a fine carry-on." He stretched the upper part of his body over the low table with his arms spread out, and looked into the boy's eyes with a glance more judicial than severe. "Here are we doing our best to make a man of you, more in a brag against gentry that need not be named in this house than for human kindness, though that is not wanting I assure you, and what must you be at but colloguing and, perhaps, plotting with the daughter of the gentry in question? I will not exactly say plotting," he hastened to amend, remembering apparently that before him were but the rudiments of a man. "I will not say plotting, but at least you were in a way to make us a laugh to the whole community. Do you know anything of the girl that you were with?"

"I met her in the school before she got her governess."

"Oh, ay! they must be making the leddy of her; that was the spoiling of her mother before her. As if old Brooks could not be learning any woman enough schooling to carry on a career in a kitchen. And have you seen her elsewhere?"

"I heard her once singing on her father's vessel," said Gilian.

"She was singing!" cried the Cornal, standing to his feet and thumping the table till the glasses rang. "Has she that art of the devil too? Her mother had it; ay! her mother had it, and it would go to your head like strong drink. Would it not, Dugald? You know the dame I mean."

"It was very taking, her song," said the General simply, playing with the empty glass, his eyes upon the table.

"And what now did she sing? Would it be——"

"It was 'The Rover' and 'The Man with the Coat of Green,'" said Gilian in an eager recollection.

"Man! did I not ken it?" cried the Cornal. "Oh! I kent it fine. 'The Rover' was her mother's trump card. I never gave a curse for a tune, but she had a way of lilting that one that was wonderful."

"She had that," said the General, and he sighed.

The room, it seemed to Gilian, was a vault, a cavern of melancholy, with only the flicker of the coal to light it up in patches. These old men sighing were its ghosts or hermits, and he himself a worldling fallen invisible among their spoken thoughts. To him the Cornal no longer spoke directly; he was thinking aloud the thoughts alike of the General and himself—the dreams, the actions, the joys, the bitterness of youth. He sat back in his chair, relaxed, his hand wrinkled and grey, with no lusty blood rushing any more under the skin; upon the arms his fingers beating tattoo for his past.

"You'll be wondering that between the Turners and us is little love lost, though no doubt Miss Mary with her clinking tongue has given you a glisk of the reason. He'll be wondering, Dugald, he'll be wondering, I'll warrant. And, man, there's nothing by-ordinar wonderful in it, for are we not but human men? There was a woman in Little Elrig who took Dugald's fancy (if you will let me say it, Dugald), and he was willing to draw in with her and give her a name as reverend as any in the shire, for who are older than the Campbells of Keils? It's an old story, and in a way it was only yesterday: sometimes I think it must be only a dream. But, dream or waking, I can see plainly my brother Dugald there, home on leave, make visitation to Glen Shira. I have seen him ambling up there happy on his horse (it was Black Geordie, Dugald,—well I mind him), and coming down again at night with a glow upon his countenance. Miss Mary, she would be daffing with him on his return, with a 'How's her leddyship to-day, Dugald?' and he would be in a pleasant vexation at this guessing of what he thought his secret. It was no secret: was ever such a thing secret in the shire of Argyll? We all knew it. She was Mary's friend and companion, she would come to our house here on a Saturday; I see her plainly on that chair at the window."

The General turned with a gasp, following his brother's glance. "I wish to God you would not be so terribly precise," was what he said. And then he fingered at his glass anew.

"Many a time she sat there with our sister, the smell of the wallflower on the sill about her, and many a time she sang 'The Rover' in this room. In this very room, Dugald: isn't every word I'm saying true? Of course it is. God! as if a dream could be so fine! Well, well! my brother, who sits there all bye with such affairs, went away on another war. She was vexed. The woods of Shira Glen were empty for her after that, I have no doubt, now that their rambles were concluded; she was lonely on the Dhuloch-side, where many a time he convoyed her home in the summer gloaming. He came back a tired man, a man hashed about with wounds and voyaging, cold nights, wet marches, bitter cruel fare, not the same at all in make or fashion, or in gaiety, that went away. The girl—the girl was cold. I hate to say it, Dugald, but what is the harm in a story so old? She came about Miss Mary in this house as before, no way blate, but it was 'Hands off!' for the man who had so liked her."

He paused and stretched to fill his glass, but as he seized the bottle the hand shook so that he laid the vessel down in shame. The boy sat entranced, following the story intimately, guessing every coming sentence, filling up its bald outline with the pictures of his brain; riding with the General, almost in his prime and almost handsome, and hearing the woman sing in the window chair; feeling the soldier's return to a reception so cruel. The General said nothing, but sat musing, his eyes, wide and distant, on the board. And out in the street there was the traffic of the town, the high calls of lads in their boisterous evening play, the laugh of a girl. From the kitchen came the rattle of Peggy's operations, and in a low murmur Miss Mary's voice as she hummed to herself, her symptom of anxiety, as she was sieving the evening milk in the pantry.

The Cornal gulped the merest thimbleful of spirits and resumed in a different key.

"Then, then," said he, "then I became the family's fool. Oh, ay!"—and he laughed with a crackle at the throat and no merriment—"I was the family fool; there was aye a succession of them in our house, one after another, dancing to this woman's piping. For a while nobody saw it; Dugald never saw it, for he was sitting moping, wearying for some work anywhere away from this infernal clime of rain and sleep and old sorrows; Mary never noticed it—at least not for a little; she could not easily fancy her companion the character she was. But I would be meeting the girl here and there about the country, in the glen, in the town, as well as here in this very parlour where I had to sit and look indifferent, though—though my heart stounded, and I never met her but I felt a traitor to my brother. You will believe that, Dugald?" said he, recognition for a moment flashing to his eye.

And the General nodded, stretching himself weary on the chair.

"Oh, ay! even then I wished myself younger, for she was not long beyond her teens, and walking beside her I would be feeling musty and old, though I was not really old, as my picture there above the chimneypiece will show. I was not old, in heart—it pattered like a bairn's steps to every glimpse and sentence of her. I lost six months at this game, my corps calling me, but I could not drag myself away. Once I spoke of going, and she sang 'The Rover'—by God! it sealed me to her footsteps. I stayed for very pity of myself, seeing myself a rover indeed if I went, more distressed than ever gave the key to any song. The woods, the woods in spring; the country full of birds; Dhuloch lap-lapping on the shore; the summer with hay filling the field, and the sky blue from hill to hill, the nights of heather perfume and of star—oh, yes, she led me a pretty dance, I'm thinking, and sometimes I will be wondering if it was worth the paying for."

The Paymaster's house was grown very still. Gilian ceased to make the pictures in his mind.

"I met her ghost up there on the road this very night, and I had a hand below her chin," said the Cornal with a gulp.

"You did not dare, you did not dare!" cried his brother, an apple-red upon his cheek, and half rising in his chair.

"Surely, surely—in a ghost," said the Cornal. "I would never have mentioned it had it been herself. Sit down, Dugald. It was her daughter. I never saw her so close before, and the look of her almost gave me a stroke. It was what I felt when I first saw her mother with a younger man than you or I. Just like that I met them in the gloaming, with Turner very jaunty at her side, rapping his leg with his riding-cane, half a head higher than myself, a generation less in years. It was a cursed bitter pill, Dugald! Then I understood what you had meant and what Mary meant by her warnings. But I was cool—oh yes! I think I was cool. I only made to laugh and pass on, and she stopped me with her own hand. 'I kept it from you as long as I could,' she said: 'it was cruel, it was the blackest of sins, but this is the man for me.'"

"That was the man for her," echoed the General, his sentence stifled in a sigh.

"'This is the man for me.' Turner stood beside her, looking with an admiration, but to do him justice, ill at ease, and with some—with some—with some pity for me. Oh! that stunned me! 'Is it so indeed?' I said in a little when I came to myself, feeling for the first time old. 'And must it be farewell with me as with my brother Dugald?'"

"You should not have said that at all," said the General. "I would not have said it."

"I daresay not; I daresay not," said the Cornal slowly, pondering on it. "But, mind you, I was in a curious position, finding myself the second fool of a family that had got fair warning. She birked up and took her gallant's arm. Said I then, 'We'll maybe get you yet; I have a younger brother still.' It was a stupid touch of bravado. 'Jock!' said she, laughing, all her sorrow for her misdoing gone; 'Jock! not the three of you together; give me youth and action.' Then she went away with her new fancy, and I was left alone. I was left alone. I was left alone."

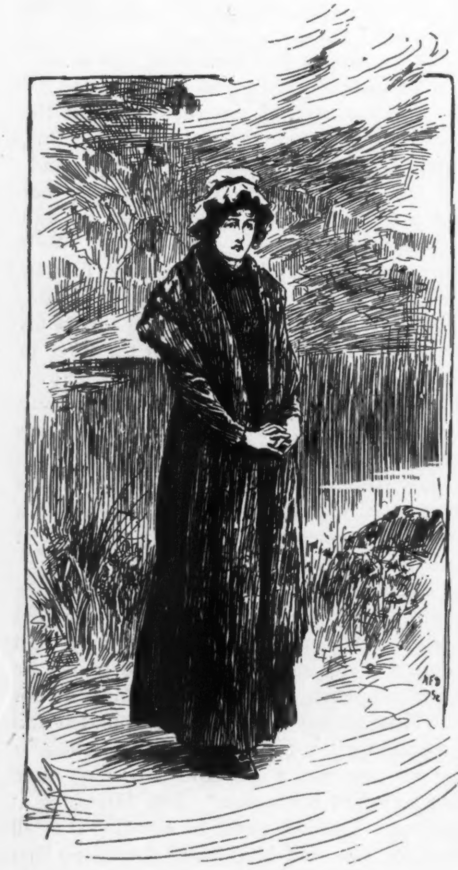
His voice, that had risen to a shout as he gave the woman's words, declined to a crackle, a choked harsh utterance that almost failed to cross the table.

Up got the General. "Never mind, never mind, Colin," said he as it were to a vexed child. "We took our scuds gamely, and there was no more to do. God knows we have had plenty since—made wanderers for the King, ill fed for the King, wounded and blooded for the King. What does it matter for one that was a girl and is now no more but a clod in Kilmalieu? I'm forgetting it all fast. I would never be minding it at all but for you and Miss Mary there, and that picture of the man I was once, on the wall. I mind more of Badajos and San Sebastian

—that was the roaring, the bloody, the splendid time!—than of the girl that played us on her string—three brothers at a single cast—a witch's fishing. What nonsense is this to be bringing up at our time of life? In the hearing of a wean too."

A cough choked him and he stopped. At Gilian, sitting still and seemingly uncomprehending, the Cornal looked as at a stranger. "So it is," said he; "just a wean! I forgot, some way. How old are you—fifteen? Nonsense! By the look of you I would say a hundred. Oh, you're an old-farrent one, sitting there with your lugs cocked. And what do you think is the moral of my story? Eh?—the moral of it? The lesson of it? What? What? What?"

Gilian had the answer in a flash. "It is to be younger than the other man; it is——"



"She was lonely on the Dhuloch-side"

"What?" cried the Cornal. "That's the moral? To be younger than the other man. No more than that? To be young? Old Brooks never put you to your Æsops when that's all you can make of it."

The General sat back and folded his soft thick hands upon his lap. He drew in his breath and blew it out again with the gasp of the wearied emerging from water. "Do you know, Dugald," said he, "there's something in that view of it? We were not young enough. We had too sober an eye on life. Youth is not in the straight back or the clear eye; there is something more, and—the person you mentioned had it, and has it yet."

"That's all havers," said the Cornal; "all havers. I was as jocular at the time as Jiggy Crawford himself. It did not come natural, but I could force myself to it. The blame was not with us. She was a wanton hussy first and last, and God be with her!"

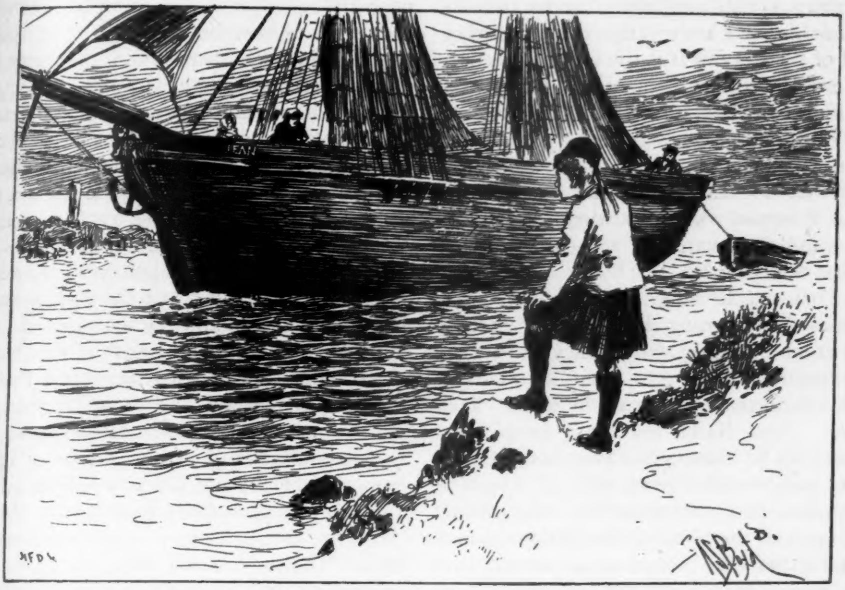
He gripped the boy by the jacket collar. "Up and away," said he. "If my tale's in vain, there's no help for it. I cannot make it plainer. Do not be a fool, wasting the hours that are due to your tasks in loitering with the daughter of a woman who has her mother's eye and her mother's songs, and maybe her mother's heart."

He pushed the boy almost rudely out at the parlour door.

CHAPTER XV

ON BOARD THE "JEAN"

GILIAN went up to his attic, stood looking blankly from the window at the skylights on the other side of the street, his head against the camceil of the room. He was bewildered and pleased. He was bewildered at this new candour of the Cornal that seemed to rank him for the first time more than a child; he was pleased to have his escapade treated in so tolerant a fashion, and to be taken into a great and old romance, though there was no active feud in it as in Marget Maclean's books. Besides, the sorrow of the old man's love-story touched him. To find a soft piece in that old warrior so intent upon the past and a splutter of glory was astonishing, and it was pitiful too that it should be a tragedy so hopeless. He 'listed once more on the Cornal's side in the feud against Maam, even against Nan herself for her likeness to her



"'Ho *'ille, 'ille!'* Black Duncan cried upon him"

mother, forgetting the charm of her song, the glamour at the gate, and all the magic of the garden. He determined to keep at a distance if he was to be loyal to those who had adopted him. There was no reason, he told himself, why he should vex the Paymaster and his brothers by indulging his mere love of good company in such escapades as he had in the ship and in the Duke's garden. There was no reason why—— His head unexpectedly bumped against the camceil of the room. He was startled at the accident. It revealed to him for the first time how time was passing and he was growing. When he had come first to the Paymaster's that drooping ceil was just within the reach of his outstretched hand; now he could touch it with his brow.

"Gilian! Gilian!" cried Miss Mary up the stair.

He went down rosy red, feeling some unrest to meet a woman so soon after the revelation of a woman's perfidy, so soon indeed after a love-tale told among men. The parlour, as he passed its slightly open door, was still; its candles guttered on the table. The fire was down to the ash. He knew, without seeing it, that the old men were seated musing as always, ancient and moribund.

Miss Mary gave him his supper. For a time she bustled round him, with all her vexation gone, saying nothing of his sederunt with her brothers. Peggy was at the well, spilling stoup after stoup to make her evening gossip the longer, and the great flagged kitchen was theirs alone.

"What—what was the Cornal saying to you?" at last she queried, busying herself as she spoke with some uncalled-for kitchen office to show the indifference of her question.

"Oh, he was not angry," said Gilian, thinking that might satisfy.

"I did not think he would be," she said. Then in a little again, reluctantly: "But what was he talking about?"

The boy fobbed it off again. "Oh, just about—about—a story about a woman in Little Elrig."

"Did you understand?" she said, stopping her fictitious task and gasping, at the same time scrutinising him closely.

"Oh, yes—no, not very well," he stammered, making a great work with his plate and spoon.

"Do not tell *me* that," she said, coming over courageously and laying her hand upon his shoulder. "I know you understand every word of the story, if it is the story I mean."

He did not deny it this time. "But I do not know whether it is the same story or not," he said, eagerly wishing she would change the subject.

"What I mean," said she, "is a story about a woman who was a friend of mine—and—and she quarrelled with my brothers. Is that the one?"

"That was the one," said he.

Miss Mary wrung her hands. "Oh!" she cried piteously, "that they should be thinking about that yet! wiser-like would it be for them to be sitting at the Book. Poor Nan! Poor Nan! my dear companion! Must they be blaming her even in the grave? You understand it very well. I know by your face you understand it. She should not have all the blame. They did not understand; they were older, more sedate than she was; their merriment was past; there was no scrap left of their bairnhood that even in the manliest man finds a woman's heart quicker than any other quality. I think she tried to—to—to—like them because they were my brothers, but the task beat her for all he rendeavour. It is an old, daft story. I am wondering at them bringing it up to you. What do you think they would bring it up to you for?" And she scrutinised him shrewdly again.

"I think the girl the Cornal saw me with put him in mind of her mother," said Gilian, pushing the idea no further.

She still looked closely at him. "The girl cannot help that," said she. "She is very like her mother in some ways—perhaps in many. Maybe that was the Cornal's reason for telling you the story."

There was not, for once, the response of understanding in Gilian's face. She could say no more. Was he not a boy yet, perhaps with the impulse she and the Cornal feared, all undeveloped? And at any rate she dare not give him the watchword that all their remembrances led up to—the word Beware.

But Gilian guessed the word, and his assumption of ignorance was to prevent Miss Mary from guessing so much. Only he misunderstood. He looked upon the desire to keep him from the company of the people of Maam as due to the old rancours and jealousies, while indeed it was all in his interest.

But in any case he respected the feelings of the Paymaster's family, and thereafter for long he avoided as honestly as a boy might all intercourse with the girl, whom circumstance the mischievous, the henchman of the enemy, put in his way more frequently almost than any of her sex. He must be meeting her in the street, the lane, the market-place, in the highway, or in walks along the glen. He kept aloof as well as he might (yet ever thinking her for song and charm the most interesting girl he knew), and the days passed; the springs would be but a breath of rich brown mould and birch, the summers but a flash of golden days growing briefer every year, the winters a lessening interlude of storm and darkness. Gilian grew like a sapling in all seasons, in mind and fancy as in body. Ever he would be bent above the books of Marget Maclean, getting deeper to the meaning of them. The most trivial, the most inadequate and common story had for him more than for its author, for under the poor battered phrase that runs through book and book, the universal gestures of bookmen, he could see history and renew the tragedies that suggested them at the outset. He was no more Brooks' scholar though he sat upon his upper forms, for, as the dominie well could see, he was launching out on barques of his own; the plain lessons of the school were without any interest as they were without any difficulty to him. He roamed about the woods, he passed precious hours upon the shore, his mind plangent like the wave.

"A droll fellow that of the Paymaster's," they said of him in the town. For as he aged his shyness grew upon him, and he went about the community at ease with himself only when his mind was elsewhere.

"A remarkable young gentleman," said Mr. Spencer one day to the Paymaster. "I am struck by him, sir, I am struck. He has an air of cleverness, and yet they tell me he is——"

"He is what?" asked the Paymaster, lowering his brows suspicious on the innkeeper's hesitation.

"They tell me he is not so great a credit to old Brooks as he might expect," said the innkeeper, who was not lacking in boldness or plain speaking if pushed to it.

"Ay, they say that?" repeated the Paymaster, pinching his snuff vigorously. "Maybe they're right too. I'll tell you what. The lad's head is stuffed with wind. He goes about with notions swishing round inside that head of his, as much the plaything of nature as the reed that whistles in the wind at the riverside and fancies itself a songster."

Mr. Spencer tilted his London hat down upon his brow, fumbled with his fob-chain, and would have liked to ask the Paymaster if his well-known intention to send Gilian on the same career he and his brothers had followed was to be carried into effect. But he felt instinctively that this was a delicate question. He let it pass unput.

Bob MacGibbon had no such delicacy. The same day at their meridian in the "Abercrombie" he broached the topic.

"I'll tell you what it is, Captain: if that young fellow of yours is ever to earn salt for his kail, it is time he was taking a crook in his hand."

"A crook in his hand?" said the Paymaster. "Would you have nothing else for him but a crook?"

"Well," said MacGibbon, "I supposed you would be for putting him into Ladyfield. If that is not your notion, I wonder what you keep it on for."

"Ladyfield!" cried the Paymaster. "There was no notion further from my mind. Farming, for all Duke John's reductions, is the last of trades nowadays. I think I told you plain enough that we meant to make him a soger."

MacGibbon shrugged his shoulders. "If you did I forgot," said he. "It never struck me. A soger? Oh, very well. It is in your family; your influence will be useful." And he changed the subject.

At the very moment that thus they discussed him, Gilian, a truant from school, which now claimed his attention, as Brooks sorrowfully said, "when he had nothing else to do and nowhere else to go," was on an excursion to the Waterfoot, where the Duglas in a sandy delta unravels at the end into numerous lesser streams, like the tip of a knotless fishing-line. It was a place for which he had an exceeding fondness. For here in the hot days of summer there was a most rare seclusion. No living thing shared the visible land with him except the sea-birds, the white-bellied, the clean and wholesome and free, talking like children among the weeds or in their swooping essays overhead. A place of islets and creeks, where the mud lay golden below the river's peaty flow; he had but to shut his eyes for a little and look upon it lazily, and within him rose the whole charm and glamour of oceans and isles. Swimming in the briny deeps that washed the rocks, he felt in that solitude so sufficient, so much in harmony with the spirit of the place, its rumination, its content, its free and happy birds, as if he were Ellar in the fairy tale. The tide caressed; it put its arms round him; it laughed in the sunshine and kissed him shyly at the lips. Into the swooping concourse of the birds he would send, thus swimming, his brotherly halloo. They called back; they were not afraid, they need not be—he loved them.

To-day he had come down to the Waterfoot almost unknowing where he walked. Though the woods were bare there was the look of warmth in their brown and purple depths; only on the upper hills did the snow lie in patches. Great piles of trunks, the trunks of old fir and oak, lay above high-water mark. He turned instinctively to look for the ship they were waiting for, and behind him, labouring at a slant against the wind, was the *Jean* coming from the town to pick her cargo from this narrow estuary.

He was plucked at the heart by a violent wish to stay. At the poop he could see Black Duncan, and the seaman's histories, the seaman's fables all came into his mind again, and the sea was the very highway of content. The ship was all alone upon the water, not even the tan of a fisher's lug-sail broke the blue. A bracing heartening air blew from French Foreland. And as he was looking spellbound upon the little vessel coming into the mouth of the river, he was startled by a strain of music. It floated, a rumour angelic, upon the air, coming whence he could not guess—surely not from the vessel where Black Duncan and two others held the deck alone? It was for a time but a charm of broken melody in the veering wind, distinct a moment, then gone, then back a faint echo of its first clearness. It was not till the vessel came fairly opposite him that the singer revealed herself in Nan sitting on a water-breaker in the lee of the companion hatch.

For the life of him he could not turn to go away. He rebelled against the Paymaster's service, and remained till the ship was in the river mouth beside him.

"Ho *'ille 'ille!*" Black Duncan cried upon him, leaning upon his tarry gunnel, and smiling to the shore like a man far-travelled come upon a friendly face in some foreign port. The wooded rock gave back the call with interest. Round about turned the seaman and viewed the southern sky. A black cloud was pricked upon the spur of Cowal. "There's wind there," said he, "and water too! I'm thinking we are better here than below Otter this night. Nan, my dear, it is home you may get to-day, but not without a wetting. I told you not to come, and come you would."

She drummed with her heels upon the breaker, held up a merry chin, and smiled boldly at her father's captain. "Yes, you told me not to come, but you wanted me to come all the time. I know you did. You wanted songs, you wanted all the songs, and you had the ropes off the pawl before I had time to change my mind."

"You should go home now," said the seaman anxiously. "Here is our young fellow, and he will walk up to the town with you."

She pretended to see Gilian for the first time, staring at him boldly, with a look that made him certain she was thinking of the many times he had manifestly kept out of her way. It made him uneasy, but he was more uneasy when she spoke.

"The Paymaster's boy," said she. "Oh! he would lose himself on the way home, and the fairies might get him. When I go I must find my own way. But I am not going now, Duncan. If it will rain, it will rain and be done with it, and then I will go home."

"Come on board," said Duncan to the boy. "Come on board, and see my ship, then; she is a little ship, but she is a brave one, I'm telling you; there is nothing of the first of her left for patches."

Gilian looked longingly at the magic decks confused with ropes, and the open companion faced him, leading to warm depths, he knew by the smoke that floated from the funnel. But he paused, for the girl had turned her head to look at the sea, and though he guessed somehow she might be willing to have him with her for his youth, he did not care to venture.

Then Black Duncan swore. He considered his invitation too much of a favour to have it treated so dubiously. Gilian saw it and went upon the deck.

Youth, that is so long (and all too momentary), and leaves for ever such a memory, soon forgets. So it was that in a little while Gilian and Nan were on the friendliest of terms, listening to Black Duncan's stories. As they listened, the girl sat facing the den stair, so that her eyes were lit to their depths, her lips were flaming red. The seaman and the boy sat in shadow. The seaman stretched upon a bunk with his feet to the Carron stove, the boy upon a firkin, could see her every wave of fancy displayed upon her countenance. She was eager, she was piteous, she was laughing, in the right key of response always when the stories that were told were the straightforward things of a sailor's experience, storms, adventures, mishaps, passion, or calm. She had grown as Gilian had grown, in mind as in body; and thinking so, he was pleased exceedingly. But the tales that the boy liked were the tales that were not true, and these, to Gilian's sorrow, she plainly did not care for; he could see it in the calmness of her features. When she yawned at a tale of Irish mermaidens he was dashed exceedingly, for before him again was the sceptic who had laughed at his heron's nest and had wantonly broken the crystal of the Lady's Linn. But by-and-by she sang, and oh! all was forgiven her. This time she sang some songs of her fathers, odd airs from English camp-fires, braggart of word, or with the melodious longings of men abroad from the familiar country, the early friend.

"I wish I was a soldier," he found himself repeating in his thought. "I wish I was a soldier, that such songs might be sung for me."

A fury at the futility of his existence seized him. He would give anything to be away from this life of ease and dream, away where things were ever happening, where big deeds were possible, where the admiration and desire were justified. He felt ashamed of his dreams, his pictures, his illusions. Up he got from his seat upon the firkin, and his head was in the shadows of the smoky timbers.

"Sit down, lad, sit down," said the seaman, lazy upon his arm upon the shelf. "There need be no hurry now; I hear the rain."

A moan was in the shrouds, the alarm of a freshening wind. Some drops trespassed on the cabin floor, then the rain pattered heavily on the deck. The odours of the ship passed, and in their place came the smell of the cut timber on the shore, the oak's sharpness, the rough sweetness of the firs, all the essence, the remembrance of the years circled upon the ruddy trunks, their gatherings of storm and sunshine, of dews, showers, earth-sap, and the dripping influence of the constant stars.

"I cannot stay here, I cannot stay here! I must go," cried the lad, and he made to run on deck.

But Duncan put a hand out as the lowest step was reached, and set him back in his place.

"Sit you there," said he. "I have a fine story you never heard yet. And a fighting story too."

"What is it? What is it?" cried Nan. "Oh! tell us that one. Is it a true one?"

"It is true—in a way" said the seaman. "It was a thing that happened to myself."

Gilian delayed his going—the temptation of a new story was too much for him.

"Do you take frights?" Black Duncan asked him. "Frights for things that are not there at all?"

Gilian nodded.

"That is because it is in the blood," said the seaman; "that is the kind of fright of my story."

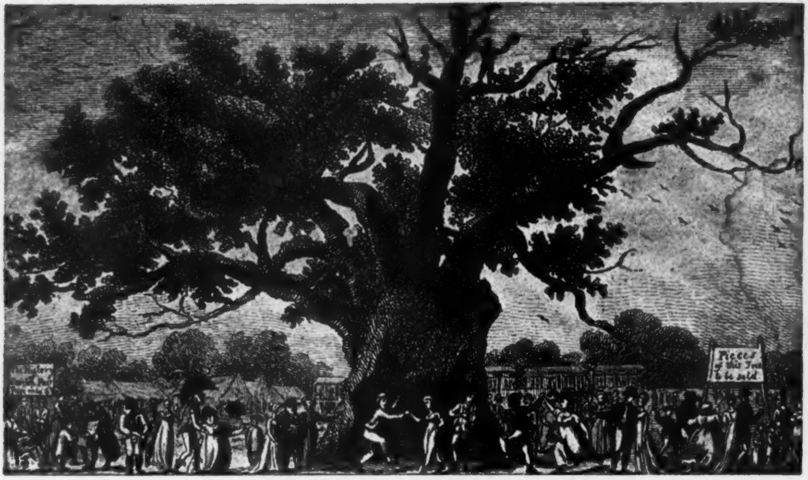
And this is the story Black Duncan told in the Gaelic.

COUNTRY FAIRS

THEIR ORIGIN, QUAINT CUSTOMS, AND ASSOCIATIONS

By H. G. ARCHER

LIKE all historical institutions, the provincial fair has a history of its own; but its exact origin is involved in much obscurity. Fairs, however, were undoubtedly the product of a blending of religion with commerce, suited to the manner of past ages, and from the fact of their being held on common ground or lands it is probable that they were originally the only places at which the members of the different primitive groups met for any purpose except quarrelling. It has been attributed to Alfred the Great that, amongst the many wise and beneficial measures he took for the advancement of his people, the establishment of fairs and markets was one. With the Norman invasion fairs took a fresh lease of life, for the invader brought with him many commercial attributes that before long mixed with and considerably improved the old Saxon business arrangements in this respect. In fact, from the reign of King John, a monarch not usually associated with legislation tending towards social prosperity, down to that of Queen Elizabeth, the Statute Book abounds in Acts having as their aim the encouragement, increase in scope, and better management of these periodical gatherings for buying and selling. Nor were fairs confined, as is now the case, to the agricultural and small trading classes; for, until railroads appeared on the scene to open up the country, the county families not only attended but were excellent customers at their county-town fair. Not unlikely few are acquainted with the fact of there being several distinct forms of fairs, known by different names—such as Caring fairs, Statute fairs, Gingerbread fairs, and Goose fairs. To explain these, then, in the order named. Caring fairs are best known in the counties of Lincolnshire and Northumberland, and the towns of Grantham, Newark, and Newcastle have long been famous for their annual celebrations under this title. Care Sunday is an old English name given to the fifth Sunday in Lent, and these fairs are generally held on the Monday following. The fair, which is one for live-stock only, is celebrated by the custom of roasting and eating carlings or grey peas, which, in turn, necessitate a goodly amount


Pieces of this Tree to be sold

FAIRLOP FAIR

The great oak shown is supposed to have been 1800 years old

of liquor being drunk to wash them down. Publicans, accordingly, frequently give carlings gratis, but not the liquor that follows. It is not easy to trace the origin of this curious observance, and the most reasonable explanation is that which attributes it to a commemoration of the corn the disciples gathered on the Sabbath. In Newcastle, however, there is a popular legend that gives a picturesque account of the origin of the custom through the arrival in the Tyne, owing to stress of weather, of a vessel laden with grey peas during a severe famine.

Statute fairs, otherwise termed hiring and mop fairs, are so called because they were especially founded by Statute to act as informal registry offices for servants desirous of finding places, and masters and mistresses anxious to engage the same. Established under an Act of Queen Elizabeth, these fairs were, until comparatively recently, very popular, and the name still survives in many towns, particularly in those of the Midland counties, although the hiring of servants by these means has now almost entirely died out. Mop fairs were usually held immediately after the harvest had been gathered in, and lasted three days, called respectively "First," "Main," and "Runaway" hirings. The latter, it is said, owed its suggestive title to the fact of its being frequented by servants who had been hired on the previous days, and from discontent or otherwise had run away from their places and wanted fresh ones. The servants stood in rows, males together, females together; hence the period over which the fair lasted was also known as the "John and Mary days." Unfortunately these fairs grew to be attended by much discreditable dissipation, and, acting under the advice of the late Lord Lyttleton, a scheme of servant registration was formulated throughout the counties of Worcestershire and Warwickshire to take their place. Of course, the hiring that ensued on these occasions was practically confined to the farmer and small landowner classes, and it was thought that the latter would have their requirements far better suited by a proper method of registration instead of this haphazard system for filling up domestic vacancies. The last genuine mop fairs, held in the neighbourhood of Birmingham a few years back, culminated in such drunken disorder that the chief commissioner of the county police, in giving evidence on the subject, suggested that, according to his experience, the word "mop" could only be interpreted in the sense of lowering an inordinate amount of liquor!

Next we come to Gingerbread fairs, never heard of nowadays, but which survived at Birmingham until 1874. These were always held round the precincts of the parish church, and, as their name suggests, consisted of stalls devoted solely to the sale of gingerbread of every quality, and prepared in every shape and form. There can be little doubt that these were either relics of old Church feasts, held on the feast of the saint to whom the church is dedicated, or the survival of the refreshment booths, brought together to supply the country people with food when attending the all-day representation of the miracle plays.

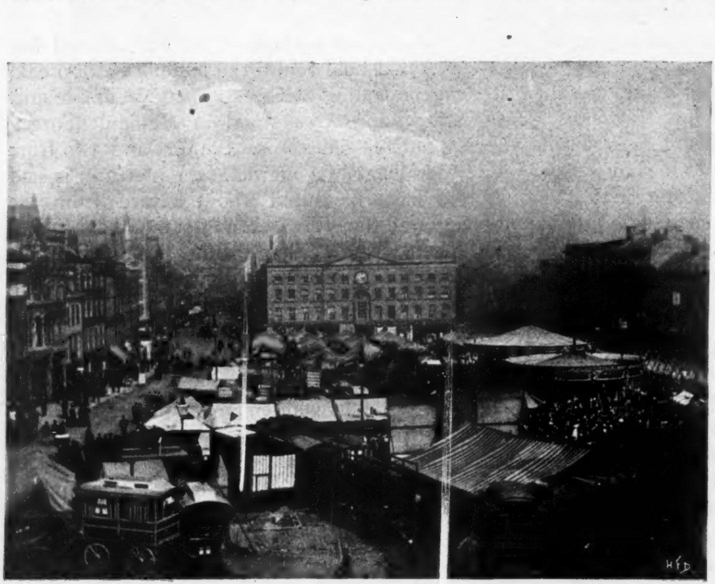
Goose fairs are, of course, peculiar to Michaelmas, and the most famous goose fair is that held at Nottingham during the first week of October. This gathering, although shorn of its ancient civic splendour and the *cachet* which the visits of the county families of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Leicestershire formerly lent to it, is still as popular as it ever was among the agricultural and trading classes. Special trains are run from London and the great manufacturing centres in connection with it, while should a Nottingham lad "enlist for a soldier" he will always apply for a few days' leave in order to attend his beloved goose fair.

A word now about the most historically famous fair England has ever possessed, a fair which is said to have at one time rivalled the great Russian carnival at Nijni-Novgorod. One and a half miles north-east of Cambridge stands a little village named Sturbridge; here a fair is still held which dates from the year 1211, during the reign of King John; but, whereas it has now sunk to a minor affair lasting three days only, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was the most celebrated in England, if not in Europe, and extended over a period of six weeks, commencing from the feast of St. Bartholomew. Thousands of traders then flocked into the vicinity of the little Cambridgeshire hamlet; hundreds of stalls and booths represented every conceivable industry; it became the centre of the cloth trade, to which Norwich alone sent £20,000 worth of stuffs; wool and hops were the other most prominent factors, while the last week was reserved for horses. Here the University authorities placed their orders for gowns, and there must be some old 'Varsity men still surviving who can remember the ancient joke of investing freshmen with the honorary freedom of the fair. This used to take place at one of the village inns, the novice being first christened in a bowl of punch, and then, hoisted in an armchair, marched through the fair, accompanied by an "officiator" in cap and gown, and "vergers" carrying staves and lighted candles. In the zenith of its prosperity, Sturbridge, while the fair lasted, had its own police force, its own court of law, and specially appointed chaplains to hold outdoor services.

A curious example of an unchartered fair was that held round the famous Fairlop oak, in the county of Essex. This venerable and stupendous tree stood in Hainault Forest, about ten miles from London and two from the village of Chigwell, and its trunk is said to have measured about a yard from the ground thirty-six feet in circumference. It is even asserted that in the meridian of the day the shadow cast by its foliage extended over nearly an acre of ground.

The founder of this fair was a Mr. Daniel Day, a wealthy block and pump manufacturer of Wapping, who was born in the year 1683. This gentleman was the possessor of a small estate in Essex, at no great distance from Fairlop oak, and thither he annually resorted, about a fortnight after Midsummer, to receive his rents. It was his custom to invite a few of his neighbours to accompany him, and there he would treat them and his tenantry to a repast of beans and bacon under the canopy of the oak. In the course of a few years this amicable meeting greatly increased; the neighbouring gentry, farmers, and yeomanry flocked in to partake of Mr. Day's hospitality. Refreshment booths were soon found to be necessary for their accommodation, which naturally produced various other booths for sale, the result being that about the year 1725 this charming spot began to present every resemblance of a regular fair. Progressively increasing in size and renown, puppet-shows, wild beasts, fruits, gingerbreads, ribbons, and toys of all descriptions, attended with the usual pastimes of a country wake, soon succeeded, and in a very few years' time it became one of the most respectable and well-regulated fairs held round the metropolis.

Mr. Day was immensely proud of his creation, and never failed on the day of the fair—the first Friday in July—to personally distribute beans and bacon to the poorer company assembled. During his lifetime the engine-makers, pump-makers, and block-makers of Wapping started attending the fair in a huge canoe made of one block of fir, which was mounted on a coach-carriage, decorated with flags, and drawn by six horses. It is said that this strange vehicle frequently accommodated a company of twenty persons, not counting the musicians, who also had seats in it. Mr. Day died in 1767, but this custom was observed up till the year 1843, the occupants of the boat never failing to pledge the pious memory of their old friend and "brother chip." In the year 1793 an attempt was made to put down this fair, but failed, thanks to spirited intervention on the part of the country gentlemen.



(From a photograph by Morell, Nottingham)

NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR, 1898

In 1805, however, its popularity somewhat waned, owing to the oak having been seriously damaged by fire a month or so previously; while in 1820, when the high winds in the spring of that year stretched the monarch's massive trunk and limb on the turf which it had for so many ages overshadowed, all realised that Fairlop Fair could never be the same again. True, it lingered on for fully another thirty years, until, in fact, the enclosure of the forest in 1853 led to the promulgation of a metropolitan police edict proclaiming the title to be bad in law and the fair therefore illegal.

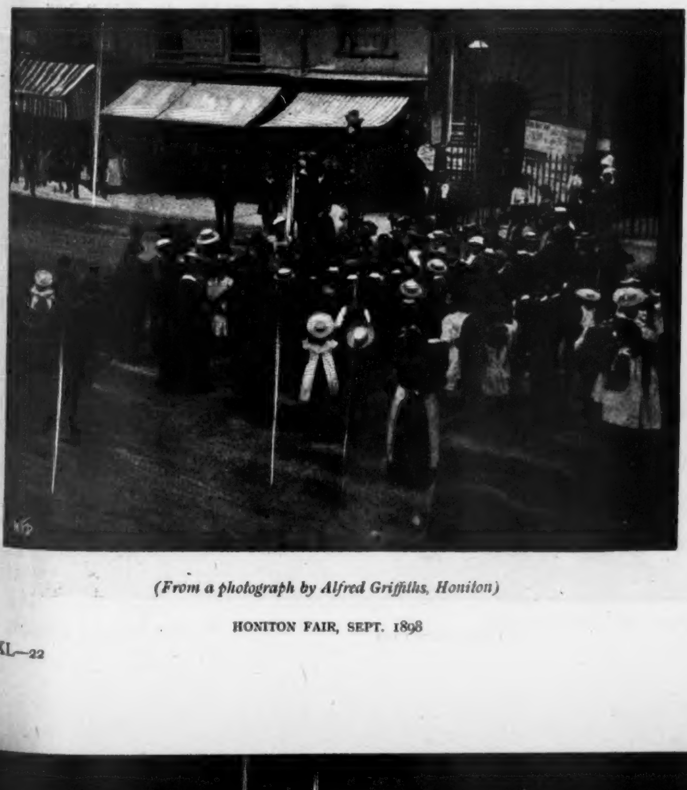
The remains of the famous oak itself were purchased by Mr. Seabrooke, the builder of St. Pancras Church, and the pulpits still to be seen in that church were formed out of it.

As demonstrating the relationship which originally existed between provincial fairs and the Church, it will be seen that many of those already alluded to were held, or rather commenced, on saints' days. A few years prior to the change in the calendar in 1758, it was distinctly ordered that fairs should be held on the old accustomed days. This was repealed by a later Act, which ordered that fairs should be dated according to the new calendar. Throughout the Eastern counties generally, however, fairs have continued according to the old style. For instance, at Colchester the ancient fair of St. Denis (with which is now incorporated the famous oyster feast) commences on St. Denis' Day, October 20. The annual fair at Colchester is, we believe, the only celebration where the time-honoured practice of "walking the fair in" is preserved. The ceremony is as follows: The mayor, aldermen and councillors in their robes, preceded by the mace-bearer and brethren bearing the ward-maces, appear on the steps of the town-hall. The town crier gives the "Oyez! oyez!" three times, and the town-clerk reads a proclamation declaring the fair to be open and to continue for so many days, "when it shall be lawful for all persons to come to the town with wares to sell," winding up with a warning that the peace must be preserved, and honest weights and measures used. The procession then starts off on a tour through the town, repeating the ceremony on entering each of the wards. In Devonshire the legal time of a fair is shown by hoisting a glove on a pole, which is decorated with flowers and exhibited in a conspicuous place. This quaint old ceremony is religiously preserved at Honiton, where the town crier proclaims the fair as follows: "Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! The glove is up, the fair is now open, and no man can be arrested until it is down. God save the Queen!"

(From a photograph by Arnold, Market Drayton)

CRYING THE FAIR, MARKET DRAYTON, OCT. 24, 1898

In examining the history of fairs, frequent references will be found to the Court of Pie-Powder. The latter, once incident to every fair, is the lowest and most expeditious court of justice known to the law of England, and so-called either from the dusty feet of the suitors, or because justice is there done as speedily as the dust can fall from the feet. The steward of the fair is the judge, and the court can only treat of commercial injuries done at that fair. At the present day we know of but one fair where the Court of Pie-Powder survives—namely, at Market-Drayton, Salop, a town still governed by old manorial customs, and where the fair is proclaimed by the



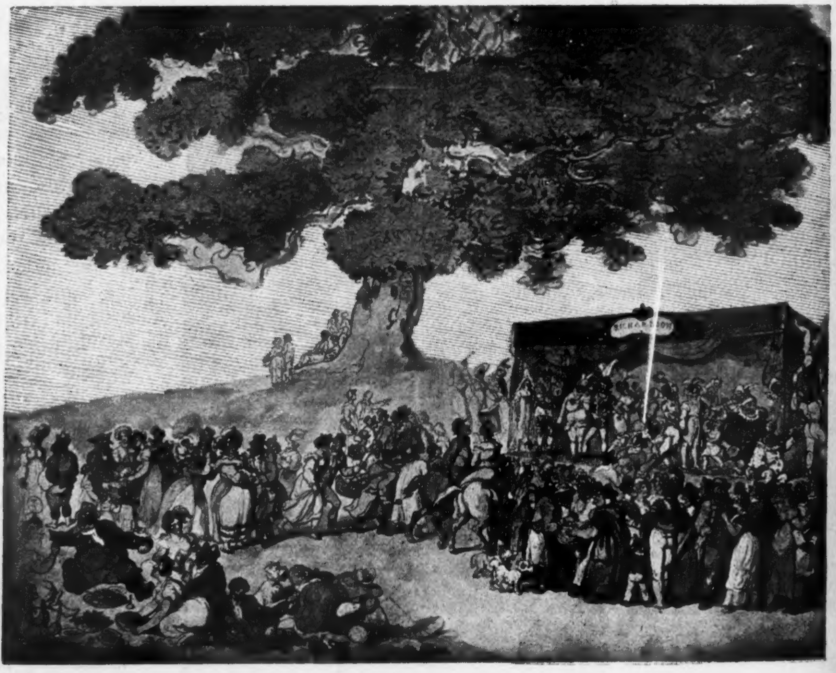
(From a photograph by Alfred Griffiths, Honiton)

HONITON FAIR, SEPT. 1898

steward of the manor. As previously hinted, the decline of the country fair dates from the birth of railroads; but between 1868 and 1874 various statutes were passed amending the laws relating to fairs, ordering the discontinuation of unlawful fairs, and—hardest blow of all—forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor without a special licence. Nevertheless, there still exist many of these time-honoured celebrations able to show traces of the period when they were looked upon as the gala-days of country life.

As any article dealing with fairs would be incomplete without some mention of Greenwich Fair—the Cockney fair *par excellence*—a few details concerning this great Whitsuntide carnival, long since extinct, may be appended. If Whit-Monday dawned brightly, every street in London showed, from an early hour, streams of holiday-makers pouring towards those outlets from the city by which Greenwich was then approached before railways were. Resisting the attractions offered by the booths, which lined the principal street of the quaint old town, the first object was to get into the park, where the youth and maidenhood of London carried on a series of sports during the whole forenoon. After the charms of the park were exhausted, the shows and players' booths claimed attention, but among the latter Richardson's "quarter of an hour of blood" was always the prime favourite. Many famous actors, including Edmund Kean, graduated amid its rude surroundings, delighting their uncritical audiences with short, blood-curdling melodrama of the "penny plain and twopence coloured" order. Towards evening the dancing booths began to drain off the multitudes assembled. Some of these were boarded structures of two and even three hundred feet long, presenting bars for refreshments and rows of seats for spectators. Here, as may be easily imagined, lay the most reprehensible part of the enjoyment of Greenwich Fair, and that which conduced most to bring the festival into disrepute and cause its suppression.

The photograph here reproduced is taken from Rowlandson's *original* and unfinished sketch of the scene before the front platform of Richardson's booth. The celebrated



GREENWICH FAIR

caricaturist excelled in portraying the humours of the vulgar crowd, and this is considered to be one of his happiest efforts. On the left (to the reader) of the picture may be faintly traced the pencil lines for filling in the incomplete background, which it was intended should take the form of the stage coaches and hackneys rolling up with their loads of pleasure-seekers at extortionate fares.

A MUDDY CORNER

By the Rev. ROBERT C. NIGHTINGALE

THE sun is at its highest and pouring down its rays directly on me as I crawl feet foremost through the grass, and down the gentle slope to "Muddy Corner." I have tried in vain leaving the gate ajar and going through it bent double, as the click of the latch has always started the birds off, even if the sight of me in the distance has not done so. While I am crawling, I can quite understand how it is that being "rubbed the wrong way" is the typical illustration of being subjected to irritating processes. As I go flat, inch by inch, inch by inch, face downwards (I weigh fifteen stone), not daring to breathe hardly, much less pant, I think I scrape up with my chin every bit of straw and every little stone that there is in the parish. And then, when I am through the railing, and get amongst the slush and mud, oh dear! my poor clothes! and the stickiness, and the sliminess! and I have to keep on crawling still! The long spear grass tickles my neck and scratches my face, but thank goodness it is beautifully cool now, as the copse and the bank are between me and the sun. Ah! there they are: I have beaten them this time. Even the old cock blackbird does not see me, or, if he does, he thinks it is either a veritable Goliath of a mole that is creeping along, or some strange creature without a face, that cannot do him any harm. There are three plovers, several water-hens, two red-shanks, two snipe, five blackbirds, a woodpecker, and, by all the mud that is on me, there are two thick-knees! Some wood-pigeons and a turtle-dove are promenading on the edge of the crowd, and two rats, with eyes so bright that I can see them shining here, where I am, quite twenty yards away, keep stealing in and out, or sit on their haunches watching. It is a happy little Eden of mud, and there is no serpent nor anything like one near, for even the frogs have left the spot and gone to the pond round the corner of the Corner. The swallows fly over all, their white breasts and swift gliding motion sending flashes of light and purity on the black, oozy mud that make one forget how rotten and filthy it is. The glorious sun gleams in, too, betwixt the last post of the rails and the grey moss-covered tree that stands at the edge of the Corner,

> . . . . and plays the alchemist,
> Turning with splendour of his precious eye,
> The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.

This must have been a "muddy corner" of some kind or other for countless generations, as two summers since, when it was all but dry, I picked up two rough flint ice picks from the middle of it, that had, no doubt, been lying there since they were dropped by the men of that time, so far back, of which the poet speaks:

> By the swamp in the forest
> The oak branches groan,
> As the savage primeval,
> With russet hair thrown
> O'er his huge naked limbs, swings his hatchet of stone.
>
> On the swamp in the forest
> One clear star is shown,
> And the reeds fill the night with
> A long troubled moan—
> And the girl sits and sobs in the darkness—alone.

Why, one of my flints may be the very one that the sabre-tooth's victim let fall!

This whole piece of land was no doubt a swamp before it was drained and the waters gathered into the runlet that made the moat of the Old Hall. "Muddy Corner" in its present form is a wide depression made in the moat for the servants from the Hall to come down to and get water from. When the ditch which now represents the moat is dry, this spot remains a quagmire and becomes the favourite resort of all kinds of birds, and especially of those that forage on the fens. In the early morning they gather round it, and fill the air with their cries. All day long, at such a time, there are birds hanging about it; but, lying as it does next the open on all sides but one, and on the the wooded side next to a gate with a latch that goes off like a gun when it is opened, I have never been able to get near the wary creatures by upright means, and therefore I have been obliged to adopt the crawling method of doing so which I have just described.

Watching them at leisure as I am doing now, I can well see what fine, handsome birds green plovers, otherwise "lapwings," are. The brown purplish green of their plumage shines in the sun as they take their short, quick runs up and down with their narrow, three-inch-long crest erect, and every now and then rapidly putting their bills to the ground at the end of each little run, and then raising them again without picking anything up. The robin has a somewhat similar habit, but he stoops his whole body as if gathering himself up for a longer leap. Does the lapwing do this as an aid to stopping himself short? The common name of the lapwing, "peewit," has given it a fame beyond that of most birds, as it and the cuckoo are the standing examples with philologists of the school that flouting opponents call the "school of the bow-wows" of the truth of their theory that language arose from man mimicking natural sounds. The peewit, however, is by no means as good an example as might be chosen, as this designation of the bird is national and modern. It is also indefinite, as it does not exactly describe the cry of the bird. Our East Anglian "pee-weep" comes much nearer to the querulous sound it makes when disturbed. "Cuckoo," and "hoopoe," however, are as old, and apparently as universal, as language itself, and also represent with fidelity the cries of the birds so named. The lapwing is one of the birds that lays its eggs on the bare ground; very frequently in the hollow made by the foot of a horse or cow that has been pastured on the marsh in wet weather, and sometimes in a dent on the top of a mole-hill or between the ridges of growing corn. Now and then the nest is lined with a few leaves or pieces of dry grass, but very often even the making of this scanty bed is too much trouble for the lapwing to take, and the eggs are placed on the naked soil. I wonder how many epicures know that four out of every five of the "plovers' eggs" they eat are not "plovers' eggs" at all, but gulls' eggs, generally those of the black-beaked gull? I cannot understand why a soft-headed person should be called "a gull," as the gull is one of the cleverest of birds, and far more likely to "gull" than to be "gulled." I always feel when I read such lines as the following how much the beautiful birds are slandered by them, and that "gull," when used either in the sense of befooling any one, or to describe the person befooled, does not mean the bird; but that in reality it is "gulp," clipped short, and that the witlings described are so called because they are ready to swallow anything.

> A *gull* is he which weares good hansome clothes
> And stands in presence stroaking up his hayre;
> And fills up his unperfect speech with oathes,
> But speaks not one wise word throughout the
>   yeare.
> But to define *a gull* in terms precise,
> A *gull* is he which seemes and is not wise.
>
> *Old translation of "Ovid."*

Not very far from here a gentleman makes quite a nice little annual fortune out of the eggs of the black-headed gulls that nest in thousands on an island standing in the middle of a mere in his grounds. They are sold in the London shops as plovers' eggs. The gulls generally lay a clutch of three eggs. Two clutches are removed, and the gull is allowed to hatch the third. I think of birds treated thus we may say with emphasis, "Poor gulls!"

The thick-knees are each of them comfortably standing on one long leg, with a quiet enjoyment of the sunshine and the flickering shadows it casts on the mud, which I, lying flat and my chin well caked with the last, cannot attain to. I can see their remarkably prominent eyes, and also the thick knees that give them one of their names, for they have many. Here we call them "stone-curlews," in other parts of England they are known as "Norfolk plovers," or the "great plover," or the "thick-kneed bustard." The French call this bird "l'ostardeau criard" and "le pluvier grand," the former name being given to it from the sharp wailing note it makes in the morning and evening twilight. The Germans call it "Grosser Braach Vogel," because it is in the habit of frequenting uncultivated ground. Indeed, these two thick-knees are quite out of their usual beat here, as they live on the Warren, laying their two eggs amongst the pebbles and flints on the surface of the soil. The eggs assimilate so closely to the surrounding stones that it is generally the foot and not the eye that discovers them. They vary in colour, according to that of the stones among which they are placed. The clay-colour eggs, with dark blotches on a ground of smoky-purple, and ends of nearly equal breadth, look so much like gravel-stained flints that I think the old bird herself must occasionally make a mistake and try to put some warmth into some of the flints of that description which are scattered about their breeding-ground. They have come down here after the tadpoles and small frogs, no doubt. It is said that, unlike other birds of the same genus, they eat the flesh of warm-blooded small animals, catching mice and young rats when they get the chance. They are, according to Gilbert White, the earliest migrant to arrive. He says that in 1788 they were heard at Selborne as early as February 27. I have not, however, heard them calling here till early in April. This agrees with White's list in his first letter to Daines Barrington, in which he says that the stone-curlews usually appear at the end of March.

The young thick-knees vie with the eggs they are hatched from in their desire to be unobtrusive. When first hatched the nestlings are clothed in russet grey; by-and-by, a streak of brown shows itself in the centre of each feather on the back, the whole plumage having a peculiar silky shine on it exactly the same as that of the flints amongst which the fledglings run to cover at the approach of danger. As autumn advances the old birds become duller in appearance, the clear brown splash in the centre of the feathers on the after parts becoming almost as russet as the other parts of the feather, and all the plumage, with the exception of the white under parts and the white line on each wing, gradually assuming a dingy appearance, so as to harmonise with that of soil and stones under a wintry sky. The thick-knee is found all the year round in the south of France and the countries lying south of it. It leaves England, Northern France, and Germany in October, and never travels farther north in England than the North Riding, where it is occasionally found. Like the nightingales, it objects to go farther west than Dorsetshire and Somersetshire. Like them, also, it is unknown in Scotland and Ireland.

The pair that are meditating in the mud are full-grown birds, weighing nearly a pound each, I should think, and are about eighteen inches long. Each of them is standing on a leg that is at least six inches in length.

The two rats are the only creatures that seem to suspect any danger. They evidently are aware that a strange animal of some kind or another is near at hand, and dart into the bank every half-minute and then creep gingerly out again.

What pretty creatures they are, and how pitiful it is to think that they are merciless cannibals, slayers of the young, and everything else that is bad, except that they seem to have a great reverence for the aged of their own kind when they are alive! There are numerous instances recorded of blind rats being guided by other rats to their food; and some years ago I frequently watched a rat, which was either infirm or blind, as it was being taken across a rather wide yard by two other rats, from its hole under the stable wall to the trough in the pigstye on the other side of the yard. And yet if a rat is killed in a trap it is at once eaten by other rats in preference to any other food that may be lying about. I doubt if rats eat eggs, and rather imagine they have to bear the sins of larger thieves, some of whom at least pose as "honourable men." I have known them constantly to run in and out of fowl and pigeon houses, and have never missed an egg. They will take pigeons out of their nests and off their perches, and will wait twenty days till a clutch of chickens is on the point of being hatched, and then scoop them out of the eggs, and also make off with the hen if it is a bantam. After my experience this last summer I must give rats pre-eminence over all other animals for mental ability. I had been accustomed to their jumping clean through a hole in a wall, in the middle of which a trap was placed. I had heard on good authority that they would sweep the fan of a trap longways with their tails, so as to get the bait off without starting the trap; and I had known bait that had been nailed to a fallen tree repeatedly cleared off without the trap beneath being sprung. I could only account for this last feat being accomplished by one rat standing on another's shoulders and eating the bait while he was leaning over the trap and resting his forepaws on the trunk of the tree. As I also caught Mr. Rat at last by his two forelegs, I feel the more certain this is what he was doing. The only other way he could possibly have got the bait without being caught was by taking flying leaps at it lengthways, as the trunk of the tree had no bark on that he could scramble along, and it was also lying several inches off the ground. There were no footmarks or other signs of that having been done. This year, however, my rats excelled themselves. Several times the rat-traps in the fowl-pens had gone off without anything being caught in them. On observing the traps closely I noticed that there were thick quill feathers in them. As I always placed the traps under carefully sifted sawdust, I, although it seemed incredible, was obliged to conclude that the rats had started the traps with feathers held in their mouths. I, therefore, most carefully swept a fowl-pen out, leaving some feathers and pieces of stick lying outside, and set the traps again. The next morning two were sprung, one gripping a feather and the other a piece of wood, and the bait had disappeared. That day I carefully cleared away every feather or piece of stick that I could see lying anywhere near the fowl-pens. The next morning I found small bunches of short pieces of grass laid crossways on the fans of the traps, so that if a rat had been caught in the bows of the trap it could easily have withdrawn its leg without injuring it. If this was not a proof of the exercise of reasoning faculties I do not know what reason is. Anyhow, I left the rats on that side the glebe almost entirely alone for the rest of the summer, as I felt they had earned the right to live. In spite of this kindness, one of them pulled from under the old hen three white chickens which were the pride of Harriet the poultry woman's heart! Vengeance did overtake that rat the next night!

As I lie here I can see the sunshine, as it falls between the branches, making great patches of light on the bark of the trees; these patches have flickering edges as the branches sway in different directions and sometimes they disappear altogether. While they remain, one can see how full the air is of insects, and what plentiful larders the trees are for the birds. These white patches are continually being crossed and recrossed by tiny spots of shadow that are cast from insects flitting backwards and forwards, or darker black spots go up and down them, these darker spots being insects that are crawling on the surface of the bark. The copse is quite still, and the insects have it all to themselves, as the swallows cannot get between the close branches, and it is too hot for other birds to be busy. The reflection from the leaves of the trees and the bright moist-growing grass in the copse gives an olive hue to the atmosphere that is most uncanny. I can remember that, as a boy, I always felt a creeping terror when in such places lest some strange creature should come out of the unearthly light and dreadful silence. I never felt this terror either in the dark, or when alone on the vastest stretch of open land, and lest it should overtake me now as it used to in the old days I turn my eyes to Muddy Corner again.

I wonder if these are the snipe that nest in Snipe Corner, a good mile away, where the stream that goes through our parish joins the Eastmoor stream. I have never heard a snipe buzzing at this end of the fen, but at the Eastmoor end there are always two or three to be heard on a shining spring afternoon, buzzing away, sometimes in and sometimes out of sight. This "buzzing" of the snipes is one of the mysteries of bird life. Is the sound—which is something between the humming of a humble bee of Brobdingnag and the noise made by beating an Indian tom-tom—made by the air whizzing through the pinions of the bird as it drops slantwise to the ground in its rapid zigzag flights, or is it made by the bird forcibly expelling the air from its lungs through its closed mandibles? The Unsociable Snipe would be a good name for the bird when once its family is off its hands, because, while it is gregarious in the winter, it recognises no leader, as rooks and geese do, and in searching for its food it pursues its own course without paying any attention to the other members of the flock.

There are three English species of snipe: the common snipe, the jack snipe, and the great snipe. The last is—— But I can bear my cramped position no longer, so all at once my elbows give way and I go squash on the wet soil. There is a scutter and rustle for a moment, a wild rush of wings, a shrieking laugh from the woodpecker, a scream of "pee weep"; and then I am left spluttering and all alone in Muddy Corner.

PRÉS SALÉS

By L. H. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS

FARTHER along the rocky coast of Finisterre, and away back from the cliff, one comes on a stretch of wild, lonely country—marshy moors and bleak hill pastures. These are the *prés salés* of Brittany, where grows rank coarse grass that feeds a few sheep and where green samphire flourishes. At certain times of the year the older women from Ploumazeldec come to gather the samphire and take away basketfuls to sell in the towns round about. Beside these and the shepherds or their boys, who come occasionally to drive the sheep on to different quarters, the wild, lonely *landes* of the Pays de Léon are rarely visited by any.

Grandmère Bonnet in her solitary hut feels herself the rightful owner of these solitudes and resents any disturbance. When they meet her the women have a pleasant word of greeting, for she is a woman like themselves: they pity her, knowing just a little of her history. But the shepherds avoid her: there is something uncanny about her unwomanly figure, and the herd-boys are her dread. You can't intimidate a *gamin* that is bent on mischief, and he is rich in resource when his mind is given to torturing his unhappy victim. Sad days are there for Grandmère Bonnet when the boys invade the *landes*. Her keen eyes detect her enemies afar off; seeing them she retires within her lonely hut and barricades her door, often as not to find that another barricade of stones has been raised on the other side when she opens it again. Her hermit life began so many years ago that people have almost forgotten her existence in any other sphere. To the majority she is a grotesque figure—*une insensée*—better left alone, as she cannot be civilised. Yet a faint recollection lingers of a once thrifty *bourgeoise*, clever, capable, hard-working; but the fell stroke which broke her heart-strings touched her reason also, and turned her into the half-wild creature who will speak to none.

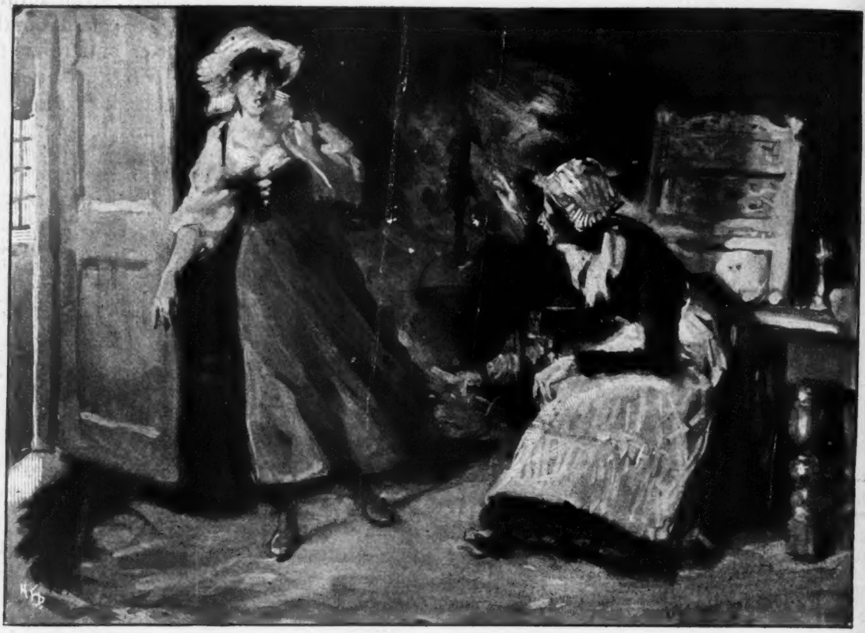
A rough pilot's coat and cap have been her dress winter and summer these many years; heavy sabots look hugely big under the short rough skirt that is the only remnant left to tell her sex. A stout stick is her weapon of defence—one, too, that she would not hesitate to lay about the head of an unhappy offender.

How she gains her scanty living is a puzzle, but one way or another she struggles along, and the inside of that lonely hill-cabin is never seen.

* * * * *

"Hé—pardi—elle m'a fait peur!" and the speaker drew away in affright. She had been sitting on one of the flat boulders, resting from the constant stooping, and, busy with the "causette" she was holding with her companion, had not noticed that Grandmère Bonnet had drawn close to them.

There was an elfish grin on the withered face of the old woman; it pleased her to see others afraid of her, she suffered such tortures of fear herself.



"She fled from me in terror"

"Rester tranquille—derangez vous pas," she said, chuckling within herself. "I'll not come too near; but you are going to talk to *me*, do you understand?"

They signified their willingness, but waited for the outcast to begin.

"What has become of *her?*" she demanded.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Bah, Mère Clotilde—you are not this year's child—you know I mean *her*—the red-skinned girl—what is she doing now?"

"If you mean Paul Bonnet's wife I can tell you she is a good and brave woman, and many years it is since she was a girl. She has lived hardly and worked long: it is well that she has good children to work for her now. You are wrong to hate her so, Grandmère."

The old woman made a grimace. "You are a wise woman, Clotilde, and you are a very good adviser, but you have a short memory behind you. Go on: tell me about the children—are they fishing too?"

"They live at Varogues with their mother, all except Marthe and Lisette, who are married to good men and true. It is a family to be proud of, Grandmère—and they would all be kind if you would let them."

Grandmère's reply to this was a curious one. She took a handful of the rank, coarse grass and thrust it into her mouth; after chewing it a moment she spat it out in disgust.

"There," she said; "bitter as the taste of the grass on the *prés salé* is the name of that red-skinned woman to me. I had a garden once, a little house with green all about it, and a husband who was good and kind to me, even though he was a fool for the drink at times. All this until she came, but afterwards she turned it to salt. Bitter tears I have shed because of her; then I left her for the solitude of the *landes;* here at least I have peace: it seems that she has gained what she sought too."

The two listeners looked from one to the other: how much of this rancorous hate was due to a disordered brain and how much had foundation on fact they could not tell. It was difficult to believe that Félicie Bonnet had ever been unkind—least of all to her husband's mother.

Grandmère saw their incredulity. "Ecoutez," she said: "you shall hear what few people know, but you shall tell the *histoire* to no other! You understand?"

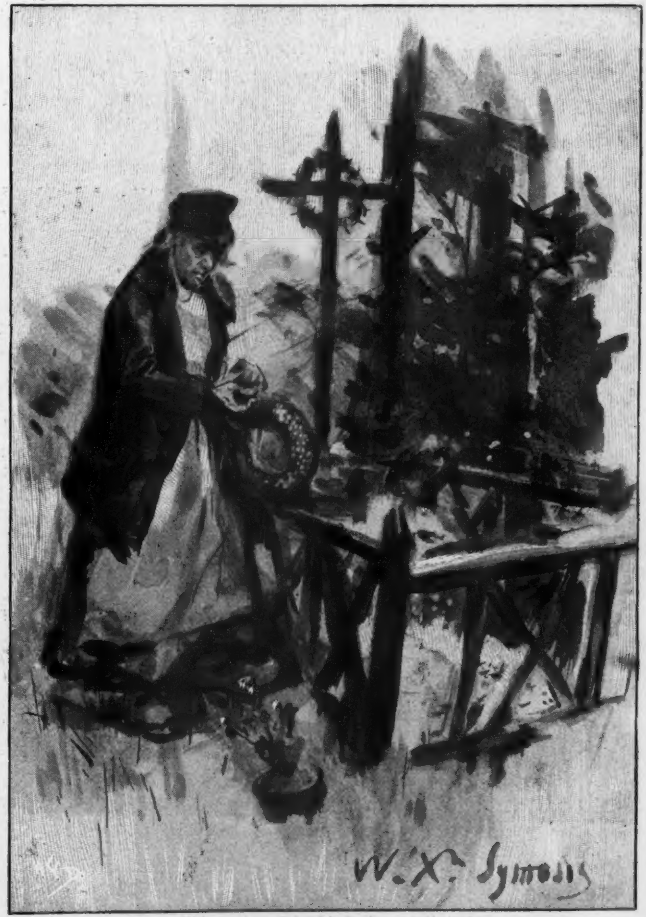
They signified consent, and the old woman leant towards them eagerly, her clawlike fingers spread out in excited gestures as she went on with her tale. It was years since she had spoken so freely as this—what was urging her to do so now she could not have told either.

"I was twenty years old when I married Amédée Bonnet, and for twenty years after that we lived together, happy enough as married life goes. I worked hard for him, and I minded not if he gave me a touch of his hand sometimes when the drink was in him—he never knew what he was doing then, being a soft fellow and led by the nose, as they say. Paul was our only child, and he went wherever his father did—to the whaling as soon as ever he was big enough. For months I lived alone, but when they came back they filled the house with life. I was ever their first thought, and very happy was I.

"When Paul was twenty-one he drew a bad number in the conscription: he had five years' service, and was to go out to Tonkin. When he was gone—surely a bad day enough for me—nothing would serve Amédée but he must go too. We quarrelled then, Amédée and me; perhaps we said hard things, but I was sore at being left alone. Sainte Marie, but it was hard! I was angry when Amédée went; I would not say him good-bye, and so, to punish me, perhaps, he never came back.

"Five long years I lived in the little house all alone. When nearly six had gone by Paul came back one day, but not Amédée. Instead he brought with him a girl—a girl with a dark skin and dark eyes, a girl who could hardly speak our tongue, but who clung to Paul and would not leave him. I hated her—the serpent thief—from the moment she came inside my door!

"Paul was angry with me. He said Félicie was as good French as I was, though not a Bretonne, and he said she had nursed him and Amédée, too, through the yellow fever, that he only lived because of her care.



"'His grave has been kept green, not by *her* care, but by mine'"

I said why had she not made Amédée to live too? But they thought me mad. Mad? Yes, I was mad; mad with her for her soft, serpent ways. She had poisoned Paul's mind against me—how did I know but that she had poisoned Amédée's also?

"One day it came to me like as in a flash that this was really so—she had killed my dear man that she might secure Paul for herself. I went to her and charged her to her face. Whether she understood or not I could not tell, but she fled from me in terror and went into Paul's room, and she barred the door with all the furniture she could lift. Then I laughed—it was good to have made her fear me so!

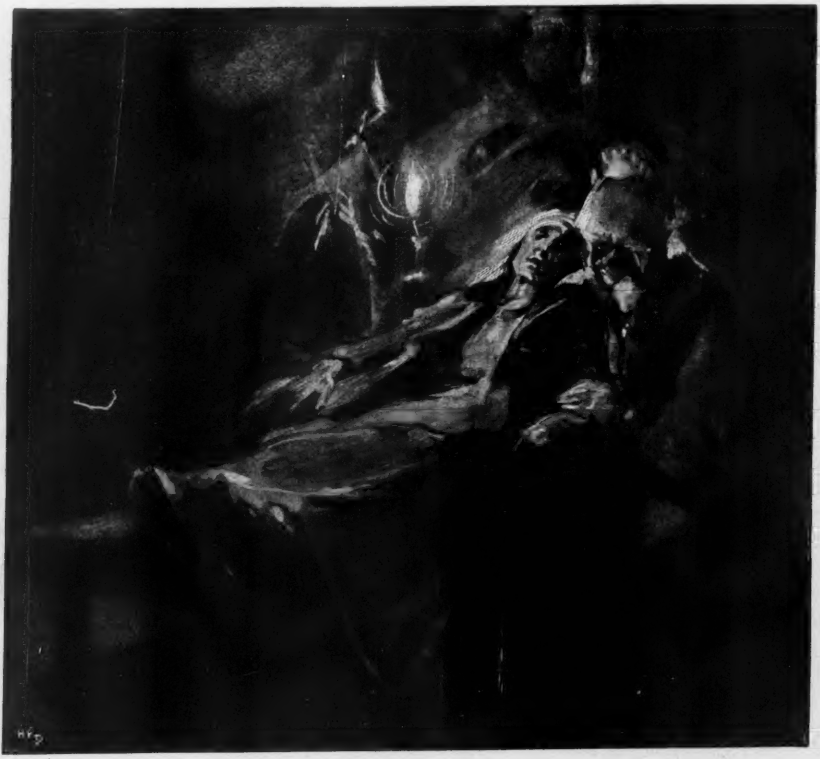
"Paul came in. I told him she was frightened, that he had gotten a rare coward for a wife. I can never shut out Paul's face as it looked then—it was the last time I saw it, for he took me by the arm and he put *me*—me, his mother—outside the house door!

"'Stay there,' he said; 'I will come to you presently,' and he went back.

"But to stay outside my own house! Ah, never, not while I had strength to go elsewhere! I went fast as my feet could carry me, where I hardly knew, but the distance grew greater and I grew quieter. After some time I found myself among these *prés salés*, and the stillness of the wide land soothed me. I went on and came to the hut that Lefebvre the stonebreaker had built; he was not there, so I went in. I lit a fire on the hearth, and sat beside it—perhaps I fell asleep. When I awoke Lefebvre had come back, and he sat at the table eating his bread and onions. He was very old and bent, but he looked kind; he lifted his head when I spoke.

"'Will you give me something to eat?' I asked.

"He thrust the bread out. 'Help yourself, madame; it is yours if you will.' So I took a share, and from that day until he



"'Peace,' she said softly; "go thou where there is peace for all'" died, two years later, I shared with him all he had. He never troubled me nor I him; and when he was gone I stayed on in his hut. I could find food—what else did I need? There was no one to care what I looked like or what I did, and I took care that no one should come near me if I could help it.

"When Paul died I knew it, though no one came to tell, and his grave has been kept green, not by *her* care, but by mine. Some day, perhaps, he might have said he was sorry, but he died, so it is too late. Why should I care for kindness from his wife or children?—I want none of them."

Her voice was harsh, *rauque*, as they say, when she finished, and the women looked at her with compassion. So it was a sorrowful end to come to.

They essayed to make suggestions of comfort.

"Bah!" she answered impatiently, "talk not so. You think I was wrong; *she* thinks I was wrong; Paul, yes, even Paul, thought me wicked; perhaps I was, but the Mother of Sorrows knows me better. Have I not lived out my purgatory here? What more can be asked of me? I say what is there yet that I can do?" The harsh voice rose to almost a shriek and her frame shook.

The younger of the two women came and laid a gentle hand on her shrunken shoulder.

"Pauvre Grandmère, you have indeed tant souffert," she said softly, "yet there is one thing more the saints would have you do, and that is to say to Félicie that you are sorry. She is good. She would come many kilomètres to hear such a word from you."

"Dame! Do you think I don't believe it? And is it likely I should ever say such words? Allez-vous en! both of you. Why did I tell?—I will never speak again."

In high wrath, shaking with the force of passion, the grotesque figure hobbled away, leaving the two to gaze sorrowfully after her. Then they wended their way back to Ploumazeldec.

A month later two women again crossed the *landes* in the direction of Lefebvre's hut. This time they carried baskets filled, not with samphire, but with comforts to cheer the lonely outcast. Snow covered the *landes*, a cold wind swept over the deserted space, the sheep were gone, the last flock having been fetched away only yesterday by Yves Kester; from him they had learnt that Grandmère Bonnet was nowhere to be seen.

They came to the hut at last, almost buried as it was in snow. They stove in the door—all was dark, cheerless, and cold.

"Grandmère, es tu là?" they called.

A faint murmur came from a dark heap in the corner. Clotilde struck the match she had brought and lit a rushlight. By its flicker they saw the dark heap was really the old woman, and her eyes caught the gleam of the candle. She appeared to recognise their faces, and made an effort to gather her scattered senses together.

"I am trying to die; why don't you leave me alone?" she groaned.

The other woman—not Clotilde—came forward. "Because you cannot, you dare not die with hate in your heart," she said in a clear, brave voice. "Grandmère, grandmère, Paul could not die until he had said he was sorry! And far away in Tonkin your Amédée was sorry too, so sorry that he wept when he thought of you! Can you, too, not forgive?"

The old woman's gaze grew more piercing as she searched the speaker's face keenly. With sudden strength she raised herself on her elbow. "Say that again—say every word!"

Félicie repeated her plea. The listener fell back, her eyes closed over. "Paul was sorry, Amédée too—Paul and Amédée—perhaps they will speak to me again; and I am going a long way to tell them that I am sorry; they will hear? Yes? Only I cannot call, so tired am I!"

Félicie laid a cool, gentle hand on the fevered head.

"Peace," she said softly; "go thou where there is peace for all—no more hatred, no sorrow, no crying."

Once more Grandmère opened her eyes.

"It is not the *prés salés*, this green, rich country. Ah, but it is good!" she breathed. And the worn frame relaxed as the soul vanished and peace set its seal on closed eyes and lips.

Some days later a little *cortège* wound its way across the snow-covered *landes*. Paul's children were come to fetch his mother back to her home—a home from which no human hand would dislodge her again.

CARNIVAL TIME IN RUSSIA

By A. NICOL SIMPSON, Author of "A Scot in Russia"

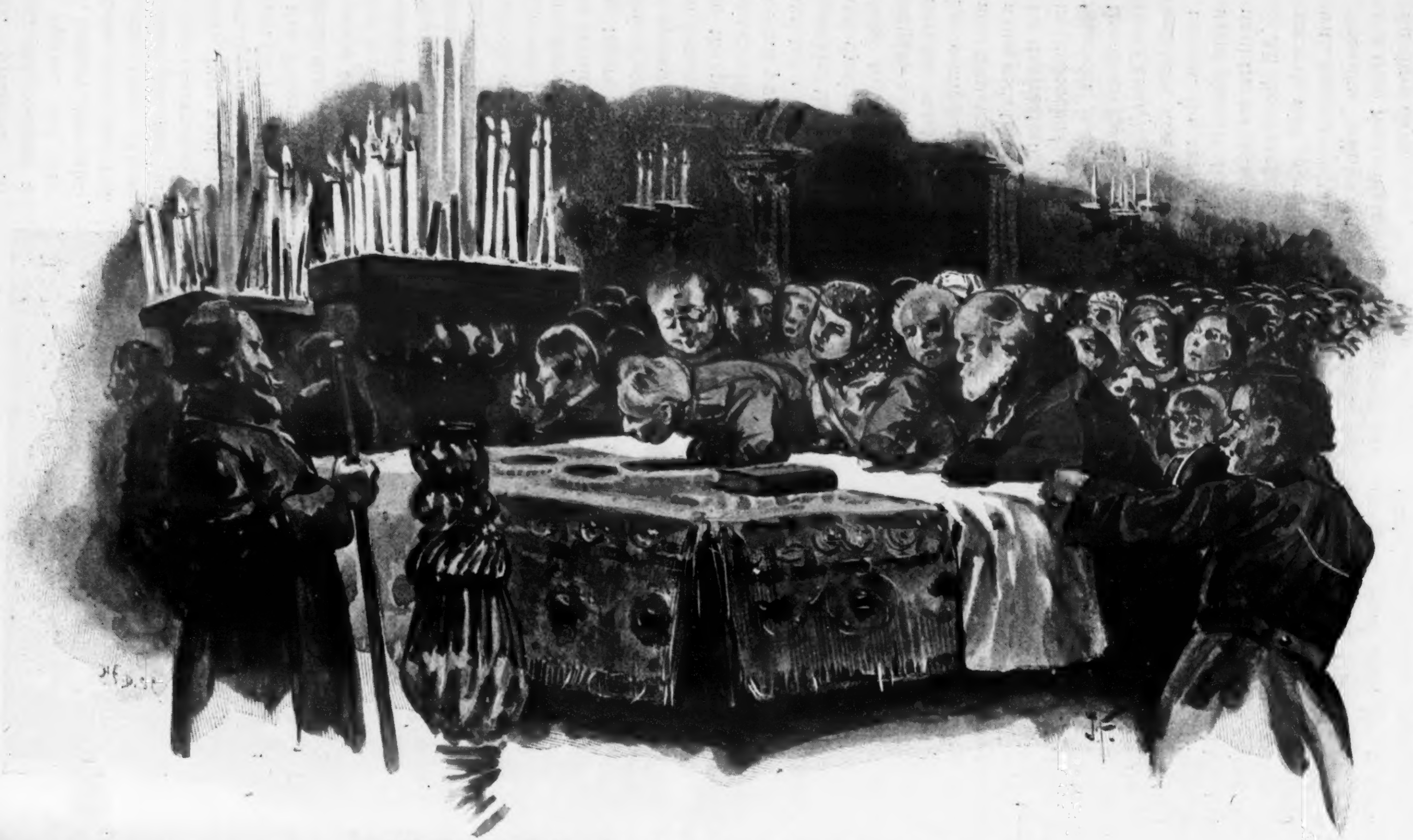
ILLUSTRATED BY J. FINNEMORE

SECOND PAPER

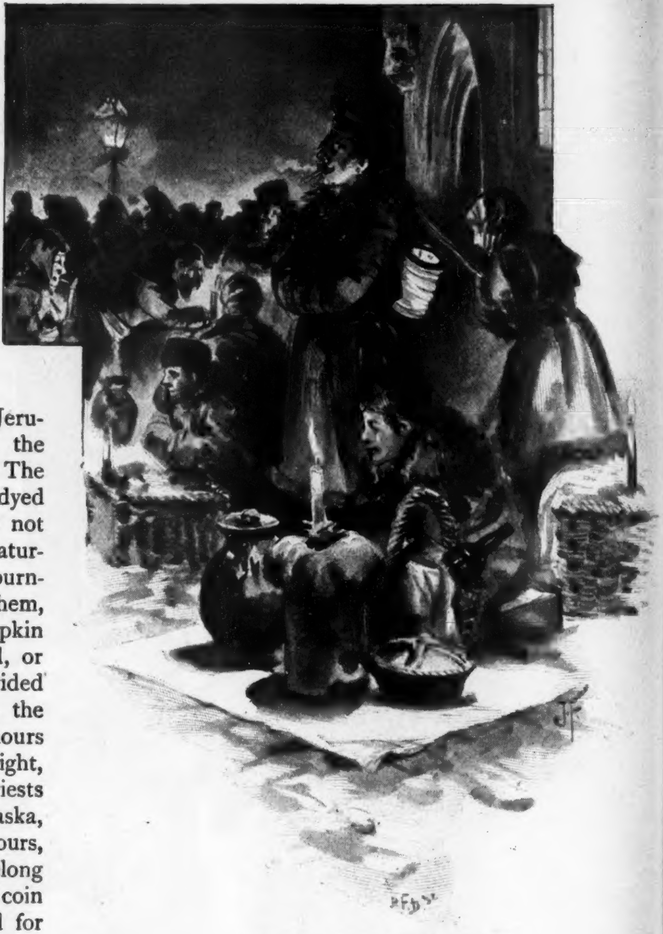
THE most important day of the week is that of "Strashnaya Piatnitsa," or Good Friday, when the burial of our Lord is enacted before the people in a truly solemn and impressive manner. In every church there is a sarcophagus in imitation of our Saviour's tomb, and many of these sarcophagi are of elaborate workmanship, with gorgeous gilt and otherwise ornamented. The lid is adorned with a painting representing our Saviour in death. At dawn this lid is carried into the chapel, and by 3 P.M. the sarcophagus is in its place on the daïs in front of the royal gates ready to receive the body of our Lord. Shortly before the service is concluded all the worshippers have their tapers lighted, the flame being procured from a candelabrum in front of the sacred ikon. This is done by those nearest to the candelabrum lighting their tapers, while those behind them get the sacred flame from them, and in this way all get their tapers lit. Many endeavour to carry their burning tapers home, so that they may have the holy flame in their dwellings.

Leaving the chapel the crowd musters in the street. Then there emerges a church dignitary bearing a large brightly-burnished crucifix, followed by others bearing bannerettes and other symbols, the names and uses of which are to us a mystery. Last of all come forth four priests, clad in their gorgeous canonical vestments, bearing the lid of the sarcophagus which is supported on brass rods. Under the lid walks an aged priest clad in his clerical vestments, representing the dead Christ being carried to his tomb. Slowly, sadly, and reverently he is borne to the tomb, the worshippers crossing themselves most devoutly. A sudden rush is made for the church to witness the interment, the big bell meanwhile tolling mournfully as the procession moves on. The sad procession enters the church, and, going up to where the sarcophagus is placed with all the external appearances of love, mourning, and lamentation, the lid is placed on the sarcophagus and the last obsequies of the crucified Christ are over. "A solemn silence reigns" in the church as the assembled worshippers ascend the daïs on which the sarcophagus rests, and devoutly kiss the face and feet of, to them, their newly-crucified and buried Saviour. A church service book is laid conveniently near the tomb, and there is no want of volunteers to read without intermission until nearly midnight on Saturday the lessons for the occasion, while an unintermittent stream of worshippers of all classes and conditions of people pour into the church to pay their homage to the crucified. One until the hour of the Resurrection arrives. Meanwhile preparations are industriously made for the due celebration of the Resurrection morn.

Shopping, shopping, shopping goes on without intermission. Those who can prepare to adorn their bodies with one or more articles of new clothing, but all make preparations for a sumptuous feast. It is interesting to watch the shops, especially in the public markets, to see the avidity with which every article of food is bought up. The butchers come in, perhaps, for the largest share of custom, as flesh, especially smoked ham, is in universal demand. Ham among all classes of the community is indispensable for the breaking of the fast and the due celebration of the feast. Dyed eggs are in universal request. The exchange of eggs, accompanied with kissing on the lips and cheeks in the form of the cross, accompanies all gifts or exchange. The "koolitch" and "paska" have also to be bought. The koolitch is a sweet kind of wheaten bread, circular in form, in which there are raisins. It is ornamented with candied sugar and usually has the Easter salutation on it: "Christos vozkress"—"Christ is risen"—the whole surmounted with a large gaudy red-paper rose. The paska is made of



"Devoutly kiss the face of, to them, their newly-crucified and buried Saviour" curds, pyramidal in shape, and contains a few raisins, and, like the former, has also a paper rose inserted on the top. These are *sine qua non* for the due observance of Easter, but what relation they may have, if any, to the Jewish Feast of the Passover, it is difficult to see, although in many other respects there is a striking resemblance to the service of the Temple in Jerusalem in the ritual of the Russo-Greek Church. The koolitch and paska and dyed eggs are brought to, but not into, the church on the Saturday evening. Some have burning tapers inserted into them, while a pure white table napkin is spread on the ground, or on benches specially provided for the purpose, awaiting the priests' blessing. The hours for this purpose are six, eight, and ten o'clock. The priests sprinkle the koolitch, paska, and dyed eggs at these hours, those to whom they belong slipping a silver or copper coin into his hand as a reward for his services. These articles are then carried home, and along with the other necessities for the feast are laid out on a table, there to lie untouched till the resurrection of the "Saviour" is an accomplished fact. Meanwhile the lessons are being read over the tomb of "Christ," and the devotees, still in large numbers, kiss His face and feet. About 11 P.M. the sarcophagus is wheeled to its usual place in the church, where it remains until the following Easter.



"Awaiting the priests' blessing"

All the churches by this time are densely packed with worshippers, silently waiting with eager expectancy the time when their "Saviour" will break the bonds of death and rise from the tomb in which He has now lain for three days.

As if by magic, every one has lighted his or her taper, and looks anxiously towards the altar-screen, where preparations are being made by the priests to go to Joseph of Arimathea's garden, as the disciples and women did of old to visit the tomb where Christ was buried. This they do by forming a procession with the crucifix, bannerettes, &c., each carrying a lighted candle in his hand. There is a rush among the worshippers to join in the procession. They walk thrice round the church, searching diligently by the aid of their candles for "Christ," and not finding Him they go "to bring the disciples word that He is risen from the dead."

When the procession enters the threshold of the church, the royal gates are thrown back, suddenly displaying a marvellously beautiful stained-glass window, and all eyes behold an enchanting representation of the Saviour in the act of rising from the cold grave.

The priests with the choristers, as they enter the church, proclaim in joyful tones, "Christos vozkress" ("Christ is risen"), the response being "Voestenno vozkress" ("Truly He is risen"). It is really a jubilant song of praise they sing—the finely-trained voices of the choir and priests, joined with those of the worshippers, making it most impressive. Every face in the vast crowd bears the joyous expression of gladness, for to these men and women a really dead Christ has risen, and is now invisibly walking in their midst. Relatives and friends kiss each other, shake hands, and the salutation, "Christos vozkress," with the refrain "Voestenno vozkress," is heard on every side. The officiating priest begins the usual early morning service (celebrated on ordinary Sundays at 5 A.M.), which continues until nearly three o'clock, when the churches are closed for the day.

III

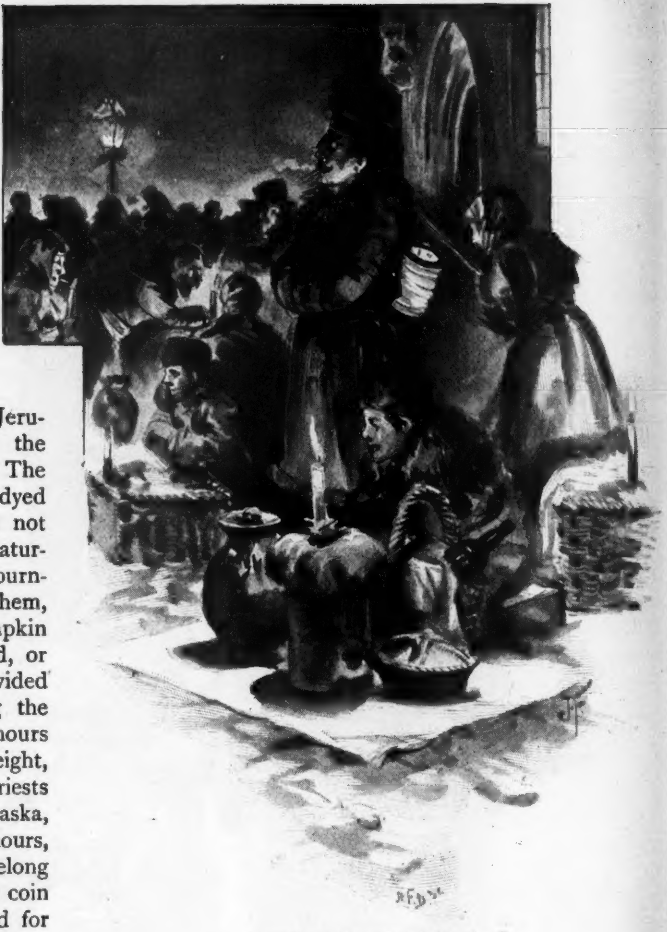
Immediately after midnight a salute of one hundred and one guns is given from the fortress to greet the sacred morn. The whole city is stirred as the loud peal of cannon reverberates, proclaiming to the faithful that Christ is indeed risen from the dead. Some few worshippers remain in church until the early service is over, but the majority retire to their homes to tender the greetings of the day.

Then families and friends assemble at the domestic board that groans under a load of the good things of this life, according to their circumstances, and to make reparation to their stomachs for the privation they have endured during the seven weeks of Lent. And full compensation their stomachs get, as the feast is a literal gorge of meat and drink. Ham is on the table of prince and peasant alike, and it is first partaken of. The table of the rich is spread with all gastronomical luxuries, vodka and wines, cold roast beef, eggs, &c. These dainties remain on the table for several days; indeed a free table is kept, and all who call to congratulate are expected to partake of the hospitality. Not to do so is regarded in the light of an insult.

On Easter Sunday, only gentlemen pay visits of congratulation; ladies remain at home for that day to receive and entertain visitors. Presents are dispensed to domestic and other servants. A good drink is as indispensable to the feast among the peasant class as a good feed, and they neither deny themselves the one nor the other, their potations lasting for several days.

To the Western mind the continual kissing and giving of eggs on the streets appears strangely out of keeping with the solemnity of the hour. To see a couple of bearded men hugging and kissing each other and each other's wives on the public streets, with the salutation "Christos vozkress," is indeed peculiar. But use and wont justify this, and it would be a breach of courtesy to withhold the lips and cheeks, and would be regarded as indicating indifference to the great feast of the Church. Present-giving, although on somewhat similar lines to our Christmas greetings, is a much heavier tax on a Russian household than Christmas gifts are with us. In the ordinary house in St. Petersburg, the master, on gaining his breakfast-room, is saluted by his domestic servant with "Prazdnik (holiday) Christos vozkress," which involves a new dress for the female or a money equivalent. Then the dvorniks or house-porters, resplendent in clean white aprons, make their appearance, giving the usual salutation, and one or two roubles must be given. They have scarcely vanished when a couple of chimney sweepers put in an appearance, necessitating another appeal to the purse; postmen follow, and in their rear come the juvenile representatives of your butcher, greengrocer, &c., all bent upon testing your liberality. You go to church and the doorkeeper gravely says, "Christos vozkress," while he of the cloak-room echoes the sentiment to the impoverishment of one's exchequer. But this seeming mendicancy is not confined to these classes, for even the reverend fathers and brethren walk in the same footsteps unblushingly. Either on foot or by carriage they call upon the well-to-do of their church, give the usual salutation, "Christos vozkress," and the kiss, partake of the general hospitality, and get their gratuity or "Na Chai," as it is called, and retire.

curds, pyramidal in shape, and contains a few raisins, and, like the former, has also a paper rose inserted on the top. These are *sine qua non* for the due observance of Easter, but what relation they may have, if any, to the Jewish Feast of the Passover, it is difficult to see, although in many other respects there is a striking resemblance to the service of the Temple in Jerusalem in the ritual of the Russo-Greek Church. The koolitch and paska and dyed eggs are brought to, but not into, the church on the Saturday evening. Some have burning tapers inserted into them, while a pure white table napkin is spread on the ground, or on benches specially provided for the purpose, awaiting the priests' blessing. The hours for this purpose are six, eight, and ten o'clock. The priests sprinkle the koolitch, paska, and dyed eggs at these hours, those to whom they belong slipping a silver or copper coin into his hand as a reward for his services. These articles are then carried home, and along with the other necessities for the feast are laid out on a table, there to lie untouched till the resurrection of the "Saviour" is an accomplished fact. Meanwhile the lessons are being read over the tomb of "Christ," and the devotees, still in large numbers, kiss His face and feet. About 11 P.M. the sarcophagus is wheeled to its usual place in the church, where it remains until the following Easter.



"Awaiting the priests' blessing"

All the churches by this time are densely packed with worshippers, silently waiting with eager expectancy the time when their "Saviour" will break the bonds of death and rise from the tomb in which He has now lain for three days.

As if by magic, every one has lighted his or her taper, and looks anxiously towards the altar-screen, where preparations are being made by the priests to go to Joseph of Arimathea's garden, as the disciples and women did of old to visit the tomb where Christ was buried. This they do by forming a procession with the crucifix, bannerettes, &c., each carrying a lighted candle in his hand. There is a rush among the worshippers to join in the procession. They walk thrice round the church, searching diligently by the aid of their candles for "Christ," and not finding Him they go "to bring the disciples word that He is risen from the dead."

When the procession enters the threshold of the church, the royal gates are thrown back, suddenly displaying a marvellously beautiful stained-glass window, and all eyes behold an enchanting representation of the Saviour in the act of rising from the cold grave.

The priests with the choristers, as they enter the church, proclaim in joyful tones, "Christos vozkress" ("Christ is risen"), the response being "Voestenno vozkress" ("Truly He is risen"). It is really a jubilant song of praise they sing—the finely-trained voices of the choir and priests, joined with those of the worshippers, making it most impressive. Every face in the vast crowd bears the joyous expression of gladness, for to these men and women a really dead Christ has risen, and is now invisibly walking in their midst. Relatives and friends kiss each other, shake hands, and the salutation, "Christos vozkress," with the refrain "Voestenno vozkress," is heard on every side. The officiating priest begins the usual early morning service (celebrated on ordinary Sundays at 5 A.M.), which continues until nearly three o'clock, when the churches are closed for the day.

III

Immediately after midnight a salute of one hundred and one guns is given from the fortress to greet the sacred morn. The whole city is stirred as the loud peal of cannon reverberates, proclaiming to the faithful that Christ is indeed risen from the dead. Some few worshippers remain in church until the early service is over, but the majority retire to their homes to tender the greetings of the day.

Then families and friends assemble at the domestic board that groans under a load of the good things of this life, according to their circumstances, and to make reparation to their stomachs for the privation they have endured during the seven weeks of Lent. And full compensation their stomachs get, as the feast is a literal gorge of meat and drink. Ham is on the table of prince and peasant alike, and it is first partaken of. The table of the rich is spread with all gastronomical luxuries, vodka and wines, cold roast beef, eggs, &c. These dainties remain on the table for several days; indeed a free table is kept, and all who call to congratulate are expected to partake of the hospitality. Not to do so is regarded in the light of an insult.

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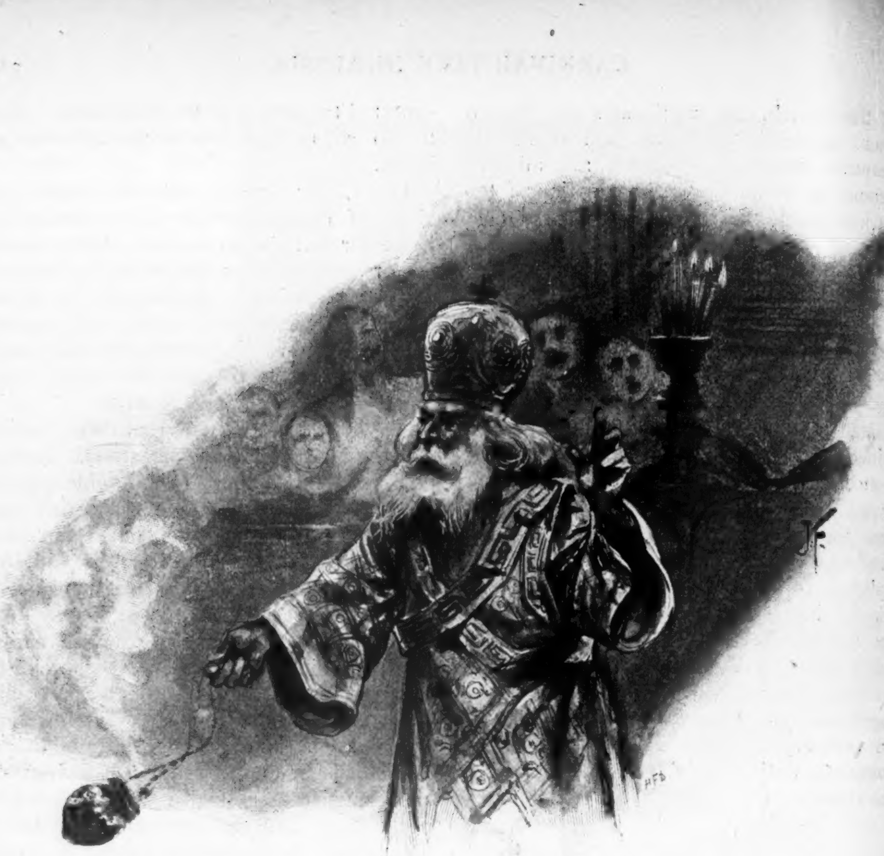


"Christ is risen."

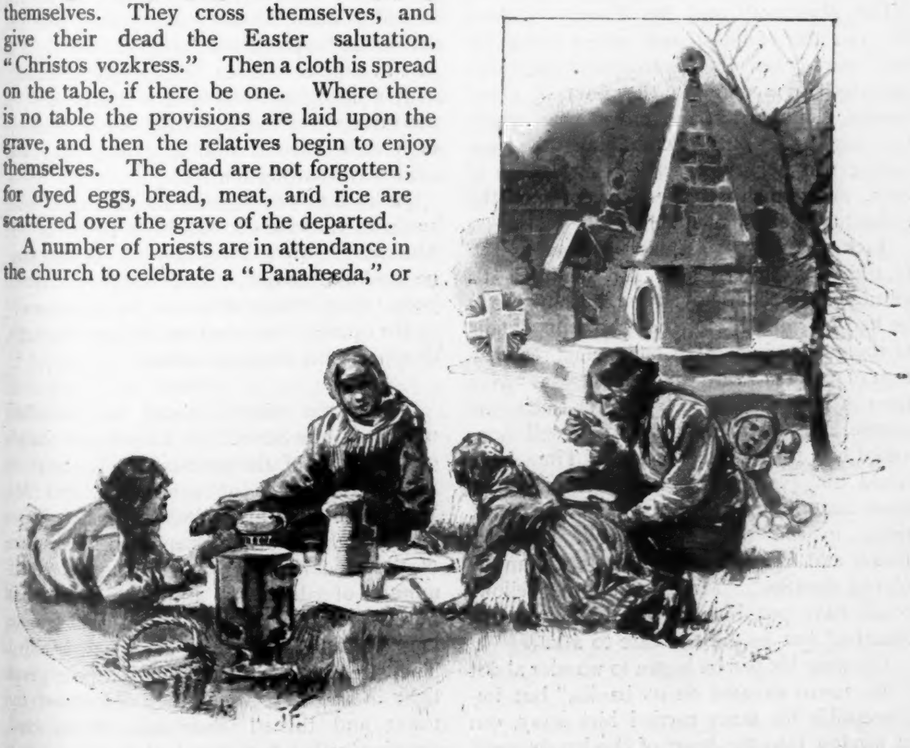
They are scarcely gone when the "Staroste" or elders put in an appearance, followed by the "Pyefche" or choristers, all of whom share in the bounty and hospitality of those on whom they call. The priests, of course, come in for the largest share, and, generally speaking, they know the value of the adage, "First come first served."

At mid-day of Easter Sunday a salute is fired from the fortress, and carnival begins again. It is a repetition of the same amusement as in carnival before Lent, and continues until the following Sunday evening. No marriages are allowed during Easter week, the marrying season only commencing on the Sunday following. The second week after Easter is called "Fomini Nedelli," or Thomas's week. All Russians go to the graveyards and salute their dead in the orthodox fashion, "Christos vozkress." They go laden with provisions of all sorts. The graveyards are, for the time being, converted into a rendezvous for picnics. This will be readily believed from the fact that the newspapers last year stated the number that visited one of the graveyards (the Smolenski) on the last "Fomini" Tuesday at 35,000. Taking this as a basis of calculation, nearly 200,000 must have visited the graveyards in and around St. Petersburg on that day. It is both amusing and interesting to watch the crowds wending their way to these cities of the dead. None of them go empty-handed, every individual having a bundle or basket containing provisions, beer and spirits, or it may be a "samovar," the Russian tea-urn, coffee-pots, tea-pots, &c. &c. Boiling water is sold to any one who may not have their "samovar" with them. This is done by the gravediggers who reside on the premises. Hucksters also ply their vocation, and do a good deal of business in bread, sausages, &c.

The Russian graveyards are not attractive spots to visit, no care being given them. A number of graves are well kept, but that is entirely the work of the loving hands of the relatives of the dead. Those in charge do nothing to beautify the graves, only keeping the footpaths in order. Viewed from the outside, these sacred places resemble unkempt shrubberies, and this is only but little modified when one views them from within the gate. The trees are tall and umbrageous, and under their shadow the high-raised mounds tell the tale of the common fate of humanity. The well-to-do are buried in close proximity to the mortuary church, for which a higher charge is made, and it is here only that really fine monuments are to be seen. Many not only enclose their burial-places, but even build erections over them conservatory fashion, and glazed of course; others are of wire netting, but roofed over; others, again, are less pretentious, but all have a table and seats. When the visiting-party reaches their own hallowed spot, they at once begin to make preparations for enjoying themselves. They cross themselves, and give their dead the Easter salutation, "Christos vozkress." Then a cloth is spread on the table, if there be one. Where there is no table the provisions are laid upon the grave, and then the relatives begin to enjoy themselves. The dead are not forgotten; for dyed eggs, bread, meat, and rice are scattered over the grave of the departed.

A number of priests are in attendance in the church to celebrate a "Panaheeda," or "Requiem" for the repose of the souls of the dead, as well as to congratulate them on the Resurrection of Christ. This is, of course, done for a pecuniary consideration, and is brief, or otherwise, according to the payment. The priest, with an acolyte, who waves a censer with incense over the grave, repeats a prayer for the repose of the dead, and tells them the joyful news that Christ is risen. The "Starra Berra," or old believers, have a different form of prayer for the occasion. For hours—or even the whole day—they sit, chat, weep, or make merry, their sadness and joy depending very much upon how many vodkas they have imbibed. Should the stock of provisions or drink get exhausted, it is speedily replenished, one of the number going to the nearest public-house or provision-shop for supplies.

During these holidays the people are exceptionally well behaved and orderly. There are seldom any brawls, and although many become helplessly intoxicated a quarrel is of somewhat rare occurrence.



"The graveyards are, for the time being, converted into a rendezvous for picnics"

STRONG IN GEOGRAPHY

By VIOLET CLIFFORD

"TRACE the river Lena from its source to the sea, and put down all you know about the towns situated on its banks."

This was just the sort of task the Master took delight in, and as he wrote the lesson in a large round hand on the blackboard, he smiled to himself, for he was strong in geography; and of all the mysterious, half-explored regions of the globe Siberia was to his imagination one of the most interesting.

He made it interesting to his scholars too, for was it not the land of the Russian exiles, who, when the fresh spring winds blew and the cuckoo called, could no longer resist the impulse to make a dash for freedom? And was it not the land of the great extinct quadrupeds, whose marvellous story, mixed up with legends of griffin-guarded gold, Sir Henry Howorth has told in his book on "The Mammoth and the Flood"? And did not the stolidest and laziest prick up their ears when they heard how the birds migrated in myriads to the feast of cranberries, cloudberries, and crowberries, which had lain buried in the snow since the preceding summer, right across the breadth of Asia, and which sparkled in the sun the moment the snow melted?

Jack French was as much pleased as any of the others to listen to Mr. Wainwright's stories of travel and adventure, but unhappily he had no "head" for the scholastic details of the geographer. He had some recollection of having heard that the Lena was a river in Northern Asia, but as for tracing its course, Mr. Wainwright might as well have asked him to trace the course of Time. He could not even recollect that it was "the most easterly of the great streams of Siberia, rising in the mountains N.W. of Lake Baikal and falling into the Arctic Ocean by several mouths." Most of the other fellows could have put him up to those "several mouths," but he did not care to ask.

Chewing his pen he began to wonder about "the towns situated on its banks," but imperceptibly his fancy carried him away, out of window into the heart of the lonely sand-hills, where curious beetles and wonderful butterflies and moths were to be found, and where on a sunny August afternoon like this it was quite as profitable and much more pleasant for a boy entomologist to be rummaging among the sand and star-grass than to be tracing rivers and putting down towns in Siberia.

The result of Jack's wool-gathering was a sharp lecture on the disastrous moral and material consequences of the neglect of geography, and an hour's work after school on "the most easterly of the great streams," and the centres of industrial activity on its banks. Alone in the empty schoolroom, Jack put in his hour of punishment with patient good humour, and when the task was finished sat as patiently waiting for the return of the Master.

Half an hour passed, and no one came. He tried the door, and found that it was locked. Then he climbed up to a window and looked out. By a happy chance he was just in time to see Mr. Wainwright speeding, with a swinging cane and a jaunty step, in the direction of the sand-hills, while a quarter of a mile beyond him a young lady was evidently awaiting him.

Jack's face was illumined with a slow, wise smile as he watched the brisk figure of the Master. "He's forgotten all about *me*," he said to himself, "and any way I have been 'in' a couple of hours. So here goes!"

He opened the window, slipped through, dropped, and scudded home.

Along the shore, about two-and-a-half miles from the School, the Lighthouse stands on the edge of the sand-hills. It shows an intermittent light at sundown; and Mr. Wainwright and his sweetheart had come to see the lighting of the lamps, the mechanism of the clockwork which regulates the half-minute of darkness and three-and-a-half minutes of fixed radiance, and the famous lens which looks like a big glass beehive. The after-glow had faded into a pale green light in the west when they descended the tower and turned their faces homeward, chatting gaily; but they had hardly gone a quarter of a mile before the night was upon them, and darkness seemed to rise like a mist from the winding hollows between the huge hillocks of sand. The sky was clear overhead, but the obscurity of their surroundings was bewildering. The sand yielded beneath their feet and impeded their progress. The windings between the hills made a straight course impossible. Suddenly they saw a great light shining in front of them, and it was with a feeling of dismay that they found themselves going in the direction of the Lighthouse which they had left nearly half an hour before.

"O Frank, don't you know the way?" the girl cried as she caught the Master's arm and clung to it in a sudden access of fear.

"There is nothing to be afraid of, dear," said the Master soothingly; "but I think we had better leave the hills and get on to the shore. We can't miss *that.* If we turn our backs to the lights, home is before us, and the sea is on our right. That's quite simple, is it not?"

But it was not so easy to reach the shore. In a few minutes the hollow in the sand before them was a black patch sprinkled with stars, and the girl stopped short and burst into tears. It seemed as though the sprites that haunt waste places had strewn watery snares about their feet; there were pools and glimmering streams and reflected stars on every side. There was an eerie whispering of the long harsh grass which grows on the sand-hills and traces curious concentric circles in the sand when the wind blows strongly enough. Big soft fluffy moths blundered past their faces. Unknown insects were astir and made strange uncanny noises.

At length they struck the hard level sand, and the great teacher of geography felt a burden lifted from his spirit. "We are all right this time!" he cried with a laugh; "let us walk a little quicker."

"Let us run, Frank, I am feeling chilly."

Taking each other's hands they raced along till the hard sand ceased, and they felt they were passing over a wet surface. And then they were brought up by a steep bank of loose shingle.

"O Frank, Frank, whatever shall we do?"

"Wait till I climb up and look round," said the Master uneasily.

"Oh, don't leave me! I shall die if you leave me."

"I shan't leave you, dear, but I must see what is on the other side of this."

The Master scrambled up the shingle, and a few yards away in the dusk the white edges of the sea ran rippling along the shore.

"It's all right, dear; we swerved too much to the right. It is the water. But we are in the proper direction."

They pushed on again, bearing to the left, till they touched the sand-hills once more. Suddenly another snare of water barred their passage, and it must be confessed poor Mr. Wainwright experienced an unpleasant feeling of uneasiness, for in the dark this was a region utterly unknown to him—more completely unknown than the course of the Lena to little Jack French. Happily, however, at that moment a twinkle of light appeared among the hills.

"Hallo!" cried the Master.

"Hallo!" responded a clear boyish voice.

"We're in a fix here," said the Master.

"Wait a bit then. I'll come to you."

"Is that Jack French?" asked the Master.

"Yes, Mr. Wainwright."

In a few minutes Jack was beside them, explaining that he was out moth-hunting: he badly wanted a Feathered Ranunculus—it was awfully rare, but it could be found here.

Of course Jack piloted them home, the young lady holding his hand and calling him "You dear boy." As they were parting he referred to his escape by the window; it was a favourable chance, he thought, of making his peace with the Master, who had enough of the sense of humour to appreciate, now that they were clear of the maze of the sand-hills, the difference between an expert in geography and a small boy who knew his way about.

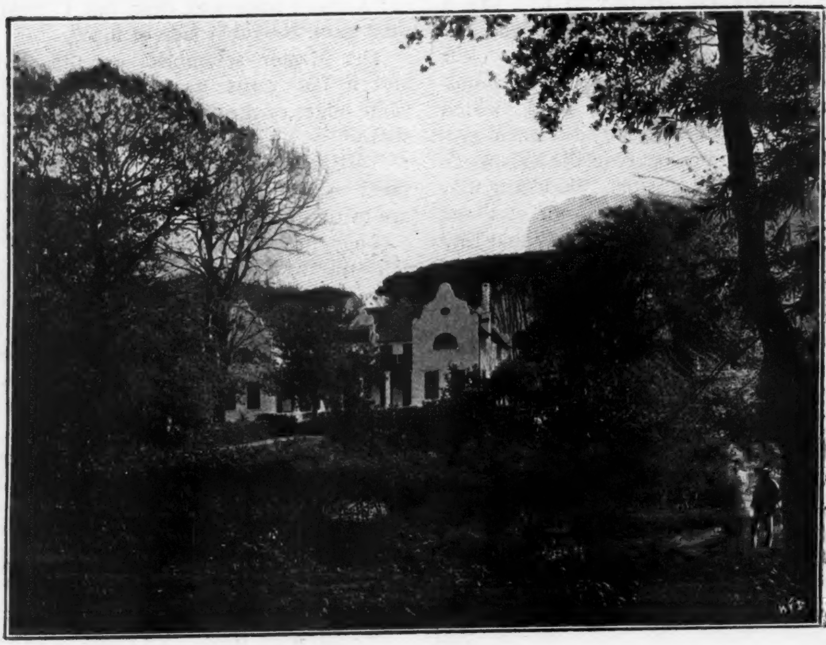
"All the same I wouldn't have gone," said Jack, "if I hadn't thought you'd forgotten me."

"Why were you kept in?" asked the lady sympathetically.

"It was geography—Siberia," said Jack.

And the lady laughed as if she would never cease.

"Good-night, you dear boy," she said at last; "great geographers are not always the best guides."



FRONT VIEW OF GROOTE SCHUUR

MR. RHODES'S HOME

By GEORGE RALLING

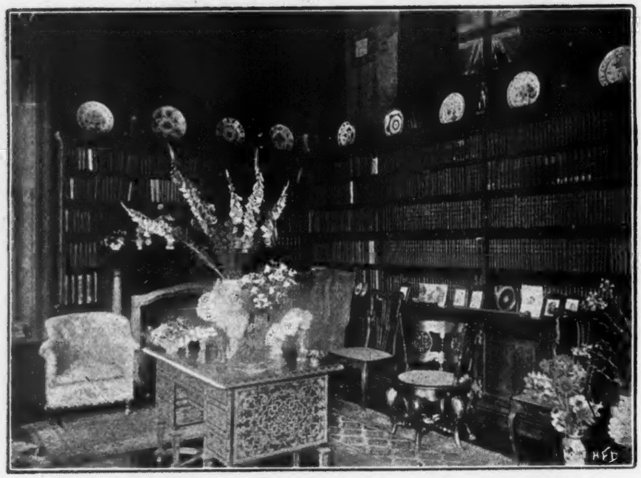
MR. RHODES, who has a habit of Parliamentary anecdotage as if he were addressing a few familiars in the privacy of the smoking-room, observed one afternoon long ago, in the Cape House of Assembly, that he "began by living in a small house," referring, of course, to his Kimberley experiences. The question under discussion, by the way, was the provision of houses for "gangers" and other humble railway servants in isolated places along the lonely, far-reaching South African railway. Mr. Rhodes forgot, perchance, that when he lived in his Kimberley "small house" it was supplemented by the ample apartments of the Kimberley Club—where he was always to be found in his favourite corner—a club that has the just reputation of being one of the best in the country. The "gangers" had no club, but that was a detail which did not occur either to the speaker or his hearers. It is a fact, however, that during all the years of his earlier political life in South Africa, house accommodation was a matter about which the young politician did not greatly concern himself.

When he came down to Cape Town for the Session he either occupied rooms at the quietest hotel in the city within bowshot of Parliament House, or fixed up bachelor's arrangements with a gentleman who is now a fellow-director of De Beers. Personally it is probable that this arrangement would have suited him for all time; but when he became Premier of the Cape and somewhat of a personage, he laid down the doctrine that a Prime Minister ought to have a house to live in, and accordingly looked about for a suitable place. This was about nine years ago, when Mr. Rhodes was sprung upon the world in his triple capacity of Premier of Cape Colony, chairman of De Beers Consolidated Mines, and managing director of the British South Africa Company, then newly established. He chose a house then known as the Grange at Rondebosch, a suburb of Cape Town, and which had been occupied by Lord Rosmead, then Sir Hercules Robinson, as a country residence for the Governor. For at the Cape existence in town in the summer months is unendurable—at any rate for those who can afford to live out of it; and the custom is for the Governor to occupy a country residence for the burning months between November and April. Rondebosch I have described as a suburb of Cape Town, but those who are accustomed to think of the nearer suburbs of London must disabuse their minds of all their impressions when thinking of the beautiful residential quarters adjacent to the capital of the sub-continent of South Africa. The Cape is still so far unsophisticated, while rapidly putting on the aspect of a place in the older world, that what are known as suburbs belong to the wild and picturesque country adjacent to the town.

The original name of the Grange was Groote Schuur, the Dutch equivalent for a great barn or storehouse, and it really existed in that capacity when the Dutch East India Company had possession of the Cape. After the recent fire, to which I shall refer later, careful examination bore out this theory, but brought to light also another curious and highly interesting fact, namely, that in the year 1778 the house was in possession of the ancestors of the Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr, now leader of the Afrikander Bond and Mr. Rhodes's greatest political antagonist. Curiously enough, the house exactly suited its new owner, which is more than can be said of most purchases of the kind, and Mr. Rhodes has impressed himself upon the place to a marvellous degree. As is well known, and as will be gathered from the views accompanying this sketch, the house is a fair specimen of a Dutch country house at the Cape. It is as different from the smug modern villa as anything well can be. It has about it just enough of distinction to be regarded as a country house, although making no pretensions to the extended grandeur of the English gentleman's country mansion. What there is of it, however, is like its owner—massive, simple, solid. There is no extraordinary decoration about Groote Schuur, outside or inside.

After a stroll of a quarter of a mile from the main road, up a magnificent avenue of pines, oaks, and silver beeches, you approach the house by what is known in South Africa as a "stoep"—a broad stone platform in front of the house, upon which, for the better part of the year, it is more agreeable to sit and receive company than within the walls of the building. Mr. Rhodes has spent a small fortune upon the place and has been religiously careful to preserve its Dutch characteristics. You enter from the stoep by an enormous heavy teak doorway. Teak, it may be said, is to the Cape what oak is to Great Britain, except that it is not the growth of the colony itself. The original Dutch settlers imported their teak from their Indian possessions. It was the wood with which their ships were built, and had altogether a national significance. A large open flagged hall, paved with black-and-white marble, gives on to the rooms which surround it. To the left is the famous library, familiar to English students of pictorial South Africa. It is lined principally with a fine collection of

THE HISTORIC "STOEP"



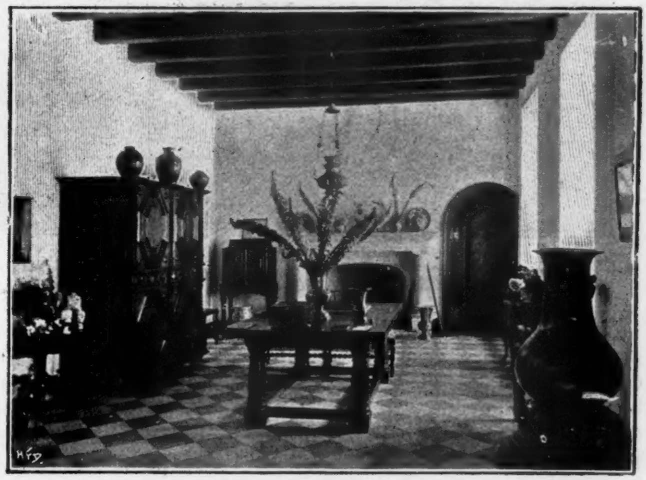
THE LIBRARY

type-written translations of the classics, which Mr. Rhodes had done at his own order. These are uniformly and handsomely bound and present a striking appearance. Above the books are displayed the tattered flag which Jameson took with him through the first Matabele War, and another significant memento in the shape of the flag which was captured from the Portuguese at Massikessi, at the time when the threatened failure of the Anglo-Portuguese Convention made Mr. Rhodes rub his hands and exclaim gleefully, "Now we have a free hand!" The free hand, however, as we all know, was checked by the subsequent amicable arrangement which Lord Salisbury brought about with the Portuguese. Amongst other curios in this room is the seal of the Orange River Sovereignty, which came into Mr. Rhodes's possession through the son of an official in that short-lived British experiment in what is now known as the Independent Orange Free State. On the table will be seen the famous silver elephant seal of Lobengula, the stamp of which upon any "concession" rendered it valid. This library may fairly be said to be of historic interest. Unnumbered consultations affecting the history of South Africa have taken place within its walls, and it has certainly sheltered more famous people upon their travels than any other spot outside the shores of Great Britain itself. It is, too, Mr. Rhodes's favourite room. To the right of the hall is a second room, or office, used by Mr. Rhodes's private secretary and for business purposes generally. Grouped around are the dining-room, drawing-room, billiard-room, morning-room, and so forth. A model of the Alan Wilson Memorial graces the dining-room. Otherwise none of the apartments call for detailed description, inasmuch as everything throughout the house answers to one key. There is scarcely a picture or a nicknack about the whole place, except perhaps in Mr. Rhodes's bedroom, a unique apartment, commanding one of the noblest views in the world. Here are a small picture

THE DINING-ROOM

of the Rhodes family at their Hertfordshire rectory, with Mr. Rhodes as a lad of twelve or thirteen, and a simple but exquisite sketch of Lord Salisbury's head and bust, bearing the autograph of the British Prime Minister. The walls of the house are panelled in teak, and the fireplaces are vast open apertures, with andirons, upon which fires of oak blocks are constantly kept burning. For although he has the appearance of a very robust man, Mr. Rhodes cannot do well with the moisture of the Cape peninsula—a moisture, by the way, which would represent itself to any one from northern climes as extremely dry. "But," says Mr. Rhodes, "I do not like to live anywhere at less than four thousand feet above sea level, and Groote Schuur, though on the lower slopes of the mountain, is not very far above Table Bay." Kimberley answers to Mr. Rhodes's requirements, and Bulawayo still more so. The mention of Bulawayo reminds me that Mr. Rhodes has a "house" there, as well as at Groote Schuur. It consists of five Kaffir huts and is on an elevated site. It is within view of the spot where, after the last Matabele War, the famous indaba with the chiefs was held, which Mr. Rhodes, unarmed, at the imminent risk of his life, and, as he admits in confidence, attended with his heart in his boots. I have visited this place, and, *mirabile dictu!* have partaken thereat of a luncheon fit for a *gourmand.*

For the first few years of his residence at Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes, who has what almost amounts to a superstition on the subject, had no female foot within his walls. His personal wants were attended to, as they still are, by a faithful coloured man who travels with him wherever he goes. The name of Tony will be familiar to many English readers. Mr. Rhodes's sisters, however, broke the rule and, it must be admitted, added greatly to the social attractiveness of Groote Schuur. There has certainly been no prohibition as regards lady visitors, though normally the work of all kinds is done by male hands. The ways of the place are certainly unique. Mr. Rhodes has as many servants as he and his guests can possibly require for convenience, but not one man for show. You ring the old-fashioned bell at the entrance to the hall, and, as likely as not, you have to walk in without its being answered, for there is no hall porter and no footmen properly so-called. Groote Schuur presents a singular appearance, especially during the times of political excitement or whilst Parliament is in session.


INNER HALL, SHOWING DUTCH CEILING

It is, as it were, a rough kind of court. Public men come and go and hold little committees in the hall or on the big stoep at the rear, with its colonnade and its enchanting mountain view—the host being with them or busy elsewhere with innumerable callers. He has always had clever young men about him as private secretaries, and the marvel is how they get through their work. I was speaking to one of them the other day, who had had three-quarters of an hour of "instructions," and reckoned that it would take him a clear fortnight to execute them. Every day during the Session Mr. Rhodes has not only to see a large number of Members of Parliament and other friends, for whom Groote Schuur is

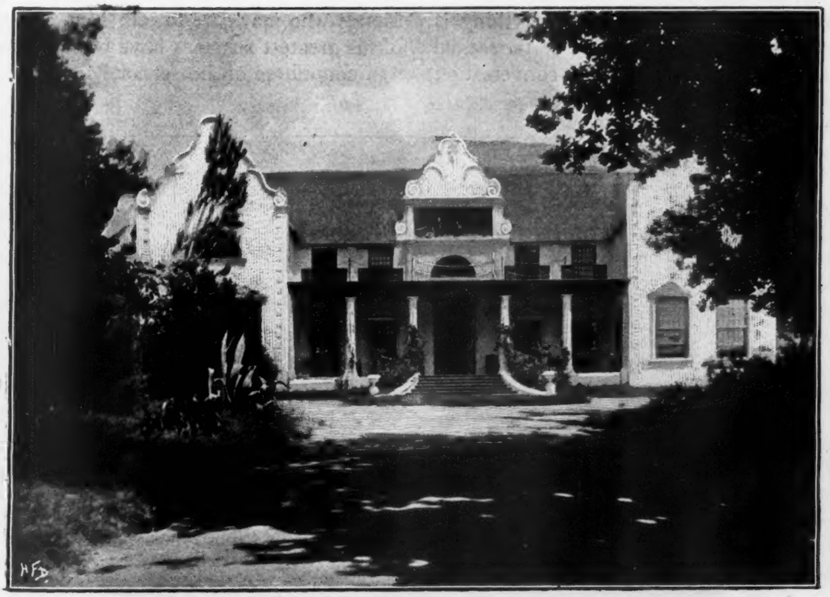
BACK VIEW OF GROOTE SCHUUR

made a temporary home, but everybody who can possibly have business with him at luncheon or at dinner. It is no uncommon thing for the table to be laid for ten and then for twenty to present themselves; but by some mysterious arrangement of the household the domestic factotum is always ready for emergencies. To say what is the kind of business that is transacted at Groote Schuur in a rough-and-ready way would be to unfold the affairs of South Africa. Some prize cattle are being landed to improve the breeds in the country, and everything is being settled for their landing and transport. A new beast or bird or creeping thing is being sent down country for the unique menagerie which is one of the features of Groote Schuur, and its transit has to be arranged so that no hitch occurs. "It is for Mr. Rhodes" is quite enough to secure expedition. An artist has called with a picture he means to dedicate to Mr. Rhodes, and the unfortunate but always cheerful secretary has to negotiate the business without reference to his chief. Mr. Plantagenet Jones, the waster of his fortune, brings letters from the Duke of Seven Dials and wants employment in Mr. Rhodes's country. Or to turn to more serious matters, some politician has business of urgent importance to communicate, and, as Mr. Rhodes said last Session, "I hear most things." The party Whip has a little scheme for circumventing the Bond and putting everything right, or, what is not infrequently the case, some one deserving or undeserving, good, bad, or indifferent, wants a leg over the stile, and it is wonderful what Mr. Rhodes gives away in open free-handed kindness of heart; how much he is robbed I do not care to inquire. Mr. Rhodes listens patiently, and in large matters "will think it over"; for the rest he, like Mr. Harold Skimpole, has "no head for details"; and it can hardly be expected of a man who is credibly reported to "think in continents." In the midst of all these activities Mr. Rhodes will look up again and again at the mountain. "Is it not beautiful?" he will exclaim to the chance visitor, and add in his most aggressive manner, as if his auditor were the offender he had in view: "Look here; if I had not bought all this place"—and the "place" extends for several miles along the mountain side—"you people would have jerry-built all over it, and it would have been spoilt for ever."

It is characteristic of the man that he wants his place to be better than any one else's place, his trees to blossom and fruit quicker than any one else's trees, and his garden to make a better show than any one else's garden. It is, however, this ambition that lies at the root of all that he has accomplished in South Africa. The virtue answering to this vice is that he wants everybody else to enjoy his triumphs with him.

The whole of the wonderful domain that he has laid out, by purchasing property after property along the mountain-side, is as free to the poorest child of Cape Town as the gutter itself. The people sometimes steal ferns, and leave traces of their picnics, as Vandals will everywhere, but it is all the same to him. One day his head-gardener came to him and said, "Really, sir, it is all very well to throw the place open to the public, but to steal the ferns is too bad. Ought we not to have some restrictions?" Mr. Rhodes thought for a moment and then said, "Oh, let the poor people have a few ferns!"

These domains at the back of the house, which stretch right away up the mountain slopes, call for more particular description. The photographs are, perhaps, better than any word-painting; but it may be said that there is a fresh and original beauty about these mountain skirts which no cultivated park in the world can give. For the nearest parallel we must go to the Yellowstone Park of America. Mr. Rhodes is very jealous of natural beauty. He has laid out fine roads and executed the necessary drainage works in the very finest style, but the natural beauties of the mountain have been most religiously preserved. One of the few artificial features in the landscape is a very curious old Dutch pavilion tiled with tiny bricks imported from Holland, where it is said the old Dutch Governors came as to a pleasaunce. The pavilion has been restored and furnished with massive Dutch chairs and table, and it requires no violent exercise of the imagination to see the ancient "mynheers," with long pipes and massive

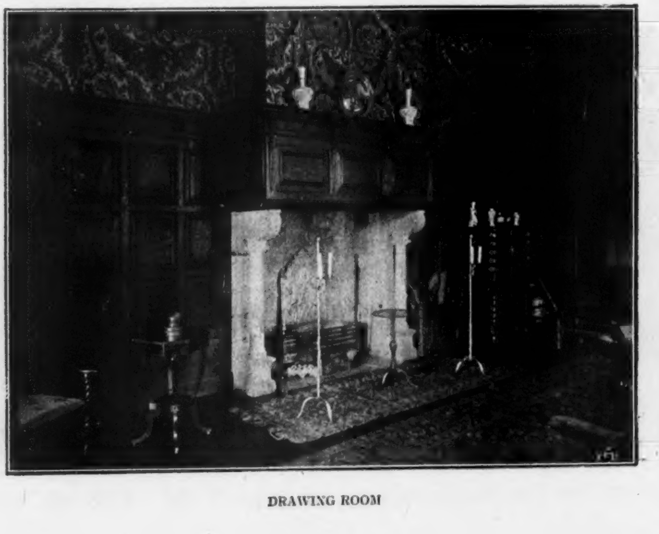


THE MAIN ENTRANCE

goblets of Cape wine, whilst they discussed the painful problem of dealing with the Hottentots on the frontier twenty miles away, which frontier Mr. Rhodes has extended to two thousand. Two ruinous "block houses" used as look-outs in the days of Hottentot invasions of Table Valley are also reminiscent of the Dutch and early English occupation of the Cape. A good portion of the ground is enclosed in an enormous wire fencing, and in this vast enclosure all the animals indigenous to South Africa roam at pleasure, together with the kangaroo, and other animals from various parts of the world, as well as countless birds of beautiful plumage secured from various parts of South Africa. The famous lion-house is in a secluded part of the grounds, and here are two magnificent young specimens of the king of beasts, and a fine tiger which would perhaps be more correctly described as a leopard.

As a host Mr. Rhodes is charming. There are many little old-fashioned observances in meats and manners which he is careful to keep up. A complete simplicity such as one may suppose to have existed one or two hundred years ago is a mark of Mr. Rhodes's entertainment of his friends. He prefers beautiful porcelain to plate, and likes everything on his table to have a history. It will be almost impertinence to say everything is of the best; but the interest in the social life of Groote Schuur is in the conversation of the people brought together, every one of whom has some special purpose in being present. For society in the ordinary sense of the term Mr. Rhodes does not care a doit, and is, indeed, impatient of ordinary observances. He himself is necessarily rich in story and anecdote and shrewd observations gathered from the life he has lived, and guests of the kind that he is wont to bring about him are in their own way similarly well endowed. The consequence is that, to any one taking an intelligent interest in politics and the practical affairs of the world. an evening at Groote Schuur is a delightful remembrance. The custom of the house after dinner is to adjourn to the spacious billiard-room, and Mr. Rhodes has himself a singular habit of delivering his stroke, and then returning to some chosen friend and continuing a conversation at the point at which it was interrupted.

The singular magnetism of the man is evidenced in the way in which the horses, which are allowed to run loose in the grounds near the house, run up to him as he saunters about the place. Mr. Rhodes does not appear to be fond of dogs: at any rate I have never seen any upon his place; but he is extremely attached to horses, and horse exercise is his only outdoor amusement. Every morning at five he goes for a gallop with any friends who may care to join him, and many of his greatest schemes have been concocted "in committee on horseback"!



DRAWING ROOM

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT: THE PAINTER OF THE CHRIST

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

I dreamed that once, the evening sun aflame,
A painter whose tired eyes could see no more
Slept—when all those he had painted softly came,
Lifted the latch, and crossed the studio floor
Like rose-leaves drifting through an open door:
Mary—and Joseph—then, unknown by name,
The innocent boys who suffered for Christ before
He suffered for them: all these in sweet acclaim—

All these—and yet one more: One crown'd with thorn
Came and stood with them. I, with glad surprise,
Knew Him—and saw around His head the morn
Break; and the light of heaven was in His eyes.
He did not speak—but as He passed away
Stooped down and kissed the painter where he lay.

BEFORE I turn to the consideration of the painter of the Christ, I must say a word or two about the circumstances under which the face of Christ became the theme of Christian Art.

Our Lord was born in the Augustan age. The second Cæsar, having conquered the world, declared a universal peace, and closed the door of the temple of Janus that very year. It is Milton who, in his "Ode to Christ's Nativity," sings:

No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung:
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord
was by.

For a little while, then, and just at this period, there came a revival of the Arts, which had seemed crushed out by the tread of armies in the conquest of Greece by Rome. Augustus was himself distinguished for learning; Virgil and Horace were among his friends; it was his boast that he found Rome brick, and left it marble. He died when our Lord was about ten years of age. Augustus was succeeded by Tiberius, who reigned during the remainder of our Lord's time on earth, carrying on the traditions of the Empire as regards learning and the Arts.

What were those traditions? The Romans, as a race, never had any initiative in the Fine Arts. They came into the inheritance of the Greeks, but they were not to the manner born. It was a Roman general who, in despoiling Corinth of its treasures, told his soldiers that if they broke any of the statues he would require them to make new ones. The famous group known as "The Laocoön" was sculptured about the time when St. John was exiled to Patmos; but it was the work of Greek artists. The imaginative faculty seemed altogether lost. There was one phase of Art only which the Romans practised with any marked success, and that was portraiture. Considering themselves masters of the world—interested in every action that affected their Empire or their polity—they were students of men rather than of ideas, and to them Art, in the form of portraiture, offered special attractions.

(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, London, W.)

MR. W. HOLMAN HUNT

Thus wealthy citizens decorated their houses and filled their galleries with collections of portraits of men and women of note, or whose names were associated with the events of the day. Christ, then, came at a time when the world was specially prepared to receive and record its impressions of the aspect of His human nature.

Such records were undoubtedly made, and we have them with us to-day. What have we done with them through the nineteen centuries? What are we doing with them now? My purpose in this article is to speak of one whom I have ventured to call *the* painter of the Christ. But Holman Hunt is the last, not the first, of a long succession of Christian painters who have made Christ their theme. Let us follow in thought the sequence of pictures which have so preserved to us the likeness of Christ, that an artist of our own time—living amongst us, in this corner of the world so far away from the Roman province of Palestine where Christ was born, so long after the period when men could see Him face to face—can yet paint His features with the certainty that he is painting a reality and not a myth. I will take the unusual course of making voices speak for a little while, instead of showing to my readers dumb pictures. The pictures shall come presently, and we shall value them all the more for knowing something of their origin and history.

Let us imagine ourselves in one of the dark corridors of the catacombs of Rome. St. Paul has been preaching there of late, with Linus and Damas; and there is a brief respite to the persecutions which have decimated the little community. Two men are groping their way through the darkness towards an appointed place, where a messenger is expected from the brethren at Corinth, or Ephesus, or perhaps from far-away Jerusalem.

Rufus. I think we must be near the place: shall we now kindle a light?

Persis. Yes, for our lamps will well last out our time. And I like to see the pictures on the walls.

[*They light a lamp which Persis carries, and find themselves before a figure of Christ, painted on the rough surface of the wall: Persis holds the lamp over his head so as to illuminate the face.*]

Rufus. Full of grace and truth!

Persis. That is what John said, when he was here last year. But Peter thinks that the profile in the south corridor is more like even than this.

Rufus. I would that I had seen Him with my own eyes; but I was only a lad then, and belonged not to any Legion. My father, who was one of the quaternion which scourged Him, tells me that this is the best likeness of them all. I would that I had seen Him myself.

Persis. Is it not enough that Peter and John are with us, and that when He comes we shall see His face?

Rufus. Ah yes! then we shall know even as we are known.

And the men move onwards to the appointed place.

A century has passed, and two men are sitting together at a table. One is an old man, bent with years; the other is in the meridian of life. The old man, Justus, speaks first:

Justus. Well, I have drunk your wine, Nereus; but what is this figure engraved on the base of the cup?

[*He turns the cup to the light, disclosing a figure outlined in gold on the surface of the glass.*]

Nereus. It is the Good Shepherd.

Justus. The Good Shepherd? You mean Christ?

Nereus. Yes.

Justus. But it is not like Christ. Why is it not like Christ? This is the figure of a radiant youth. This is not He who suffered for us.

Nereus. Are you so sure of that? Christ, as the Eternal God, can suffer no change, no decay, no marks of infirmity. He suffered, indeed, as Christ, but His sufferings are ended, and the glorified Christ cannot suffer. Wherefore, then, should the artist represent suffering? We must be content sometimes to give up a lesser truth for a greater.

Justus. But, Nereus, we cannot represent the Eternal God. If, therefore, this is not like Christ as John and Peter and Paul described Him to us, it is like nothing; and we are giving up a truth not for a greater truth, but for no truth at all.

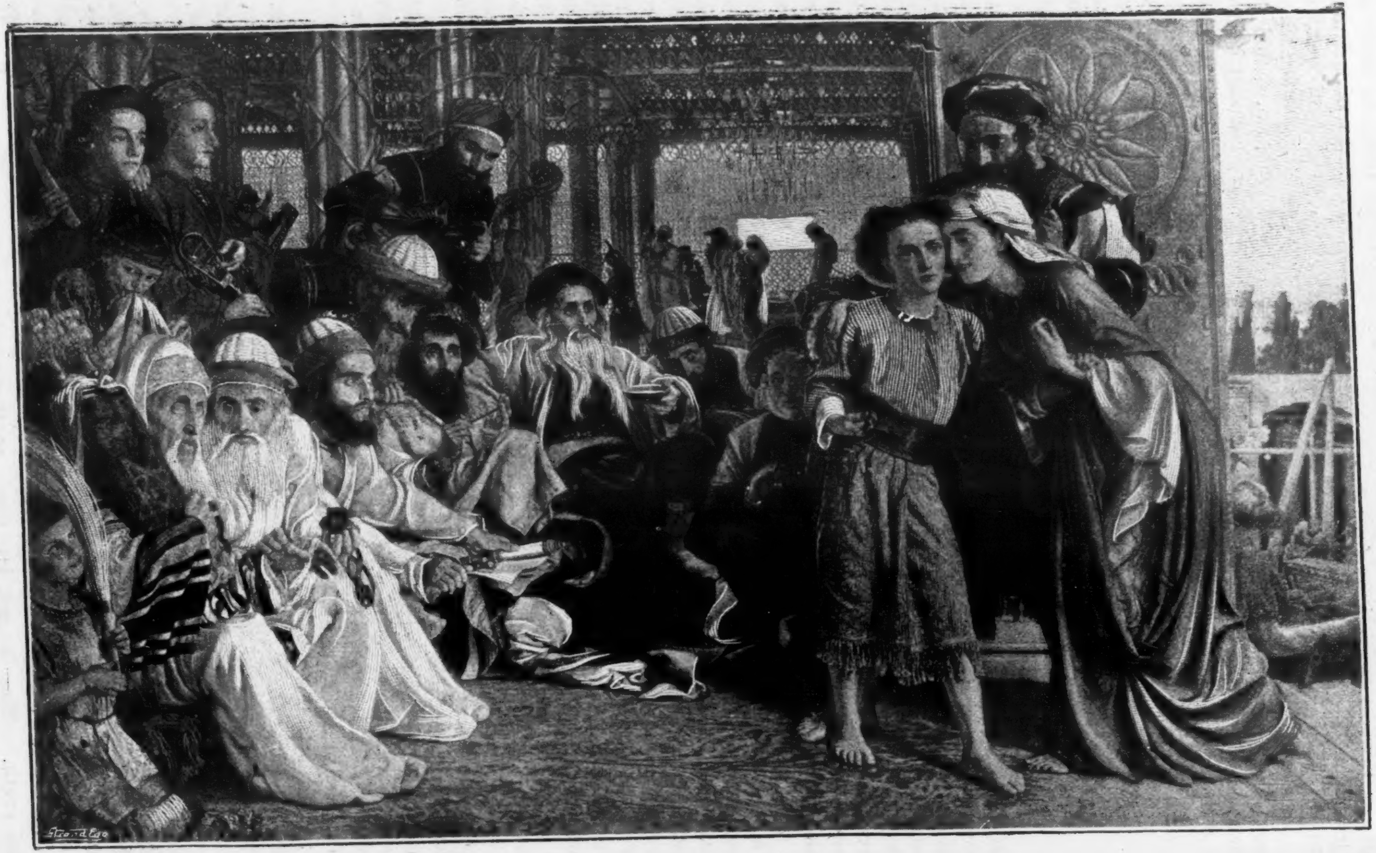
Nereus. My dear Justus, do you forget? It is a long time since you worshipped in the catacombs. It was before my time. Think of what has happened since. Think of the cruel persecutions we have endured. If we persist in painting the likeness of "the Nazarene," as He is called, on our walls, we shall soon have no houses left to shelter us and shall be driven again to those dreadful catacombs. If we persist in wearing it upon our persons there will soon be none of us left to wear it. Peter is gone, and Paul is gone, and Timothy, and every one who knew Him face to face. We are counselled by our leaders, on account of the exigencies of the time, to be content with symbols. David, you know, was a type of Christ; but it was as a youth that David tended the sheep. Why should not the figure of David, the youthful shepherd, serve to remind us of our Lord? We understand it, and the Roman soldiers do not.

I know not what answer Justus could have made to one who, not having himself seen Christ, was content with the representation of Christ through symbol.

But now we hear quite different voices. The first is that of an Epicurean Philosopher, Celsus, who has set himself to attack the growing Faith; the second is that of Origen, a Father of the Church.

Celsus. But this God of yours is so ugly.

Origen. What is ugliness? What is beauty? Does Celsus say that a countenance which expresses the divine attributes of love and truth can be otherwise than beautiful—even though it be marred by suffering? If so, then words (δῦσειδὴς—καλὸς) are but counterfeit, or it is well to be ugly.



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THE FINDING OF OUR SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE

Celsus. You do not take me, Origen. It is obvious that we cannot see attributes of mind—we can only see attributes of body. Now, if this man you call God is really divine, he can have no defect; but suffering is defect: therefore, if he suffers he cannot be divine.

Origen. This, Celsus, is a thing hidden from you. We Christians cannot put ourselves in the position of the critics of the Greek schools. The love of Christ constraineth us.

Another century has passed, and the voices have again changed; but the theme is the same—always the same—even as the human heart is always the same. A woman is pleading with a priest for what she believes to be an innocent, nay, a holy delight. The priest is refusing.

Constantia. I saw it in the city where you live, and I desire it. Of course I have many likenesses of Christ, but this one seems to me more spiritual, more tender, more like what I have learned of Him and know in Him, than all the rest. Obtain it for me.

Eusebius. This longing for a visible presentment of our Lord is growing—and it is dangerous. You cannot learn what Christ is like by kneeling before an image.

Constantia. I do not desire it as an image to kneel before. But I desire to look on the face of my Friend and my Redeemer. Look, I have this—and this—and this—but none are so beautiful as the one I tell you of.

[*She shows him a number of likenesses, which he pushes away, refusing to look at them.*]

Eusebius. A likeness at the best can show only His human aspect—the form of His humiliation—when he took upon Him the form of a servant. If you would know Him as He is you must turn from pictures painted by men to the presentment of Him in the written Word. Art is so poor a thing that a thousand artists, painting from the same original, will give you a thousand variations, of which you cannot say that any one is the absolute truth, even as representing His manhood. But in the Gospel you shall see more than His manhood—the pure in heart shall see God.

And now the time rushes on so fast that it is scarcely worth while to count the centuries as they go. A thousand years pass, and, so far as the likeness of Christ is concerned, there is no change either in the likeness itself or in the attitude of the Christian Church towards it. These thousand years are years of darkness, in which there appear but faint glimmerings of light. Art, poetry, religion seem crushed under the iron heel of despotisms, which conquer only to give place in their turn to new despotisms. But the devastations which have destroyed the Arts have perpetuated the Likeness by committing it to the mechanical process of mosaic work, instead of to the free process of the brush. Listen to the voices of two men in the thirteenth century, working at a mosaic in the dome or apse of a great Italian church.

First Workman. Tell me now, for I fear I have fallen into some error: ought there to be seven rows, or only six, of the pale red tesseræ, here, just above the brow?

Second Workman. Seven. I learned it at Mount Athos, and am quite sure.

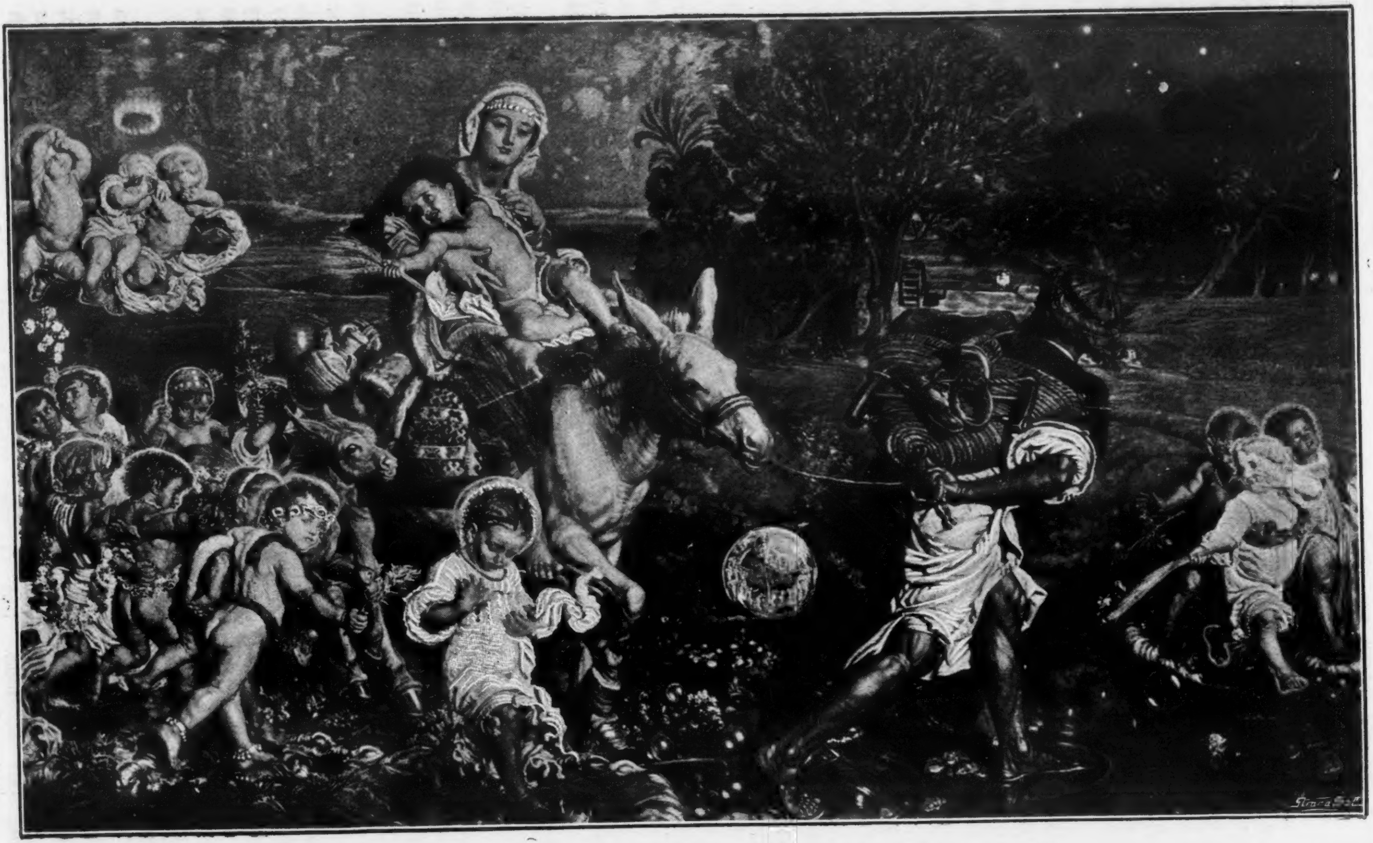
First Workman. It is weary work—this counting of tesseræ. I dream of it o' nights. One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four—one, two—and, after all, a very little mistake in the size of the pieces will throw everything into confusion.

Second Workman. Ah, well, they say that the new fashion will be coming in of painting with a brush, and then, instead of everlastingly copying and re-copying the same thing, every picture will be different according to the sweep of the brush.

First Workman. I fear me that the sweep of the brush will sweep us off the scaffold! These new fads are all very well, but, for my part, I prefer to do what my father did before me. It will not be very easy, however, for Master Giotto to throw over the custom of a thousand years, or for Master Cimabue either.

Not easy, but it was done. Within a century fresco has superseded mosaic; Van Eyck has invented oil painting, which will, in its turn, supersede fresco; the brush has triumphed all along the line; and fresh voices are heard.

Titian. After all, then, have you been convinced that the old likeness is true?



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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

[*Titian is standing before a half-finished painting on Michael Angelo's easel.*]

ANGELO. I never doubted it, Titiano. Look at this little sketch I made fifty years ago. [*He takes a sketch of the Crucifixion from a portfolio.*] It is the same face as that I am painting to-day.

TITIAN. But in the Sistine it is different. It seems strange to me that you should ever have painted Christ beardless, and without the identifying features so familiar to us all.

ANGELO. The painting in the Sistine is an exception. An exceptional event calls for exceptional treatment. How otherwise should I express the taking of the manhood into God than by the elimination of every mark of weakness and suffering? During His life on earth Christ was first a babe, then a child, then a youth, then a man. Why should any one moment of that sequence be perpetuated for ever? Christ is not now a babe, nor a child, nor a youth, nor a suffering and dying man. The Judge Eternal of the "Dies Iræ" is not to be painted as if He were standing by the grave of Lazarus. I am now painting the Entombment, and to-day I have been studying our great Veronica. I shall follow it implicitly, as fifty years ago I followed the fresco of St. Callixtus.

And when to-day we turn from Michael Angelo's painting in our National Gallery of "The Entombment," and study the head of Christ, we see that, feature for feature, line for line, it is the same head as that of the famous Veronica in the church of St. Silvestro at Rome.

So the centuries pass. Since Titian and Angelo talked together, three hundred years have brought us to our own day. What voices do we hear now? Three young painters stand together in a London studio. Let us listen to what they are saying:

ROSSETTI. Then we are agreed—we will all paint Christ. I have a friend who will serve as my model. I shall only need to add an aureole.

MILLAIS. But I cannot paint what I have never seen, and I have never seen Christ. I can find a child—a beautiful woman—an old man. I will paint these, in a carpenter's shop, which also I can see; and the story of the picture shall be the story of their lives. But it will not be a picture of Christ: it will be a picture of a carpenter's shop.

HOLMAN HUNT. I will find out what Christ is like, that I may see Him with my own eyes. If I cannot find Him in the West I will find Him in the East. I will tear the secret from the stones of the city where He dwelt; from the sands of the desert where He hungered; from the waters on which He walked. I will find it and paint it as a real thing before I die.

That is why I call Holman Hunt the painter of Christ. He has painted other subjects—historical—imaginative—of our own day. But to the painting of our Saviour he has brought a special knowledge, an earnestness, a sincerity, that are without parallel in the annals of Art. Amongst his works I will name three of supreme beauty and importance. The first shall illustrate the use of symbolism in Art; the second shall show the imaginative faculty of the painter; the third, his realistic fidelity to Nature.

"The Light of the World" is an allegory. It is night, but the stars are seen in the sky. Christ stands at the door and knocks; but the door is fast closed and overgrown with weeds. Christ is listening for a response from within. In His hand is the Light which shall illumine the dark chambers of the soul when He is admitted. If it is asked, why the Light carries the Light instead of being the Light itself?—my reply is that symbolism is a language, and that no language can express everything in one phrase. It takes nearly three hundred words in the Athanasian Creed to define the dual nature of the Redeemer. And then? Our minds can dwell on the Godhead, or on the Manhood, separately; but we are as incapable of thinking of them together as of seeing both sides of this sheet of paper at the same time. Christ in His human personality we can see with our eyes, and, seeing Him, can become conscious of the divine presence. But it is by virtue of His humanity that He enters our hearts. The Light He brings with Him can be expressed only by symbol. Even the Schools can go no further—for, after all, the Creed is itself only a symbol.

"The Flight into Egypt" is a creation of the imagination. Joseph and Mary and the

Child are pressing forward on their weary and perilous journey. Joseph strides before, leading the ass which bears the mother and babe. Around them circle the Holy Innocents — the children whom Herod had slaughtered. Not shadowy phantoms of the children, but the boys themselves—it is a curious thought that amongst the Innocents there should be no girls—the boys themselves; whom if she could see, even Rachel would be comforted. How sublime are the suggestions of the picture! Christ sees these infant martyrs, the first to suffer for His sake; He recognises them, He is a child with them, and they rejoice together. How far-reaching and subtle is the discrimination of the painter! Joseph does not see them —nor does Mary. Only the "Word" which created all things and therefore understands them all, and the dumb creature, the ass, which has not sinned against life, can penetrate into the arcana of life. How far-reaching and pathetic are the incidents of the picture! One lovely boy searches in vain for the wound through which his little life fled out to God. What is this sword-cut that has pierced his garment, just above the heart, but has left no mark upon his breast? He half remembers something—but not pain! The new life has healed the wound —but it does not mend linen!

The third picture I have named is "The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple." It is as purely realistic as "The Flight into Egypt" is imaginative. It is one of those things which bear the crown and glory of Art, in that they have been done once, and once only, and for ever. If we go back to the earliest Christian painters we find that they limited themselves to portraiture. If we turn to Mediæval Art we find that the artist could not draw well enough to paint such a picture as this. If to the great masters of the Renascence, that they had not sufficient knowledge of the topography and archæology of the East. If to the painters of the Decadence, or of the Modern schools, that they were content to repeat what others had done before. If we look forward to the future we may imagine many changes of taste and fashion in Art, but we cannot imagine that the painter can ever get closer to the facts, or know more of what that scene was like, than Holman Hunt has shown us in this wonderful painting.

It is not a picture to describe, for it has been seen by everybody. I suppose no picture in the world has ever been seen by so many people. It now hangs in one of our great public galleries, so that it can never be hidden from the world. In religious art it is the consummation of the travail of the long centuries. I have shown in "Rex Regum" that the painting of the face of Christ began in the simple desire to perpetuate the memory of a face dear to the disciples. How direct are these first records we find in the catacombs—simple portraits, unconfused by symbol! How sincere are the mosaics of the basilicas, repeated without change during a thousand years! How pathetic are the attempts of the early painters to represent the sufferings as well as the glory of the Redeemer! How splendid are the pictures of the masters of the Renascence, unfolding the life of Christ from the cradle to the cross! How enduring is this likeness—that neither defect in the Studio, nor defection in the Church, nor indifference of the World can alter or destroy! The secret of it lies in this—that the likeness of Christ is the expression of a truth.

Truth, then, is the foundation of the life's work of Holman Hunt. It is the standard under which his life's battle has been waged. And if his standard has been Truth, his armour has been Courage. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, as it is called, of which he, and Millais, and Rossetti were the founders, was not a holiday trip into gay meadows, where three lads should take their fill of pleasure or lie down to rest amongst the flowers. It was a fight, in grim earnest, against old prejudices almost inconceivable to us now: against neglect, opposition, ridicule; against the terrors of excommunication by the authorities, and the risk of poverty, failure, and defeat. One of the three, indeed, was beaten to the ground —Rossetti laid down his life in the struggle. Another surrendered—Millais laid down his arms. But the courage of Holman Hunt was as enduring as it was invincible; and he carried the flag to victory. Nor is that all. If Truth was his standard, and Courage his armour, his inspiration was Love. It is Dryden who sings:

Kings fight for kingdoms; madmen for applause;
But love for love alone.

Only Love can win such a battle as he has fought. Nevertheless, in winning it, Holman Hunt has won not only love and applause, but also a kingdom in Art.

For the rest it is sufficient to say that from the time when the first Christians made the dark chambers of the catacombs beautiful as with the visible presence of the Master, until Holman Hunt painted "The Light of the World," Christ has never left Himself without a witness in the studio of the artist.

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"

By AMELIA E. BARR

ABOUT three years ago I was one day sauntering in Union Square, and stepped in at Signor Roma's studio. I found the young artist busily at work upon the likeness of a lady in crayons, and after our first cordial greeting he returned to it, saying that he expected her that afternoon to examine his progress.

I soon became interested in the growing face, not because of its beauty—for it was the face of a woman at least forty years old —but because of its singular repose, and the tender look of chastened suffering in the large, wide-open eyes.

"Roma," I said, "that is a very attractive face."

"You should see the daughter of this woman. Ah! she is an angel!"

"I am speaking of the mother. I think her very lovely."

"She has the loveliness of completed suffering; her face is a history, not a calendar; that is the secret of her attractiveness. Her daughter is a living poem and a picture."

"You speak like a lover."

"I am one."

"Does she know it?"

"Who shall tell her? I might as well love some bright particular star, and think to wed it, as love and hope to wed Pearl Bailey. She is Richard Lufkin's heiress."

"And you are——"

"I am a poor artist. I make about three thousand dollars a year."

He dropped his head and went on with his work in nervous haste. Presently I heard a rustle of silk, a sweet, low voice, and a little, rippling, musical laugh. Immediately Roma was at the door, and bowing low, as he held it open for the two ladies who entered.

The elder was clothed in black silk, unrelieved by anything excepting a little foam of rich white lace and the dull glitter of some jet ornaments. The younger had on a dress in which pale violet and cream-colour were exquisitely blended. The face of the elder was the face of one who had suffered and conquered; the face of the younger was the face of a sinless, sorrowless child, who unsuspectingly had grown into womanhood. The mother's hair was nearly white; the daughter's a pale golden frame to a little oval picture of exquisite beauty.

I did not wonder when I saw the girl that Roma should feel utterly hopeless in regard to his love. But before their visit was over I had changed my opinion. I noticed Pearl's shy glances at the handsome artist, and her bright, responsive blushes whenever Roma's luminous eyes met hers. I saw, in fact, that Pearl was just as much in love as Roma was, and that all the two hearts wanted was one flash of intelligence to introduce them to each other.

I became a visitor at Mrs. Bailey's, but, beyond a certain mental and artistic sympathy, our acquaintance did not ripen quickly. The winter passed, and the summer sent one hither and another thither. I went to the seaside, Mrs. Bailey and Pearl to the mountains; and being in town for a day in July, I found that Roma also had gone away. Under such circumstances, many pleasant friendships are dropped and never gathered together again; and I was almost in this danger in regard to Roma and the Baileys. The fact was, I was going to be married, and my mind was full of my own love affairs, with the attendant cares of upholstery and millinery.

But one day, as I stood in front of a store, balancing a certain point about silks in my mind, a gentle hand touched me and a pleasant voice said "Good-morning" as frankly and quietly as if we had met but yesterday. It was Mrs. Bailey; yes, it was she, though I might have passed her twenty times and not known her, so greatly was she changed.

She looked as if ten years had dropped from her life, and had that indescribable air about her toilet which says, "I dress for love, and not for fashion."

Another astonishment awaited me. A handsome man, who might be fifty years of age, ceased giving some directions to the coachman and approached us. Mrs. Bailey introduced him to me as "Mr. Bailey, my husband," and then, with a cordial invitation to call on them, she passed down the steps and into the waiting carriage.

This was not the end of my perplexity, for I was certain I had seen Mr. Bailey before, and his grave sad face haunted me so persistently and worryingly that I threw aside my own interests for a while and tried to remember when and where I had seen those pathetic eyes and that tall, noble figure. Somehow my mind would connect them with Roma's studio; but that I soon concluded was sheer nonsense. With the exception of a few young artists and a few ragged, wretched-looking models, I had never seen any men there.

I suffered two or three days to elapse, and then went to call upon Mrs. Bailey. It was a cold, wet day, but Pearl and Roma were making sunshine for themselves in the usual sitting-parlour, and I was asked by a servant to see Mrs. Bailey in her own room.

I followed her to a large upper chamber, luxuriously furnished, and Mrs. Bailey met me at the door. There was a little table spread before the fire, and as I do not pretend to be insensible to the comforts of good Souchong and cold chicken, I regarded the table with approbation.

I do not know what influence of the dreary day, or of the cosy room, or of her own mind ruled her, but she was evidently inclined for confidential conversation, and from one topic to another we fell gradually into those predisposing to personal matters. As the twilight deepened we became more and more earnest and solemn, and I was scarcely astonished when, after some preliminary remarks, she told me her story. She said:

"I was born in Boston of an old and rich family. I do not remember my mother, and my father also died while I was very young, leaving me and my fortune to the care of my half-brother, Richard Lufkin. He was much older than I was, and, with loving and honest integrity, he strove to be both father and brother to me.

"We loved each other dearly, and nothing darkened our affection until I met and loved Philip Bailey. You see how handsome he is even yet; judge, then, what he was twenty-four years ago. That he was extravagant did not alarm me. I thought myself able to control and reform all the weak points in his character; and the fact that I was largely right in this supposition has been one of the bitterest drops in my cup of punishment and regret.

"For his nature was so noble, so responsive to good, so eager for some purer and higher pleasures than those which were deluding and destroying him, that I am quite sure, had I trusted to God and to my own highest instincts, I might have raised him even to his own high ideal.

"But we were no sooner married than trouble began. It was my fault. I was exacting to a ridiculous degree, jealous of every moment of Philip's time, and would not suffer him to be absent from my side an hour in peace. Love soon frets at such authoritative restraints; quarrels and reconciliations followed each other quickly, and then, alas! quarrels when we made no apologies, and which were not followed by reconciliations.

"The home which we had furnished with such promises of a happy and peaceful life became a scene of constant bickering, recriminations, tears, and complaints. All this began in such little things that I am ashamed to recall them. He was five minutes later than his promise; he met an old friend and went to dine with him; he forgot some compliment, or gave it pettishly when pettishly reminded of the occasion—such trifles as these were the beginning of years of misery."

"Such little things!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, my dear! but they opened a wide door for worse ones. By-and-by Philip began to stay hours behind his promise—to stay all night—to stay away with some old friend for days and weeks without any ceremony but the bare intimation of his intentions. I rebelled, protested, scolded. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled—I remembered when too late how wearily and sadly—and left me alone with my quarrelsome, unhappy temper.

"Children came to us, a beautiful boy and a pretty bright girl. Philip was very fond and proud of them, and strove hard to atone for his neglect. But instead of accepting the present love, I was continually poisoning the happiest hour by regrets for the ones he had wasted and by doubts of his future intentions. Believe me, dear, you may wear away a love as strong as death by such a course. So Philip, meeting no loving response, fell gradually back into his old habits and associations.

"Then money began to fail; we became embarrassed, and my brother refused us all further help. My inheritance had been left in Richard's absolute direction and disposal, and Philip began to doubt whether I had received my just rights. He talked of an investigation by the law. I went further. I passed my brother in the street, and forbade the little children, who loved him so dearly, to speak to him.

"At the end of five years we had to give up housekeeping, and board. In another year we found it impossible any longer to preserve even the outward semblance of our former state, and Philip said we must go to New York. Even then, had I been patient and helpful, I might have saved myself and my husband; but though I promised much, and he promised much, I could not subdue myself to conquer his weakness by the humility of love.

"We left Boston clandestinely; no friend wished us 'God-speed,' and my brother was still unreconciled. The little money we had soon evaporated in boarding-houses; we passed from one to another, always sinking a little lower, until at length a day came when we had neither money nor home—unless I could have made a home in the miserable empty room which was now the only wretched flotsam of a wrecked life.

"I did not lack the energy and ability to have done this, but I lacked the will. I sat gloomily down in tearless, sulking indifference, and scarcely heeded either the crying of my children or the reproaches and promises of my husband. For he vowed, even then, he would abandon all his evil ways and work hard if I would trust him once more. I can see him yet as he stood humbly before me. I just raised my eyes and glanced scornfully and incredulously at him.

"He went angrily out, and did not return. Late at night a note was brought me. It was Philip's last word of regret and farewell. He begged my forgiveness for his share of my mistaken life, and, for the rest, he hoped I would go back to my brother Richard, to whom, he said, he had written in my behalf.

"That was all. I was really ill now—fell from one long faint into another; and in the midst of my anguish Pearl came wailing into the world. For a long time I was quite dependent on the pity and charity of my poor neighbours; and when at length I was able to rise and look the world in the face again, I scarcely knew which way to turn, for my brother had been written to over and over again, and no answer or help came in response, and either teaching or plain sewing was my only available resource.

"After many weary days I found a position as under music-teacher in a third-rate school. I only got a bare pittance for six hours' labour a day, and had to give that up when little Phil and Rosa took the scarlet fever."

"And they died?" I asked.

"Both died within twelve hours of each other, and even little Pearl was long ill. In all those long hours, when I stood thinking and watching between two worlds, you may be sure my sins of every kind were brought to my remembrance. When I turned back from my children's graves into the world again, I trust I turned back a different woman. I took up life's hard task in a better spirit.

"One spring night I was taking Pearl a walk up Broadway, in order to let her see the bright lights and gay shop windows. Suddenly a gentleman stepped before me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, cried out, 'Margaret! Margaret!'

"It was my brother Richard. He had come to New York immediately upon receiving Philip's last letter; but Philip had either forgotten to put my address in it or had supposed I would at once go to Boston. He did not find me, though he had looked long and spent much money in seeking me. He had then returned to Boston, sought me there, and, failing also, had come back to New York.

"Well, I never again knew what it was to have an ungratified want, or to miss a loving care for every hour. I hope, I believe, that I valued these blessings now at their true worth. Richard and I spent many happy years together, and for many of them made every effort to trace my lost husband. In whatever wild land hopeless men were wont to go, we advertised for him, but in vain.

"So Pearl grew to womanhood, and we were happy. On her seventeenth birthday we determined to have our pictures painted, and a chance remark sent us to Signor Roma's studio, where I also met you. One day, just as we were leaving the city, we called there to ask him to visit us during the summer. He was busy on an historical painting, but, as we entered, dismissed his model and put aside his brushes.

"The model took his hat sadly up, bowed to Roma and advanced to the door. As he passed us he glanced at Pearl, and being detected, made a movement of apology and went on. It was enough—I knew him. With a rapid movement I placed myself before the door, and stretching out my arms, cried out passionately:

"'Philip! dear Philip, forgive me!'

"Roma, with delicate divination and tact, withdrew Pearl to an inner painting-room; and there—and so—we met and knew each other again."

"He had suffered also?"

"Who can tell how much? He had been in California; he had been rich and become poor; he had gained much and lost everything; he had been in captivity to Indians, and been shipwrecked; he had known the extremes of poverty and sickness. When I found him he was earning a scanty living as a painter's model, or in any of those ways which the humblest poverty alone discovers."

"And now you are happy?"

"Yes, indeed! God has given me the opportunity I have long been praying for. Yet, remember, because of my foolishness, I have begun to be happy twenty years too late."

"About Pearl?"

"She knows all."

"Are you pleased with her choice?"

"Roma has given me back my husband; I may well give him in return my daughter. I am content.

"And now, my dear, I have told you my story because I heard you were going to marry, and I feared, perhaps, you did not consider how holy and solemn a state it is."

I kissed her tenderly, and went silently home. Henceforward I had higher thoughts about marriage than such as centre in upholstery and millinery matters.

TO A YOUNG SINGER

Not waiting till a slow-discerning world at last has found you,
 When to the glory of your name the bells of Fame will chime,
My faith in you foreruns the years, already I have crowned you,—
 Still step on, my poet boy, singing all the time.

Singing, ever singing to us who follow after,
 Singing of things beautiful in every age and clime,
Th' enduring good that underlies our fickle tears and laughter—
 As yet 'tis only Springtide, but the Earth draws near her prime.

With the sure, clear vision of a righteous Heaven above you,
 Striving for a God's creation cleansed from War and Crime;
Evil men may rail at you, but all the good will love you,—
 Still step on, my poet boy, singing all the time.

Carolling in lighter hours lyrics gay with pleasure,
  Wavelets of a sportive fancy breaking into rhyme,
Sounding in your graver mood some uplifting measure,
  Bugle-calls to rouse within us all that is sublime.

O my gifted comrade, generous heart to love me,
  Your feet will tread the sunny heights, heights I may not climb;
But I shall hear you singing, singing, singing far above me,
  I shall hear you, comrade, singing all the time.

A. C. MARTIN.

THROUGH A WORSTED MILL

By PRISCILLA E. MOULDER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. AYTON SYMINGTON

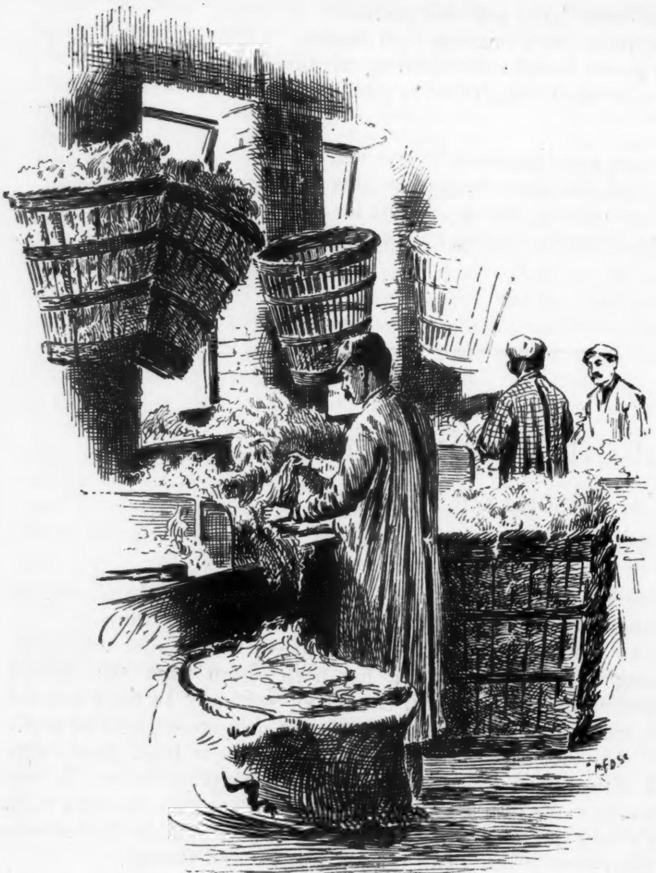
THE use of wool as an article of clothing dates from the earliest times, and no doubt it was woven long before flax or cotton. Among the ancient Jews, wool was the staple material for clothing, and it may be that the coat of many colours was made of wool. The Romans seem to have introduced it into England, though for some years it was only made into coarse materials. In the early days of Great Britain, clothing must have been worn in the form of sheepskins with the wool retained. An old Irish ballad sings of a certain gallant Brian O'Lynn, who wished to court a lady of high degree, but having no necessary nether garments in which to array himself, he was obliged to "get him a sheepskin to make him a pair." In this primitive attire the noted O'Lynn went on his errand, and the ballad goes on to say that he found his hastily-made trousers both cool and pleasant. It was in the beginning of the eighteenth century that Yorkshire began to take an important position in woollen manufactures, and to-day the fabrics woven in Yorkshire looms are noted throughout the civilised world. In spite of this fact, however, most people outside of factory circles possess very hazy ideas as to the manner in which wool is converted into cloth. Travelling is generally considered a means of culture, and perhaps a journey to "fresh fields and pastures new" will prove interesting if not instructive. It will be best to begin, as the showmen say, at the very beginning.

The first process which wool undergoes after it has been shorn from the sheep's back, is that of sorting. In most worsted mills a number of men are engaged as wool-sorters, and when trade is brisk good wages can be earned by competent men. It will serve our purpose to say that the wool used in worsted mills may be roughly divided into two classes, English and Botany.

The term English of course explains itself, but while Botany wool came originally from Botany Bay, the name is now given to any wool which is sent from foreign countries.

Upon entering a wool-sorting room, a lot of men are seen standing in front of boards with a fleece stretched out before each. These men are generally enveloped in long blue-and-white check pinafores, called in Yorkshire dialect "sorters'-brats."

By the way, speaking of brats reminds me of an amusing incident which is said to have happened a few years ago. A gentleman from London had come into Yorkshire to learn the worsted trade, and had brought with him a favourite large dog. One day, to the great alarm of the gentleman, a little boy came rushing into his presence to inform him that his dog had run off with a brat and was pulling it to pieces. Never having heard the word "brat" applied to anything but chil-

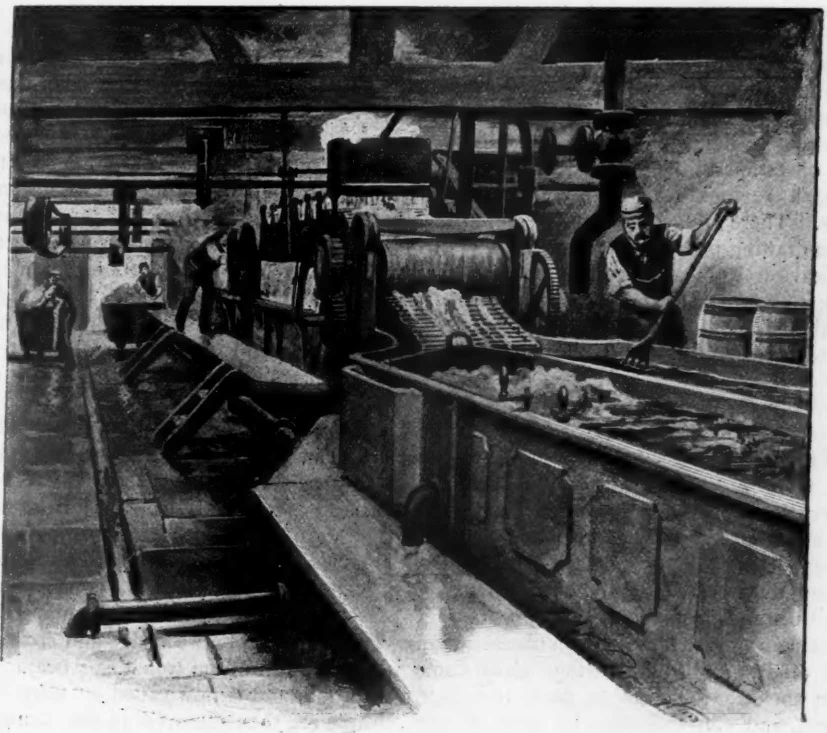


SORTING

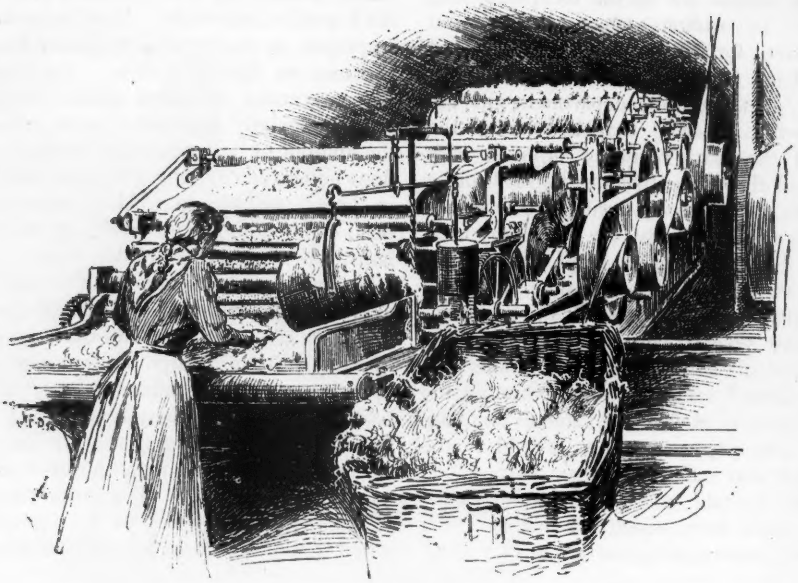
dren, the effect of this startling information on the Londoner may better be imagined than described. He caught up his hat and dashed wildly out of the house in pursuit of his dog, only to find his favourite quietly playing with the pieces of a long pinafore, which the boy afterwards explained was the "brat" he had meant. But to get back to wool-sorting. Every fleece of wool contains six or eight different qualities, all of which must be separated from each other, to make different classes of goods. Fleeces vary as to the precise number of qualities each possesses, and it may be mentioned that a wool-sorter accustomed to strong, coarse, English fleeces, would be at a loss how to proceed if placed before a pile of Botany wool. And for this reason. The latter wool being so much finer, either has a larger range of qualities or is much more difficult to separate. When the wool comes into the sorter's hands, each fleece is rolled up into a ball by itself. The sorter is furnished with a number of skips or baskets, equal to the number of qualities he has to make. A perfect knowledge of these various qualities can only be gained by years of experience, and if a boy can get apprenticed at a mill where both English and Botany wools are required, he is much more likely to get employment elsewhere than is one whose master only uses one kind of wool. From the sorting-room the wool is taken to the washing-room, and there put through three courses of hot water with which is mixed a strong lye composed of potash, oil, and tallow.

Some years ago the wool used to be stirred about in the large iron bowls by men armed with huge steel forks, but nowadays this process is performed by machinery, and by these means the wool is thoroughly cleansed from all impurities. The next process is that of carding the wool. A "card" is a machine which to a stranger seems composed of nothing but rapidly-revolving rollers and innumerable small wheels. The wool is placed by the girl in charge on a board at the back of the machine and is slowly but surely drawn through the rollers. All the burrs and pieces of straw are taken out of the wool as it comes in contact with the needle-like points projecting from every roller. Naturally, in its passage through the machine, the wool is torn into small pieces, and then, as Mr. Rider Haggard would say, something strange happens. Instead of emerging in fragments the wool comes out in the form of a long "sliver" or ribbon, which, through an arrangement for the purpose, is then wound into a large ball called in factory circles a "top." In the carding department girls are employed to "feed," that is, to keep the back of the card regularly supplied with wool, and also to see that the "sliver" comes out evenly in front. Owing, however, to the dangerous nature of the machinery used to card the wool, men are employed to clean and oil it. After the wool is thus made into large balls it is taken into the combing-room, and there several balls are put into one comb and all run together to make one thick "sliver." The process of combing the human hair is almost the same as combing wool. The object aimed at is to draw the wool out and make it as even as possible, and also to take out all the short hairs. These short hairs which are left after the combing process go by the name of "noil," and this noil is sold as waste to be afterwards worked up into blankets and other thick woollen materials. Women are largely employed as comb-minders during the day, and men on the night turn. The combing process cannot be called particularly heavy nor particularly unhealthy work, although the amount of heat needed to work the wool does not make combing a very pleasant task in the summer season. After the wool has been combed and again made up into large balls, it is taken to the drawing-room. Now, a factory drawing-room is not the apartment a lady would naturally picture to herself, full of choice furniture and beautiful works of art, but it is a large whitewashed room containing a lot of different-sized "boxes," as the drawing machinery is called.

The object of drawing the wool is to get the "sliver" small enough and even enough to spin into a thread. The process in itself is simple and consists of six operations: when the balls of wool are brought from the



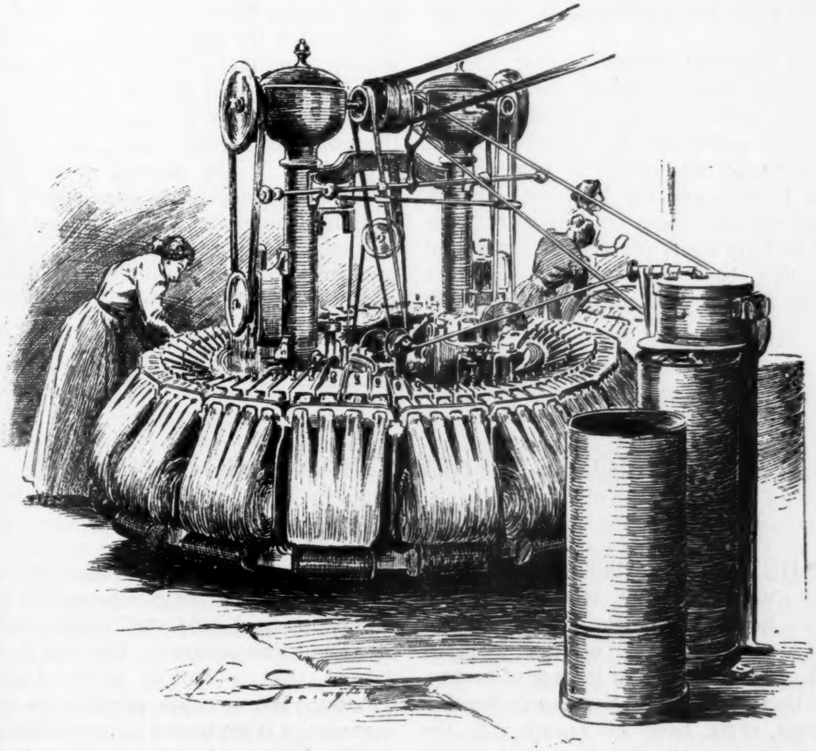
WASHING



CARDING

combing-room, they are run through a box, and then wound on to large bobbins or "rovings," each of which is then called a "slubbing." The slubbings decrease in size every operation, until at the sixth they appear as small rovings ready for the spinning frame. There are very few males employed in the drawing process, just a few boys to do the heaviest work and the overlookers. In the spinning-room is to be found an element of labour not found in other parts of a worsted factory, namely, the half-time element. Boys and girls of eleven years of age are eligible for half-time employment if they have passed the required scholastic standard. Half-timers change "turns" every week; that is to say, one relay will work at the factory in the morning and go to school in the afternoon, while the other relay will be at school in the morning and work at the factory during the afternoon. In this way it is turn and turn about. The process of spinning worsted is more complicated than that of drawing. The rovings which come from the drawing-room are made to vary in weight, and can, therefore, be spun to any number of counts from tens to hundreds. The "counts" represent the number of hanks (each containing five hundred and sixty yards) to the pound. The threads of worsted severally intended for warp and weft can be spun at the same time, the only difference in the two being that the warp requires to be made stronger than the weft owing to the fact that a greater amount of pressure is put on to it in the weaving process. When the weft leaves the spinning-room, spun on to small bobbins, it is quite ready for the weaver's shuttle. Not so the warp. Instead of going straight to the loom, the warp (now on small bobbins just like the weft) is taken to the twisting-room, where the bobbins are placed in a twisting-frame and two ends run into one, making by this process what is known as "twofold warp." This is done to make the warp still stronger for the weaver. The warp then leaves the twisting-room for the winding-room, and is there wound on to larger bobbins, which in their turn are placed at the back of a machine called a "creel," when between five and six hundred ends are run off on to a long "beam" made of wood, and is now called a "warp." The warps are then removed to the sizing-room, where they are "sized" or stiffened and afterwards dried. After passing through the hands of men called "warp-twisters" they are ready for the loom. The weaving stage in our journey is now reached. To be a witness of the work carried on inside a large weaving-shed is a sight not easily forgotten. Imagine a long, wide, whitewashed room, on the ground floor, well lighted from the roof and containing perhaps six hundred looms and three hundred weavers. The noise made by the looms in motion sounds to a stranger simply terrific.

It is nothing unusual to hear visitors complain of being rendered temporarily deaf, and some people have said that they can hear the noise for hours after leaving the premises. It is a very busy and animated scene on which the eye rests. The weavers moving about in their white holland skirts, fetching their weft on boards from the weft-room, threading their shuttles, going round to the back of the loom to see that the warp is all right, the overlookers busy repairing looms or putting new warps in, the continual whir and clatter of the machinery, all combine to make "the perfection of mechanism, human and metallic." Quite a variety of goods are woven in a large worsted mill. Cashmeres, all kinds of linings, crepons, twills, heavy coatings for suits and overcoats, mixture cloth of every conceivable shade for dresses and costumes, and all the new-fashioned lustre fabrics. When the weaver has finished her share of the work, the pieces are taken into the piece-room and carefully looked over by a man called in factory language a "taker-in." This man's sole duty is to look at every piece delivered to him as it comes from the loom, and to pick out any flaws, such as thick ends woven in, or broken ends not before seen by the weaver. As may be imagined, the "taker-in" does not hold an altogether enviable position in factory life, particularly if he is a man who desires to stand well with the fair sex. Somehow, very few people like to be found fault with, and weavers are no exception to the rule. When the pieces have undergone this rigid examination, they are passed on to the "menders"



COMBING

and "burlers," who remove all knots and straws and sew in the broken ends. This last operation is the final one as far as the factory is concerned, as the pieces are then sent away to be dyed and finished, which process completes them for the market. All these various processes are necessary to convert wool in its natural state into ladies' dresses and gentlemen's suits, and thus ends the journey through a worsted mill. Perhaps a few words about the factory workers themselves will not be out of place. They are composed of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. The routine of factory life to-day is very different from what it was when Robert Owen, Richard Oastler, and Lord Shaftesbury spent the best part of their lives in agitating for factory reform. Our large factories of Yorkshire and Lancashire are not the Infernos they were when Mrs. Browning shocked the feelings of the middle and upper classes by publishing her well-known poem, *The Cry of the Children.* The hours of work are now strictly limited to 56½ hours per week for women and young persons, while the children only work half that amount.

It is a somewhat curious fact that, with all the popular outcry against the half-time system in Yorkshire and Lancashire, there is very little said about the condition of the poor little mites who labour at home industries in London and the Midlands. It has been proved that these children work from twenty to forty hours per week out of school hours, they have no protection whatever from the Factory Acts, and are very poorly paid. It would seem more consistent if the public conscience could be roused to better the condition of these children, instead of venting their abuse on the half-time system, where the children are at least fairly well paid, well fed, and well clothed. This, however, by the way. Most of the work in a worsted mill is confined to the weaker sex, and, as a class, factory workers are neither better nor worse than any other class of workers. True, they are often charged with being too fond of amusements, but this fact will cause no surprise to those who are acquainted, in ever so slight a degree, with the monotonous routine of factory life. That there is a seamy side to factory life no observant person can deny, but there is also a correspondingly bright one. If there are girls who fall into sin and folly, and disappear from the factory circle, there are also girls who "wear the white flower of a blameless life," and that, too, in spite of countless temptations. If there can be found girls who are careless of home ties, and who catch at the first opportunity to get away from home duties, there can also be found girls who sacrifice themselves and their prospects without a murmur; who make of themselves veritable martyrs at the call of duty. It is to this latter type of factory worker that the words of George Eliot are peculiarly applicable: "The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so bad with us as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

THE MEMOIRS OF SERGEANT BOURGOGNE

By E. C. PRICE

THE hero of this thrilling soldier-story was a sergeant, afterwards a sub-lieutenant, in the Light Battalion of Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard. As a sergeant, at the age of twenty-seven, he went through Napoleon's Russian campaign, came back to France with the few who lived to tell the story of it, fought again at Dessau, where he was taken prisoner, kept his father's shop at Condé, and later on, after 1830, returned to his old occupation and held staff appointments at Brest and Valenciennes. He died at eighty-two in 1867, a Knight of the Legion of Honour. His memoirs, of which the original manuscript is preserved in the public library at Valenciennes, had already seen the light in a more or less mutilated form, but were first published entire in the *Nouvelle Revue Rétrospective* a year or two ago. They have now been edited and published in a volume under the care of M. Paul Cottin, the distinguished editor of that review.

These memoirs bear witness again, if any more was needed, to the loyalty of Napoleon's soldiers. There is not a word of reproach for the Emperor, or a sign that his men had lost confidence in him, except one solitary growl from the old Grenadier Picart, when he and Bourgogne are lost in deep snow in a forest. He allowed himself to say that the Emperor was no better than a conscript, for keeping his men so long at Moscow. Fifteen days would have been plenty of time to eat and drink everything there, and they need not have been overtaken by winter. He had served for sixteen years—"Coquin de Dieu! m'en a-t-il déjà fait voir des grises!"—but never anything like this. "Come, old Picart," says the young sergeant, "this is not the time to grumble. We have got to find our way." And Picart, gallant old grumbler as he was, adored the Emperor as much as any of them. He believed, after all, that nothing was impossible to Napoleon. He wept with joy at the sight of his Emperor walking down to the Bérézina, with a stick in his hand like anybody else—"such a great man, such a man to be proud of!" There is an inspiring story of the Old Guard at Smolensk parading before the Emperor, when the awful march was not half through, their band playing

Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?

More pathetic still is the scene by the Bérézina, where the remnant of the great army lay among ice and snow, waiting to pass. The Grenadiers came round to look for dry wood to make a fire for the Emperor. Even the dying men by their fires just lighted, Bourgogne says, lifted up their heads to offer the best for him: "Prenez pour l'Empereur!" Bourgogne stoutly defends Napoleon for leaving his army and going on alone to Paris. Of course, he says, it was only natural and necessary. He was more wanted in France. Not only for government, but to raise another army! These gallant fellows did not ask themselves what would be the use or advantage of such another campaign. They were very angry with certain men who came whispering discontent in the deserted ranks: strangers, foreigners, well dressed, well fed, full of treason and treachery. "I have always thought," says Bourgogne, "that those men were agents of England."

The Grand Army reached Moscow in glorious spirits. We can almost hear the triumphant shout with which they looked down upon the magic city on that 14th of September. It was midday, and the sun was glowing and flashing on gilded domes and palaces. Moscow seemed to these soldiers, who had seen so many cities, the most beautiful place in the world. With firing of cannon and roll of drums, they marched down from the hill and entered the city, deserted and silent. The lively Frenchmen were astonished and mortified that nobody, "not even a woman," had the curiosity to meet them in the streets. Nobody seemed to care for them or their music, though the bands were playing "La Victoire est à nous." It was incomprehensible. Neither did any one try to resist their advance, except a solitary creature who slipped out from under a bridge with a three-pronged fork, and attacked the Grand Army, in the person of a drum-major, who from his smartness, says Bourgogne, he probably mistook for a general. This defender of Moscow had long grey hair and a white beard down to his waist. He was dressed in sheepskin. The drum-major took him by the shoulders and kicked him back into the river from whence he came. Further on, a few more savages of the same description tried the same game, but as they hurt nobody, the victors were contented to disarm them. Naturally, it did not strike Bourgogne that the poor fellows were heroes in their way.

The easy triumph, as everybody knows, did not last long. The French had not been in the city more than an hour, when the first smoke began to roll upwards from the bazaar quarter, soon bursting into flames. Any discipline left in the army—and there was not much—was now directed towards saving the city if possible. But the Russian incendiaries had done their work too well, and Moscow was not long in becoming the pandemonium of fire and plunder that it remained as long as its streets stood, till the invading army was driven out by fate, circumstance, and winter, leaving a desert behind it and finding something worse before. Bourgogne's pictures of Moscow are worth studying. He tried to do his duty, and to make the men under him do theirs, keeping what order was possible, and showing humanity to the Russian wounded; but there were empty palaces waiting to be pillaged, cellars of wine, stores of food. Money, plate, jewellery, magnificent furs, all the splendid barbaric luxury of Moscow, lay unguarded at the feet of the French soldiers. Those were wonderful, awful days, full of the wildest excitement. It was like a fairy tale, to make one's way down a burning street, and into some deserted palace that its inmates had left as it stood. Even as the eager hands were plundering, carrying off everything precious, an explosion might lift the whole palace in the air, and with a noise like crashing thunder the painted roof might fall in, crystal chandeliers, porcelain vases, rare pictures, gorgeous furniture, all buried in ruins—lucky for the pillagers if they escaped into the street in time.

"Moscow Fair," the soldiers called it. They were hardly to be recognised by their own officers as they swaggered about the blazing city, or bivouacked in some square as yet safe from the flames. They were dressed in all manner of strange costumes, Kalmuck, Chinese, Cossack, Tartar, Persian, Turk; here and there French court dress, glittering with jewels and embroidery; the richest furs everywhere. The very ground was heaped with treasure of all kinds, among which quantities of provisions lay wasting and spoiling, while wine and spirits flowed as at some fabulous festival.

The retreat began cheerfully enough. On October 19 the army marched out with the idea that, Europe being somewhat blocked, they were going off to fight the English in India and China. They sold what plunder they could to the Jews, who came down like crows on Moscow, and threw the rest away, to be picked up by the peasants who thronged in from the country for their share. Each soldier, of course, carried off what he could, and this young sergeant's knapsack was well stuffed. He had several pounds of sugar, rice, and biscuit, a bottle of liqueur, a Chinese dress in gold and silver tissue, various relics and other *objets de fantaisie* in gold and silver, his best uniform, a great Russian riding-cloak, two silver pictures, and several medallions set with precious stones. Besides his knapsack he carried a bag full of other treasures, among which were a gold and silver crucifix and a little porcelain vase. This last served for a drinking-cup in many a strange scene, and these two, he tells us, were the only possessions he brought home to France. He kept them as relics all his life, and they probably exist to this day. Add to this load, he says, his arms and cartridges, and a fine supply of health, gaiety, goodwill and hope, and you have a fair idea of the French soldier of seven-and-twenty, one of those 400,000 of the Grand Army, so few of whom were to see France again.

Winter burst upon them at once, fighting began at once, for even when the retreating force was not face to face with the Russian army, it was harassed by Cossacks along every mile of its way. In ten days, misery had begun for many of that wretched crowd, at least for the forty thousand camp-followers who dragged behind the army. The road was already blocked with broken-down carriages, baggage-waggons, artillery, and scattered with plunder thrown away by those who could carry it no farther. Bourgogne describes how, marching with the rear-guard, he saw all kinds of beautiful things lying on the road; how he picked up richly-bound books, splendid editions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, turned over the leaves, and threw them away again. So far, it was all fun to an adventurous soldier; and at night there was always a fire to be found somewhere, to cook one's jorum of rice soup, to go shares with a comrade, perhaps, or feed some one less fortunate. The cold was not yet unbearable, though severe, and he had become possessed of a splendid bearskin, which a soldier of his company had found in a broken-down carriage. Probably, later on, that bearskin saved Bourgogne's worthy life more than once or twice. He left it with a dying man on the banks of the Bérézina. It, and a small kettle he picked up later on, were worth to Bourgogne all the gold and silver of Moscow.

The horrors of cold and hunger were at their height by November 6. They were almost too much for the sergeant, who candidly tells us of each occasion on which his courage gave way and he cried like a child. They were not many, and the recovery was quick. Sometimes it was his own suffering, sometimes that of his comrades, and the despair and the pity of it all; but hope had a way of springing up again, and it was this brave spirit that brought him safe home to his native Condé. People were dying all round him, horses fell constantly and were killed for food. In the awful cold of November 5, Mme. Dubois, the *cantinière*, gave birth to a child. She went through this like a soldier; the Colonel lent her his cloak, and the next day his horse, so that she rode on with the regiment; but the poor new-born baby was frozen to death in her arms. Her husband and a sapper buried him in a hole in the frozen snow: Bourgogne saw poor Dubois kneeling there, holding his boy and kissing him before he left him behind for ever, the youngest of the Grand Army. All this time the air was full of an icy fog that froze the lips, the nostrils, even the brain; the wind, when it rose, only brought with it such snow as they had never seen before, in enormous flakes; they seemed to be forcing their way through solid masses of ice and snow. The most terrible night of all, which has often been described, but never more vividly, was that of November 8, pitchy darkness, and a sudden awful noise of a great north wind tearing through the forests, bringing with it resistless masses of snow and a degree of cold that hardly any one could bear and live. Thousands who could not reach any shelter died that night in the whirlwind of snow. To that night belongs the story of the young Prince Emilius of Hesse-Cassel, whose soldiers made a rampart with their bodies to protect him from the cold. When the morning dawned, three-fourths of these brave men were dead, and buried in the snow.

One can only touch upon the many wild scenes described by Bourgogne. One of the most tragic is the burning of the post-house at Gara, crowded with several hundred men, who had barricaded themselves there, and threatened to shoot their wretched comrades who tried to tear away planks to make fires for themselves. The whole place caught fire at midnight, and scarcely any one escaped. The desperate creatures outside warmed themselves at the blaze, and brought morsels of horseflesh to roast on the point of their bayonets. In those days, any one who had a scrap of such food, or worse, was fortunate. Bread or rye-cakes, or a few frozen potatoes that made their mouths bleed, were treasures to be fought for; they would tear the food out of each other's hands; they would have eaten the devil himself if he had been cooked, says Bourgogne. It was long a matter of remorse to him that, having found a few potatoes one day in the snow, he had selfishly hidden them from his comrades.

Some of the wildest of Bourgogne's personal adventures were at Smolensk, where he wandered about searching for his friend Grangier, and tumbled accidentally into a cellar full of thieves and cutthroats. Having escaped from this hole, he spent the night groping in the dark among snow-covered ruins on the ramparts, now and then falling over a dead body, and mysteriously guided, as it seemed, by sounds of organ music, which he fancied must come from heaven. At last it sounded almost directly over his head. By this time he had joined an old comrade, Belogne, a sergeant like himself, who was in charge of a party of sick men. They could walk no farther, and now lay dying in the snow. Belogne and Bourgogne, listening in profound darkness to that strange music, decided between themselves that it must be a sign of approaching death. Presently, again alone, for a convoy had come to fetch the dying men, and he had not strength to keep up with it, Bourgogne heard the music nearer still, and saw a light at the end of a ruined street. Guided by that and the music, which continued, wild and solemn, to roll through the night, he reached the wall of an enclosure round a lighted church. Unable to find an entrance, he climbed the wall, fell on something soft, and soon discovered that the little yard was full of dead men, perhaps two hundred of them, partly covered with snow. In a cold sweat of terror, the music now loud in his ears, and joined to dismal singing, "no doubt the Office for the Dead," he felt his way along the church wall till he came to an open door. The church was full of smoke and of soldiers singing, while one of them played the organ. Soldiers of his own company too: all half drunk and in excellent spirits, making their sergeant welcome at once, and presenting him with a silver goblet full of brandy. In this wild scene he laid down and slept till morning, when he was awoke by the cries of the wretched musician, who had fallen down the organ stairs and broken his leg. No wonder, for his comrades had torn away several of the lower steps to pile up their fire.

As the retreat continued, the misery and the disorder deepened. After Krasnoé, Bourgogne confesses that his good spirits gave way, and he was not so cheerfully convinced as at first that all this suffering must lead to glory. Even by force one could not get a shelter for those awful nights—as for food, it was almost out of the question. One night he and others had taken possession of a barn; but the rest of the regiment came up, and before they could look round, tore the roof off to make fires. After all, says Bourgogne with a shrug, they only did what everybody does under such circumstances.

Always those miles of wide road, bordered with birch-trees, deep with snow, running endlessly between great dark forests, where, if men strayed, they were cut off by Cossacks or eaten by wolves, or, being hopelessly lost, died of cold and starvation. There was, however, a great temptation to try short cuts across the forest, for the road itself became more and more impossible, heaped with the dead and dying, horses and men, blocked with carriages and waggons and artillery. More than once, in the dark night and driving snow, Bourgogne lost his way. Before reaching the Bérézina, he wandered for days and nights in the forest with Picart, an old friend picked up accidentally. The pages describing this part of his experience are among the most delightful in the book: really delightful, for Picart was a very original companion, bore hardships gallantly, though with much grumbling, and was indeed the means of saving the young sergeant's life more than once from Cossacks, wolves, and starvation.

There were plenty of sufferings in store for the Grand Army—what was left of it—after the Bérézina, as every one knows; and at least a third of Bourgogne's Memoirs are concerned with that last and equally disastrous part of the retreat. On the scenes about the fatal river itself he lingers long, but his own experience there seems to have been amazingly fortunate. Delirious with the fever which had taken hold upon him some time before, he had been lying half the night by a fire on the Russian bank, when he was roused by the sound of cannon. There lay the bridge in the cold morning light, quite empty and free.

> "I got up, I took my arms, and without saying a word to anybody, I presented myself at the bridge-head and crossed absolutely alone. I saw nobody but the engineers who had bivouacked on both banks to guard against accident."

The Emperor had crossed the day before, and Bourgogne's own regiment soon followed him, now reduced to a very few men. Later, after the fighting at the Bérézina, he could only find twenty-three. In this proportion an heroic army was sacrificed.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MAY

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE FAITHFUL HEART AND THE PRESENT GOD

"I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."
—Ps. xvi. 8.

THIS Psalm touches the high-water mark of the religious life, in its ardour of devotion and its certainty of future blessedness. These characteristics are cause and effect, for the ardour of devotion in the words at the head of this paper is followed by a great "Therefore," in which the grave is minimised as impotent to separate the singer from God. His knowledge was dim, but his joyous faith was clear and certain. Is ours as triumphant? "I have set the Lord always before me"—the language expresses the Psalmist's vigorous and habitual effort to keep himself in touch with God. And that is the effort of every truly religious man, for what is our religion if it is not the turning of our hearts continually amidst, and from amidst, earth's trivialities to Him, by the conscious effort of a spirit winged by longing, and wafted upwards by a sense of need, and realising the thrilling and calming presence of Him who is invisible?

True love speaks in this strain of the Psalmist, and true love is true religion. If we are knit to God by dependence, thankfulness, love, and obedience, our hearts will not be satisfied unless we make the effort to reach out through the shadows of time to grasp the Great Reality, as one might thrust his hand through a disk of thin paper to clutch some treasure gleaming behind it. If we can count the number of times in any day in which we have thought of God (and the list would be short for some of us), we have thought of Him too seldom. The singer says "always"; his consciousness of God's presence was like an unbroken light beam. Ours is too often divided up into dim and far-separated points of light, like the sparse lamps in an ill-lighted back street. The test is a simple but a very stringent one: can I say "I have set the Lord always before me"? David could not have gone on to say "He is at my right hand" if he had not made that effort of faith. That effort brings Him—who is always with us else we could not be at all, and with every existing thing else it could not exist—to be with us in a deeper, more blessed manner than He is with rocks and animals and godless men. If He is "at my right hand," I am at His left, and the left arm carries the shield, and it will be held over my defenceless head. My right hand is the instrument of my activity, and if God is there, He will put deftness into my fingers, and power into my muscles, as when the prophet laid his brown, strong hand on the dying king's wasted fingers, and helped him to bend the bow. If He stands there, we shall never be alone. There is no solitude to him whose companion is God. One man with God beside him is always in the majority, and will be too strong for the opponents. If we have to travel along life's road, as some of us must, "with none to praise, and very few to love," or even in utter loneliness, we can always have God coming to keep us company.

The effort of faith which brings God to our sides, therefore, gives courageous stability. "Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." If we have Him with us, we shall not be unduly moved by our own fluctuating emotions. Hope and fear will equally be toned down; we shall not be tossed about by tempests of wild longing, nor beaten on by surges of temptation; but, safe behind the breakwater, shall feel but little of the storm. The secret of a quiet heart—which is by no means equivalent to a torpid one—is to keep ever near God. Stayed on Him, we shall not be shaken, and our "hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord." We get above the fogs when we soar to God, and circumstances in their wildest whirl will not suck us into the vortex if we are holding by Him, and know that He is at our right hand.

But this Psalmist had a yet greater hope dawning on him, for he passes in the closing strains of his Psalm beyond the changes of this life, and calmly looks on to the great change from it to death, assured that not even that earthquake-shock will move him. Why was he so sure that death and corruption were insignificant, and powerless to break his union with God? Just because he had felt the blessedness of communion with God, and in it discerned the guarantee that it could never cease. He who can look up to God, and feel that God is with him, has the witness in himself of immortal life.

SECOND SUNDAY

ONE QUESTION WITH TWO MEANINGS

"What do these Hebrews here?"—1 Sam. xxix. 3
"What doest thou here, Elijah?"—1 Kings xix. 9

THESE two questions are not only alike in form but bear on one subject, as appears if they are placed in their respective settings. The first was flung at David and his men, when they came as a contingent of the Philistine forces before the fatal fight at Gilboa. Very naturally the Philistines were suspicious of such allies, as Englishmen would have been if, on the night before Waterloo, a brigade of Frenchmen had offered their help to fight Napoleon. "These Hebrews" were in the wrong place, and even the troops that they meant to aid felt it.

The other question was God's to Elijah, when, in the depression of spirit that often succeeds great nervous tension, he had fled "for his life" and buried himself in the lonely desert. It was a rebuke for desertion of duty, and meant: Go back to your work, to front Ahab and Jezebel, and to die if need be. Putting the two questions together, they suggest thoughts as to the Christian duty of separation from the world, and point out the limits as well as the necessity for it.

The question to the prophet draws its force from the necessity and duty of God's servant mingling with "the world." The parable of the tares and the wheat teaches not so much a lesson in regard to the constitution of the Church, as in reference to the inseparable intertwining in society, as now constituted, of Christians with others. "The field is the world," and in it the roots of wheat and tares are matted together, so that the one cannot be pulled up without bringing up the other whose fibres are interlaced with it. Society, in which the kingdom in its earthly form is planted, is not organised on the basis of religious affinity; but family, kindred, business, and a thousand other ties knit us together and make separation impossible. God does not mean that good men should club together and leave the bad to rot and stink. Jesus told His disciples that they were the light of the world, and lest that image should suggest that they might ray out their light like a lamp on a high pedestal while they kept apart, He told them, too, that they were "the salt of the earth," and salt has to be in contact with and well rubbed into that which it is to keep sweet. Elijah ran away from his work. The monastic ideal of flying into solitude to look after one's own soul, and gathering up one's skirts so as to keep them unspotted from the world, crops up in new forms in each age. Whether in the monk with bare foot and cowled head and a rope round his brown robe, or in a modern believer who tries to keep himself aloof from the wicked world and cultivate his own religious life, instead of flinging himself into the places where the world's sickness is most pestilential in order to bring healing, we have a repetition of Elijah's fault which needs Elijah's rebuke.

But the other question suggests that separation is as imperative as intermingling. Much of our lives remains over and above the necessary intercourse with "the world." And the question is: What do we do when we are left free to follow the bent of our own deepest affinities? When the weight is taken off the sapling, it springs back to its natural uprightness. Is that like what we do when we are at liberty to obey our heart's promptings? "Being let go, they went to their own company." Where do we go, in like circumstances? We need not lay down special regulations, for they have done more harm than good; but we do need to bring that spirit of separation from the world into all our actions. It should influence our selection of associates; *Noscitur a sociis*—a man is known by his company. It says little for the depth of our Christianity if we are more at home with non-Christians, because they suit us in certain other respects, than with those who are one with us in what ought to be the deepest and strongest element in our characters and lives. It should influence our recreations and occupations. We should ask ourselves the two questions concerning these: Can I pray for a blessing on this which I am now doing? Does it help or hinder my communion with God?

If we grasp the aim of life clearly and decisively, as being to make ourselves by God's help such men and women as He will be pleased with, we shall not go far wrong.

The Philistines detected David's unnatural position, if he did not. It is vain to try to conciliate "the world" by making our lives like its. It respects an out-and-out Christian; neither God nor it respects an inconsistent one. Not Philistines only, but God too, asks us: What doest thou here?

The question made Elijah put his reasons into words, and a lame set of excuses they were. We should often find it difficult to formulate a plausible articulate reason, if the same question should be flashed into our minds. But it will be better to have it put and answered now, than that we should hereafter have to fail in answering it when it takes the shape: What didst thou there?

THIRD SUNDAY

TRANSFIGURATION BY PRAYER

"As He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered . . . "—Luke ix. 29

LUKE carefully dates the Transfiguration as occurring "about eight days after these sayings," namely, the plain announcement of the approaching crucifixion. The connection between the two things was not merely chronological, as we shall feel, if we try to realise what the intervening week must have been both to the Disciples and to Jesus. For them it would be a time of startling, almost bewildering fading of their fairest hopes, and of pain to the hearts that, however ignorantly, loved Him. For Him, we dare not peer too curiously into what it was, but we know that His flesh shrank from the Cross, though, blessed be God, the shrinking never mounted into the region of His will. Both He and they needed the calm of the mountain solitude to which He led them, and whatever the message of the Transfiguration was for them, it had a message for Him too.

But we are not about to dwell on the incident itself, so much as on the thought suggested by the Evangelist's note that it came to pass while Jesus prayed. The announcement of the Cross was the remoter occasion, but Christ's prayer was the immediate cause. We may say that if there had been no prayer, there would have been no Transfiguration. Luke's Gospel is the source of our knowledge of most of Christ's prayers, and a study of the circumstances under which He prayed would yield much instruction. But none of the instances of His recorded prayer is more deeply impressive than this, that the forecast of the Cross sent Jesus to pray, and the prayer was answered by the Transfiguration.

It is noteworthy that our Lord's prayers were always offered up in solitude. May it have been that the same irradiation of countenance which the favoured three were once permitted to see, was the constant accompaniment of Christ's solitary communion with the Father? It may be. Perhaps His face too shone like Moses', and, if any had been near Him at such times, as the three Disciples were then, they would have seen "the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father" shining through "the veil, that is, His flesh." But be that as it may, this transformation is a pattern for us of what the effect of our prayers may and should be. If we have communion with God through Him, as Jesus had, the fashion of our countenance will be altered too. That is sometimes literally true. One has seen very homely faces transfigured by love and faith. There are people in the world of whom it is true that "beauty born of" something deeper than "murmuring sound" has passed into their face; just as there are, on the other hand, people who bear written on their foreheads that they belong to the devil.

But a better transformation will follow true prayer. If we are really in touch with God, we cannot but be made fair, noble, refined, pure, and have something of celestial light raying out from us. Christ entrusts almost all the task of assimilating men's character to His own, to the transforming power of communion with God through Him. "We all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." If we gaze on Him we shall grow like Him. We can tell by the flush that lights up a face whether the man has turned it full to the sunshine or no. "As He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered"; and so will that of every man who truly and habitually holds converse with God.

The Transfiguration was a prophecy of what will be for all who love Jesus and are growing like Him here.

"Soul is form and doth the body make," and when the spirit is made perfect, and is reunited again to the body prepared for it, it will mould all the members into immortal loveliness and perfection. "We shall all be changed," and dwell no longer in the "earthly house of this tabernacle," but in a stately house, eternal, in the heavens, fit for all the new capacities of the indwelling spirit, whether these be capacities of knowing God face to face, or of serving Him day and night in His Temple. The Lord, whom we have tried to serve and abide with here, will "change the body of our humiliation, that it may be fashioned according to the likeness of the body of His glory."

FOURTH SUNDAY

A SHORT AVOWAL OF FAITH

"There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve"—Acts xxvii. 23

A GREAT common calamity is very apt to dethrone officials and bring a strong man to the front. It is extremely natural, though it has been thought unhistorical, that in the shipwreck Paul should become counsellor, inspirer, and a tower of strength, and that centurions and ship's officers, who had lost their heads, should fall into the background. Natural force of character, strengthened by faith that brought calmness, made him the leader of the frightened crew. The secret of his serenity was in his consciousness, as expressed above, that he belonged to God, and that the angel of the Lord was with him. The words are a short but sufficient confession of faith, unveiling the source of his tranquillity in the storm.

Here is a clear declaration of the essence of true religion. Paul is speaking to "heathens," and his purpose for the moment is not to preach the Gospel, but to make his own ground of confidence clear. Therefore he waives the question of who the God whom he serves is, and simply sets forth his own relation to Him. His quiet words cover the whole ground, for to belong to God expresses the whole essence of inward religion, while to serve Him is the sum of religion in practice.

We belong to God as His creatures, as the well-known Psalm, rightly rendered, declares when it sings: "It is He that hath made us, and we are His." But Paul meant much more than that. God had claimed Him for His own, and he had yielded to the claim. Not creation, nor continuous outward mercies showered upon us, but the one transcendent act of God's love which gave itself to and for us, wins us to be God's in the only real sense. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." God counts us as His when we consciously yield ourselves to Him, for it is love and only love that brings about the possession of spirits by spirits. The sweetest, truest mutual possession that earth knows is a shadow of the sweeter, reciprocal possession of us by God and of God by us, and that is mediated by His love giving itself to us in Christ, and our melted hearts flowing out in yielding love to Him. Thus to belong to God is to cease to belong to ourselves. Either God or my wretched self is my centre. If we move obedient round the great Sun, we shall make music as we revolve, and be lighted and warmed from its beams. If we do not we shall be, comet-like, pursuing a wide elliptical course, which will carry us into blackness of darkness and more than icy cold.

The outward life followed the inward surrender. Paul served God because he belonged to God. The word used is employed to describe service which is worship, not that of a slave. As this man's inward nature had yielded itself to God, so his life was a long act of priestly service. He was serving God there in the ship, amidst the storm and the terror of others. In all its acts, attitudes, and aspects, our visible life should be the manifestation and register of our inward devotion to, and ownership by, God. God's priests are never far away from their altar, and never without "somewhat to offer," so long as they have the activities of daily conduct to lay before His pure eyes and perfect judgment.

People find out a great deal about their fellow-voyagers. Character is not easily hid on shipboard. And that fortnight of tossing up and down in Adria, with death looking over the bulwarks of the helpless vessel, would bring out what each man was made of. Paul durst not have professed that he was God's servant if he had not known that he had been behaving like one. That confession is incumbent on every Christian. It is a more powerful way of inviting others to be so too than direct appeals, but it must be backed up by a life according with it. How the centurion and the crew would have laughed at Paul, if this had been the first time that they had had any reason to suppose that he was not, like them, a worshipper of Rome's gods! They would have answered, "The God whose you are and whom you serve! Why, you are just the same kind of man as if you bowed down to Jupiter, like the rest of us."

Paul's religion kept him calm in danger. "I belong to God"—then I may be sure that He will take care of His property. And it brought him and all his companions safe to land. Whether the Apostle could swim, or clung to some floating spar or wreckage, it was neither his swimming nor the spar to which he clung that brought him through the surf, but it was the God to whom he belonged. Faith is the life-belt, and when the Owner counts His men on the safe shore as the morning breaks, not one will be missing, nor fail to answer to his name when the muster-roll is called.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

THE new edition of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyám * has set me thinking of the lives of some of the old Persian poets. In our poetic biography we do not appear to have anything like them; and indeed one can conceive of them as possible only in that strange fantastic dream-world of the East where a man may be a prime minister to-day and a hawker of melon slices on the bridge to-morrow.

And here, by the way, let me pause a moment to ask whether in the Middle Ages existence among ourselves did not much more closely resemble than it does at present that brilliantly coloured and strangely accidental existence of the East, which, with its incalculable culminations and catastrophes, has scarcely changed to-day from what it was four centuries ago. If that be the case, is not the fact attributable to the steady growth of law and order among ourselves—a growth which has curtailed the capricious exercise of power and somewhat circumscribed the fortunate chances of exceptional individuals? And if this surmise be also well founded, is it not noteworthy that fatalism—the doctrine of the inevitable and the predestined—is characteristic not of the peoples among whom law and order have been most completely developed, but of those who are at the mercy of a despotic will the vagaries of which are beyond foresight and control? *A priori* one might have conjectured that a long insistence on the unbroken routine of law would suggest in regard to the unseen order of things a theory of fatalism; but in actual experience men perceive that within the limits of a reasonable and beneficial obedience they are free and unchecked agents, and that it is only in the absence of order, in the chaos produced by a capricious exercise of irresponsible power, that we wholly cease to be masters of our fate, and that the only possible philosophy of life left is summed up in the phrase "What must be must be."

To turn, however, from these shadowy byways, one of the few names of the Persian poets familiar to us is that of Firdusi, the author of the famous epic, "The Book of Kings." The finest portions of "The Shah-Nameh" have long been accessible in translations, and every one will remember at least the great episode which Matthew Arnold shaped into his "Sohrab and Rustum," one of the noblest blank verse poems in Victorian literature. The story of Firdusi is curiously picturesque and attractive. In the eleventh century, when the Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni was gathering the heroic annals of the ancient kings into an epic chronicle, Abul Casim Mansur, who had already accomplished some portion of a similar undertaking, left his native town of Tús in Khorassan, and set out for Ghazni in the hope of being associated with the seven distinguished poets engaged by the Sultan. On his arrival chance threw him into the company of three of these Court singers, who told him that poetic skill was the only passport to their society. Thereupon one of the poets threw off a verse in praise of a beautiful woman:

> The moon is eclipsed by thy lovelier light;

the second completed the couplet:

> The bloom of thy cheek shames the red rose and white;

the third continued:

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* "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia, rendered into English verse." Golden Treasury Series. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

Thy glance through the veil gleams and strikes thro' a man——

whereupon Abul Casim instantly added:

Like Gi-ú's flashing spear in his fight with Poshán.

None of the Court poets had heard of these heroes, and to their wonder and delight the new comer at once recited to them the mighty encounter, even as it is told in the Bastan-Nameh. The report of this incident reached the ears of the Sultan, who sent for Abul Casim, assigned him chambers in the palace, and ordered that he should receive a thousand miskals of gold for every thousand verses—fifteen and a half pounds' weight of gold, apparently. In a moment of rapture over some new poem Mahmud uttered the phrase which gave Abul Casim the name by which he is known to the world: "You have shed over my Court the delights of Paradise (Firdus)." Thenceforth he became Firdusi—the poet of Paradise.

In the midst of this almost fabulous splendour and prosperity one catches a pleasant glimpse of the kindly nature of the fortunate poet. As he wandered in the palace gardens he bethought him how at home in Tús the heavy rains washed away the earthen dykes which kept the river in its course, and how his kinsfolk and friends suffered from inundation and the drought which followed it. His day-dream was to build massive dykes of stone which no storm of waters could overthrow, and with this view he laboured at the "Book of Kings," and let the thousands of miskals accumulate in the royal treasury. But it is rarely that any great good fortune befalls a man without awakening envy and malice in the heart of his fellows. Firdusi incurred the anger of one of the Sultan's chief ministers, who first did all in his power to discredit the poet on the ground of heresy, and who, when the time of payment at last came, sent him 60,000 silver dirhems instead of the elephant-load of gold which was his due. With angry scorn the poet gave 20,000 dirhems to the slave who brought the money, and divided the rest between the keeper of the public bath and a seller of refreshments. "The Sultan shall know that this is no fitting reward for thirty years of heroic poetry." For a while there was every probability that Firdusi would be trampled to death by elephants, but he escaped that danger, and after avenging himself by inscribing a bitter satire in the royal copy of the Shah-Nameh, he fled from Ghazni, and spent the weary years of his old age in wandering from city to city. In the long run Mahmud discovered how he had been made the dupe of his prime minister, and banished him from his presence; then, in atonement for the injustice which the poet had suffered, he sent the old man a robe of state and 60,000 dinars in gold. This act of reparation came too late. As the messengers charged with the royal favour entered the gate of Tús they met the dead body of Firdusi on its way to the grave. It is gratifying to think, however, that, after all, the stone dykes of the poet's dream were constructed, and beside the river a house of refuge was built for all wanderers, for the elephant-load of gold was paid by Mahmud to the poet's kinsfolk.

Perhaps even more curious in its way is the story of Omar the Tentmaker. In the latter half of the eleventh century, the venerable Imam Mowaffak was a celebrated teacher at Nishapúr. Among his scholars was one who came from Firdusi's town, Tús, and one who was named Hassan Ben Sabbah, and yet again a third—Omar, a native of Nishapúr. During the years of their study these three were close friends, and as it was the universal belief that the scholars of the Imam would come to great fortune, Hassan one day said to his companions: "Even if it should happen that we do not all attain success, one of us assuredly will; what compact shall we make then to bind us together?" And as the others left it to him to propose the pledge, he suggested a mutual vow that whoever came to greatness should share his prosperity equally with his companions: and to this they all three bound themselves. Years went by, and the comrades were scattered. Omar, it may be, took to tentmaking in Nishapúr, but the lad from Tús climbed to high position, and as the Nizam ul Mulk held office under the mighty Sultan Alp Arslan and afterwards under Sultan Malik-Shah. It was in the days of the latter that Hassan presented himself at Court and claimed the fulfilment of the school-boy pledge. The Vizier was as good as his word, and obtained for Hassan a post in the Government. Envious, ambitious and unscrupulous, Hassan endeavoured to supplant his friend in the Sultan's favour, but failed, fell into disgrace, and disappeared. We next find him in Egypt, where once more his intrigues brought him to the verge of ruin. After many wanderings and adventures we trace him to Damascus, and, later, to Kuhistan, where he gathered about him a band of savage fanatics. In 1090 he surprised the mountain fortress of Alamut in Persia, and began his reign as the Sheik-al-Jebal, the Chief of the Assassins, the famous Old Man of the Mountain.

Every one has heard of the terrible sect of the Assassins, and of the gardens of delight among the mountains, which the followers of the Sheikh believed to be the veritable paradise promised by the Prophet for those who fell "under the shadow of swords." One of Hassan's first victims after he had established himself in this stronghold was his old school-fellow, the Nizam ul Mulk, and his son too perished under the secret dagger of one of the Sheikh's emissaries. Kismet!—"what must be must be." The true and open-handed fall lamented and unavenged; the base and treacherous flourish even as the almond-tree. "After a long and prosperous rule," writes the historian, "Hassan died at an advanced age in 1124."

Long before these latter events, however, Omar the Tentmaker had also claimed the fulfilment of the school-boy pledge. But it was not office or title, wealth or power that he sought; sufficient for him would be a nook under the shadow of the Vizier's fortune—a quiet corner where he might watch the stars, shape his quatrains, and pray for his friend length of days and unclouded prosperity. His wish was readily granted; he was awarded a yearly pension of 1200 miskals from the revenues of Nishapúr. Thither he returned, and there, "weaving the tent of science," he lived and died, save for a visit to Merv, when he was selected by the Sultan Malik Shah as one of the eight astronomers charged with the task of reforming the calendar. When the Assassin's blow had been struck, and the Vizier was in his last agony, he was heard to murmur, "Oh God! I am passing away in the hand of the wind." Doubtless a rumour of those last mournful words reached Omar, and they seem to have haunted him for many a day, for we find an echo of them in his quatrains:

> I came like water, and like wind I go.

The poet himself lived to a goodly age, and died in 1123, a year earlier than his school-fellow of the Mountain. Though, in the words of the Koran, "No man knows where he shall die," he foretold in a prophetic moment that his last resting-place would be in a spot where the north wind might scatter roses over his tomb. He was buried outside a garden, and the trees stretched their branches over the wall and covered his gravestone with flowers.

Of FitzGerald's version of Omar Khayyám what is there to say that has not been long since excellently said, both as regards its poetic quality and its curious literary history? Since July 1890—to go not further back—it has run through thirteen editions, a number which one would have thought sufficient to satisfy the demands of that portion of the public which is credited with any appreciation of poetry. That within a few days ten thousand copies of the Golden Treasury edition should have been exhausted is one of those incidents in the commerce of literature which show how difficult it is to gauge the chances of popular favour. The present *format* is handy and companionable, but it is to be regretted that there is no prefatory sketch of FitzGerald or his work. Even his name does not appear on the title page, and but for a parenthetical mention of "FitzGerald's Collected Works" in the bibliographical note and an editorial reference to the "great liberties" FitzGerald took with his original, there is no clue whatever to the authorship of the translation.

For any one who is anxious to get behind FitzGerald's version to the literal original of the old poet of Nishapúr there are to-day ample facilities; but most readers will probably be satisfied with the noble quatrains of this masterly adaptation. In them we have the perfect musical expression of the man who has learned the disillusionment of age and the pitifulness of human life. Youth is the bright bird on the fleeting wing; glory and greatness and power are a dream followed by a dreamless sleep; the earth is full of the dust of the dead, the poor dead who even in their dust seem somehow to remember and regret. The flowers spring from what once lived and loved; this green grass by the river—

> Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
> From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

and the hyacinths dropped into the lap of earth from some beautiful head; and even the clay of the wine-cup was once clay that kissed and was kissed;

> For I remember stopping by the way
> To watch a potter thumping his wet clay:
> And with its all-obliterated tongue
> It murmured—"Gently, brother, gently, pray!"

yesterday it too was a man. The mystery of life and of the divine purpose of things, the enigma of evil and pain perplex him, but he can find no solution. We come like water, we go like wind. Only the Player who strikes the ball across the field—only He knows the meaning of the game. As for the quasi-Epicurean philosophy of Omar, though the old reveller professes

> I wonder often what the vintners buy
> One half so precious as the stuff they sell,

we may well believe with FitzGerald, if the wine he sang was juice of the grape at all, "he bragged more than he drank of it." It was, I take it, but a lively symbol of the sense and the rapture of physical being.

> Yon rising moon that looks for us again—
> How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
> How oft hereafter rise and look for us
> Through this same garden—and for *one* in vain!
>
> And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass
> Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
> And in your joyous errand reach the spot
> Where I made one—turn down an empty glass!

No schoolroom, nursery, or institute—and I am disposed to add library—should be without a copy of the Chart of the Life and Ministry of our Lord,* which displays in a single length all the facts and incidents in the New Testament record. The map is divided into the seven periods of our Lord's life—infancy, boyhood, the ministry preceding the first Passover, the three years, and the appearances after the Resurrection. Perpendicular divisions enable the author to group together Localities, Predictions, Parables, Discourses, Miracles and Events, while the use of colour—green, for instance, for Judea, and pink for Galilee—at once serves to indicate the place in which any incident occurred or any parable was spoken. The letterpress is bold and clear, and I know of no better method for impressing on scholars a distinct and consecutive knowledge of the life of Christ together with that geographical accuracy which is so generally disregarded. At the same time I cannot but suggest that in many instances it would be a distinct advantage to those who are short-sighted, or who lack abundant wall space, if the chart could be divided into two nearly equal portions. The handbook to the chart is a most useful little supplement to the main work. If Messrs. Johnston could add to the facilities afforded by this chart a companion map, perhaps on a slightly smaller scale, showing the main roads, caravan tracks, and so forth, they would bestow an invaluable service on the student of the Bible.

"The Nature of Gothic"* is a reprint from "The Stones of Venice" of a chapter which William Morris regarded as "one of the most important things written by the author," and as destined to be considered in future days "as one of the very few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century." In an interesting preface written in February, '92, Mr. Morris dwells on the ethical and political principles embodied in the chapter, for, greatly as he valued the artistic side of his work, it was on this more characteristic side that he believed Mr. Ruskin had had "the most enduring and beneficent effect on his contemporaries, and would have through them on succeeding generations." It would be difficult to select a single piece of consecutive writing more completely representative of Mr. Ruskin's genius than this VI. Chapter of Vol. II. of "The Stones of Venice," and those who have none of his books on their shelves would be well advised to invest a shilling in this *brochure* of eighty pages.

The life of Lord Tennyson by his son, which was published by Messrs. Macmillan in two volumes in 1897, is now issued in a single compact volume at 10s. net. A welcome addition to the numerous series of *6d.* editions has also been made by Messrs. Macmillan in the shape of two volumes of Tennyson, viz. "Poems including In Memoriam" and "Maud, the Princess, Enoch Arden and Other Poems."

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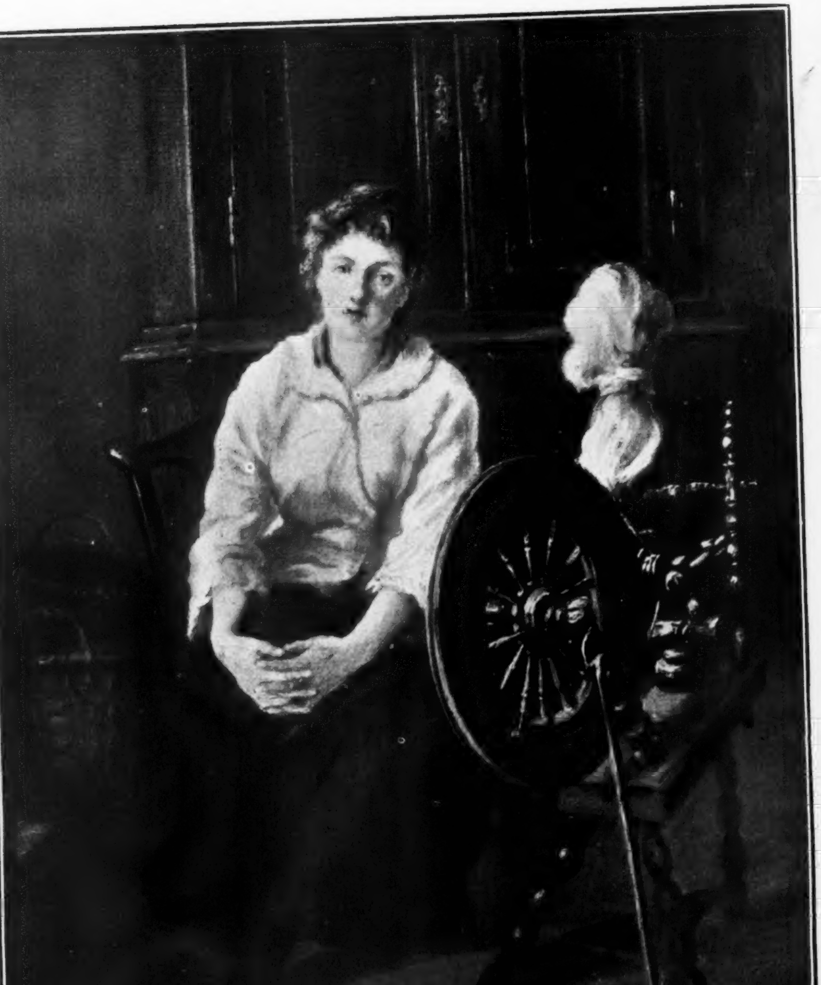
* "Chart of the Life and Ministry of Our Lord" (with handbook). By the Rev. Canon Linton, late Vicar and Rural Dean of Birkenhead. W. & A. K. Johnston. 7*s.* 6*d.*

* "The Nature of Gothic." By John Ruskin. With a preface by William Morris. George Allen. 1*s.* net.



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FANCY'S FLIGHT

By Tom McEwan

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By NEIL MUNRO, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XVI

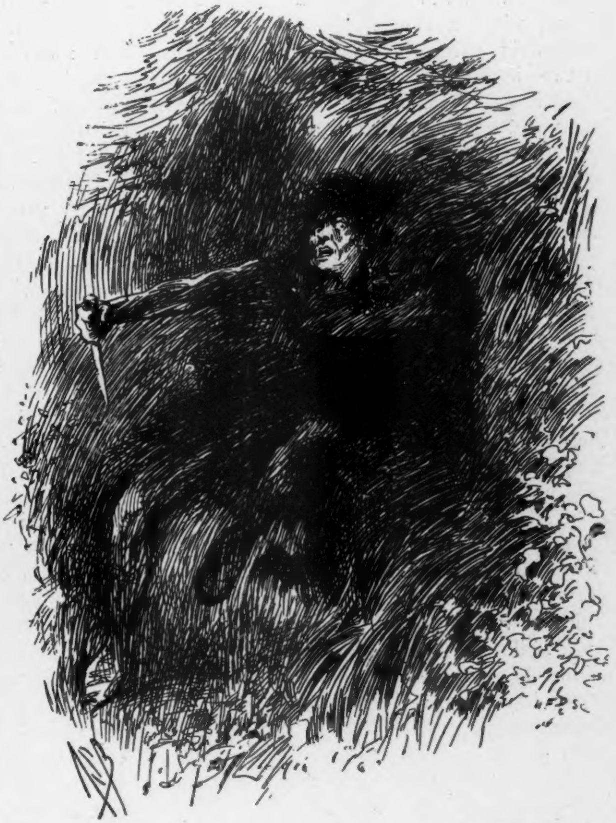
THE DESPERATE BATTLE

"BLACK darkness came down on the wood of Creag Dubh, and there was I lost in the middle of it, picking my way among the trees. Fir and oak are in the wood. In the oak I could walk straight with my chin in the air, facing anything to come; in the fir the little branches scratched at my neck and eyes, and I had to crouch low and go carefully.

"I had been at a wedding in the farm-house of Leacann. Song and story had been rife about the fire; but song and story ever have an end, and there was I in the hollow of the wood after song and story were by, the door-drink still on my palate, and I looking for my way home. It was nut-time. I had a pouch of them in my jacket, and I cracked and ate them as I went. Not a star pricked the sky; the dark was the dark of a pot in a cave and a snail boiling under the lid of it. I had cracked a nut and the kernel of it fell on the ground, so I bent and felt about my feet, though my pouch was so full of nuts that they fell showering in the fir-dust. I swept every one with a husk aside, hunting for my cracked fellow, and when I found him never was nut so sweet!

"Then came to me the queerest of notions, that some night before in this same wood I had lost a nut, and the darkness was the dark of a pot in a cave and a snail under the lid of it. And yet the time or season that ever I cracked nuts in Creag Dubh was what I could never give name to.

"'Where was it? When was it?' said I to myself, bent double creeping under the young larch with my plaid drawn up to fend my eyes, and the black fright crept over me. An owl's whoop would have been cheery, or the snort of a hind—and Creag Dubh is in daytime stirring with bird and beast—but here was I stark lonely in the heart of it,



"When a skin was my kilt and my shanks were bare" never a sound about, far from the hunting road, and my mind back among the terrors of a thousand years ere ever the Feinne were sung.

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* Copyright 1898 in the United States of America by Neil Munro.

"In this dreamy quirk of the mind I felt I was a hunter and a man of arms. I was searching for a something here in this ghostly wood. The cudgel and knife of folks I could not understand were coming on me! Fast, fast, and hard I crunched my nuts, chewing shell and meat fiercely between my teeth to fill the skull of my head with noise and shut out the quietness. Never a taste of what I ate, sour or sweet. But so hard and fast I crunched that soon my store of nuts was done, and there I was helpless with my ears open to the roaring wave of sound that we call silence. I stood a little, and though my back grewed at the chill of the dreadful spaces behind me, I held my breath to study the full fright of the hour. Something was coming to me; I knew it. Even this thing happened before, when a skin was my kilt and my shanks were bare; whatever I had to meet had met me in the round space among the candlewood roots. The hair on my wrists stirred, a cry came to my throat and was over the edge of it and into the dark night like a man's heart scurrying craven to the door.

"Through the wood went that craven roar, the wood all its own and, a stranger, I listened to my own voice wake up Echo far off on Ben Dearg.

"The doors of Echo shut on the only thing I knew and was half friendly with in the Duke's wood, and down on me again came the quietest quietness.

"'Be taking thy feet from here,' said I to myself, taking out my sailor-knife and scrugging my bonnet well on my brow. And there was no wind, not a breath, on Creag Dubh. The stars black out, the rough ground broken to my foot, the branches scraping unfriendly, I went on through the trees.

"When one goes up from the Leacann hunting road into the farm-lands he comes in a while on a space among the trees, clean shorn like the shearing of a hook but for white hay that lies there thick and rustling in the spring of the year. 'Black Duncan,' said I, 'be pulling thyself together, gristle and bone, for here's the fright that stirs about the dark with fingers and claws.' I was the first man (said my notion) who ever set foot on the braes of Argyll, newly from Erin and Argyll thick with ghosts; daytime or dark the woods were full of things that hate the stranger. Under my feet the rotting dust of the fir-trees felt soft and clogging, like the banks of new-delved graves. My back shivered again to the feel of the space behind me; in my bonnet stirred my hair. I went into the glade with a dry tongue rasping on the roof of my mouth.

"When the Terror came up against me, I could have laughed in my sudden ease of mind, for here at last was something to be sure of in a way. And I gripped back as it gripped fast at me, feeling it hairy at the neck and the crook of the arms—a breathing and lusty body.

"'What have I here?' I asked, but never an answer. At my throat went ten clawed fingers, and there was Duncan at dismal battle, fighting for life with what he could not see, in his own home woods, but they so strange and never a friend to help.

"For a time I had no chance with the knife; but at last 'Steel, my darling!' said I, and I struck low in the soft spaces. 'Gloop,' said the knife, and Death was twisting at my feet.

"Did Duncan put hurry on his heels and fly? The hurry was not in me but the deep heart's wonder. My first dead thing that in life had ever struck back held me till the morning with a girl's enchantment. I went down on a knee in the grass and felt him, a soft lump, freezing slowly from the heel to the knee, from the knee to the neck. Some rags of costume were on him, a kilt of coarse plaiding and a half shirt of skin, soaked in sweat at the armpits and wet with blood at the end.

"I waited till the morning to see what I had. 'This,' said I, hunched on a mound, 'is all as it was before.' The first sound I heard was the squeal of a beast caught at the throat among the bracken, then a hind snored among the grass. The morning walked solemn among the trees, stopping at every step to listen; birds put their claws down and shook themselves free of sleep and dew; a polecat slinking past me started at my eye and went back to his hole. Began the fir-trees waving in the wind, and then the day was open wide and far.

"In the dark I had strained my eyes to see what was at my feet till my eyeballs cracked at their pits, yet now I had no desire to turn about from the cheerful dawn and look behind, but I did it with my heart thudding.

"Nothing was there to see, lappered blood, nor mark of body on grass!

"My knife, without a stain on the steel of it, was still in my hand. I wiped it with a tuft of bracken, and I laughed with something of a bitterness.

"'So!' said I, 'the old story, the old story! It happened me before, and in a hundred years from now Black Duncan will be at the killing again.'"

CHAPTER XVII

THE STORM

THE vessel, straining at the rope that bound her to the shore, lay with a clumsy shoulder over the bank that shelved abruptly into the great depths where slimy weeds entangled. Her sails were housed and snug, the men in the bows lay under the flapping corner of the jib and played at cards, though the noise of the raindrops on their canvas roof might well disturb them. Gilian made no pause; he ran up at the tale's conclusion, at a bound he was on the shore, staggering upon the rocks and slipping upon the greasy weeds till he came to the salt bent grass, and with firmer footing ran like a young deer for the shelter of the wood. The rain battered after him, the wind rose. In front, the wood, so still an hour before, in its winter slumber, with no birds now to mar its dreams, had of a sudden roused to the rumour of the storm. As by an instinct, the young trees on the edge seemed to shudder before the winds came to them. Their slim tips could not surely be bowing, even so little, to the gale that was yet behind Gilian. But he passed them and plunged under the tall firs, and he felt secure only when the ruddy needles of other years were a soft carpet under foot. It was true he found shelter here from the rain that slanted terrifically, but it was not for sanctuary from the elements he sought the rude aisles, though now he appreciated the peace of them. It was for escape from himself, from his sense of hopeless, inexplicable longing.

The wood was all a wood of fir, not old nor very young, but at that mid age when it has to all of country blood an invitation to odorous dusks and pathless wanderings below laced branches. The sun never could reach the heart of it, except at the hour of setting, when it flamed bloody through the pillars. The rain never seemed to penetrate, for the fir-needles grew more dusty year by year under foot. But when the rain beat as it did now, through the whole of it went a sound of gobbling and drumming, and the wind, striking upon the trunks as if they were the strings of Ossian, harped a great and tremendous tune, wanting start or ending. And by-and-by there came company for Gilian as he sheltered in the wood. Birds of all kinds came hurriedly through the trees and settled upon the boughs with a shudder of the quill, pleased to be out of the inclement open and cosily mantled in.

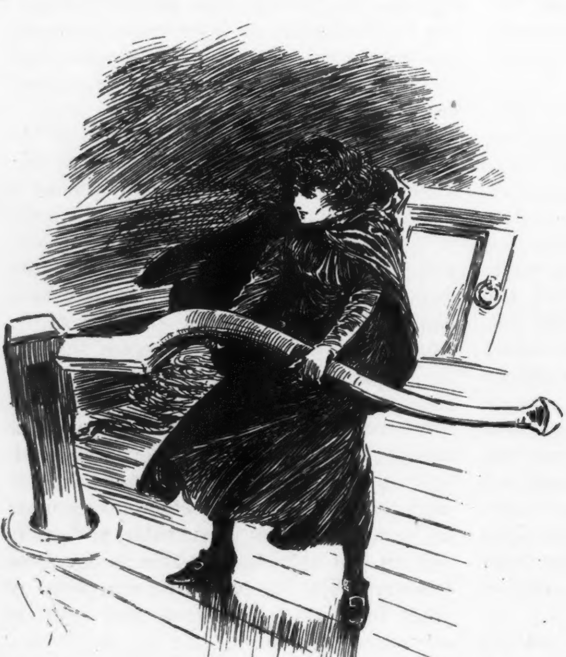
The boy went into the very inmost part of the wood without knowing the reason why thus he should fly from the ship that so recently had enchanted him, from the tales he loved. But in the soothing presence ot the firs and the content of the animals sheltering from the storm, he found a momentary peace from the agitation that had set up in him, roused at the song of the girl, the story of the mariner. The emotions, the fears, longings, discontents that jangled through him as they had never done before relapsed to a mood level and calm, as if they, too, had sheltered from the storm like the birds upon the trees.

But by-and-by he became ashamed of his action, that must seem so foolish to the friends he had left in the ship without a word of explanation. His face flamed hotly to the neck at the thought of his rude departure. He would give a world to be able to go back again as if nothing had happened and sit unchallenged in the cosy den of the *Jean*. And musing thus he went through the wood till he came upon the bank of the Duglas, roaring grey and ragged, a robber from the hills, bearing spoil of the upper reaches, the town-lands, the open and windswept plains. It carried the trunks of great trees that had lain since other storms upon its banks, and with a great chafing and cracking no less than the wooden bridge from Clonary which the children were wont to cross from those parts on their way to school.

"That will go battering on the vessel," he thought, looking amazed at its ponderous beams flicking through the water and over the little cascades as if they had been feathers blown by an evening breeze. "That will go battering on the *Jean*," he thought, and of a sudden it seemed his manifest duty to warn the occupants of the ship to defend themselves from the unexpected attack.

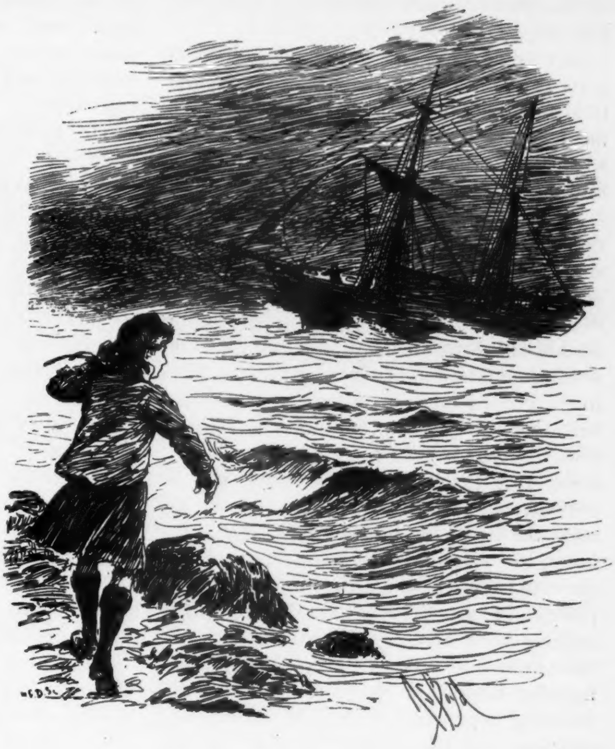
He followed the bridge for a little, fascinated, wondering what was to become of it next in the tumult of waters till he came to the falls, where he had looked for a check to it. But it stayed no more than a moment on the lip of the precipice, swung up a jagged edge above the deep, then crashed into the linn, where it seemed to swerve and turn, giddy with its adventure. Gilian stood spellbound on the banks looking at it so far down, then he turned and, cutting off the bend of the river, made for the shore.

He crashed through bracken and bramble and through the fir-wood again, startling the sheltering birds by his hurry, emerging upon the face of the brae in sight of the *Jean* and the sea. In his absence a great change had come upon the wave, upon the hilly distance, upon the whole countenance of nature. The rain was no longer in drumming torrents, but in a soft and almost imperceptible veil; but if the rain had lost the wind had gained. And as he passed from the edge of the wood, all the trees seemed to twang and creak, or cracked loudly, parting perhaps at some dear nerve where sap and beauty would no longer course. In every bush along the edge of the wood there seemed a separate chorus of voices, melodious and terrific, whistle and whoop, shriek and moan. Even the grass nodding in the wind lent a thin voice to the chorus, a voice such as only the sharp and sea-trained ear may comprehend, that beasts hear long before the wind itself is apparent, so that they remove themselves to the bieldy sides of the hills before tumult breaks.


"Seeking to send it home in the avoiding helm-head"

But it was the aspect of the sea that most surprised the boy, for where there had been before but a dreaming plain of smiles there was the riot of waters. The black lips of the wave parted and showed the white fangs underneath, or spat the spume of passion into the face of the day. It looked as if every glen and every gully, every corry and *eas* on that mountainous coast was spending its breath upon the poor old sea, the old sea that would be let alone to dream and rest, but must suffer the humours of the mischievous winds.

It was but for a moment Gilian lent his eye to the open and troubled expanse. He saw there no sign of ship, but looking lower in to shore he beheld the *Jean* in travail at the Duglas mouth. The tide had come fully in while he was absent, the delta that before had been so much lagoon and isle was become an estuary, where, in the unexpected tide and the rush of the river, the logs of fir and oak were all adrift about the sides of the vessel. Every hand was busy. They poled off as best they might the huge trunks that battered at the carvel planks and pressed upon the twanging cable. Forward of the mast Black Duncan stood commanding in loud shouts that could not reach the boy through the wind's bellowing, and as he shouted he lent, like a good seaman, vigour to a spar and pushed off the besieging timbers, all his



"Straight for this rock the *Jean* was driving"

weight aslant upon the wood, his arms tense, a great and wholesome figure of endeavour.

But not Black Duncan nor his striving seamen so busy in that confusion of wind and water were the first to catch the boy's eye. It was Nan, struggling by her captain's side at the unshipped tiller, and in the staggering ship, seeking to send it home in the avoiding helm-head. Her hair blew round her with the vaunting spirit of a banner, her body in every move was rich with a sort of exaltation.

As yet the bridge had not reached them. It might have been checked altogether in the linn, or it might still be slowly grinding its way round the great bend of the river, that Gilian had cut off by his plunge through the wood. But at least he was there to alarm, for its assault, borne down on the spate, would be worse by far than that of the timber. He beat his way, again, bent, through the wind, to the water-edge now so far in and separate from the ship and cried out a loud warning. It seemed to himself as he did so the voice of an infant, so weak was it, so shrill and piping, buffeted about by heaven's large and overwhelming utterance. They paid no heed at first, but by-and-by they heard him.

"The bridge! God! do you tell me?" cried Black Duncan in a visible consternation. "Is it far up?"

Gilian put his hand to his mouth and trumpeted his response.

"The bend. My sorrow! she's as good as on us then. We must be at our departures."

The mariners scurried about the deck; Black Duncan threw off the prisoning cable; there were shouts, swift looks, and a breathless pause; the *Jean* swung round before the corner of her jib, laboured clumsily for a moment unbelieving of her release, then drifted slowly from the river mouth, her little boat and her tiller left behind, the first caught by the warring tree-trunks, the latter dashed from Nan's hands by the swing of the boom. As helpless as the logs she had been encountering, she was loose before the wind that drove her parallel with the shore at no safe distance from its fringe of rocks.

Gilian, scarcely knowing what he did, ran along the shore following her course, looking at her with a wild eye. The men were calling to him, waving, pointing, but what they meant he could not surmise; all his interest was in the girl who stood motionless, seemingly aghast at her mishap, with her hair still blowing about her.

To the north where he was running black masses of clouds were piling, and the sea, so far as the eye could reach, was weltering more cruelly than before. Seagulls screamed without ceasing, and the human imitation of their calls roused uncanny notions that they welcomed the vessel to her doom. She seemed so helpless, so hopeless, dashed upon by the spume of those furious lips, bit by the grinding teeth.

But yet he ran on and on over the salt grass or the old wrack that the sea-spray wet to a new slime, never pausing but for a moment now and then to try and understand what the men on deck were shouting to him.

Off the shore north of the Duglas is a rock called Ealan Dubh, or the Black Island, a single bare and rounded block without a blade of grass on it, that juts out of the sea in all weathers and tides, and is grown on thickly with little shell-fish. To-day it could not be seen, but the situation of it was plain in the curling crest of the white waves that bent constantly over it. Straight for this rock the *Jean* was driving, and a great pity came over Gilian, a pity for himself as he anticipated the sickening crash upon the rock, the rip of the timber, the gurgle at the holes, the sundering of the bolted planks, the collapse of the mast, the ultimate horrible plunge. He was Black Duncan, the swimmer, fighting hard for life between the ship and the shore; he was the girl, with wet hair flapping blindly at the eyes, clinging with bleeding finger-nails to the rough shells that clustered on the rock. It was horrible, horrible! And then many tales from the shelves of Marget Maclean came to his memory where one in such circumstances had done a brave thing. To save the girl and bring her from the rock ashore—that was the thing to be done—but how? Even the sea fairy, as he had said, might be worth drowning for. Helplessly he looked up and down the shore. There was nothing to see but the torn fringe of the tide, the waving branches of the coast.

He had no more than grasped the solitude of the country side (feeling himself something of God's proxy thus to be watching the destruction of the ship) when the *Jean* went upon the rock. Her shock upon it was not to be heard from the shore, and she did not break up all at once as he had anticipated; she paused as it might seem, quite willingly, in her career before the wind and slewed round a tarry broadside to the crested wave. She began to settle in the water by her riven quarter, but Gilian did not see that, for it came about slowly. All he could see was that Black Duncan and his men upon the higher part of the slanted deck were calling to him more loudly than before and pointing with frenzied gestures back in the direction whence they had come.

He looked back, he could not comprehend.

More loudly yet they called. They clustered, the three of them on the shrouds, and in one voice tried to bellow down the gale.

He could not understand. He turned a pitiful figure on the shore, his mind tumultuous with wrestling thoughts and dreads, with images of the rough depths where the girl's hair would sway like weed in a green haze in an everlasting stillness.

Again the seamen called, and it seemed, as he looked at their meaningless gesticulations, that the bowsprit of the vessel now pointed higher than before. The appalling story thus told to him had barely got home when he saw a change in the conduct of the seamen. They ceased to cry and wave; they looked no longer at him but in the direction whence he had come, and turning he saw the vessel's little boat bobbing in the sea-troughs. It had an occupant too, a lad not greatly older than himself, using only a guiding oar, who so was directing the boat in the drifting waves towards the Ealan Dubh and the counter of the *Jean*.

Then the whole folly of his conduct, the meaning of the seamen's cries, the obvious and simple thing he should have done, came to Gilian—he discovered himself the dreamer again. A deep contempt for himself came over him and he felt inclined to run back to the solace of the woods with a shame more burdensome than before, but the doings of the lad who had but to wade to pick up the lost boat and was now bearing down on the doomed vessel prevented him. He watched with a fascination the things being done that he should have done himself, he made himself, indeed, the lad who did them. It was as if in a dream, looking upon himself with a stranger's admiration, he saw the little boat led dexterously beside the vessel in spite of the tumbling waves, and Black Duncan out upon her bowsprit board her, lift his master's daughter in and row laboriously ashore. Then Gilian turned and made a poor, contemptuous retreat.

CHAPTER XVIII

DISCOVERY

THE town was dripping at its eaves and glucking full of waters at rone-mouths and syvers when he got into it after his disgraceful retreat. He was alone in the street as he walked through it, a wet woebegone figure with a jacket-collar high up to the ears to meet the nip of the elements. Donacha Breck, leaning over his counter and moodily looking at the hens sheltering their wind-blown feathers under his barrow, saw him pass and threw over his shoulder to his wife behind a comment upon the eccentricity of the Paymaster's boy.

"He's scarcely all there," said he, "by the look of him. He's wandering about in the rain as if it was a fine summer day and the sun shining."

Crossing from the school to his lodging, an arm occupied by a great bundle of books, the other contending with an umbrella, was the dominie, who started at the sight of his errant pupil who nearly ran against him before his presence was observed.

"Well, Gilian?" said he, a touch of irony in his accent, himself looking a droll figure, hunched round his books and turning like a weathercock jerkily to keep the umbrella between him and the wind that strained its whalebone ribs till they almost snapped.

Gilian stopped, looked hard at the ground, said never a word. And old Brooks, over him, gazed at the wet figure with puzzlement and pity.

"You beat me; you beat me quite," said he. "There's the making of a fine man in you; you have sharpness, shrewdness, a kind of industry, or what may be doing for that same; every chance of a paternal kind—that's to say a home complete and comfortable—and still you must be acting like a wean! You were not at the school to-day. I'm keeping it from Miss Campbell as long as I can, but I'll be bound to tell her of your truancy this time."

He risked the surrounding hand a moment from his books, bent a little and tapped the boy's jacket pocket.

"Ay! A book again!" said he slyly. "What is it this time? But never mind; it does not matter. I'll warrant it is not Mr. Butter's Spellings nor Murray the Grammarian, but some trash of a novelle. Any exercise for *your* kind but the appointed task! I wish—I wish—Tuts! laddie, you are wet to the skin, haste ye home and get a heat."

Gilian did not need a second bidding, but ran up the street, without slacking his pace till he got to the foot of the Paymaster's stair, where the wind from the pend-close was howling most dismally. He lingered on the stair, extremely loath to face Miss Mary with a shame so plain upon his countenance, as he imagined it must be. No way that he could tell the story of the *Jean's* disaster would leave out his sorry share in it. A quick ear heard him on the stair; the door opened.

"Oh, you rascal!" cried Miss Mary, her anxious face peering down at him. "You were never in the school till this time." She put her hand upon his bonnet and his sleeve and found them soaking. "Oh, I knew it! I knew it!" she cried. "Just steeping!"

He found an unexpected relief in her consternation at his condition and in her bustle to get him into dry clothing. After the experience he had come through, the storm and the spectacle he had seen as in a dream from the shore, he indulged in the cordiality and cosiness of the warm kitchen for a little with selfish gladness. But it was only for a little; the disaster to the vessel and the consciousness that his own part in the business would certainly come to light, overwhelmed him again, and it was a most dolorous face that looked at Miss Mary over the viands she had just put before him.

"What ails the callant?" she demanded in a tremble, staring at him.

He burst into tears, the first she had seen on his face since ever he had come to her house, and all her mother's heart was sore.

"What mischief were you in?" she asked, putting an arm about his neck, and her troubled face down upon his hair as he shook in his chair. "I am sure you were not to blame. It could not have been much, Gilian. Tuts! tuts!" And so she went on in a ludicrous way, coaxing him to indifference for the sin she fancied.

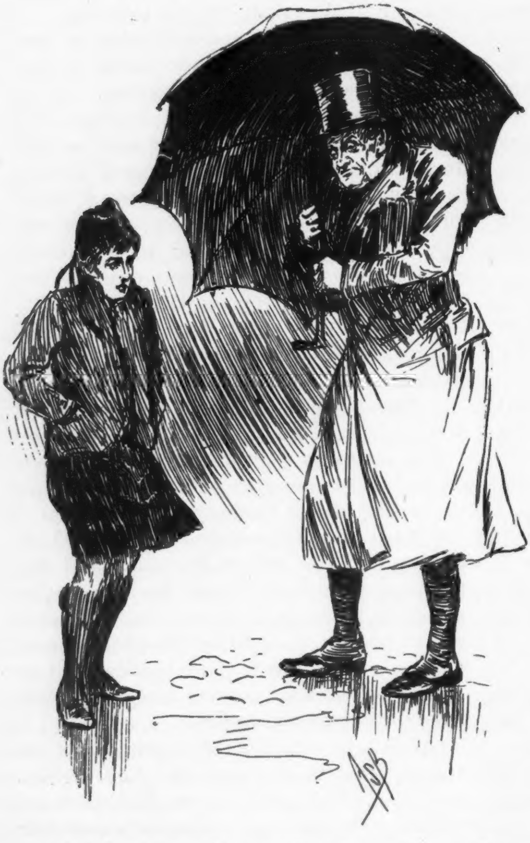
At last he told her the beginnings of his tragedy, that he had seen the *Jean* wrecked on Ealan Dubh, and the girl Nan on board of her. She was for a moment dumb with horror, believing the end had come to all upon the vessel, but on this Gilian speedily assured her, and "Oh, amn't I glad!" said she with a simple utterance and a transport on her visage that showed how deep her satisfaction was.

"How did they get ashore?" she asked.

"In the small boat," said Gilian uncomfortably. "It caught on the logs at the mouth of the river when she drifted off, and —and——"

"And a boy went out in it and brought them help!" she cried, finely uplifted in a delight that she had guessed the cause of his trepidation. "Oh, you darling! And not to say a word of it! Am not I the proud woman this day? My dear companion Nan's girl!"

She caught him fervently as he rose ashamed from his seat to explain or to make an escape from the punishment that was in her error, a punishment more severe than if he had been blamed. She was one never prone to the displays of love and rapture, but this time her joy overcame her, and she kissed him with something of a redness on her face. It was to the boy as if he had been smitten on the mouth. He drew back almost rudely in so great a confusion that it but confirmed her guess.


'Old Brooks, over him, gazed at the wet figure with puzzlement and pity"

"You must come and tell my brothers," said she, "this very moment. Don't say anything about the lass, but they'll be keen to hear about the vessel. They sit there hearing nothing of the world's news, unless it comes to the fireside for them, and then I've noticed they're as ready to listen as Peggy would be at the Cross Well."

She had him half way to the parlour before he thought of a protest, he had found such satisfaction in being relieved from her mistaken pride in him. Then he concluded it was as well to go through with it, thinking that, if the rescue of the girl was not to be in the story, his own shortcomings need not emerge. She pushed him before her into the room; her brothers were seated at the fire, and they only turned when her voice, in a very unaccustomed excitement, broke the quietness of the chamber.

"Do you hear this?" she cried, and her hand on Gilian's shoulder; "a vessel's sunk on the Ealan Dubh."

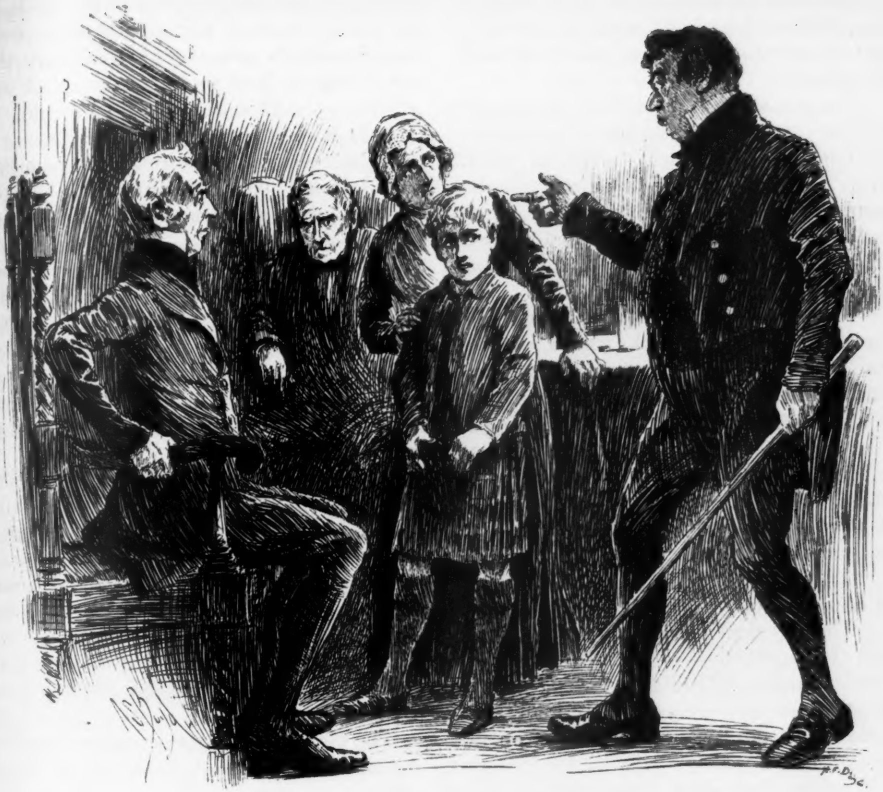
"I knew there would be tales to tell of this," said the General. "The wind came too close on the frost. I mind at Toulouse——"

"And Gilian was down at the Waterfoot and saw it all," she broke in upon the reminiscence.

"Was he, faith?" said the Cornal. "I like my tales at first hand. Tell us all about it, laddie; what vessel was she?"

He wheeled his chair about as he spoke, and roused himself to attention. It was a curious group, too much like his old court-martial to be altogether to the boy's taste. For Miss Mary stood behind him, with an air of proud possession of him that was disquieting, and the two men seemed to expect from him some very exciting history indeed.

"Well, well!" said the Cornal,



"'Valiant!' cried the Paymaster with a sneer"

drumming with his fingers on his chair-arm impatiently, "you're in no great hurry with your budget. What vessel was it!"

"It was the *Jean*," said Gilian, bracing himself up for a plunge.

"Ye seem to be a wondrous lot mixed up with the fortunes of that particular ship," said the Cornal sourly. "What way did it happen?"

"She was in the mouth of the river," said Gilian, "and the spate of the river brought down the wooden bridge at Clonary. I saw it coming, and I cried to them, and Black Duncan cast off, leaving boat and tiller. She drove before the wind and went on Ealan Dubh, and sunk, and—that was all."

The story, as he told it, was as bald of interest as if it were a page from an old almanack.

"What came of the men?" said the Cornal. "The loss of the *Jean* does not amount to muckle; there was not a plank of her first timbers left in her."

"They got ashore in the small boat," said Gilian.

"Which was left behind, I think you said at first," said the Cornal, annoyed at some apparent link a-missing in the chain of circumstance. "If the boat was left behind as well as the tiller—I think you mentioned the tiller—how did they get ashore in it? Did you see them get ashore?"

"I saw Black Duncan and the girl, but not the others," answered Gilian, all at once forgetting that some caution was needed here.

Up more straightly sat the Cornal, and fixed him with a stern eye.

"Oh, ay!" said he; "she was in the story too, and you fancied you might hide her. I would not wonder now but you had been in the vessel yourself."

Gilian was abashed at his own inadvertence, but he hastened to explain that he was on the shore watching the vessel when she struck.

"But you were on the vessel some time?" said the Cornal, detecting some reservation.

"Oh, Colin, Colin, I wonder at you!" cried Miss Mary, now in arms for her favourite, and utterly heedless of the frown her brother threw at her for her interference. "You treat the boy as if he was a vagabond and——"

"—Vagabond or no vagabond," said the Cornal, "he was where he should not be. I'm wanting but the truth from him, and that, it seems, is not very easy to get."

"You are not just at all," she protested. Then she went over and whispered something in his ear. His whole look changed; where had been suspicion came something of open admiration, but he gave it no expression on his tongue.

"Take your time, Gilian," said he; "tell us how the small boat got to the vessel."

"The boy went down to the river mouth," said Gilian, "and——"

"—The boy?" said the Cornal. "Well, if you must be putting it that idiotic way, you must; anyway, we're waiting on the story."

"—The boy went down to the river mouth and got into the small boat. She was half full of water and he baled her as well as he could with his bonnet, then pushed her off. She went up and down like a cork, and he was terrified. He thought when he went in first she would be heavy to row, but he found the lightness of her was the fearful thing. The wind slapped like a big open hand, and the water would scoop out on either side——"

"Take it easy, man, take it easy; slow march," said the Cornal. For Gilian had run into his narrative in one of his transports and the words could not come fast enough to his lips to keep up with his imagination. His face was quivering with the emotions appropriate to the chronicle.

"—Then I put out the oar astern——"

"—Humph! *You* did; that's a little more sensible way of putting it."

"—I put the oar astern," said Gilian, never hearing the comment, but carried away by his illusion; "and the wind carried us up the way of Ealan Dubh. Sometimes the big waves would try to pull the oar from my hands, wanting fair play between their brothers and the ship.—("Havers," muttered the Cornal.)—And the spindrift struck me in the eyes like hands full of sand. I thought I would never get to the vessel. I thought she would be upset every moment, and I could not keep from thinking of myself hanging on to the keel and my fingers slipping in weariness."

"A little less thinking and more speed with your boat would be welcome," said the Cornal impatiently. "I'm sick sorry for them, waiting there on a wreck with so slow a rescue coming to them."

Gilian hesitated, with his illusion shattered, and, all unnerved, broke for the second time into tears.

"Look at that!" cried Miss Mary pitifully, herself weeping; "you are frightening the poor laddie out of his wits," and she soothed Gilian with numerous Gaelic endearments.

"Tuts! never mind me," said the Cornal, rising and coming forward to clap the boy on the head for the very first time. "I think we can guess the rest of the story. Can we not guess the rest of the story, Dugald?"

The General sat bewildered, the only one out of the secret, into which Miss Mary's whisper to the Cornal had not brought him.

"I am not good at guessing," said he; "a man at my time likes everything straight forward." And there was a little irritation in his tone.

"It's only this, Dugald," said his brother, "that here's a pluckier young fellow than we thought, and good prospects yet for a soger in the family. I never gave Jock credit for discretion, but, faith, he seems to have gone with a keen eye to the market for once in his life! If it was not for Gilian here, Turner was wanting a daughter this day; we could hardly have hit on a finer revenge."

"Revenge!" said the General, a flash jumping to his eyes, then dying away. "I would not have said that, Colin; I would not have said that. It is the phrase of a rough, quarrelsome young soldier, and we are elders who should be long by with it."

"Anyhow," said the Cornal, "here's the makings of a hero." And he beamed almost with affection on Gilian, now in a stupor at the complexity his day's doings had brought him to.

The Paymaster's rattan sounded on the stair, and "Here's John," said his sister. "He'll be very pleased, I'm sure."

It was anything but a pleased man who entered the room, his face puffed and red and his eyes searching around for his boy. He pointed a shaking finger at him.

"What, in God's name, do you mean by this?" he asked vaguely.

"Don't speak to the boy in that fashion," said the Cornal in a surprising new paternal key. "If he has been in mischief he has got out of it by a touch of the valiant——"

"Valiant!" cried the Paymaster with a sneer. "He made an ass of himself at the Waterfoot, and his stupidity would have let three or four people drown if Young Islay, a callant better than himself, had not put out a boat and rescued them. The town's ringing with it."

The scar on the Cornal's face turned almost black. "Is that true that my brother says?" said he.

Gilian searched in a reeling head for some answer he could not find; his parched lips could not have uttered it, even if he had found it, so he nodded.

"Put me to my bed, somebody," said the General, breaking in suddenly on the shock of the moment, and staggering to one side a little as he spoke. "Put me to my bed, somebody. I am getting too old to understand!"

THE NAVY DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN

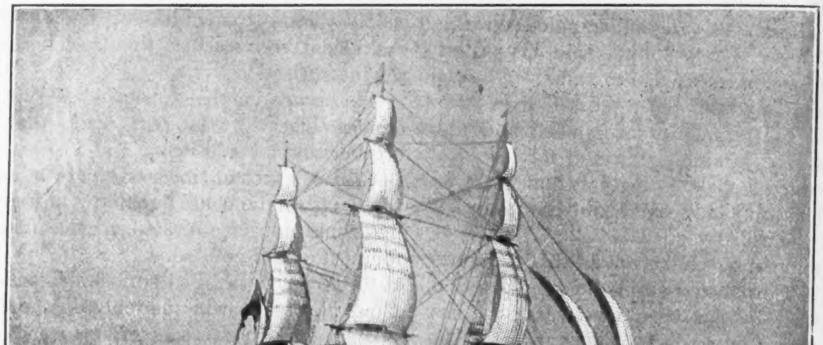
By CAPTAIN S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, R.N.

NO former period of similar duration has been attended with such a complete change in naval armaments as that which is included in the sixty-two years of her Majesty's prosperous reign. When she ascended the throne in 1837 we had practically a sailing fleet, and in commission ships that had taken part in the old war. The *Franklin*, 80 guns, taken at the battle of the Nile, and renamed by us *Canopus*, was in 1837 one of the Mediterranean squadron. The *Implacable*, 74—formerly *Duguay Trouin*—captured in 1805, performed good service on the coast of Syria in 1840, and did not disappear for some years afterwards. Several others might be cited, and it may be said generally that the fighting ships of 1837 only differed in shape of hull from those of one hundred years previously. Their equipment and guns had little changed. Steam had made some progress outside of the navy, but it found little favour within the Admiralty.

In the summer of 1837 a distinguished party from Whitehall took a trip on the Thames in a steam-launch propelled by a screw, and formed an unfavourable opinion of this motive power. Admirals thought a screw propeller would injuriously affect the steering of a vessel. They gave a half-hearted adhesion to paddle-wheels as not having this defect, but considered paddle-steamers would only be useful to sailing ships for towing them in or out of action, in a calm, &c. Consequently for many years we continued to build sailing ships and only a few small paddle-steamers, which attended on the big vessels and towed them in and out of harbour when required.

The first large vessel launched after the accession of her Majesty was the *Queen*, of 120 guns and 3000 tons. She was justly considered a remarkably fine vessel, and formed the model for several others, but in most respects she did not differ very materially from Nelson's last flagship, the *Victory*. Her total cost was £120,000—about an eighth of what is required to produce a first-class battleship to-day.

The manifest advantages of the screw propeller could not long be denied, and gradually it made its way into the navy. First small ships were fitted with it, and then we began to apply it to those beautiful two- and three-deckers which were the pride of naval officers. The outbreak of the Russian War in 1854 found us in this transition stage, and the bulk of our fleet in the Black



SAILING TWO-DECKER OF 1830

Sea were sailing ships; though in the Baltic we had a larger number of steam two- and three-deckers, of which the *Duke of Wellington* may be considered a splendid specimen of that type. We continued to build of wood, though iron had been considered, but was rejected because in some experiments between 1849 and 1851 we found that when shot passed through thin plates it broke up and became more destructive than when directed against a wooden target. As a result of these experiments some iron ships building for war purposes were converted into troopships, a decision which no doubt delighted the hearts of our old salts.

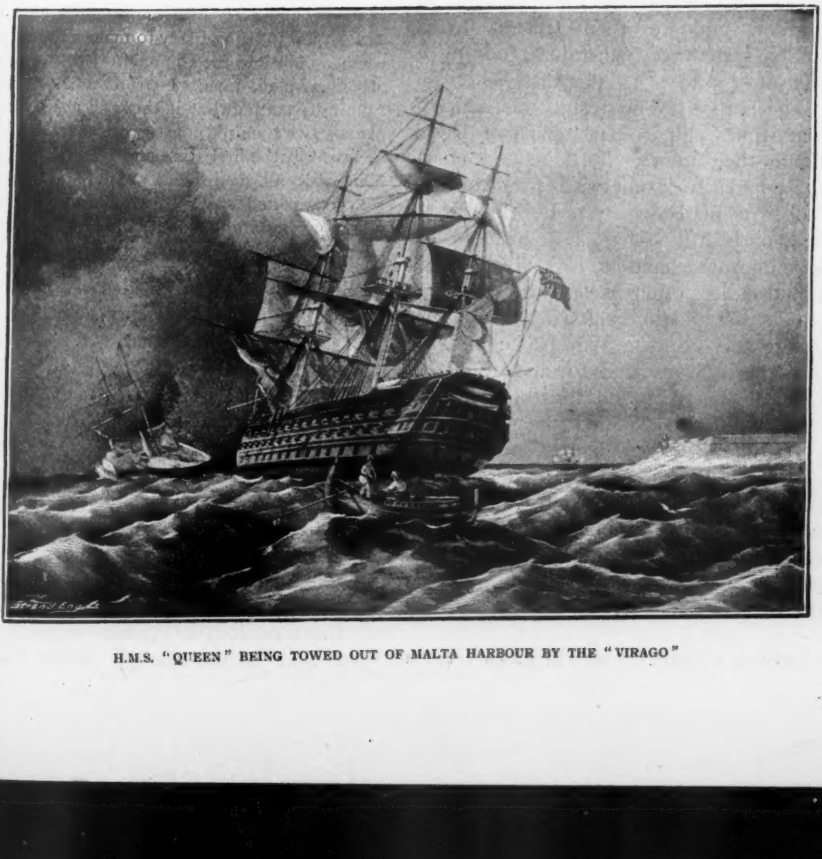
Though we were naturally reluctant to part with our wooden walls, it seems strange that up to the middle of this century there had been so little advance in ordnance. The cast-iron gun mounted on a wooden carriage pointed by handspikes, and its recoil controlled by a stout rope passing through a ring at the rear of the piece and secured on each side to the hull of the ship, was, even when I first went to sea in 1861, almost universally employed. One reads of red-hot shot, and perhaps wonders how a gun was charged with such a missile in conjunction with gunpowder. The charge was first inserted and a dry rope wad was put next to it; then came a thick junk wad which had been soaked in water; lastly came the shot heated in a forge, brought up to the gun in an iron bearer and rolled down the bore. Thus the dry wad prevented the charge being injured by the wet one, while the latter interposed an effective guard between the hot shot and the powder. During the Crimean War, whenever our ships approached batteries on shore the first intimation of a warm welcome was seeing the smoke of the furnaces in the forts for the heating of shot. The drawback of these projectiles in ship actions was the increased time in loading owing to the precautions mentioned.

Shells were now coming into use, but it was to be some years before their destructive effect against wooden ships was fully realised. Objections on the score of expense of these projectiles were also raised. A writer on naval gunnery in 1860 says: "The expense of shell equipment is enormous; a round of shell costs 17*s*. 4¾*d*.!" An armour-piercing projectile now for the 45-ton gun of the *Majestic* costs £60 alone.

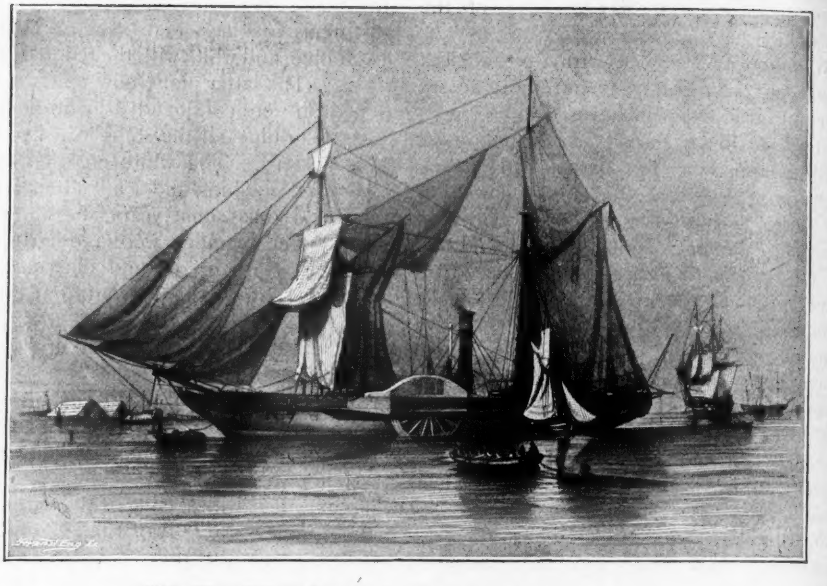
We associate flint locks with a very ancient period, but in the thirties our guns at sea were still fired by their means.

It was truly a period of stagnation as regards our navy. The nation had already begun to forget what the country owed to the fleet, and acquiesced in a policy of retrenchment which led to the expenditure on the effective service being reduced to three millions. Ships and men gradually diminished, and soon all that was left of a glorious past was an enormous officers' list. This was the outcome of the large fleet we had collected at the beginning of the century, and gives an indication of what we might want in the future. In 1837 we had 700 captains, 800 commanders, and 3000 lieutenants on the list. Our numbers now are 200 captains, 300 commanders, and 1100 lieutenants. Of those 3000 lieutenants in 1837 the most senior had been in that rank over fifty years, while 500 alone were made in the year 1815. The senior captain was of thirty years' standing. We had admirals, vice-admirals, and rear-admirals of the red, white, and blue, carrying their respective flags at the main, fore, and mizzen masts. These distinguishing flags were square; plain red, plain blue, and white with the red St. George's cross. The latter alone now remains. If a squadron were commanded by an admiral of the red or blue, all the ships in it flew red or blue ensigns. The white ensign was then only used in ships under an admiral of the white. It was some years afterwards when the admirals' grades were reduced to full, vice, and rear, the red and blue ensigns for the Royal Navy being given up at the same time.

At no period was the manning question more acute than during the period 1837 to 1857. We had practically abandoned impressment and had not provided a substitute. It is difficult, perhaps, now to contemplate a system which forcibly abducted men for service afloat with feelings otherwise than of abhorrence. But two things cannot be denied: that the press-gang enabled us to quickly man our ships when war broke out; and that it was not considered a great grievance by the individuals who were principally concerned. In the sad mutinies which disfigured our naval history at the end



H.M.S. "QUEEN" BEING TOWED OUT OF MALTA HARBOUR BY THE "VIRAGO"



H.M.S. STEAM FRIGATE "GORGON," TYPE OF PADDLE STEAMER OF 1840

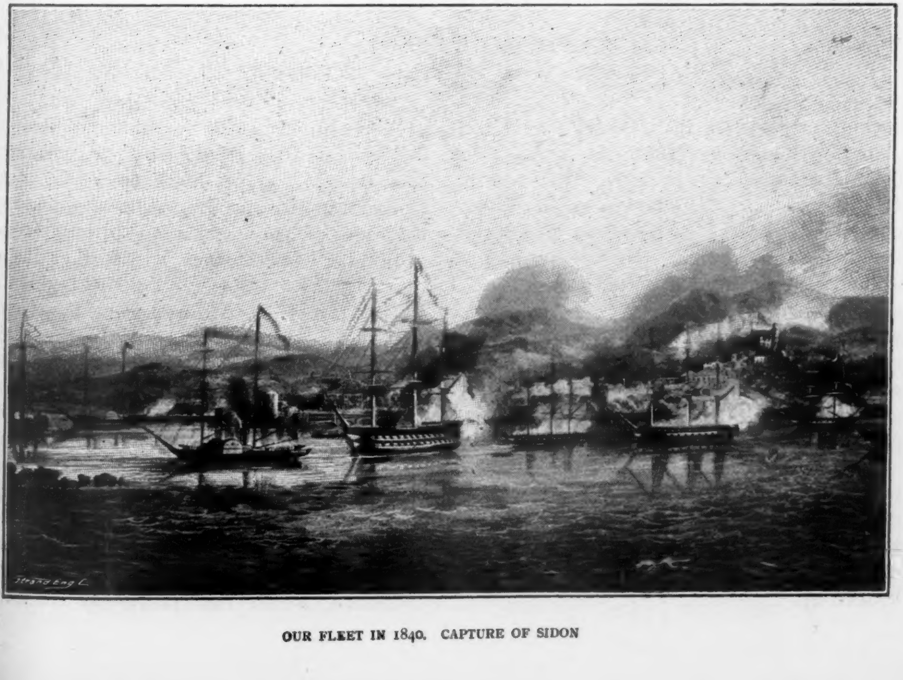
of the last century obtaining men by impressment was not brought forward by the mutineers as a prominent grievance. It practically fell into disuse by the progress of civilisation, and we then trusted to a voluntary system of enlistment, adding a bounty of £5 to £10 per man when an emergency arose. The result was that in ordinary times ships often took months to complete their crews. It depended much on the popularity or otherwise of the captain, and all sorts of devices were resorted to to get men on board. Giving a bounty did not much improve matters, for those who accepted it were often useless and deserted as soon as possible afterwards. When, therefore, the Russian War broke out, the bounty was not resorted to, and though a large fleet was collected for the Baltic in what was then considered an expeditious manner the crews were largely composed of landsmen, so that it was some time before the fleet was in an efficient state. The late Admiral Lord Clarence Paget was in November 1853 appointed to the *Princess Royal*, a two-decker of 91 guns. In his memoirs he says:

> There was a scarcity, almost an absence, of seamen. However, by touting and handbills of all sorts, we managed to enter an average of twenty to thirty a week, such as they were. Scarcely any of them had been in a man-of-war, and I kept parties of thirty and forty men at gun-drill all day long with a view to being ready to make a decent defence when we got into the Channel. Still we could not get men, men, men. I wrote and wrote to the Admiralty stating that if they did not assist me by placing two hundred coastguards on board I should be taken by the first Russian frigate we fell in with. This really alarmed their Lordships, and eventually they completed me with that number, many of whom are admirable, but, alas! some have since turned out to be worn out and very useless folk.

Such gives a good idea of manning in those days; and it was not until the beginning of March 1854 that we had managed to assemble a fleet for the Baltic. The war lasted for two years, which enabled us to form an efficient body of seamen. But when peace came, with a strange want of foresight large numbers were discharged and we were nearly as badly off as ever. Fortunately the manning question was then taken up in earnest and the present system of long service instituted, of which more later.

Previous to the operations in the Black Sea and Baltic, though shells had been introduced as part of the equipment of war-vessels, no opportunity had occurred of practically testing their efficiency against wooden ships. Hence a suggestion some years before by Colonel Paixhans in France—who was mainly instrumental in introducing shell-fire in the French navy—and by Sir Charles Napier of our navy to cut wooden ships down and put iron plates on the side, passed unheeded. But in 1853 and 1854 the great destructiveness of shells to vessels at that time was fully demonstrated. A Russian squadron annihilated a Turkish detachment of frigates at Sinope after a short action, a result chiefly due to the effect of shells. Again, when the allied fleets attacked the sea defences of Sebastopol on October 17, 1854, several ships were set on fire by shell and red-hot shot. These incidents led to the construction of some floating batteries in France, designed for the purpose of attacking fortifications, in which the side was covered with iron plates to a thickness of 4½ inches. They arrived in the Black Sea in time to take part in the attack on the Kimburn Fort, and the result fully justified their construction. The enemy's shot rebounded from their sides, while his shell burnt harmlessly outside. The French Admiral reported that everything might be expected from these formidable engines of war, and it became evident from that moment that wooden ships without such a protection were doomed.

The next step was to build regular seagoing ironclads, which these batteries were not. France again led the way. A fine steam two decker—the *Napoléon*—was cut down and her sides protected with 5-inch iron plates. Completed in 1859, and named *La Gloire*, she is historic as the first seagoing ironclad. We at first were not disposed to follow suit, and continued placidly building the old type which had served us so well for centuries, but aroused by public opinion, the Admiralty approved a design prepared by Mr. Isaac Watts and Mr. Scott Russell. This led to the construction of the *Warrior*. The boldness of her conception may be inferred from the fact that she was built entirely of iron—a material for this purpose rejected, as I have said, not many years previously. In order to carry the armour considered necessary, her construction was similar to that of a frigate with one gun-deck, but as compensation her guns were to be the heaviest then in use—68-pounders—and their number 38. On her side, secured to a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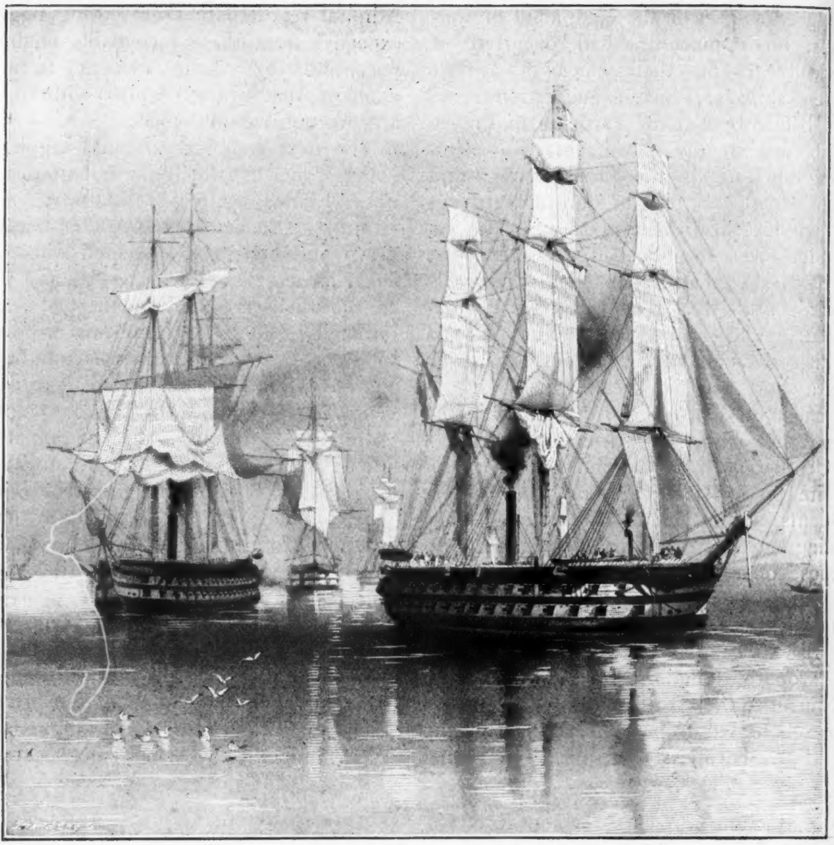
OUR FLEET IN 1840. CAPTURE OF SIDON

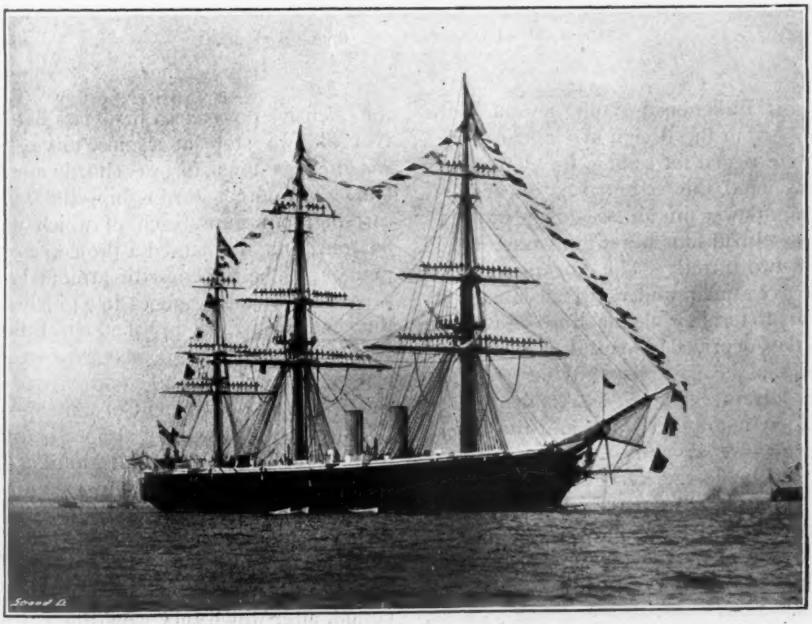


SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS, 1853

backing of wood 18 inches thick, were iron plates 4½ inches thick, forming a band, or belt, of armour for 215 feet of her length. It did not extend to bow and stern, but covered that portion of the main deck forming the gun battery. The weight of this armour and backing amounted to 1350 tons, so that when the ship was complete in 1861, with powerful machinery, her total weight came to 8900 tons—or nearly three times as great as that of the wooden line-of-battle ship she displaced. She combined with great fighting efficiency a graceful appearance, and outwardly did not appear dissimilar to the picturesque frigates of olden times. Her speed exceeded that of *La Gloire* by two knots, and being built of iron she remained effective long after her rival had been broken up.

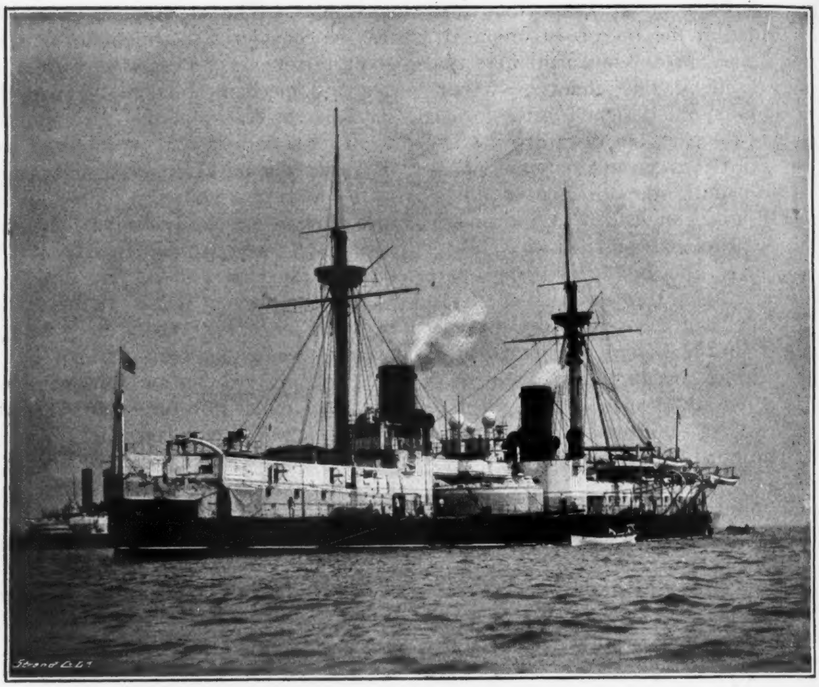
As an ironclad with the guns mounted on the broadside, the *Warrior* had many successors, the chief points of difference in them being an increase in the weight of guns and thickness of armour, leading to a reduction in number of the former and further limitation of the space covered by the latter, for we were averse then to increasing the size of the ship beyond 9500 tons. In the three excellent specimens of broadside ironclads, *Hercules*, *Alexandra*, and *Sultan*, built between 1867 and 1877, we find the thickness of armour increased from 4½ inches to 9 and 12 inches; while the guns had undergone no less striking changes in their construction as well as weight; for, having made such a notable advance in naval architecture, it was natural to expect some improvement in ordnance, which had previously consisted of cast-iron smooth-bore guns. Several inventors had been at work on the rifled cannon loaded at the breech, of whom Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth were the most successful in this country. About 1861 we adopted one designed by the former for supply to the fleet, but discarded it a few years afterwards on account of some minor defects. Retaining the principle of rifling, we reverted to a gun loaded at the muzzle with a steel barrel strengthened with coils of wrought-iron. The first constructed were of 6½ tons weight, throwing a shot of 110 pounds. Guns of this nature replaced the 68-pounders in the *Warrior*, being far more effective against armoured vessels. Their ability to penetrate 4½ inches of iron led to that increase of thickness of the plates I have mentioned, and a corresponding advance in the guns, until we were actually mounting on the broadside of our ships cannon weighing 20 tons.

The difficulty of advancing beyond this in such constructions caused us to give more attention to another type of vessel which had strenuous advocates, viz. the turret-ship; and of which we had already constructed two specimens. The late Captain Cowper Coles may be considered the originator of the sea-going turret-ship. Possessed of great inventive and mechanical talent, he had, during the Russian War, mounted a 32-pounder on a raft for service in shallow waters of the Sea of Azoff. The next step was to add protection in the form of a shield. Following up the idea after the war, and observing the arrangement was defective as regards ability to rapidly train the gun in any direction, he advocated placing it on a turntable, and revolving the whole apparatus by means of a winch To extend this system, by which a heavy gun or pair of guns were placed inside a circular iron turret, and revolved in the same way, convinced him this was the best method of arming ships of war; a great advantage being that the guns could fire on either side of the vessel. Two turret-ships were then built and armed on this principle, but having low sides and no masts, they were not considered suitable for foreign service. The Admiralty then designed and built a sea-going turret-ship, the ***Monarch***, while Messrs.



(From a photograph by G. West & Son, Southsea)

OUR FIRST SEA-GOING IRONCLADS, 1861. H.M.S. "BLACK PRINCE," SISTER SHIP TO THE "WARRIOR"



(From a photograph by G. West & Son, Southsea)

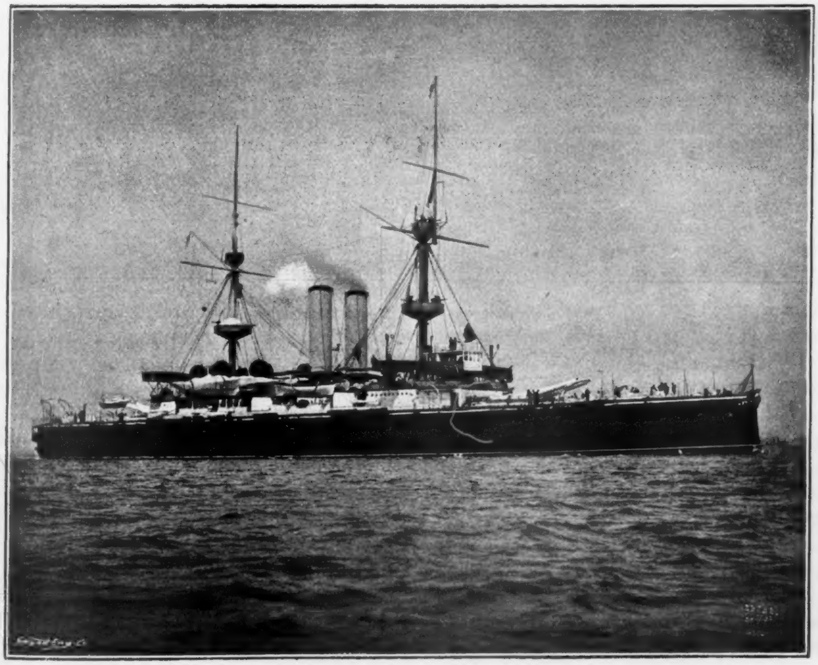
TURRET SHIP OF 11,800 TONS, 1880. H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE"

Laird of Birkenhead built another—the *Captain*—from the design of Captain Coles. Both were rigged for sailing, for at that time we considered this essential as an auxiliary to steam power in all sea-going warships. Each vessel had four heavy guns mounted in pairs in two turrets. The *Captain* capsized in a heavy squall under circumstances unnecessary to recall, while the *Monarch* remains to this day, deprived of her sails, but retaining her original heavy guns and turrets. The obvious advantages of the system determined us to apply it to other ships, and the *Devastation*, *Thunderer*, and *Dreadnought* were added to our fleet. Recognising that such constructions could not sail, masts were dispensed with, and additional security against a breakdown of the machinery was provided by giving twin screws and a double set of engines. Four guns, each weighing 35 tons, in two turrets, constituted the armament: thus in a few years we had passed from 120 guns to 38, and then to 4, as representing the offensive power of a first-class battleship. Nor did we stop at a piece of ordnance weighing 35 tons, for we shortly afterwards launched another turret-ship, the *Inflexible*, carrying four guns, each of which weighed 80 tons, and discharged a projectile of 1700 pounds. The thickness of armour had also progressed from 4½ inches to 24 inches. All this had been accomplished in little over twenty years, and it seemed as if we might expect some rest from continual change in the design and equipment of war-ships.

In respect to manning also we had passed from troublous to peaceful times. Seeing the disadvantage of retaining men for only a short time in the fleet, we had instituted a system of continuous service by which men engaged to serve for ten years could renew their engagement for another similar period, after which they would be entitled to a pension. At the same time we extended the entry and training of boys so as to form our main body of seamen from this source.

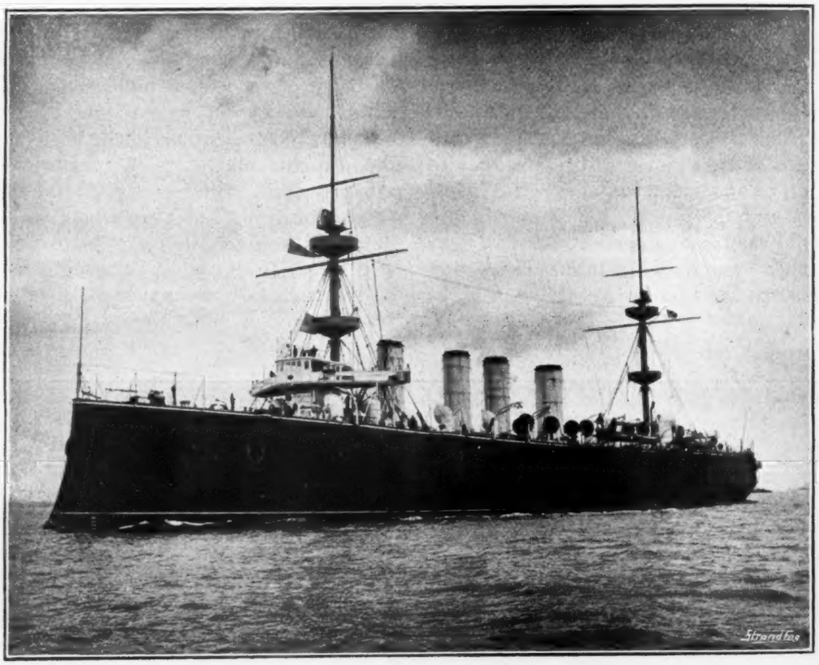
Such are the advantages and benefits now accorded by the naval profession that we have no difficulty in obtaining as many boys as we want, and by this means have now enrolled over 70,000 seamen, boys, and stokers, whereas in 1857 we had only 30,000. The one point upon which we have not hit upon a satisfactory solution is that of a reserve; for history shows that maritime war has its requirements in this respect as well as operations on land. At the beginning of this century, though our population was under 20,000,000, and our ocean commerce insignificant compared with its present dimensions, 120,000 seamen and marines were employed to maintain our maritime supremacy. I cannot, therefore, view with complacency an organisation which has not the means of expanding our present force to at least 150,000 men, who have had some experience of discipline, even if all are not trained to the same perfection.

Another system of mounting heavy ordnance afloat is that where the gun is *en barbette*. The barbette is a fixed turret over which the gun points and revolves on a turntable within. Not being so high as the turret, less weight is involved by the use of the barbette, though the protection to the gun afforded is not so complete. It had long been favoured in French war-ships before we adopted it, which we did in vessels succeeding the ***Inflexible***. A number of ironclads called the Admiral Class—from being named after distinguished admirals—had their heavy guns mounted ***en barbette***, while they were given some smaller pieces as an auxiliary armament. After the feverish advance, and a condition which limited the offensive power to four monster guns, it was natural to expect a reaction as regards number and weight. Having also been in the experimental stage as regards ships, armour, and ordnance for five-and-twenty years, the time arrived when we could definitely fix some standard for future construction. In our latest battleships we seem to have reached the first stage of finality, at



(From a photograph by G. West & Son, Southsea)

FIRST-CLASS BARBETTE BATTLESHIP OF 14,150 TONS, 1890. H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" any rate for some years to come. Five years ago we began those magnificent specimens of naval architecture, the *Majestic* Class, which seem to embody all that is requisite in a fighting-ship to-day. The progress of science gives us in her 45-ton guns a more powerful weapon than the 80-ton gun of the *Inflexible;* she has a number of smaller pieces infinitely superior to the first muzzle-loading rifled guns of the *Warrior* though of less weight; her armour is less than half the thickness of that which the *Inflexible* carried, but equally capable of keeping out the most destructive projectiles; and, lastly, her speed exceeds that of the *Inflexible* by nearly five knots. Space prevents me reviewing the progress of our cruisers. In the *Powerful* and *Terrible* we now have vessels assimilating to those wonderful Atlantic liners which traverse the ocean with the speed and punctuality of our train service on land. Much might be said of the various types of torpedo craft, for the torpedo is essentially a modern invention, but its adequate description would demand a volume. In the type of vessel with which this article has been mainly concerned is collected all the weapons of modern naval warfare. A million of money is here represented as compared with less than half that sum which produced the *Warrior.*



(From a photograph by G. West & Son, Southsea)

FIRST-CLASS CRUISER OF 14,000 TONS, 22 KNOTS, 1898. H.M.S. "TERRIBLE"

What testimony to the mechanical genius and progress of the human race is afforded by the contemplation of a first-class battleship in the present day! Take the machinery for propelling, directing, ventilating, lighting, serving the ordnance, charging the torpedoes, and doing many other things which formerly were performed laboriously by hand. Eighty different sets of engines compose the machinery—each set a speciality, perfected after many years of thought and experiment. Take our latest gun of 45 tons. A steel cylinder fortified by 100 miles of steel wire or tape, which enables the piece to withstand the explosion of 400 lbs. of gunpowder and impart all the power liberated in propelling the projectile with a force capable of sending it through 30 inches of iron! This, too, without undue strain upon the appliances which control its recoil. Witness a quick-firing gun worked from the shoulder like a fowling-piece, with a rapidity almost equal to that required to bring down a snipe in its tortuous flight. We have all probably admired the movement of a fish in its own element. Man has almost surpassed the original with its imitation in the Whitehead torpedo, which, travelling under water at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and maintaining a uniform depth, has teeth in the shape of a heavy charge of explosive. This, if brought in contact with the hull of the largest ironclad, would produce greater effect than the penetration above of the most powerful shell.

GOD'S COERCIONS

By T. C.

IN the East, when any man suffers dire misfortunes in long succession, his neighbours complacently say, "Kismet ki bhat"—it is the decree of Fate. Among Christians whose faith is real that explanation does not, of course, obtain. They seek to comfort and console the victim by dwelling upon the spiritual good resulting from sorrow. The soul benefits at the expense of the corporeal human; every treasure, whether the lives of dear ones or health or property taken away on earth, will be returned with accumulated interest in heaven. So to speak, losses are the premium paid for eternal life insurance, and the greater the amount the greater the eventual gain. It is God's way of fashioning mortals so that in due course they may become immortals. Most Christians believe this, of course, and their belief stands on adamantine foundations. Yet it may not be denied that, when blow after blow falls upon some sorely-stricken man, he sometimes feels doubt as to whether the Deity might not use some less cruel method of accomplishing His purposes. Said a victim to me the other day, "I cannot understand why I should be so terribly and unceasingly punished when others who have not led better lives rarely encounter sorrow or misfortune. I have endeavoured to do my duty both to God and to man, and although, being human, I may have failed, it almost seems to me that divine justice and mercy must be in abeyance." To such a man as this, blinking in the general darkness of, as he considers, undeserved misery, it is not of much profit to dwell upon the spiritual gain consequent upon the chastening process. Possibly he will point to his dear ones and say, "Why should these suffer for my eventual benefit?" The haggard wife beset by endless cares, the children shut off from full education, the endless pricks resulting from falling from prosperity to adversity, the feeling of despair when, in spite of griping economies, bankruptcy uplifts its terrifying face—these and other cruel pangs afflict the whole family; nor are there many fathers thus circumstanced who do not sometimes whisper to themselves, "Would that God looked less after my future bliss and more after the earthly happiness of my darlings!"

This revolt against the divine ordering of the universe seems to me largely founded on a wholly mistaken assumption. Looking back over my own long life and over those of others so far as I know them, the lesson they teach is that human suffering almost invariably receives compensation on earth as well as in heaven. God works out His inscrutable purposes in His own way. If gentle treatment suffices for human guidance, gentle treatment is accorded; but, when persuasion fails, coercion has to be employed. That has been my experience throughout life; looking back, I can now see, though I did not at the time, that driving was never resorted to until leading had failed.

For a time the methods are so gentle as

to be almost imperceptible; they amount to little more than suggestions that the hour has come for taking a new road. But should these hints remain unattended to or be wilfully ignored, persuasion gives place to compulsion until the ordained goal is reached. To illustrate my meaning more clearly I will relate what happened to a dear friend of mine; I had it from his own lips.

Quite a pet of his regiment was Captain Fairfax. Good-looking, light-hearted, debonair, bright-witted, and an adept at all manly sports, he was universally liked and spoiled. Possibly this popularity turned his head; at all events, he gradually drifted away from all the serious things of life, and wasted on frivolities talents meant for higher employment. The first hint he received from God—but he did not so recognise it—came in the form of an engagement to a young lady richly endowed with spirituality, though not with earthly riches. Fairfax loved her well, and there was no reason for postponing their marriage except that he could not make up his mind to cut loose from his pleasant bachelor habits. Just then, too, he came into some money by the death of a relative, and was thus relieved from any fear of monetary embarrassment resulting from marriage; this was another divine admonition. But with increased means his pleasure-loving temperament found the old happy-go-lucky existence more enjoyable than ever. Yet all the time weariness with his objectless existence was creeping over him, and he became dimly conscious of the divine finger pointing to another and better road than that which he was treading.

Persuasion having proved unavailing, compulsion gradually took its place. Owing to painful circumstances, which need not be entered into, but which mainly resulted from defiant discontent, Fairfax had to retire from the army and carve out another profession for himself. Then, at last, he yielded so far to the divine force as to marry the good woman who had lovingly clung to him through all his waywardness, and for a time both were supremely happy. But he could not, or rather would not, buckle to at supplementing their narrow means by seeking employment. On the contrary, he airily determined to lead an absolutely idle life in the country, where he soon became as popular as he had been in his old regiment, and with much the same results. Then came a hard knock, and yet another; money ran short just then; the birth of a baby increased the expenditure. What was to be done? A military friend of his had boasted in his hearing of having made "a hatful of money" by Stock Exchange speculation. Why not try his hand at that game? He knew the elements; it was just the same, he considered, as betting on races, except that you backed stocks instead of racehorses.

His first experiments were of a tentative character and for very small stakes, but when these efforts, being lucky, relieved the monetary stress of the family, he embarked more and more largely, and continuously increased his domestic expenditure. "Such a pleasant way of making one's fortune!" he said one day to his wife; "you can hardly call it work." But it was work, and very cruel work too, when luck changed; all the previous gains quickly melted away, and the stockbroker who had carried out Fairfax's mad gambles informed him that his account was closed, with a considerable debit balance which would swallow up nearly all he possessed in the world. There was an end of the idle life in the country; God was driving hard at last.

Settled in London lodgings, Fairfax sought vainly for remunerative work. By this time he was so humbled as to be willing to turn his hand to almost anything of an honest sort, but every avenue appeared to be closed against the unfortunate man. I will drop a veil over that miserable time and its searching cares. Suffice it that, but for a timely legacy of a few hundred pounds, the family would have had only to choose between starvation and the workhouse. When the good news arrived, there were only a few sovereigns in hand, and not the least likelihood of this meagre supply being augmented. But the poor family were not yet out of their troubles; legal worries arose in connection with a collapsed limited liability company of which Fairfax had been a director, nor did he escape clear without considerable depletion of the legacy. Another infant arrived, too, just when the family's fortunes were at the lowest, and that addition rendered it all the harder for Mrs. Fairfax to economise in household expenditure. Happily there was one white ray amid this prevailing gloom; husband and wife were drawn together much more closely than in happier times, each encouraging the other to fight the battle out bravely, and both turning to God to help them in their sore distress.

His help was not withheld; the fashioning process had done its work, and the plastic tool was now fit for God's purposes. Work came little by little; almost forgotten friends proved that they were friends in need; after a snap and a snarl the wolf left the threshold. Then a tiny house was taken and furnished. "The time has come, dear," said Fairfax one day to his now happy little wife, "for me to insure my life;" in fine, the rough breakers of adversity lay behind and the calm waters of moderate prosperity stretched out ahead. Then, at last, Fairfax clearly and fully recognised that God had not been acting angrily or cruelly, but with all the loving-kindness of a father who leads a child to happiness which it cannot see—happiness in this world, I mean. My dear old friend has often assured me that he has found infinitely more enjoyment in his hard-working life than he ever did when, restless and discontented, he followed pleasure because it seemed to be the only thing worth following. "The most miserable time I ever passed," he said to me the other day, "was when I went in for lotus-eating down in the country. When I look back on that experiment in idleness I always feel that God was infinitely good in making me fit for higher and truer enjoyment than, if left to myself, I should have ever tasted. And should fresh misfortunes happen I shall endeavour to regard them as a necessary preface to still greater happiness."

Here, then, we have a case—it is absolutely true in every detail—of a human being divinely conducted, first by persuasion, then by compulsion, from an empty life, which had already begun to be unsatisfying, and even bitter, to a full measure of contentment. Can it be denied, then, that this change, rough as were the processes by which it was produced, compensated Fairfax for all the trials he went through? Putting aside his spiritual re-birth, and the fashioning of his soul for immortality, my dear old friend has received rich rewards on earth. I know no happier or more contented man; I know no family whose members are more free from anxious cares. The fashioning of the father and mother has descended on the children, and as Fairfax looks upon them, so blithe, so loving, so full of promise, he lifts his eyes to heaven and murmurs, "Thank God for having put me through the fire!"

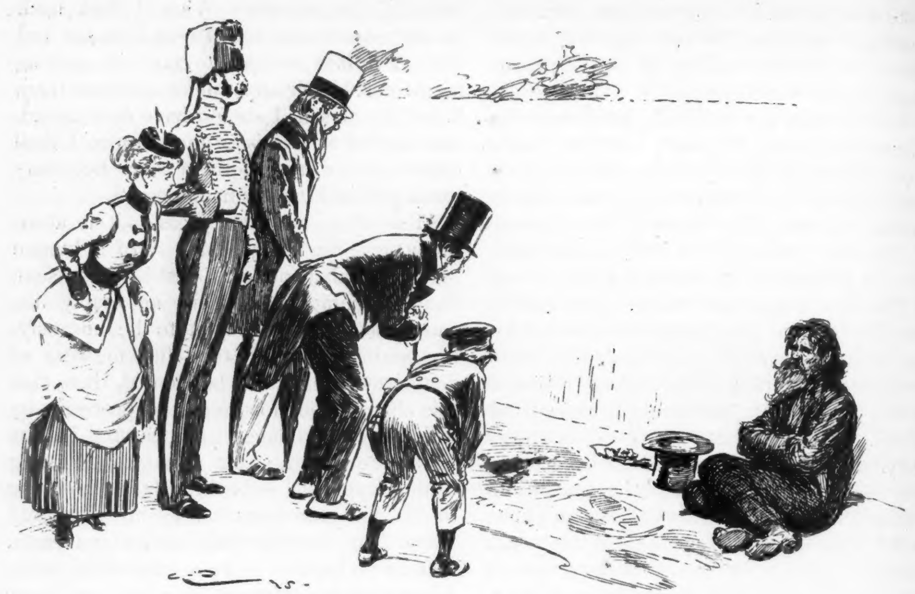
ART ON THE PAVEMENT

By J. DEANE HILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

THE world-worn, squalid-looking men who may be seen in all parts of London, working on the pavement with their dirty bundle of chalks, and bits of leather, are unconsciously practising art in its primeval form. The earliest satirist and the earliest idealist both used this medium. The first artist born into the world probably made an ugly drawing of his enemy, or attempted a crude likeness of his lady-love with a piece of charcoal or red chalk upon a smooth stone. Thousands of village Raphaels in past ages have made their evanescent sketches thus, and sunk into oblivion without ever smelling paint or handling a mahl-stick. The boy Giotto might have scratched his rude designs with perfect satisfaction to himself, and died a simple shepherd, had not Cimabue chanced to see him at work in the fields of Vespignano. Others as gifted as he, but to whom Fate sent no Cimabue, may have lived, and dreamed, and died unknown.

At present, however, we are only concerned with the moderns, the artists of the London streets. The man who made the first drawing in coloured chalks on the pavement, with a view to awakening the pity of the crowd, must have been an original genius. Perhaps he was a broken-down,



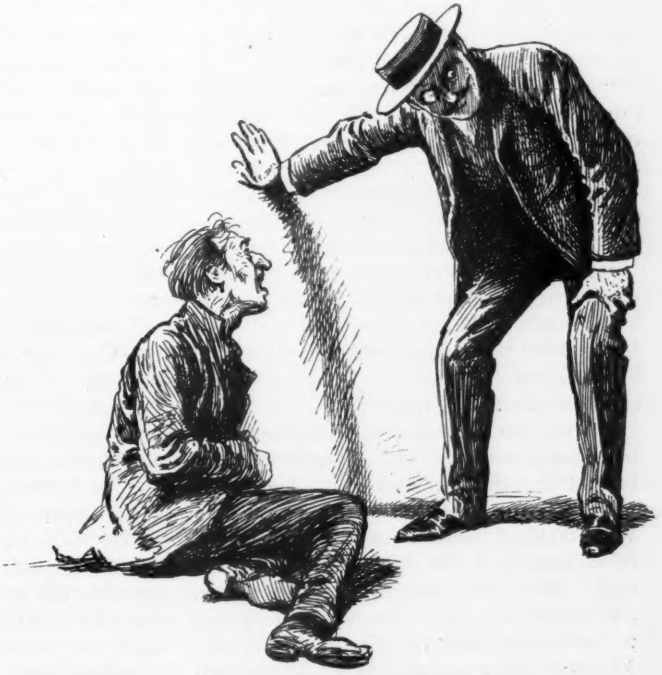
"The man who made the first drawing must have been an original genius"

improvident artist of convivial habits, like the father of Miss Rebecca Sharp. I can picture the man mentally, and wish that Thackeray could have taken his portrait; how sympathetically he would have done it! Whosoever he was, he founded a profession which has fed and clothed many a miserable human wreck. Imitators sprang up by the score, and the tradition of "the poor artist," still survives. In what year the first chalk drawing was made on the London flags, I have been unable to discover. History is silent on the subject. Oral tradition is dumb. The artists are a short-lived race, and can tell us nothing of the pioneers of the profession; the question did not appear to interest them. We may, however, fix the period of the naissance approximately. In Henry Mayhew's exhaustive work, "London Labour and London Poor," which was issued in 1851, no mention is made of these *al fresco* draughtsmen. Mr. Mayhew knew every phase of London life so intimately, and did his work with such thoroughness, that it may be safely assumed the pavement artist did not commence work until after the Great Exhibition. Turning to the interesting chapter on "Street Art" we find that he only deals with the men who painted "show-boards" for the "patterers," or purveyors of "gallows literature." The pictures were painted in water-colours, and were protected from the rain by a solution of gum-resin. The popular subjects in those days were the Sloanes and the Mannings. That race of artists is gone. The "patterer" is dead, too. We have no "gallows literature." "Last dying speeches and confessions" would find no sale, for all the desired particulars are in the half-penny papers. Public taste is perhaps more elevated now. The modern street-artist is moral and improving, he deals in patriotism and pathos, and is not without aspirations towards the beautiful. Portraits of murderers and illustrations of their deeds are happily not in vogue.

It must have been between the years 1851 and 1860 that the "artist" came upon the town. In "Somebody's Luggage," published in 1862, Charles Dickens speaks of him as a common object on the pavement. In the chapter headed, "His Brown Paper Parcel," the artist, who tells his own story, relates how he acted in the capacity of "ghost." He went round at an early hour and did the pictures, then let out the "pitches" to other men, who took the credit and the coppers. The artist was in bondage to men of ruder nature and keener commercial instinct: it is often thus. Whether such a state of things really existed six and thirty years ago, or whether it was merely the novelist's fancy, I am unable to say. It is not so now, the artists themselves take the responsibility of their own work—one can watch them in the agonies of production. I feel sure there are no "ghosts" in the profession at the present time.

The artists as a class are rich in character, and are worthy of a fuller treatment than we can give them here. They are men of many experiments. They have all tried other callings, and failed. They have trodden the bye-paths of life, gathering dirt and experience, and come to this at last, as other unfortunates become supers, artist's models, or sandwich-men. They all bear the marks of sorrow, adventure, and hard strife. Could we induce them to speak the plain truth, how many strange, perhaps tragic, life histories would be revealed! Among the many I have spoken with, not one kept up the pretence of being a "poor artist," not one showed any trace of education or past refinement. There is no truth in the gibe that the profession is crowded with old time drawing masters, who used to fill young ladies' drawing-books with sketches to be shown to admiring parents as the pupils' own work, the men who were driven out into the cold world with their boxes of dry colours and their ruined castles on the Rhine, when South Kensington made them impossible. No, indeed, the pavement-artists come from a much lower grade. As a class they are reticent, and furnish information reluctantly. They preserve an air of mystery, an attitude of aloofness. The pictures finished, the artist crouches down on the flags, and assumes a pose of patient, pathetic suffering, which it seems cruel to disturb. He has fought his fight, and been beaten. The Royal Academy has rejected him; the picture dealers, blind to their best interests, have proved obdurate. He has come down to this. He invites contributions as much by his forlorn, broken-hearted appearance, or by some physical deformity, if he be unhappily stricken in that way, as by the dexterity of his drawing. He is manifestly crushed, the sport of destiny, the child of misfortune.

Pavement Art of to-day is decadent. It aims higher and achieves less than it did twenty years ago. The older artists restricted themselves almost exclusively to still life. The favourite subjects were the guttering tallow candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, the pork chop, the red, red rasher, the head and shoulders of a salmon, the plump herring on a willow-pattern plate. These homely and familiar subjects were treated in an eminently realistic manner, executed with ruthless fidelity; and by constant practice a fair degree of skill was developed. The public could appreciate Art of this kind without any mental strain, and expressed their admiration in bronze coin.



"Became cheerfully loquacious at once"

The artists now soar to loftier heights. We have glowing red-ochre sunsets, smiling landscapes, flooded with "the light that never was, on sea or land," gallant ships, riding out wild tempests, the jagged lightning playing about the masts, peaceful rustic cottages, surrounded by fields of yellow-ochre corn, and even figures—mostly military—of deplorable deformity.

One blazing August afternoon, I happened upon an elderly practitioner in the Euston Road. He had executed eight pictures, and surrounded his work with a complicated design in white chalk. He was bronzed, grizzled, and very dirty, and his eyes had a weary, boiled look. He was quite approachable, however, and became cheerfully loquacious at once; but as he was seated on the pavement, and I was standing up, and the noise of traffic being obtrusive, conversation was carried on under difficulties. How long did it take him to do these remarkably clever pictures?

"Hours," he said, aspirating the "h" strongly.

I thought there might be a professor of Pavement Art in London who took pupils, and if such a one existed, his academy would be well worth a visit; but experience, it appears, is the only school, the Art is not to be acquired under any master.

"No one taught me," said the artist proudly, "I learned myself; but it took time *and* patience. I've been at it over fifteen year."

"Could any one learn?—with patience, of course."

He shook his head decisively.

"No, you must 'ave it in yer, or else yer won't never be no good at it. Must 'ave the 'ead for it."

"Natural talent, improved by practice."

"Ah, you've got it."

"Was it a good living?"

"Well, you see 'tis a bad time now—so many people out of town. 'Taint much good now at any time; it's overdone like everything else. Many at it? I believe you. Why, taking London all over, there must be three 'undred of 'em. It's a 'ard life at the best. Here you are tied, so to speak. Can't leave the place for a minute. 'Bliged to 'ave a mate, and we relieve one another. My mate, mind you, can do 'em as well as I can. Turn your back for 'alf a minute, and these 'ere mischievous boys come and play old 'arry with the pictures. No, I don't stop in one place, yesterday I was over at 'ammersmith. I don't do the same pictures over again, I do fresh ones—got any amount in my 'ead. People likes a variety, and I gives it to 'em. Yes, this dry weather's all right; but the public don't part quite so free when it's fine. You see the climate's rough on us, a shower of rain comes on, and there we are, queered; all the work wasted! And then at night, I tell you it fair goes to my 'eart to rub some of the pictures out."

"Why not do the drawings on boards and take them away with you?"

"No, no, it don't pay. I've tried it. The public likes to 'ave plenty of work for their money. A man with boards don't interest nobody. Who knows if he dror'd the pictures hisself? Besides I gets the best paying crowd while I'm at work."

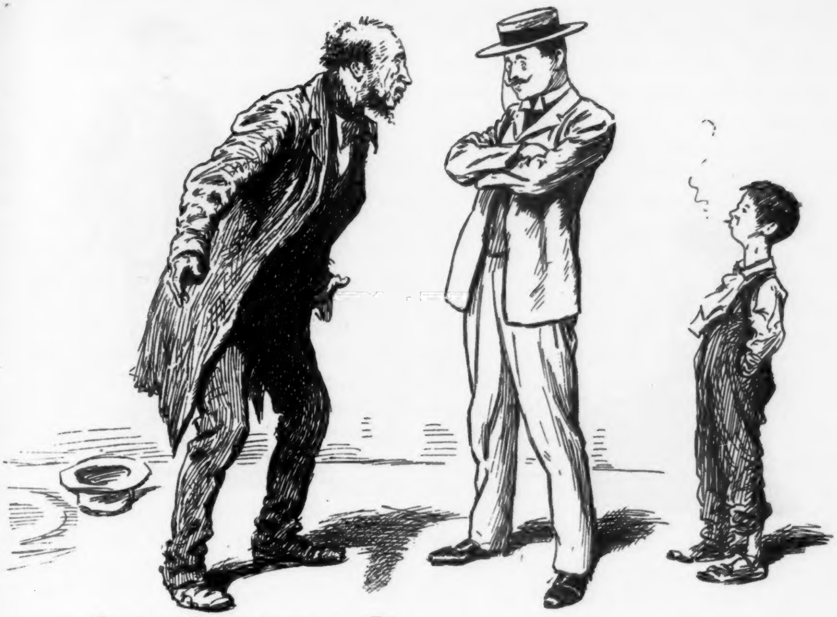
"How much can you make in a day?"

This was a delicate question. It is not an easy matter to obtain accurate information as to income even from the occupiers of villa residences. The artist was but human, he was not ready with figures.

"Sometimes more, sometimes less," he said vaguely. "You'd be surprised at the number of people as will come and look, and then walk off without giving nothing. They think I do these drorings out of charity. Now, I'll tell you a joke: the other day a lady gave me—what *do* you think?—a farthing!" He paused, as though expecting a strong expression of amazement or incredulity. "Oh, I took it," he said, with a laugh of tolerance, "but don't you think as she ought to be ashamed of 'erself?"

I asked him if he would not do better in the East End among the working men. I thought of Goldsmith tramping through Europe with his old Ballymahon flute, and how he found his most generous patrons among the poor. When he attempted to play for people of fashion they thought his performance odious, and never gave him even a trifle. But the artist took up quite an unexpected attitude. "Working-men," he said, with savage irony, "yes, they'll give me a lot. All they think about is getting some one to stand 'em a pot of four ale."

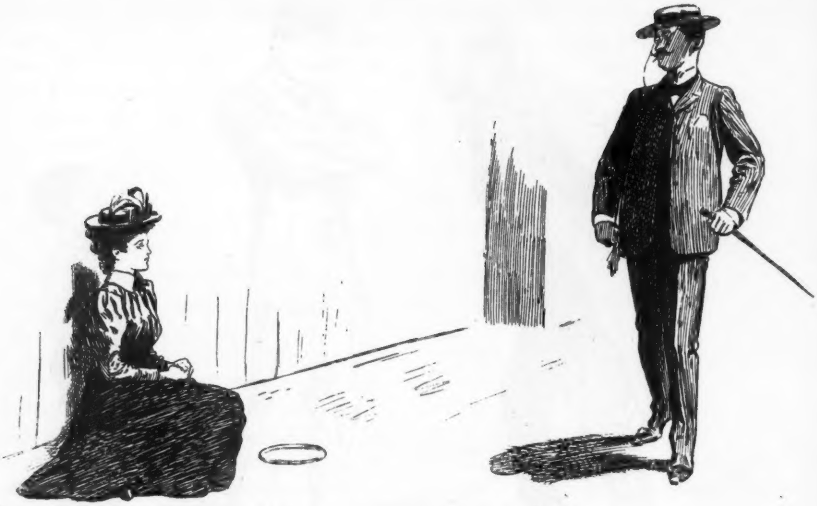
Appearances are delusive. A dirty face and corduroys are not always the outward



" 'They can't dror' "

signs of democratic principles. This Giotto of the gutter looked upon the working-classes with contempt, and stood up for aristocratic patronage. In taking leave of this interesting personality, I must in justice say that his work was, of its kind, good. The peaceful water-mills and cottages, and rolling waves were all "out of his own 'ead," yet they showed powers of observation, and cultivation of the "inner eye." His memory was stored with recollections of sun-lit seas, and cool forest glades, which he must have looked at lovingly once. There was a pathos in the very distortions of nature he produced. His pictures were libellous, but like some fiction they were founded on fact. A black and white drawing of a water-fall in a dense forest was his best work. He admitted its superiority, but said sadly, "You see the public will 'ave colour, and bright colour at that."

The standard of work degenerated the further east I went. Figure subjects predominated, done in a style for which barbarous is the only descriptive word. It was art at its lowest; below even the slate and pencil attempts of idle boyhood. Still there was a living to be made at it among the sympathetic working people whom the Euston Road artist so despised. I spoke to one man who was flicking the dust off his finished work with a black rag. He was a tall, raw-boned, ferocious-looking fellow, with a baleful eye. He stood up straight to answer, the pitiless August sun beating down upon his bare shock-head and grimy face. It was in a busy thoroughfare of the "Great Thirst Land," the arid, waterless East-end. The foul dust whirled in clouds about the road. The cry of "Wor-ter, wor-ter," was heard faintly above the din of wheels, as the relief-carts came along followed by thirsty crowds. It might have been in Seville, or Cairo. The dour artist regarded me suspiciously, till mollified by praise and coin. The frightful heat had sent up his moral temperature. He was labouring under a sense of cruel wrong, and relieved his mind in furious words. His manner reminded me of Gridley, the man from Shropshire. "There's nothing in it now," he said through his half-closed teeth. "I ought to know. I've been at it ten years." Oh, the pity of it! Ten years



"The only lady pavement-artist"

of daily practice, and his drawing of a pineapple looked like an oval piece of linoleum!

"Oh, yes. I soon learned it," he said, "always was reckoned clever with my 'ands when I was in the army. How did I learn? Why, by putting up a good engraving in front of me, and copying of it. But it's a rotten bad trade—too many at it. I started over at that there corner ten years ago. I was by myself then, and now there's five of 'em about. The worst of it is, there's too many of these impostors encouraged—them men with the boards. They didn't ought to be allowed, the lor ought to stop 'em." Here was professional jealousy at its hottest. He denounced "the man with boards" with an energy and passion that left him perspiring and weak. "They can't dror," he said, with withering contempt. "They gets the pictures out of the illustrated papers, and traces of 'em. Why, a child could do it. You must 'ave seen 'em, all old friends—the Deserter, that one with the 'andcuffs on, you can see it in any band of 'ope. Oh, it's disgustin'. The public oughtn't to encourage 'em. A set of impostors, that's what they are. Put 'em down to a bit of real work with chalks on the pavement, and where are they? Why, nowhere. If I couldn't do better, I'd go and jump in the cut. The trade's fair spoiled, there's nothing to be made at it now. The other day I only took tenpence in a whole afternoon."

In spite of this ex-soldier's pessimistic view, there are worse trades in London than his. If tenpence in an afternoon was a record for dearth, a good day would probably yield half-a-crown or more, and this in the East-end, remember. This would be considered affluence by tens of thousands in the poorest districts. But, of course, a man must "'ave it in 'im."

Still further east, to where tall masts are outlined against the sky, and sailors of all nations pass along the crowded streets. No landscapes here, but dramatic scenes of love and war, and appeals to the affections. One artist had bravely attempted a picture of the recent terrible disaster at Blackwall. Men, women, children, hats and umbrellas were all tossed together chaotically in a wild smother of foaming water. The picture had been a great draw at the time, and apparently bears repetition. Another artist, a one-legged sailor, had depicted a whale upsetting a couple of boats. The man professed to have lost his leg in some accident on board a whaler. The whale in the picture was sending up two streams of white water to a height of quite a hundred feet. I asked what the whale was spouting up.

"That, sir," said the ancient mariner, "is 'ot air and mokus."

"The whale's mucous membrane must have been wonderfully active."

"Aye, it was, sir, and no mistake," he said gravely.

After many conversations with these men, I found them unanimous upon certain points. They all complained of the high price of the chalks—the art dealers do not, it appears, allow them the usual professional discount; and all angrily resented the rivalry of the "boardmen." These innovators are unquestionably an inferior race, their work compares very unfavourably with that of the pavement-artists. When they work in oils they use the material in such lavish quantities that the paintings resemble bas-reliefs.

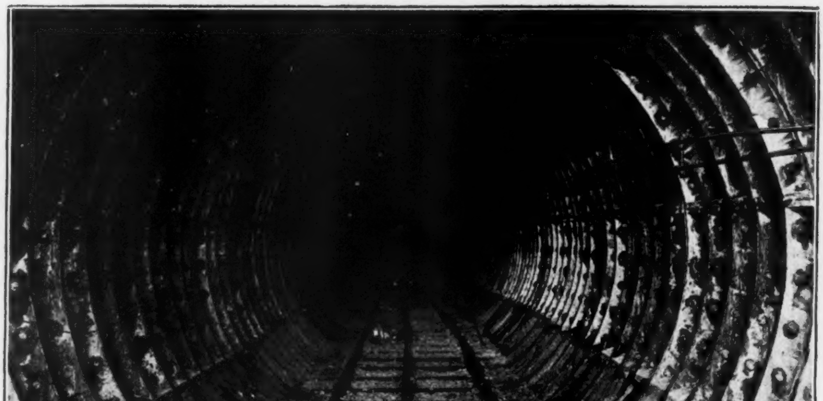
One is struck with the utter lack of humour in all the designs of the street-artists, which is strange considering the quick humorous appreciation and ready wit of the lower orders in London. The only approach to anything comic I saw on the flags was a drawing of an old man toasting a herring at the flare of a tallow candle, stuck in a ginger-beer bottle. This was labelled "Hard Times." I came across this design several times. Even these humble artists are not exempt from plagiarism; publication on the pavement carries no copyright. The Art is at its best in landscape, at its weakest in portraiture. In the latter department, the Queen, Lord Wolseley, and Mr. Gladstone are the most frequent victims; but a reference to the title is generally necessary for identification. The popular mottoes are "Many can help one." "Isn't it worth a trifle?" "I do this to support my family." "I am entirely self-taught." The profession is not free from the encroachment of women. In a busy street in Hackney I saw a neatly dressed girl doing Greek landscapes, and piles of mackerel in a way that left her male rivals hopelessly behind. She described herself in fine, vigorous chalk writing as "the only lady pavement-artist." She received money in a little Japanese tray, and acknowledged each contribution with a stately bend. There was evidently some romantic story here; but in this instance questions would have been impertinent; it was a case for a lady-journalist. There is professional pride and emulation among the men, and I really believe they try to do their best. The street-artist is a hybrid creature, half artist, half mendicant. His best season is probably the winter, for many people will give from motives of pity, seeing him standing so patiently in the bitter weather. He is always thinly clad, and shivers dramatically. But *per contra* must be reckoned the frequent interruptions of rain and snow, and the cost of candles in the long dark evenings. I have seen one deft worker with a row of paraffin lamps arranged like footlights to illuminate his pictures.

It is told of the late George du Maurier that he was once so moved with compassion at the miserable appearance of one of these men that he told him to go and get some hot soup, promising to look after the "pitch" in the meantime. As soon as the man was gone, Du Maurier rubbed out the conventional landscape and the soldiers and sailors, and drew a set of society pictures in white chalk. The money came in at a great rate, and when the man returned he had nearly a hat-ful to receive. He was grateful, but his professional pride was touched. "It's all very well," he said, "but you don't call this kind of thing Art, do you?" And with a filthy rag he obliterated the masterly drawings in line. If the story is not literally true, there is truth in it, both as regards Mr. du Maurier's kindness of heart, and the pavement-artist's point of view.

THE GLASGOW UNDERGROUND CABLE RAILWAY

By P. F. Slater

DURING the past half-century the population of Glasgow and its immediate suburbs, which now numbers little if any less than a million, has grown more rapidly than that of any other city in Europe. This increase, which has been made literally by leaps and bounds, has necessitated a corresponding growth of travelling facilities, and both public and private enterprise have been



(From a photograph by A. Home Morton)

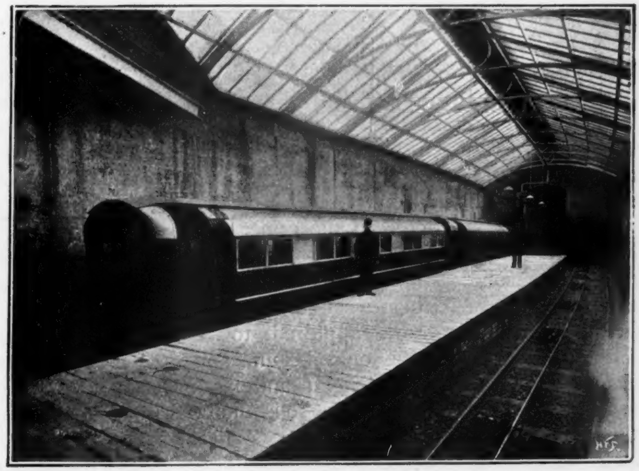
SECTION OF IRON TUNNELLING

strained to meet the requirements. Thirty years ago railways for purely local traffic were not thought of, tramways were still a dream of the future, and the average citizen had no better means of getting about within the municipal boundaries than a very uncertain service of shaky omnibuses, which, rattling over the stone-paved streets, did not attain to a very high ideal either of comfort or of utility. Now, the tramway service, under the control of a very enterprising corporation, covers some forty miles of street and, still rapidly extending, is stretching itself out toward the neighbouring burghs of Paisley and Rutherglen; sixty miles of railway, with eighty stations, have been laid down for the convenience of local travellers, including the two "undergrounds," which, with their connections, put a double girdle round the northern half of the city; while the river itself has been converted into an important, albeit somewhat malodorous, highway, by the little fleet of steam *Cluthas*, the property of the Clyde Trust, which constantly plies over three miles ot its length.

But by far the most interesting mode of locomotion offered to the travelling public is the Subway, an underground cable railway which, starting from St. Enoch Square in the heart of the city, describes a wide sweep round the north and west, and, passing under the river at Govan, circles the whole western half of the municipal area. This big task was accomplished after nearly six years of underground burrowing, and in December 1896 the line was opened for traffic; but so great was the immediate rush of would-be passengers that the working of the line became impracticable, and the directors were compelled to close their doors for five weeks, pending more adequate arrangements for dealing with the deluge of business that threatened to overwhelm them. Since then the traffic has, of course, settled down to more manageable proportions; but as there is a steady stream of passengers totalling up to over ten millions yearly, the promoters of the work have reason to be very well satisfied with the results of their enterprise, and are already looking forward to the time when the system may be extended so as to embrace the entire city area.

When the idea of an underground tramway was first mooted in 1887, it met with strenuous opposition from the railway companies and other interested parties, and it was not till 1890, and after three successive bills had been presented to Parliament, that the necessary powers were obtained and the work was actually begun. The first stage of the operations was, however, preceded by an initial expenditure of £400,000, all the private property under which the line was to be carried having to be purchased outright before a single spadeful of soil could be excavated. The corporation alone, recognising the immense value of the scheme, granted free way leave at those parts where the line passes below the streets or open squares of the city. After the first expenditure on the purchase of property, considerably over another million had to be laid out on construction before the undertaking was completed, making the total cost about £1,600,000.

The original plan was a very ingenious one, and, as it was passed by the House of Lords, under the advice of expert engineers, it may be supposed that it was feasible. It was to lay the up and down lines practically on the same ground, with centres three inches apart and the two lines overlapping; crossings were to be provided at the stations, and such regulations adopted as would have obviated, or reduced to a minimum, the chances of collision. As it is now constructed, however, the double line, an outer and inner circle, is laid in two endless cylindrical tubes of eleven feet diameter, placed side by side and merging at the stations into a single arch, with an island platform between the lines.



(From a photograph by A. Home Morton)

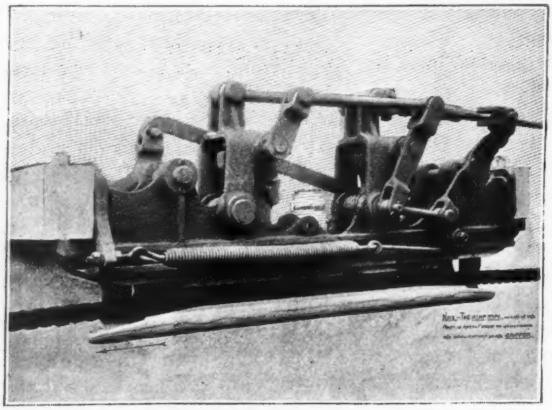
COPLAND ROAD STATION

The tunnels lie at an average depth of twenty-nine feet, sinking to one hundred and fifteen feet where they pass under the rising ground on the north-west of the city. Fortunately for the comfort of passengers there is no station at the deepest part; but even an ascent, such as that at Buchanan Street, of eighty or ninety steps from the bowels of the earth to the upper air is sufficiently trying on a hot July day. There is compensation, however, for this long climb, in the delicious coolness which greets the traveller as he descends, from the glare of the sun and the stifling dust of the street, into the regions below.

Perhaps the most interesting point in the whole stretch of 11,527 yards is where the line, emerging from St. Enoch Square, passes under the busy thoroughfare of Argyle Street, the chief artery of the city. Here the Subway is the third storey underground, or, if the roadway and the overhead railway bridge be taken into account, the fifth line of traffic of one kind or another. First comes the street, crossed at a few yards' distance by the Caledonian Railway bridge; then, immediately below, are a six-feet sewer and the water and gas mains; under this again runs the Caledonian Underground; and deep down below all lies the Subway which a disciple of Mr. Ruskin might call the uttermost hell, notwithstanding the electric lights and ventilating fans.

The tunnelling was, of course, the chief part of the work of construction, and, when this was begun, all the usual difficulties of such an undertaking had to be encountered, with the addition that the greater part of the work had to be done without disturbing the buildings or roadway overhead. Thus, except where wide open spaces occurred—and these are not numerous in the heart of a city—the only practicable method was a mole-like burrowing, much of which had to be carried on under high air pressure on account of the presence of water in the surrounding soil. Even where it was practicable to work from above, the necessity of closing the trench as speedily as possible obliged the contractors to dig only to the depth of the upper side of the tunnel, and then, after building the arch on the solid earth, to fill in the excavation immediately. Thus, when to the man in the street the work appeared to be finished, it was really only begun, and there still remained the difficult and laborious task of excavating the soil under the arch, and building the invert. Wherever water was present, iron cylinders were substituted for brick or cement, metal shields armed with steel cutting edges being driven into the soil by hydraulic power, and the cylinders built up inside of these.

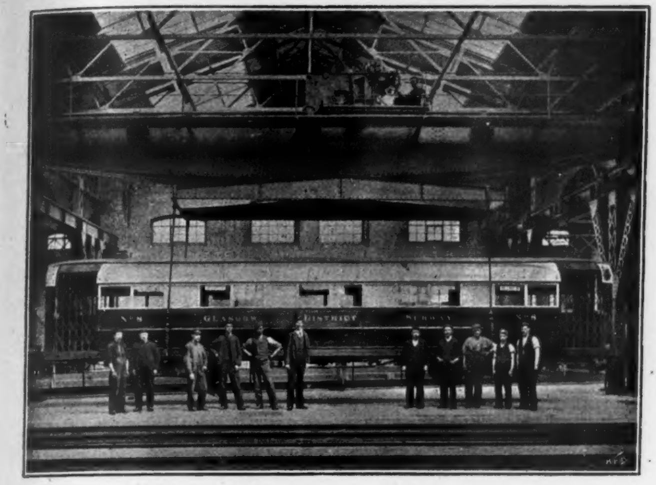
The greatest difficulty was encountered at the eastern river crossing, where, all unknown to the citizens, who, in tens of thousands, crossed the Glasgow Bridge every day within a few yards of the spot, a really great feat of engineering had to be performed. At this part, a much higher air pressure than usual was needed to counteract the constant flow of water from above, and, as only a thin layer of soft earth supervened between the roof of the tunnel and the river overhead, the problem to be solved was sufficiently perplexing. In effect, in spite of every precaution, the result of the increased pressure against a comparatively slight resistance was that, before eighty feet of the crossing had been accomplished, the bed of the river had been blown up ten times. On the last occasion, the whole timbering of the workings was thrown up into the stream and floated away, leaving a hole twenty four feet in diameter and sixteen feet deep, which had somehow to be pumped dry before the work could go on. This final disaster was too much for the patience of the contractor, already tried to breaking point by nine previous bursts, and he retired in disgust, leaving the task to be finished by other hands. There were other awkward moments that must have brought the heart of the engineer in charge to his mouth. At one part, a disused and long-forgotten quarry, filled up and built over generations ago, was suddenly tapped, and the tunnels were almost instantly flooded over a quarter of a mile of their length. Then the bed of a dried-up stream was run into, and, as the sludge deposit was forced into the open mouth of the tunnel, the street overhead collapsed and swallowed a tramcar alive!



(From a photograph by A. Home Morton)

THE GRIPPER

In such an underground system drainage is, of course, a matter of the first importance; but, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, the tunnels have been so carefully built that very little water enters them at any part. The little there is, is easily pumped up at the stations into the sewers

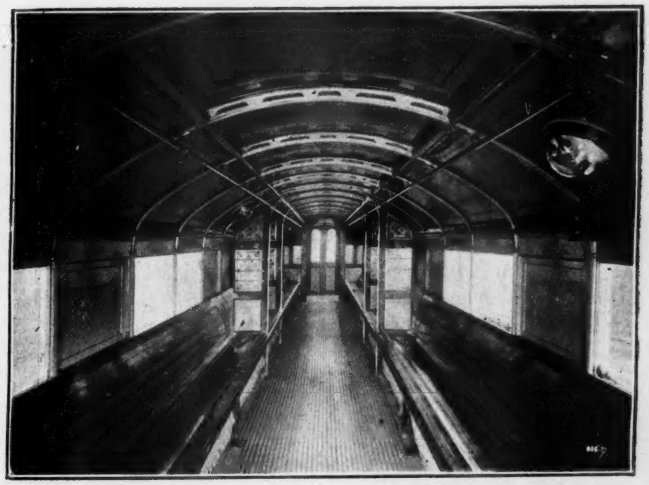


(From a photograph by G. B. Meikle)

CAR SHED, SHOWING CAR IN LIFT BROUGHT UP FROM TUNNEL

overhead, while, to make assurance doubly sure, a four-feet conduit, discharging into the river Kelvin, has been excavated for two miles under the tunnels on the north side of the city.

The all-important question which the directors had to consider was the mode of traction to be employed. Two methods only were practicable—electricity and cable haulage; and, to assist the directors to a decision, the consulting engineer, Mr. D. H. Morton, to whom all the mechanical arrangements are due, made an exhaustive study of the subject, both in this country and in the United States. Ultimately, and after long and thorough investigation, cable haulage was adopted, the alternative method being discarded chiefly on account of the greater weight that would be necessary to enable cars to surmount the heavy gradients on some parts of the line. This point will be appreciated by the lay mind when it is remembered that, in the case of electric traction, there is no motive power outside the car itself, so that the natural tendency to slip on an incline can be overcome only by the grip of the wheels on the roadway, which is, of course, solely a matter of pressure. In other words, the resistance to gravity in climbing a hill, which in an ordinary carriage is supplied by the feet of the horses, depends, in the case of an electric car, entirely upon the friction, between the wheels and rails, created by the superincumbent weight. Thus, while the utmost lightness consistent with strength is an important advantage in a cable car, when electricity is used, weight must be added, and this, in turn, calls for a higher degree of power.



(From a photograph by A. Home Morton)

INTERIOR OF CAR

The cables, two of which are constantly running, last from six to ten months, and are renewed at a cost of about £1500 each. They are one and a half inch thick, and are composed of drawn steel wire laid on a hemp core, each cable being 46,000 feet long, and containing six hundred miles of wire. Regular practice in splicing is kept up in the yard, disused cables being used for that purpose, and rewards are given to the men for proficiency in the art. The weight of the cables varies slightly, but is on the average about fifty-seven tons, and their transport from the factory was, at the beginning of the enterprise, a problem of considerable difficulty. In the first instance a special reel, large enough to take a complete cable, was built; but when this was loaded and placed upon a truck of the heaviest construction, the total weight, in relation to the small wheel-base, was found to be so great that the railway engineers were not willing to trust it on their bridges. Ultimately, the various makers were left to solve the problem for themselves, and each overcame the difficulty in his own way, distributing the burden, by one method or another, over the space of two or three trucks.

The cables run on track sheaves, or pulleys, of which seventeen hundred are laid down in each tunnel, and are kept in position solely by their own weight. Running at twelve or fifteen miles an hour, the noise they make in the tunnels is almost deafening, so that the unaccustomed stranger can scarcely hear himself speak; while the cars themselves travel so smoothly that, in the midst of the general roar, they rush past the workmen, crouching in their refuges, apparently without a sound. Passengers, however, have no access to the tunnels, and at the stations, where the space is much greater, and where the track sheaves are packed with leather, the rattle of the cable is greatly modified, while, within the cars, the noise is deadened to a low and not unpleasant hum.

At the Power Station, where the force required for working the entire system is developed, there are eight large boilers, each thirty feet long by eight feet diameter, five of which are in constant use. Immediately above these is a perfect labyrinth of steam piping, while over another part of the shed is built an enormous water-tank capable of holding 125,000 gallons, and intended to supply the boilers during any temporary stoppage of the corporation mains. As this emergency supply is sufficient for two or three days' working, nothing less than the failure of Loch Katrine is likely to cause any serious inconvenience in this direction.

In the engine-house, where space, light, and air are all abundant, there are two horizontal single cylinder engines, each capable of developing 1500 horse power, and bearing ponderous fly-wheels twenty-five feet in diameter and fifty tons weight. Only one of these engines, however, is in actual use, and it is never required to exceed about 1200 horse power, the total weight of cables and cars being under four hundred tons. The other stands by, ready, on the shortest notice, to relieve its comrade, when either rest or repairs are needed. This plan of duplicating the engines, added to the emergency water supply already alluded to, precludes almost any risk of stoppage in the working of the lines, and is a fair illustration of the thoroughness with which the plans have been conceived and carried out. Everything here bears the mark of Mr. Morton, the mechanical engineer, who, during the whole period of construction, was constantly called to adapt or invent the means of overcoming difficulties as they occurred. Largely to his skill and industry is due one of the most perfectly equipped cable railways in the world. From the engine, the power is transmitted, by two rope drives of twenty-six cords, to the great cable drums, of which there are two for each cable. These overhang the upper end of a deep culvert leading from the track, and from them the power is passed on through the cables to the long line of cars, which, singly or in pairs, are swept through the tunnels and past the stations, at intervals of four minutes all day long.

When the cables, on their journey round the tunnels, come opposite the Power Station, they turn off at right angles to the track, passing round horizontal sheaves, and are carried up the culvert to the cable drums, round which they are drawn three times; thence they are brought to the tension carriages, from which they pass out again through the culvert to resume their unresting race along the track. The tension carriage referred to is a simple but very efficient contrivance, consisting of a gigantic grooved wheel set over the culvert on a sliding-carriage to which heavy plate-weights are attached, the whole being so constructed that, as the cable stretches or is relaxed under the varying strain put upon it, the carriage moves to and fro, preserving always an even tension. This arrangement also serves the necessary purpose of taking up the yield of a new cable, which, after a short period of work, is sometimes as much as three hundred feet over the whole length. From the point where the cable leaves the track to where it returns is a vacant space of about twenty feet, over which the cars are carried by their own impetus, with no perceptible change of motion, releasing the cable at one side and picking it up at the other.

In the mind of the ordinary passenger, the cars are, of course, the all-important part of the system. These are constructed on generous lines, with full allowance of space and light, and are more than equal in appearance and comfort to the best type of street car. The floors are packed with several thicknesses of felt to silence the din of the cables racing below, and there is a liberal provision of handsomely curtained windows, although these can hardly be supposed to be of much practical use. The lighting is by electricity, which is carried by feeders along the sides of the tunnels and taken off by hinged rods kept in contact with the conductors by means of springs, a plan which, simple as it seems, was hit upon only after several fruitless experiments. The same electrical installation serves also to work the block signalling system, by which each car automatically registers its own progress as it passes from station to station.

At the car-shed, when the day's work is done, the cars are lifted to the surface by a twelve-ton travelling crane, which, moving freely in all directions, serves also the purpose of turntable and crossover. Here they are placed on rails over three-feet pits, and carefully examined in all their working parts before being lowered again to the tunnels to be ready for duty on the following day. Every facility for repairs is provided in the shed, and every precaution is taken against a possible breakdown; but even should such an accident occur, the injured car would be removed almost instantly, without blocking the traffic for more than one or two minutes.

There are fifteen stations on the seven-miles circle, each placed at the summit of a slight eminence to facilitate stopping and starting. The rolling stock consists of fifty-one cars, and at the busy hours of the day these are often scarcely sufficient to meet the demands made upon them. Indeed, on such an occasion as a big football match, it is no uncommon thing to see, at St. Enoch Square Station, a long *queue* of intending passengers stretched across the whole breadth of the Square, and waiting their turn to reach the ticket-office.

During the past half-year each circle was traversed nearly 40,000 times, a total distance of 543,000 miles having been accomplished, at a cost for power of £6770.

FELLOW-FEELING

Poor little soul! We kissed the place
To make the smarting forehead whole,
Then dried the May and April face,
Saying, Poor little soul!

So soothed, he felt within him stir
Some pity for his mate in woe,
And went and kissed the baluster,
Sighing, Poor itty so'!

G. D. C.

CON HEFFERNAN'S ATONEMENT

BY H. A. HINKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

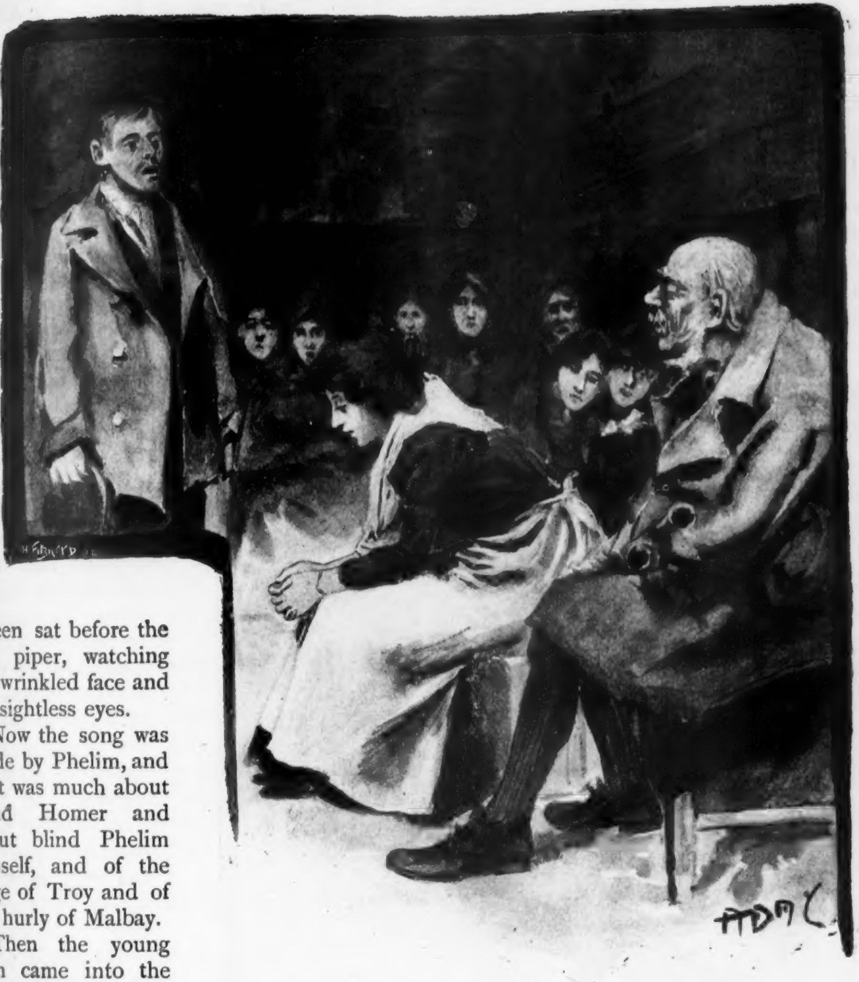
IN the village of Malbay-by-the-sea there was no lad so brave nor so handsome as black-eyed Con Heffernan. His frame was as big as his face was comely, for he stood more than six feet from the sandy beach, where he moored his boat and stretched his brown nets to dry in the sun. In the race none was swifter, nor more sure in the hurly. Unvanquished too he was in the wrestling, and none could wield the shillelagh more deftly than he. His heart was kind withal, save when the hot blood of passion stirred it and wrath stood on his temples like a cloud. Then timid mothers were afeard for their daughters, lest Con's brown face and soft voice—for at times it was soft—should come wooing about their cottages. But, for all that, old blind Phelim the piper could tell how that Con had wept over his singing of love and beauty and death, until his mood changed again at the sound of battle and the clash of arms and the shout of victory, for these, too, Phelim could sing, albeit he was blind and very old.

Now Eileen O'Connor was motherless, and had no fear of Con for all she heard of his doings, only lest his words should prove bigger than his deeds. And for this reason, and, perhaps, because Eileen was comely and straight as a rush, Con took notice of her when she carried water from the brook or came with other maidens to watch the hurly. She did not blush, as they did, when Con was near, but her eyes met his fairly, so that he was smitten with doubts of his courage, and went seeking a quarrel to confirm his confidence.

So it was when Phil Martin came to Malbay. There was little welcome for him at first, and many of the fishermen grumbled that there was no space to spare on the little strand for Martin's boat. But Martin had a soft voice and a pleasant word for them, and when they had a mind to rail at him because he had not chosen other fishing-grounds, he would turn the edge of their wrath with a jest. And in time they became glad that he had come to dwell among them, and were proud of his singing and of his dancing, for none showed more spirit in the jig than he, not even Con Heffernan, when fishermen from Galway came across the bay in their coracles to visit them. He was good, too, at the hurly, albeit neither so big nor so strong as Con Heffernan. Neither was he like the others in Malbay, for his hair was as the ripe corn in colour and his skin fair, though the sun and the sea wind had made his face brown. And for this they liked him none the less, though his boat was the trimmest in the bay and his sails without a patch. He was sweet-tempered, too, and none ever saw him angry, even when the winds were boisterous and the waves high, so that no boat could put out to sea and famine brooded over them like a cloud.

But Con Heffernan had no love for him, and when others laughed at his jest, Con would stare gloomily before him from under knitted brows.

So it happened that one evening there was a singing-match at Vesty O'Connor's cottage, and the prize, for the finest singer, was a piece of frieze large enough to make a coatamore for the biggest man in the village, and that was Con himself. At these matches old Phelim was judge, for he had himself been a great singer in his day, before the cold wind had weakened his chest and made him as hoarse as the raven. So to-day he sat by the hearth with his pipes on his knee, and his sightless eyes wandered round the cabin as if in search of light, while the young men gathered together outside. Round about the mud walls of the cabin crowded as many women as could find a place, but



"His voice filled the cabin"

Eileen sat before the old piper, watching his wrinkled face and his sightless eyes.

Now the song was made by Phelim, and in it was much about blind Homer and about blind Phelim himself, and of the siege of Troy and of the hurly of Malbay.

Then the young men came into the cabin in their turn and sang, and when the song was finished the women applauded, more or less according as they discovered in Phelim's face praise or blame. Then came Con Heffernan, looking very big and handsome in his holiday dress, and a murmur ran through the cabin at sight of his broad shoulders and tall form. So he stood before the piper, with his muscles tense and his nostrils dilated, like a horse that has entered the race-course. Then he began to sing, and his voice filled the cabin, and outside mingled with the sound of the waves, but his eyes looked down into the face of Eileen O'Connor. Never had he sung like this, for as he looked at the face of the girl a new passion rose in his heart and poured itself forth from his lips in a stream of melody. Redder and redder grew the girl's face as she listened, and quicker and quicker her heart beat, for there was love in Phelim's song as well as battle. Then with a face full of pride and triumph he ceased, and a cry of admiration broke out, for Phelim's cheeks were no less flushed than the singer's, and all felt that Con had won the prize and was without a rival. But the piper raised a trembling hand and called out for Phil Martin. So he came in with a smile on his face and in his blue eyes, and pushing back the yellow locks from his forehead began to sing. Then the silence of midnight fell upon them all, for his voice was sweeter than the murmur of the sea-shell. Outside the voice of the sea blended with his, no longer loud and deep but soft and murmurous, as though the singer had laid a spell upon it.

At last the song was finished and there was silence, for none had ever heard singing like this, and in the heart of every one the song still echoed sweetly, so that none dared speak.

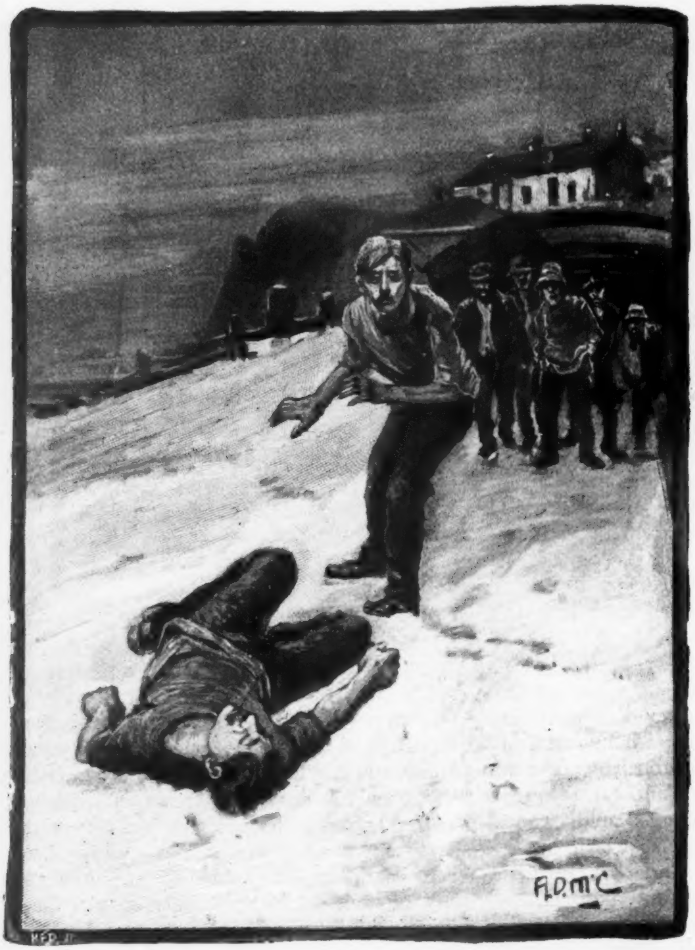
Then Phelim rose to his feet and the tears ran down the furrows of his cheeks.

"I was young once," he said, and his voice trembled, "and now I am old, yet neither in youth nor in age have I heard so sweet a song, nor ever hope again to hear a song of music so sweetly sung."

Then he put his hand on the young man's shoulder and kissed him on both cheeks. "Take the prize," he said, "for Con Heffernan has the voice of a hero, but to you the gods themselves have given the sweet gift of song."

The heart of Con Heffernan was filled with hatred and bitterness. That he, who had been so long the hero of the village, and without a rival in strength or skill, should be dethroned, and that too by an interloper, was agony to his passionate heart, for he saw that the judgment of all who heard the singing was against him, and, bitterest of all, that Eileen had listened to the victor with heaving bosom and parted lips.

He would sing no more, but if the fair-haired stranger had a mind to wrestle, then Con was his man. So thinking, the desire to be avenged on his rival became a passion with him. When he had stretched his enemy upon the ground, folk would forget that he had been beaten in



"Con Heffernan lay as one that was dead" the song in remembering his strength and skill in the wrestling.

So one windless, sunny day, when the fishermen of Malbay sat upon the beach mending their nets, Con saw the chance that he looked for, since near to him sat Phil Martin, painting a line of white upon his boat.

"Sing us a song, Con," said one, "and maybe it will bring us the wind we wait for."

"I sing no more," Con answered, "for it is but a mean occupation for a man, though it is good enough for women and boys"; and he looked at Martin.

Phil returned the glance, smiling.

"It lightens the heart any way, and I know nothing better in the sunshine when the wind is still," said he.

"'Tis no credit to a man anyhow," Con returned, "and I'd rather have a squeeze in the wrestling than all the songs that ever were sung."

"Then have your wrestling," cried Phil, "and then we'll sing to the man that stands upright."

"Ay, have your wrestling, Con," the others cried out eagerly, for it was a lazy day with them.

Con rose to his feet, shaking his shoulders to free the muscles from stiffness.

"I'll stake a pair of new oars against any man," he cried, looking at Martin.

"I have a bit of frieze at home, and will lay it against your oars, if you are willing," said Phil.

"I'll need a coat for the winter," Con returned.

"A pair of oars would be useful," said Phil, "and so I am ready. Is it the fair-green you're for?"

"'Tis too far away," Con returned, for his heart was full of fury, and the harder the ground was the better he liked it, since he was minded to throw him heavily.

"I'm agreeable," said Phil, taking off his coat and smiling very pleasantly.

So the fishermen gathered round to make a ring, and having little doubt of the issue—for Con had never yet met his match in the wrestling, and, truth to tell, they were glad to think that Con would make amends for his loss of the prize for singing, seeing that he belonged to Malbay, while Martin was but a stranger.

In a moment the two men were in the grips. Backwards and forwards they went, each striving to find out where lay the other's weakness; and the sand was tossed up beneath their feet. But those who watched soon saw that Con was well matched at last, and would have to fight hard for the victory, in spite of his stature and great strength. Several times he strove to lift Martin from the ground, but could not; and still Phil's face wore a smile that maddened him. Now he forgot his skill in anger, and tried to force his opponent to his knees. For an instant victory seemed within his grasp, for Phil yielded, bending down as if beneath a weight. Then, suddenly shaking himself free of Con's grasp, he seized him by the thighs and hurled him over his shoulders. Striking his head against the sand, Con Heffernan lay as one that was dead.

So amazed were the fishermen at the fall of their champion and at the skill of the stranger that they knew not what to say, but stood gazing at Con's long form stretched upon the yellow sand as though a stupor had seized upon them.

But Phil caught his antagonist by the shoulder and set him upon his feet again. Nor did it seem any longer strange to them that he had the strength to do it. But there was a dazed look in Con's face, and no little fear of the man who had worsted him; but he was not a man, but an evil spirit sent to humble his pride.

"The luck is with me again," said Phil.

"Ay, the luck is with you again," Con repeated.

"It will not be for long," said Phil again.

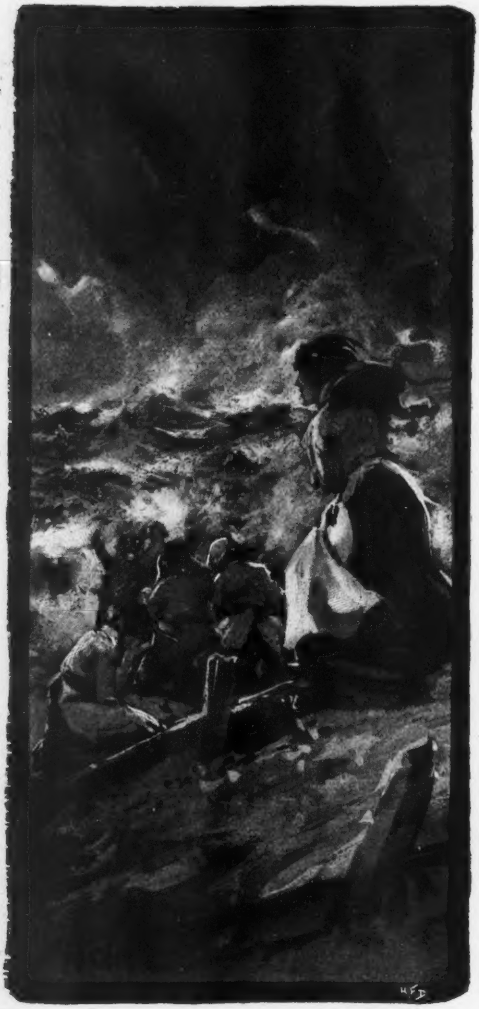
"For long enough. I think I'll be going home," Con returned. And his voice was as weak as a child's. So he left them, and began mounting the beach, and the yellow sand shone like gold in his dark hair, for he had no thought to shake it out.

When he had come to the village he met Eileen O'Connor, and would have passed her by, for his eyes were turned to the ground. But she stood in his way.

"'Tisn't like Con Heffernan to pass a friend without wishing her good luck."

"'Tis little Con has to do with good luck, Eileen," he answered, and the sound of his voice filled her breast with pity.

"Sure it's the singing-match that lies



"She had no fear, for Con was freeing himself from the curse"

heavy on your heart, Con; but I wouldn't be minding, and you the grandest wrestler that ever was known in Malbay."

Con put his hand to his head, where the sand still clung to his hair. "Do you see what's there, Eileen?"

"Ay, do I. Sure, maybe you've been lying in the sand," she said, wondering.

"Ay, ay," he said bitterly. "I've been lying on the sand sure enough, and if it was under it I was I'd be happier this day."

"What's come over you at all, Con?" the girl asked, her heart full of trouble for him.

"Grandest wrestler in Malbay did you call me? That I am no more and never again. So I was first in the singing-match until Phil Martin came, and now he has thrown me in the wrestling, down below there on the beach."

"Thrown you, Con!"

"Ay, girl, thrown me that never was thrown before. There's a curse upon me, Eileen."

The girl looked at him with a shudder, for his words sent a chill to her heart.

"Oh no, no, Con!" she cried, looking into his dark face, "'tis no curse, but only the luck that is against you. Sure you'll win it back at the hurly."

"Ay, the hurly, Eileen," and a gleam of light came into his face. "Sure, I'll win it back at the hurly."

Then he turned from her and went his way to the village. And Eileen continued her journey to the well to draw water, having her can on her arm and little thinking of the evil that she had done.

So it came about that at the hurly Con set himself to win back the glory that he had lost at the singing-match and at the wrestling, and Eileen waited in her cabin for news of the victory.

But the sun grew red and sank behind the waves, tipping their crests with fire, and still no messenger brought her tidings of the hurly. At length she grew impatient, and went out into the village and up the road to the fair-green.

Then she heard the trampling of feet, and coming towards her she saw a crowd of hurlers. They were very silent, and this was strange seeing that they were wont to come home from the hurly with much noise and shouting, whether they carried news of victory or defeat.

But when they came near to her, Eileen saw that the biggest amongst them carried on their crossed camans one that had been wounded in the battle. Her heart stood still with fear that it was Con until she saw that the hair of the man was yellow, save where the blood had dyed it red. Then she knew that it was not Con but Phil Martin.

As she looked, Vesty O'Connor seized her by the arm, and his face was very stern.

"Get you home alanna," he said, "and hide your face, for disgrace is upon us this day."

Then he told her what had befallen, and how that Con had struck Phil a coward's blow with his caman after that Phil and his men had won the victory.

"O Con, Con, a curse is upon you for sure!" she cried out, and covered her face with her hands.

But Phil Martin did not die, as they had feared, but grew well again and sound as he had been, save that a scar on his brow showed where the vengeful blow had fallen.

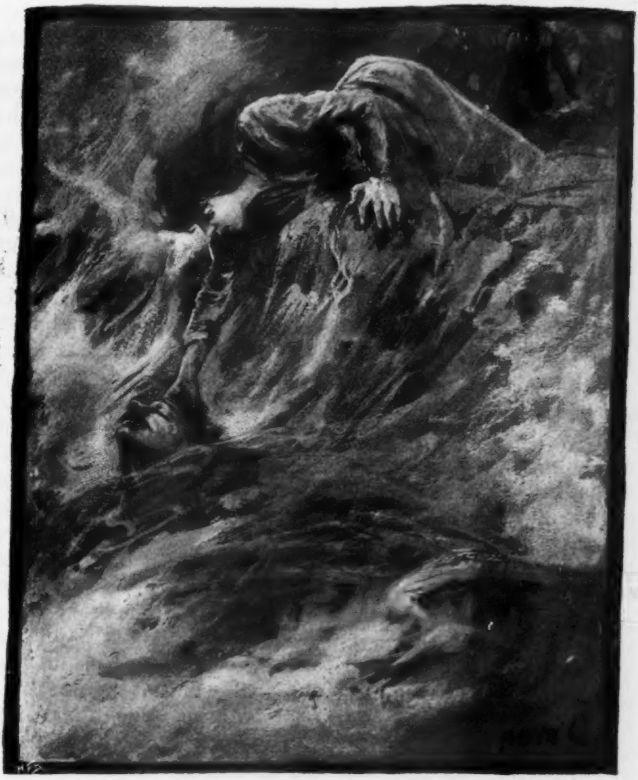
And as for Con Heffernan, it seemed indeed as though a curse were upon him. He went no longer with his fellows, and the fair-green knew him no more, nor the dance, albeit no step had been so light as his at a wedding. When he was not at sea, he went moodily alone, his eyes on the ground, though Phil had borne him no ill will, and the anger of the others had died out against him. And seeing him, Eileen cried out to her breaking heart, "Con, Con, a curse is upon him for sure."

So the days went on, and Eileen's face grew thinner and the light went out of her eyes.

Now it happened that one evening, while the fishermen were spreading their nets on the beach, a storm gathered on the sea, and suddenly and with great violence burst upon it, so that the lazy waves were lashed into raging mountains and valleys of water. The fishermen gathered in groups upon the shore and watched the storm, giving thanks that they themselves were safe on land. And Eileen stood with them and watched.

Suddenly a great cry arose from them, for scarce half a mile from the shore a boat laboured, now in the trough of the waters, now tossed like a cork upon the crest of the waves. From the boats that lined the beach, in safety from the storm, one was missing—that with the white lines running from bow to stern. No one spoke, but all knew that Phil Martin had been caught in the storm.

Some of the younger men were for launching out for his rescue, for it was terrible to them to see a man fight gallantly for his life and yet move no hand to save him; but the older men held them back, seeing that one death was better than many. Now the foam, blown in their faces, almost blinded them, so that for an instant they could not see; then, when they cleared their eyes again, they saw the boat still riding gallantly, but, alas, no nearer to the shore.



"Gripped the wet hair of Phil Martin

While they stood watching, one rushed past them down to where the boats were moored, and seizing one of them, called for help to launch it. It was Con Heffernan, and none stood in his way, since who had a better right to save Phil Martin than he?

Thrice the boat was driven back again to shore by those waves, but at last, with a mighty effort, she was launched, and Con sat in her, holding the oars and with a smile on his lips.

Never had Con rowed as he did now, for, though sea and storm were against him, he rowed for his honour and to banish the curse. Nearer and nearer he crept, less and less grew the distance between the rowers. The men watching on the beach grew silent with awe, the women fell weeping on their knees and prayed. All save Eileen. She stood upright, her hair blown by the wind and wet with the spray, but her heart was high, and she had no fear, for Con was freeing himself from the curse.

Then came another blinding gust of spray, and for several minutes their eyes could see nothing. When the mist cleared away again a groan burst from them, for now but one boat lived in the sea. Then suddenly they saw Con rise and leap from his boat into the water. A wail came from the lips of the women, but Eileen cried out that Con Heffernan would swim to shore and bring Phil Martin. Hearing her, the women grew quiet again, for she spoke as though she knew what would happen.

Then again a cry of joy and wonder broke out, for the black head of Con and the yellow head of Phil were seen together for a moment as they rose upon the wave.

Now the fishermen could no longer restrain themselves, but binding a rope about them, they went into the water, the bravest and strongest going first, so that they might help to draw the swimmer to land.

But as they came nearer it was seen that only the dark head was erect amid the foam and that the fair head drooped by its side. The waves buffeted them about, and, despite the cheers of those on land to give the swimmer courage, they saw that his strength was failing and that he could hold out but a little longer. The line of men in the water stretched out to help him, but the waves carried him from the eager grasp of the foremost. A little farther down the bay were rocks, sharp and cruel, and thither they were drifting.

None knew the bay better than Eileen, and she saw the danger. Swifter than a fawn she sprang down the beach, clambering over a ridge of rock which projected into the sea and calling to the others to follow.

Her voice seemed to reach the swimmer, for with a last effort he swam to the rocks. The girl threw herself on her face and stretched out her arms, clutching, and in her hands gripped the wet hair of Phil Martin. In a moment, willing hands aided her and drew out of the water the lifeless form of Martin. Then, exhausted, Con fell back into the seething water, a sport of the waves, which dashed him upon the rocks and bore him away again like a lifeless thing, for the strength had gone out of him.

Eileen could bear the sight no longer. Hastily casting her shoes from her feet, before any one was aware of her intention, she plunged into the sea and caught Con as he was being borne away. Then exerting all her strength she swam to the rocks again. Three times the waves dashed her against the rocks and carried her back again ere she could grasp the rope that was thrown to her. At last it fell near her, and seizing it in her strong white teeth, she was drawn upon the rocks and out of the reach of the waves, still holding Con fast with her right hand. A shout of joy and triumph went up from the fishermen as she was carried over the rocks and across the bay, for Eileen had dared more than the bravest amongst them.

But their gladness was soon stilled in sorrow, for Martin was dead and Con as near to death as a living man could well be. So they bore them to the nearest cabin and laid them each upon a bed, doing what they knew to bring back life and strength. But Martin was beyond all hope. His face was fair and calm, as it ever had been, and no bruise was upon his body, only the scar upon his brow.

But Con was sorely bruised by the rocks and his limbs cut and bleeding, and for long it seemed that death was stronger than the life in him. And Eileen sat by his side and nursed him till he began to mend, but his great strength never came back to him, for that he had left in the sea when he had struggled to bring Martin to land.

When the storm was past, Con's boat was found unharmed upon the beach, but none ever saw again the boat with the white line.

So Con Heffernan freed himself from the curse that was upon him, and Phil Martin slept in the churchyard by the sea and in the hearts of the fishermen of Malbay.

OUR ANCESTORS' LESSON-BOOKS

By SHEILA E. BRAINE

IN glancing at the subject of education in the olden time—education before it became the many-headed, all-engrossing giant it now is—one is inclined to be surprised at two things. First, that our sturdy forefathers knew so little; and secondly, that they knew so much; or, to speak the exact truth, as much as they did. The majority of them were, one must admit, arrant ignoramuses as far as book-lore was concerned. But let no man deride them for this; rather let him consider carefully the books from whose pages former generations were constrained with sorrow and sighing to cull the bitters of knowledge. Afterwards he will possibly marvel how on earth his great-great-grandfather, whose pictured face gazes at him severely from beneath a Georgian wig, ever got learning enough to become a lawyer or a bishop, as the case may be. A liberal application of the rod helped, perhaps, in some measure; but into that branch of the subject we will not at this time wander.

Badly printed and unutterably wearisome were the earliest educational works; there was not the faintest attempt to render them interesting to the "painful" scholar. True, to us modern individuals some of them appear excessively funny; but it is hardly probable that the unfortunate wights for whose edification they were written regarded them in this light—especially as the humour to be found in them is entirely unintentional. For instance, there is a quaint little grammar tucked away upon a lofty shelf at the Bodleian, which was compiled, to quote its author, for the "happy proceeding" of scholars in the Latin tongue. Note that he does not write it *tung*, like another learned pedagogue, Richard Mulcaster. The happy proceeding sounds, i' faith, like the direst irony. Lived there in those distant days a boy with so unnatural a mind that he loved his Latin grammar? I do not believe it; but if one did, his schoolfellows probably put an end to him speedily.

When a child—our ancestral child, of course—had done with his hornbook, he was presently harassed by some dreadful little spelling-book or another. One of the pioneers in this line was called "A petee schole of spellinge and writinge Englishe," dated 1580. As a later effort came "The Compleat Schoolmaster," which was obligingly composed for the general good—see preface—by John Brooksbank, minister, residing in Jerusalem Court, Fleet Street. This "Compleat Schoolmaster" is a nightmare in two parts, either of them calculated to drive the learner crazy. In the first, he was forced to struggle in mortal combat with such words as spleyngth, sprawygld, and squewagls, which are not Welsh, however much they may look like it. In the second, he proceeded from comparatively simple sentences, as "Beg the big buffle bag and let it ly on the bog," to such complicated efforts as "He was dribl'd and drabl'd 'cause he grubl'd where they brabl'd," or, "Now he wabls 'cause he was hackl'd with kibls and cobls."

There are four-and-twenty pages of this stuff, which is all the more aggravating because one feels an intense and unreasoning desire to get to the meaning of it. Why did he, whoever he was, go and grubl where they had a fancy to brabl, and what came of it at last? Also, are those mysterious kibls and cobls chilblains, or are they pebbles?

I picture the Rev. John Brooksbank to myself as a shabby-genteel man with a double chin, and a fat way of rolling out his syllables. He walked Fleet Street before Dr. Johnson's day, otherwise the two who dealt in words might have met and had a tussle royal, adjourning to the "Mitre" or the "Cheshire Cheese" afterwards. On second thoughts, however, I feel sure that the great Cham of literature, as Smollett called him, would have had nought to say to a person who could invent such nonsense as "He kept his birthday at the mirtl with a turtl in a kurtl." A second tedious spelling-book compiled by this same Mr. Brooksbank contains no fewer than three separate dedications. One to the Lord Mayor of London, to whom he comprehensively wishes "all Health and Happiness, external, internal, and eternal," one to the Aldermen, and one to the Apprentices. "England's perfect School-Master," 1699, by Nathaniel Strong, is a creation of the same ilk; the grandest thing about it being the title. One cannot help being amused, too, at an advertisement in the *London Chronicle*, in which Mrs. Lownes *of the White Lion* recommends a grammar for young children.

Ancient illustrated alphabets usually rejoiced in two or three gruesome little pictures, calculated to strike terror to the infant breast. As the punishment of hanging was so much in vogue for even trivial offences, the letter G almost invariably stood for Gallows. To impress the moral still deeper, R stood for "Robber who died by the Rope," and M for Murder, graphically illustrated by a cut representing one man stabbing another; C started the series with Coffin, so that altogether an old alphabet is a very lively and instructive piece of work. In extenuation it must be said that the publishers did but follow the popular taste, for even kind and well-meaning parents were of the opinion that an occasional dose of horrors was good for their offspring. This we can see from the "Fairchild Family," that delectable little story-book the early editions of which have been literally thumbed out of existence. In this tale, the three children, the oldest of whom is only nine, are solemnly taken by their father to see a criminal hanging in chains. It is hardly necessary to say that they are anxious to get away from this ghastly spectacle as quickly as possible. But Mr. Fairchild will not let them stir from the spot until he has related the whole history of the crime, and finished up with an appropriate hymn and prayer. These were the days, one must recollect, when London mothers of the poorer classes took their children as a great treat to see an execution at Newgate.

As time went on, spelling-books and "Compleat Schoolmasters" blossomed out into short tales, which generally endeavoured to point a moral, although, it must be admitted, it was often rather a dubious one. The good intention, however, was always there, and people were nothing like so critical as they are now. An unpretentious "Reader" to be bought at the "Hand and Pen" in East Smithfield gives a little story which strikes one as being somewhat of a curiosity in this line. It may be briefly rendered as follows:

A certain old man is in the habit of rising early, while his son, on the contrary, is a confirmed sluggard. In the course of one of his matitudinal walks, the old gentleman picks up a bag of gold, which, upon his return, he exhibits triumphantly to his boy.

"It had been good for him that lost it to have been in Bed as I am," is the characteristic remark of young Hopeful as he lolls upon his pillows. With this sentiment, however, his parent will by no means agree, and he tells his son—this is rather a shock to the honest reader—that he intends to use some of the gold to put him to a trade where he will have to work the best part of the night. Moral (not in the book): Always stick to what you find in your morning walks.

"The patient Sheep" is also singularly artless and inconsequent. "There was once a sheep so charming from its innocent countenance, its fine fleecy coat, and its harmless pranks, that the son of the gentleman whose property it was took it home for his amusement. Having played with it for a length of time, till he was tired, it was again returned to the flock. During its domestic confinement it had endured many sufferings from the wildness of its young master, and now no longer dreaded shearing, or the other hardships incidental to the flock, for its early privations had taught it patience. Moral: In youth be patient under suffering, and learn to bear wrong meekly."

Another primitive reader, for the use of schools, rejoiced in the imposing title of "A Delectable Little History in Metre of a Lord and his three Sons, containing his Latter Will and Legacy to them upon his death-bed; and what befell them after his death." Later on we arrive at "The Ladies' Help to Spelling," 1722, compiled by a Scotch pedagogue, which was in addition a Letter-

Writer, and ended up with thirty-seven pages of Biblical names, divided into syllables! There was also the "Polite Tutoress," written more especially for feminine sprigs of nobility, being a "Series of Dialogues between a sensible Governess and several of her pupils of the first Rank."

Mavor's Spelling-book was popular during the first half of the present century, and went through numerous editions. There are plenty of people who can recollect their early struggles with it, and with the simple story therein related of Miss Jane Bond, who had a new doll, and "her kind aunt gave her a fine piece of cloth to make a shift for it. She also gave her a pair of stays and a long lace with a tag to it, some pretty blue gauze to make doll a frock and a broad white sash." There is to me something fascinating about the idea of that early Victorian doll with stays actually made to lace up! Somehow, Miss Jane Bond is connected in my mind with a certain discreet Miss Betsy Higgins, aged six, who figures—promenading on a common in a square-cut bodice — in one of Dorothy Kilner's antiquated stories. Betsy, we are told, held up her head and turned out her toes, and was so clever and agreeable that everybody was fond of her. She never forgot to say Madam or Sir; so that people used to call her the good Miss Higgins. The book does not mention whether she died young or not.

A new era in educational works was inaugurated by Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, and Hannah More, all of whom did good service in their generation. Their writings had, at any rate, something human about them, a quality conspicuously absent in those of their predecessors. It would be hard to say how many thousands of British children were brought up on Mrs. Barbauld's "Easy Lessons" and "Hymns in Prose," and Mrs. Trimmer's spelling-books and "Fabulous Histories." These last were great favourites, particularly one which dealt with the fortunes of a family of Redbreasts, who were dubbed respectively Robin, Dicky, Pecksy, and Flapsy. Mrs. Trimmer, a most kindly, comfortable-looking person from her portrait, had twelve children of her own to bring up, so that she might be supposed to understand what she was talking about. Now that every second woman you meet dabbles in literature, it is interesting to know that worthy Mrs. Trimmer was extremely anxious to get her books placed on the S.P.C.K.'s lists, but that "this honour she was sensible could not easily be attained by a female writer." After considerable delay, however, they passed the standard of orthodoxy required, being approved of by certain dignitaries of the Church and eminent divines. Consequently the creator of Pecksy and Flapsy was made happy.

The immediate forerunners of our modern school books were very scrappy affairs. Catechisms, Outlines, and Abridgments were the order of the day when the crinoline swayed supreme, and lessons were learned to the accompaniment of the backboard and the stocks. One little insignificant volume was made to do duty for six, being packed with assorted information. A specimen of this kind now lies before me, wanting both back and title-page. It contains a Complete English Grammar, the History of the Kings of England, with a doggerel verse for each, Geography, taking in the whole world, a Chronological Table from the Creation to the year 1776, Arithmetic Tables, a list of foreign coins, and a page or two of mythology. This last is in the form of question and answer: "Who was the father of Bacchus?" "What can you tell me about Pomona?" and so on. Mythology does not receive much attention in present-day schools; it is not considered a "branch." As a result, the rising generation, if turned into a gallery of old masters, can sometimes find no other name for the gods and goddesses therein depicted but "old buffers."

Lord Byron is said to have liked "something craggy whereon to break his mind." Our mothers and fathers broke their juvenile minds, and so also did some of us, upon "Murray's Grammar," which was craggy enough for anybody, Slater's "Chronology," Keith "On the Globes," Mangnall's "Questions," Ince's "Outlines," and Pinnock's "Catechism"; also upon the "Child's Guide to Knowledge," "Mary's Grammar" (but that had stories in it!), and dear old "Mrs. Markham" of happy and universal memory. Upon many a dusty top shelf can these waifs and strays of bygone educational struggles be found, left stranded by the tide that is now a mighty torrent, the end of whose course no man can by any means foresee.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN

By WILLIAM SHARP

IT is a sure instinct that prompts the large and increasing audience of Mr. Alfred Austin to look to him as the most typically English of living contemporary poets. Others have shown as fine a patriotism, from Mr. Swinburne with his fiery proclamations of England's greatness to Mr. William Watson with his organ note of remonstrance. But English people love a writer who is of themselves; whose life, whose outlook, whose deeds and sayings are the not too highly-coloured reflex of their own. There is ground for the remark sometimes made, that Mr. Austin is so convincingly English that he appeals only to those of his countrymen who live south of the Tweed and east of the Irish Sea and the Welsh hills. He might retort that he was in good company, with Tennyson and Wordsworth. But I take it that Mr. Austin is no Little Englander even in the non-political sense, and that he smiles at the fallacy of those who would "mark off" the domains of poetry in geographical areas. At the same time, it is quite true that the Poet-Laureate is pre-eminently English in the sense that both in prose and verse he reveals himself as a cultured country gentleman who, to the accidents of good birth, fortunate circumstances, and successful life, has the excelling advantage of a rare and beautiful faculty. To judge from the vapourings of some critics, a poet is to be discredited if he be happy in his circumstances, and to be under a cloud if by ill luck he invites the prosaic charge of being a country squire. Virgil was a country gentleman, Shelley was the son of a Sussex squire, and a hundred others prove, as a witty Frenchman has said, that a man may be a great poet though perchance he be a gentleman. If Mr. Alfred Austin is above all the poet of those who love country life as well as their country, and if he derive his best inspiration from his garden, his fields, the meadows and hedgerows and cottage-set lanes of his Kentish home, that surely is not only no reproach, but also an obvious reason why he should be popular with thousands of his countrymen. Turn wheresoever we will among his lyrical writings, and we find the same loving and altogether delightful natural reminiscence—lines which so often put newly and winsomely and convincingly what we have all more or less vaguely felt, such as those about the fans of the windmill that

> . . . round and round dip their foamless way,
> Through the seas of the foamless air.

I take up the book whence I have just quoted from memory ("In Veronica's Garden"), and on the first page I glance at I find these charming quatrains:

> Again the cuckoo called; again
> The merle and mavis shook their throats;
> The torrent rambled down the glen,
> The ringdove cooed in sylvan cotes.
>
> The hawthorn moved not, but still kept
> As fixedly white as far cascade:
> The russet squirrel frisked and leapt
> From breadth of sun to breadth of shade.

A shift of the leaves in the same book, and one is right into the sights and sounds and fragrances of Spring, in the lovely series of eighteen quatrains called "The Passing of Spring," wherein personification of Spring's self is at once brought before our eyes (I like the "violet eyes," but not "the primrose face"—too suggestive of . . . well, not of Spring!) with an iris scarf about her, "and a voice as blithe as a blackbird's carol"—an exquisite "Processional," ending thus:

> The hawthorn put on her bridal veil,
> And milk splashed foaming in pan and pail;
> The swain and his sweeting met and kissed,
> And the air and the sky were amethyst,
>
> "Now scythes are wetted and roses blow,"
> Spring, carolling, said: "It is time to go."
> And though we called to her, "Stay! O stay!"
> She smiled through a rainbow, and passed away.

In all the writings of the Poet-Laureate there is a happy sanity of emotion. He loves none the less truly because he does not go into raptures; and his voice is none the less sweet and pure because it knows neither the intensity of despair nor the melancholy of disenchantment and disillusion. In the work of no contemporary writer is there to be found so simple, natural, fresh, and convincing excellence in its own kind. A woodlark is not a nightingale, and a meadow-daisy is not an orchid; but there is a multitude which loves best the exquisite natural note of the one and the blithe welcome of the other. The same tendency which makes so large a number of readers turn to nature-work such as that of Izaac Walton, White of Selborne, Richard Jefferies, Thoreau, Burroughs, prompts to the fresh and the sweet nature-work of Alfred Austin. Perhaps the best criticism I have heard is that of a gamekeeper, a great reader in his way: "There be three writing men, so far as I knows on, who might ha' been brought up without having to look to the pen: Jefferies, who wrote 'Wild Life in a Southern County,' Blackmore, who wrote 'Craddock Nowell,' an' the new Poet-Laureate—though I've read only the three or four in the Squire's library in the village, one o' them a volume o' selections, and the other about a garden."

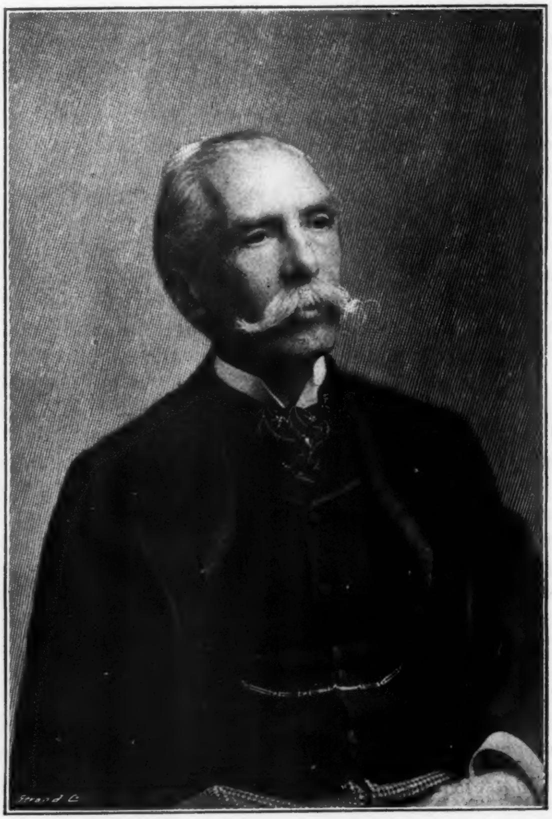
That would be a very inadequate notice which would ignore the other work of Mr. Austin. From "The Human Tragedy" to "England's Darling," from "Savonarola" to "Prince Lucifer," there is much else full of beauty and deep interest. Nevertheless it is as the poet of England, of English country life, of the country, that he is at his best, because most distinctive and individual. Personally, I rank higher than these more ambitious works I have mentioned his "Soliloquies in Song," "At the Gate of the Convent," "Love's Widowhood," "English Lyrics," and "Lyrical Poems"—a series of charming season-sweet lyrics and other poems. And I daresay I am one of many in best of all liking that delightful series which has won Mr. Austin friends throughout the Empire and Anglo-Saxon America, a series of mingled prose and verse, both showing the author at his best—"The Garden that I Love," "In Veronica's Garden," and "Lamia's Winter Quarters."

Mr. Alfred Austin comes of an old Catholic family long settled in Yorkshire. It is now sixty-four years ago since he was born at Headingly, so that "as famous men go" he ought to enjoy his honours and beautiful Kentish home and the country life he loves so well, and further enhance our indebtedness to him for many years to come.

Before Mr. Austin settled down to literary life in London he had already published several books, and had travelled extensively, so that he came to his journalistic work on the *Standard* with a good equipment. Here he soon became one of the chief writers, and on two eventful occasions was chosen to represent the great Conservative daily—at the sittings of the momentous Œcumenical Council at Rome during the winter of 1869–70, and as special correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War.

Although in 1853, when he was only eighteen, he published anonymously "Randolph," and five years later a novel called "Five Years of It," it was not till 1861 that the name of Alfred Austin was noted, on the publication of "The Season," a singularly able and brilliant satire. This was followed by Mr. Austin's most ambitious venture, "The Human Tragedy." This long poem has much in it that is beautiful, but I fear that the small reading part of humanity in these isles and dependencies has not yet found time to take home to itself this epic in pictorial stanzas. As a matter of fact, the "Human Tragedy" remains an ambitious conception, inevitably unrealisable in art. The long poem was revised in 1876, and again in 1889, and in each revision gained in strength and proportion; but, rightly or wrongly, the public and the critics have agreed to regard it respectfully at a distance. It is admittedly a remarkable achievement, sustained with much skill and beauty, but its design overreaches its accomplishment.

In the early sixties Mr. Austin seems to have been uncertain as to whether to devote himself to poetry, to fiction, or to journalism. He published two novels, one, "An Artist's Proof," in 1864, and the other, "Won by a Head," in 1866. That more exclusive section of the reading world, however, to which journalistic scribes are wont to allude as the republic of letters, paid little attention to the new writer till he startled it out of its indifference by his "Poetry of the Period" (1870). Here Mr. Austin did not hesitate at candour. The result was that others were as candid. The newcomer was lectured, advised, abused, ridiculed—and read. He made many enemies, but though for long some virulence of feeling remained, it came to be admitted that the author of "The Poetry of the Period" was not a mere irresponsible free lance, that nothing had been written in malice or envy, and, moreover, that he was the brilliant advocate on the part of a very large number of his countrymen. It is understood, however, that Mr. Austin himself ultimately regretted that to brilliancy and daring he had not added a larger measure of critical discretion.



(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, W.)

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN

Since then, the Poet-Laureate has written no more fiction. Lyrical poetry and poetic dramas have occupied all his time, to the great content of his admirers.

The greatest honour he has attained, the most conspicuous honour for any poet, the "Blue Ribbon of Parnassus," as it was called once by a critic of a sporting turn, was his appointment to the Laureateship in 1896. It is needless to recall the reasons of the three or four years' delay in the appointment of a Poet-Laureate after the death of Lord Tennyson, or all the pros and cons of a rather ill-tempered and ill-mannered controversy. The general wish was that the office, as an official creation, should lapse. A large section was eager that the latest Victorian Laureate should be a woman, to add an additional and significant lustre to the Queen's reign; and of course every one hoped that, if her Majesty agreed, the choice would be Miss Christina Rossetti. But two years after Tennyson's death Miss Rossetti was lost to us also. For reasons into which there is no need to enter, neither Mr. Swinburne nor William Morris (the two laureates-elect of the world of letters) was, to use a convenient colloquialism, "in the running." The chances were narrowed to three or four men, of whom Sir Lewis Morris and Sir Edwin Arnold were considered the likeliest. Some urged that the most fit poet for the laureateship was Mr. Alfred Austin, others that the most fit was Mr. Austin Dobson: many were eager that one of the younger men, pre-eminently Mr. William Watson, should be chosen; a few, and with good reason, argued for the election of a writer whose appointment could give offence to none and would yet be appropriate enough—Sir Theodore Martin, at once a distinguished man of letters, a courtier, and a personal friend of the Queen. A plebiscite was organised by a London paper, with unsatisfactory results—to the poets concerned. The only certainty obtained was that the public did not concern itself one way or the other, but looked on, when it looked at all, with tepid indifference. Mr. William Watson got a pension, Mr. Henley "was read at

Windsor," the feelings of Sir Lewis Morris and Sir Edwin Arnold were judiciously restrained, the Olympian calm of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris was unruffled, and then, one day, we knew we had a new Poet-Laureate.

If the dignity and honour of the position were ever in peril, it was through the intemperate and ill-mannered conduct of the lesser sort of critics. Their diatribes reminded one of the story of the morose old gardener who, one day when hoeing, disclosed a frog which naturally hopped away, only to be pursued and hoed to pieces, with the remark, "I'll larn ye to be a frog!" These particular "gentlemen of the Press" seemed to be anxious to do to Mr. Austin as the old gardener did to the frog, to the tune of "I'll larn ye to be a poet-laureate."

There is in all Alfred Austin's work the charm of spontaneity. But the defect of this quality, a too unregardful fluency, is also sometimes apparent. The happy epithet, it must frankly be added, is a delicate prey not to be hunted with success in these preserves. The obverse sometimes obtrudes itself; as, for instance, where the lovely nocturn which ends Mr. Austin's latest book is spoilt by one most unhappy epithet in the second line of the final stanza; or again, to take an instance of prose, the picturesque image which ends the first chapter in the same book is immediately preceded by "mountain and main began to exchange the resplendent garments of sundown for twilight's more sober mantle. . ." whereat one can only rub one's eyes, read again, and sorrowfully admit that even poets-laureate can lapse into the hackneyed phraseology of the impenitent journalist. Even in his noble sonnet "To England," the much-admired line, "Behind the impassable fences of the foam," is doubly to be found fault with—for not only is the metaphor incongruous, but the central word, "fences," is here as inadequate imaginatively as it is inept actually.

For many years past Mr. Alfred Austin's home has been a charming old manor-house in the heart of the most beautiful region of Kent. Swinford Old Manor is an ideal residence for a writer such as Mr. Austin, who not only derives his happiest inspiration from his Kentish woodlands and meadows, hedgerows and gardens, but is "a born squire." Squires, like poets, are born, not made. Almost might be accepted the dictum of the old Norfolk farmer, who, when told that a fellow East-Anglian had become the most famous poet in the world, remarked (after asking what he *did*) that "any feller cud larn how to write, but I'd like ye to show me how any man cud larn to be a squire."

Among the woodlands and leafy lanes and long pastoral reaches of mid-Kent, the Poet-Laureate leads a happy and contented life. Of late his health has made advisable his residing abroad during the raw and damp months at home; but for the greater part of the year he is at Swinford Old Manor, occupied with his work and his many avocations, and particularly the supervision of his beautiful gardens. He comes to London as little as practicable, but in the season is a frequent and always welcome visitor at the Carlton Club. Occasionally, too, he consents to give an address, or to preside at some public function. Small in stature, Mr. Austin is so well proportioned that he does not suggest being much below the average height, and when he is lecturing or speaking his fine and resonant voice still further adds to the illusion that he is, like one of Sir Walter's characters, "as guid as ither folk i' the matter o' inches." Statistical tests are misleading. The wind comes where it will, and, as the Arab poets have it, so does genius inhabit the tent now of this man, now of that. Shelley and Wordsworth and Tennyson were tall men; Mr. Austin, Mr. Swinburne, and another well-known poet and critic, have been rudely called "the three smallest scribes in the world." But the latter are in as good company as the former—and all dwell beyond the fret and fume of statistical nonsensicalities!

There can be little doubt that for the great majority of Mr. Austin's readers his most widely liked books are the verse-lightened prose "disburdenings," as an old writer has it—"The Garden that I Love," "Veronica's Garden," and "Lamia's Winter Quarters," though, with the exception of those fortunate ones who have lived much in or know and love Italy well, the third of the series is likely to have a more restricted public. The "Gardens" are among the best books of their kind—full of charm, grace, distinction, and a ripe and genial culture, with below all a sweet and sunny temperament, as winsome as it is convincing. In the third I find these qualities also, but at times during perusal feared that, to use a familiar colloquialism, Mr. Austin was riding the mare too far; that is to say, was becoming mannered. His "Poet" groweth didactic. In the next of the series—if, as we must all trust, there is another—it is to be hoped Lamia will have married him, be less his echo, and more his delightful tyrant. On the whole, too, it is to be wished that they come back to the old manor-house. Italy is all very well, but we would rather hear the cuckoo calling down the green Kentish lanes than over-much quotation from Virgil and the Italians. How well, however, Mr. Austin understands one very significant charm of Italy is conveyed in a passage such as this:

> Ancientness [said the poet] and an ancientness that never grows old. For Italy, notwithstanding its centuries of history, art, warfare, misfortune, remains perennially young. More than once the rash have said, "Italy is dead." Italy never dies. She has the gift of perpetual life. But with all her indestructible freshness she carries about her the dignity of bygone times and the majesty of tradition. The new is always more or less vulgar. Refinement is the work of time. You remember Aristotle's definition of aristocracy—ancient riches. Italy has ancient riches, the riches of law, religion, poetry, and the arts, long established; and she has, therefore, what is most precious in aristocracy. She has ancient speech and ancient manners. Her mountains are necessarily ancient—the Soracte of Horace, the Alps of Hannibal. But her plains and valleys are equally so, for she has an ancient agriculture. We are sitting at this moment surrounded by a rural cultivation that is described with absolute accuracy in the "Georgics" and again by Politian in his "Rusticus," written on this very spot, and that has not changed since the days of Cincinnatus. Listen to that fellow singing among the olives. Virgil has described him—*Canit fundator ad auras*—and might be his contemporary. It is this far-backness, if I may coin a word to express my meaning, that sheds a glamour over everything in Italy; a far-backness, however, that endures and persists, that is with us and around us, and compels us to bend with reverence before it, as we must ever do before the parent past we still have with us. In proportion as Italy parts with its past Italy will lose its charm. The temptation to do so in this age is great, and I fear it is not being sufficiently resisted.

The lyrics and other verse in this latest book take high rank among the poems of the Laureate. Here is a delightful one, "Written for Lamia" (whose Wedding Ode we patiently but assuredly wait):

"Say what to please you you would have me to be."
  "Then listen, dear—
I fain would have you very fair to see,
  And sweet to hear.

You should have Aphrodité's form and face,
  With Dian's tread,
And something of Minerva's lofty grace
  Should crown your head.

Summer should wander in your voice, and Spring
  Gleam in your gaze:
And pure thoughts ripen in your heart that bring
  Calm Autumn days.

Yours should be winning ways that make Love live
  And ne'er grow old,
With ever something yet more sweet to give,
  Which you withhold.

You should have generous hopes that can beguile
  Life's doubts and fears,
And, ever waiting on your April smile,
  The gift of tears.

You should be close to us as earth and sea,
  And yet as far
As heaven itself. In sooth, I'd have you be
  Just what you are."

Yet not even Lamia under the olives can win us away from "the dear Kentish lanes and copses." Let me close with some lines from the characteristic poem which ends this volume:

Good-night! now dwindle wan and low
The embers of the afterglow,
And slowly over leaf and lawn
Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
And, prowling, sniffs the telltale air;
The frogs croak louder in the dyke,
And all the trees seem dark alike;
The bee is drowsing in the comb,
The sharded beetle hath gone home:
          Good-night!

THE MUSICAL GAMES OF ANTIQUITY

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF MUSIC"

WE have changed for the worse in modern times, since we have abolished or rather suffered to languish into oblivion those interesting and excellent pastimes of antiquity which were known as "Musical Games." At the present hour, if we search through the whole hemisphere of innocent pleasure, we shall look in vain for anything approaching them in character or in designation, excepting always the rustic and time-honoured sport of the "Musical Chairs," which belongs too much to the nursery to be allowed to count.

The world has become considerably the poorer by this dropping out of a delightful and artistic species of recreation, which is but ill-replaced by the bagatelle cue, the card table, and the game of Halma.

The most popular musical game of antiquity was that known as "The Cottabos." Its origin is very difficult to trace; also from what country it was primarily derived. But in Greece in the early classical times it was already very popular, and became more and more so as the luxury of cities advanced, and wealth brought leisure to the citizens.

In many parts of the Greek world, but more especially in Sicily, where magnificence and expense reached their height in the great cities of Tarentum and Crotona, buildings used to be erected like our racquet courts and fives' courts, and of about the same size as the former, for the express purpose of playing this musical game, although it was also played in private houses as well. All day long the game proceeded, being taken up by various parties of players, who succeeded one another in their tenancy of the court, which was constructed as follows:

The arena was a broad open space, exactly like our racquet court, but towards one end, and in the centre towards that end, was fixed a large marble basin full of water. Floating in this marble basin was a small vase or basin of metal, often of silver, and sometimes of the best bronze. At so many paces away from the marble basin a chalk line was drawn on the floor, and the players when they commenced to compete toed it. A band of flute-players stood by awaiting the signal to begin.

When this signal was given, the flutes struck up, and the players, seizing cups and dipping them into a large vase containing wine, stepped forward one by one to the chalk line, with the intention of throwing the wine through the air into the metal basin afloat on the water. This was a great feat to accomplish successfully. An unskilful thrower would so handle his wine that it would fly out in a broad sheet, and be all scattered in the air long before it reached its mark. An unsteady thrower would perhaps hurl the wine, but deposit it in the water instead of in the basin. The crack Cottabos-player avoided both these faults, "grasped the cup," we are told, "with well crooked fingers, like a flute-player holding his flute," directed his wine through the air in a compact collected cloud, and landed it full in the metal basin, which was the mark he aimed at.

The flutes, which were warbling all the time the players were getting ready, stopped directly a throw was made, and all ears were eagerly intent to listen what sort of a splash the wine made in the basin—for the beauty and music of the splash determined the success of the player.

He whose wine, coming in a firm and swelling cloud, fell with a full sound on the silver, producing a crisp, sharp musical note of fine *timbre*, was accounted a better player than the thrower whose wine made an uncertain noise, or being too much shaken out splashed like falling rain on the metal, giving only the pitter-patter of a drizzle.

Not only was the skill of the thrower concerned in the extraction of a pure musical tone from the metal vase, but the quality of the wine had something to do with it. The Pramnian wine was reputed to give a crisper plash than the Chian wine. The wine of Lesbos likewise was said to have more body in its tone than the wines of Thasos. Everything was studied, all arts were enlisted and made use of to achieve a pure and brilliant musical note when the wine fell, and sent the sound ringing from the silver. And considering what countless variations of *timbre* there must have been, and what untold delicacies of modulation in the ring, we may well be surprised that such niceness of ear should have been so common a thing, and that in a game which, in its repute and its associations, was entirely popular, so much acoustic acumen could have been exercised.

But the Greeks were a musical nation. They could find music in the trickle of a waterfall, which we pass by unnoticed. The songs of birds so charmed them that all the legends, and all the chosen ability of these sylvan singers were invented and conferred by the Greeks. They delighted in hearing a musical voice, and a main part of their education was devoted to acquiring a round and clear delivery. And in the same way they could listen to and detect the discrepancies of the Cottabos, which our duller ears would fail to recognise.

Plato, the comic poet, tells us that the popularity of the game was so great that, not content with playing it in courts and in public, "people must needs be always at it in private houses—after dinner, or even before it." In one of his plays he gives us a whole scene of this private Cottabos, which perhaps we might do worse than reproduce here.

"All the guests have finished dinner," says the master of the house. "Come, remove the tables, and bring water for them to wash their hands in, and have the floor swept. Then we will have the Cottabos."

"Are the girls ready with the flutes?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, we are just on the point of beginning, and they must come in to accompany us."

"My friend, will you please pour some perfume into the wine while I go and distribute garlands among the guests."

"I will do just as you want, and attend to all your directions."

The master of the house then takes a cup of wine, and pours out a libation to Bacchus. The scolium—which was a sort of short and pithy epigrammatic song—was next sung by some of the company. Then "Everybody is ready," he says, "and the young men are toeing the line. And here is the girl with her flute striking up a Carian song, and another girl will be here in a moment with an Eastern harp, to join her."

Now the players have filled their cups, and they begin throwing in turn. And as each throws, he pronounces the name of his lady-love. "Here's for Glycera!" "This one for Scione!" "This throw for Callistium!" "Here goes for Phanostrata!"

"And how do they manage to throw it so cleverly, and how do they hold it?" asks a novice of a bystander. "Why, you must crook your fingers round the cup, like a flute-player holds his fingers round his flute. Then pour in a little wine—not much. And then let fly."

"Yes, but how?"

"Why, look here—in this way."

"O Neptune! what a height you throw it."

In private houses this musical game was played for prizes. In Athenæus' Banquet we are told that the prize of one Cottabos which he describes were three ribbons, five apples, and nine kisses. And kisses were a very general prize, it seems. For in the comic poet Cratinus, a guest coming late to a banquet, is made to say, "Holloa! I hear the sound of kissing, so I suppose the conqueror of the Cottabos is getting his prize."

Next in celebrity and popularity to the Cottabos was the Ball Dance—a species of beautiful game which has entirely vanished from human memory. The balls were made of scarlet or purple leather, and filled with flour or feathers, grass, wool, fig-seeds, or sand. They were small, and the object of covering them with such a bright colour was that they might flash and look bright in the sun, and be easily seen when they were thrown.

The players were generally girls, dressed in the Dorian costume, which can best be reproduced to the fancy by remembering the attire of Diana in the well-known group of her and the stag. Their dress was short, barely reaching to their knees, and their arms were bare, the dress being fastened at the shoulder with gold or silver studs.

They stood at angles—sometimes, however, in two sides—and on the commencement of the music, which was contributed by a lyre-player who sat on a seat near, they began to weave all sorts of fanciful steps in time and measure to the melody.

Then the ball was taken by the leader of the game and thrown to one of the girls, who caught it while she was dancing, if possible while her feet were both off the ground, and almost immediately flung it to another, who received it and despatched it in a similar manner. This bounding and throwing communicated an aspect of the most airy lightness to the game, equalled only, we imagine, by that common spectacle of the modern ballet, when a dancer whose belt has been previously attached to a wire is caught up aloft as if she were flying. The same feeling of airy grace must have been communicated to the Greek spectators when the girls were at the Ball Dance—bounding high in the air, catching the flying ball as it fluttered through the sky, and never seeming to touch earth, except but for a moment, during the whole of the play.

Homer describes the game thus in the Odyssey, and according to his account the ball was sometimes flung so high in the air that it was almost lost to sight. When it appeared as a speck from cloudland, the player whose turn it was to catch it seemed to rise to meet it, and taking it, tossed the ball once more to the heavens, so that it soared about like a bird. Alternately with this, the players standing closer flung the ball from one to the other with such lightning-like rapidity that it made men dizzy to look.

When we consider that during these intricate movements and complicated figures there was a constant stream of music swelling on and never stopping, and that every step taken in the game was to the measure of a musical bar, we must confess how much enhanced would be the beauty of the game for the eyes of onlookers, and how marvellously smooth and symmetrical must have been the actions of every one that played it. "Sometimes," says a Greek author, "they would throw the ball from one to the other at short distances. And then they must use their hands alone. But at longer distances they might use their arms to fling it with, standing easily but firmly in one spot, and arching their bodies in a thousand graceful flexions to catch the bouncing ball."

Nausicaa, one of the heroines of the Odyssey, danced the Ball Dance on the sea shore in Phæacia, which is the modern Corfu. The shore was yellow, and the bright blue sea, like a sheet of sapphire, surrounded it. Nausicaa was a king's daughter, and she played the game with a golden ball. Those who played with her were her handmaids and attendants. She was a tall girl, exceeding them all in height and beauty and majesty. And her poses in the Ball Dance were like those of Diana herself, as she treads the heights of Taygetus, hunting the boars and the swift-footed stags.

If we pass now from the games of girls to the festival of the Olympic games, where men contended for the prize of victory, we shall find that even here the favourite pastime of the "Musical Game" insinuated itself, and that the athletes performed one most popular exercise of this character which was in very great favour with all the spectators. This was the Pancratium, as it was called, which was a mixture of boxing and wrestling, every blow being delivered in time to a musical melody, and every grip or throw in the wrestling being responsive to a musical chord.

The *blasé* sightseers of London have most of them looked with interest on what is called the "Musical Ride" of the Military Tournament. Infinitely more musical, because the countless gestures of the human body followed the metre, not merely the evolution of a few horses, was the Pancratium of the Olympic games. When it began, we read, the spectators leaving all other attractions crowded round to see this, and could never be torn away, with their applause and their fascinated gaze, until the contest was over.

Lucian describes the game thus: "When they have locked hand in hand," he says, "and give blows and take them, the fight floats off into a dance." They menace each other as deadly enemies, yet there can be no hostility in their threats, for their feet are perpetually beating the rhythms, and their ears are open to catch the slightest variation of the music, that they may express the melody by their motions.

Another musical game, and the last we need allude to among the Greeks, was the Flower Game, which was played very much in the manner in which our country dances are performed. The girls arranged themselves on one side in a long line, the youths and men on the other. The former held flowers—principally roses and violets—in their hands, and thus equipped the two lines of players danced up to one another in time to the music. The youths and men on coming close to the line of their fair *vis-a-vis*, sang—

> Where are my roses? And where are my violets?
> And where is my beautiful parsley too?

In connection with the intrusion of the parsley—most unromantic of herbs in our conception!—among the poetical violets and roses, we must explain that parsley was with the Greeks a very different plant—or perhaps we should say a plant held in very different esteem—from what it is with us. It formed the crown of the conquerors at many of the national games, such as the Olympic and Isthmian. And the young men, in asking the girls for parsley, were in fact requesting them to wreathe crowns of conquest or of favour, and place them upon their heads.

Such were the words, then, with which one side of the players, so to speak, challenged the others. And it was left to the girls to reply—

> Here are your roses, and here are your violets;
> And here is your beautiful parsley too.

One of the maidens here handed a flower or a parsley wreath to her lover, with which well contented he and the other men retired with dancing steps to the time of the music, while she overwhelmed with confusion retired with the maidens.

This approach and retreat was again repeated as often as a girl had anything to give, or as long as a girl was left whose favours, typified by the flowers, were as yet unbestowed on a lover. What shyness! what bashfulness! what timid reluctance, at times blossoming into the most desperate courage, did this game not suggest and evoke! The musical measures of the melody were meanwhile of a most intricate and elaborate nature, so that the most ardent lover, the most timid and bashful maiden, must not forget the steps for all his ardour or her timidity; and must ever remember that this pretence of wooing and making love was not an actuality, but only a musical game.

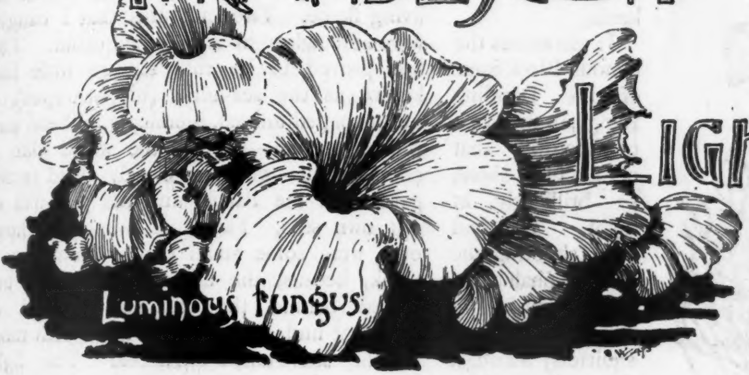
Musical games of a still more extraordinary description meet us somewhat later in history—that is to say, passing from the time of the Greeks and coming to the early Middle Ages. A most grotesque form of the Ball Dance—utterly ludicrous and with not the vestige of a pretence to anything artistic—was commonly practised in the *cathedrals* (!) of the early mediæval times. On Easter Day, after the long austerities of Lent were over, the cathedral became the scene of a carnival. A large ball was solemnly given to the Dean of the Cathedral, at the conclusion of service on that festival, and directly the organ struck up the closing voluntary the Dean threw it to the nearest chorister, who at once buzzed it to another, and he to a third; until what with the excitement and the disorder which the game occasioned, the whole church became a scene of confusion and uproar.

"Even the archbishop of the diocese," says the writer in the *Acta Sanctorum* from whom we are quoting, "did not disdain to bandy the ball about, if he were there; and meanwhile the choir boys were leaving their places in the stalls and leaping and bounding all about the chancel, the elder clergy also joining in, and footing it to the sound of the organ"—which exactly authenticates the scene of confusion and grotesqueness which we described this species of the Ball Game to be.

Another very favourite musical game of the same epoch was the Burial of the Alleluia. Odd and profane though this ceremony may seem, it was yet gone through with great gravity and earnestness, and was greatly enjoyed by the onlookers, although generally speaking they were not allowed to participate in the game.

It took place in the churches in the Middle Ages on Septuagesima Sunday. After the blessing all the boys of the choir came down the church, some whipping tops on which the word "Alleluia" was written, others carrying turfs on which the name was cut. Followed by the congregation they proceeded to the churchyard, and buried the tops and turfs with a great deal of grotesque horseplay, which we should deem irreverent, but which in those days was esteemed excellent drollery. And with this odd pendant to our list, we close our account of the Musical Games.

INCANDESCENT LIGHTS



Luminous fungus.

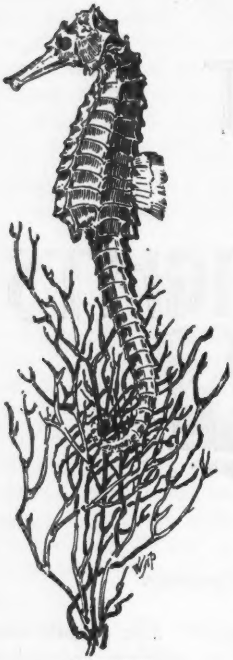
By C. PARKINSON, F.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. PEARCE AFTER SKETCHES BY MARIAN PARKINSON

FROM the Polar regions of the North and South to the very heart of the Tropics, the luminous properties of certain organisms afford a glow during the darkness of night after an irregular fashion of their own, obeying no apparent law, but simply shining when and how they will. At one time the slightest movement or agitation of the water serves to kindle countless scintillations; at another time, when the conditions seem the same, and equally favourable, not a spark is to be seen. We are all familiar with the humble glowworm of our sandy heaths and byways at home, and, in lesser degree, with the several vegetable—and even animal—substances which emit that light in darkness commonly known as phosphorescence, on the same *lucus et non lucendo* principle, I suppose, that the animal is called a guinea-pig, because it is not a pig, and does not come from Guinea. Luminosity in the organic world is not due to phosphorus, although the radiance frequently emitted bears some resemblance to that engendered by the drug. If a glowworm be dissected, it will be seen that the female possesses an oily substance of yellow colour, secreted in a cavity beneath the abdomen, protected by a transparent membrane. The secretion itself has a basis of formic acid, which supplies the brilliant spark at certain seasons. The general term "phosphorescence" is merely a convenient word expressive of the kind of light emitted by various organisms; it serves its purpose, if somewhat at the expense of accuracy; in many cases the origin of the luminosity is quite unknown.

In varying degree the phenomenon is distributed throughout the world. Dr. Nansen records it in the extreme North. It reveals itself in all manner of unexpected places. I have seen a distinct glow from a disused keyhole, due to a minute fungus propagating itself therein. Earthworms in any garden exhibit during the darkness a decided luminosity, either from their slimy tracks or from the body itself, but you can never tell when the light will present itself. It is also well known to mineralogists that diamonds and other crystals glow in absolute darkness.

At Baveno, again, on Lago Maggiore, I have read the time by a watch placed at the bedside, a firefly beneath an inverted wineglass supplying the necessary light; and in the West Indies the larger *elateridæ* are used by ladies as sparkling ornaments at night. Indeed, one of the great fascinations of the tropics is the brilliant radiance of the nights, and the following pictures are but faint representations of scenes engraven



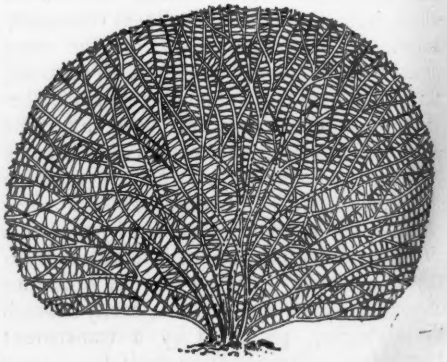
SEA-HORSE

on the mind during a voyage of nine months' duration, through various oceans, broken by visits to many lands.

It was across the famous Black Spur of the Dividing Range, in the heart of Victoria, that certain fungi shone so brilliantly at night. We had been shooting the flying phalangers (commonly known as the flying squirrels) amongst the eucalypts of the Australian Bush, when chance brought us to a rivulet at the base of the beautiful waterfall at Marysville. There, in a peaceful nook, sheltered by huge tree-ferns, and clad with rare mosses and lycopods, clusters of cup-shaped fungi, intensely luminous, nestled amid a bed of filmy fern, and lit the immediate surroundings with a white mysterious glow. I can convey little idea of the weird effect thus produced, and merely record the fact that a handful carried back to the township gradually lost the intensity of light as the organism slowly shrivelled away. In a lesser degree there are fungi similarly luminous at home. The exact *raison d'être* of the appearance I cannot explain. If you exclude the atmosphere the fungus ceases to shine, hence I infer that it is the action of atmospheric air upon exhalations of the organism which induce the radiance.

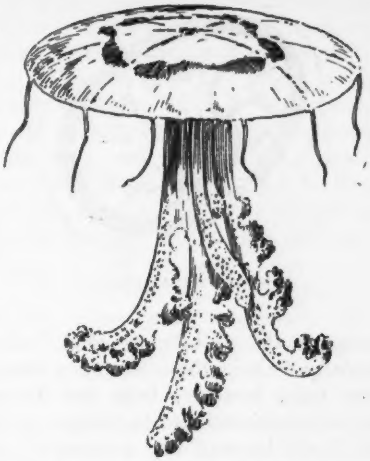
Suez Bay is one of the fair places of the earth, the broad sweep of the blue waters being flanked by mountains of striated sand three thousand feet high, of which every detail is clear in the transparent atmosphere, whilst Suez itself, amid the Desert, occupies the foreground. One splendid night a great P. and O. mailboat was flashing a searchlight across the bay, the operations causing a manifest irritation among the denizens of the deep. Many organisms swam rapidly to and fro, at or near the surface, exhibiting large single sparks of bluish light, quite distinct from the microscopic animalculæ which transform the waters into sheets of living flame. Two creatures that I caught were still aglow in a darkened cabin. The first proved to be that strange little fish known as the sea-horse (hippocampus), a queer-shaped animal, seemingly all head and prehensile tail—for all the world like a chess knight—which is closely allied to the gar-fish of the Pacific and the pipe-fish of our own seas. Far more numerous, however, were some small crabs—immature, I think, because the tail segments were unfolded behind the carapace, instead of adherent underneath, as is usual with most of the short-tailed crustacea. The light radiating from within the body appeared as a small globe of bluish fire; whether it is derived from other luminous animals swallowed as food, or is inherent in the crab itself, I do not know. And the same query applies also to the sea horse.

A truly tropical scene is presented on the shores of the island of Ceylon, where one drives through interminable groves of cocoa-palms to Mount Lavinia Point, a few miles out from Colombo. Here, from a native catamaran, or surf-boat, you may gaze through the translucent water into the depths of the fairy pools, resplendent with bright weeds of every hue—with corals, madrepores, and parti-coloured fishes of many shapes and forms. Purple, blue and red, green and yellow blend in splendid



GORGONIA CORALLINE

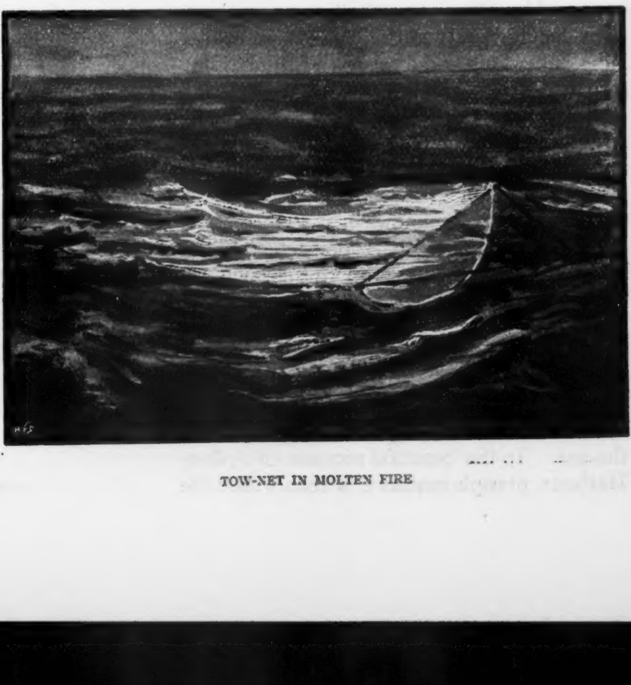
array by day, whilst at night the fishes leave fiery tracks in the fastnesses of their native pools, and the starlike polypites of the coral or madrepore are often enveloped in a liquid flame. I have seen the scarlet-branched coralline (Gorgonia) in the dark when every detail of the branching structure has been picked out with tiny stars, like the centre-piece in some grand pyrotechnic display. Some of the sea-mats and living sponges reveal a similar glow at the sea bottom; in fact, the zones of the deep-sea fauna, beyond the range of the solar rays, are said to be illumined solely with the effulgent light which we term "phosphorescence."



JELLY-FISH (LUCERNARIADÆ)

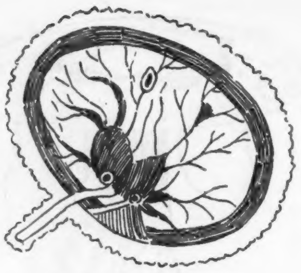
My experience shows luminous animals in the sea to be rather the rule than the exception, and doubtless it plays some important function in the economy of marine organisation. Almost all Medusæ, or jelly-fish, emit a light of some kind or another. The drawing of one of the Lucernariadæ here given represents a very beautiful pelagic organism, with a circular disc, ribbon-like streamers and a colouring of deep puce. I took it in a net from among hundreds of floating specimens at the lower end of the Mozambique Channel, on the East African coast. Both the large and small specimens—some were as big as soup-plates—became brilliantly illumined at night.

Following the African coast in a southerly direction, we found ourselves somewhere between East London and Mossel Bay, within the full influence of the Agulhas current. As soon as darkness set in, a most gorgeous display riveted the attention of all on board. A surface net, towed astern, was literally blazing with light, every mesh and every line glowing in liquid flame, derived, I think, from myriads of infinitesimal Noctilucæ invisible to the naked eye. The net, thus adorned, attracted the notice of a passing shoal of porpoises, which for an hour or more played round the ship, every movement being indicated to us on board by the luminous track of white light left by each animal in its erratic course. The weird beauty of the scene is beyond description, the ephemeral lights fading with kaleidoscopic rapidity in the dead silence of night. The very sails were lit by the reflections from the waves.



TOW-NET IN MOLTEN FIRE

From South Africa to the inhospitable latitudes of Kerguelen Islands is a far cry, and yet, where the great icebergs float at their own sweet will, the waters sparkle again during the long nights. Some of the bergs are occasionally as big as the Isle of Wight, and 800 feet in height. Professor

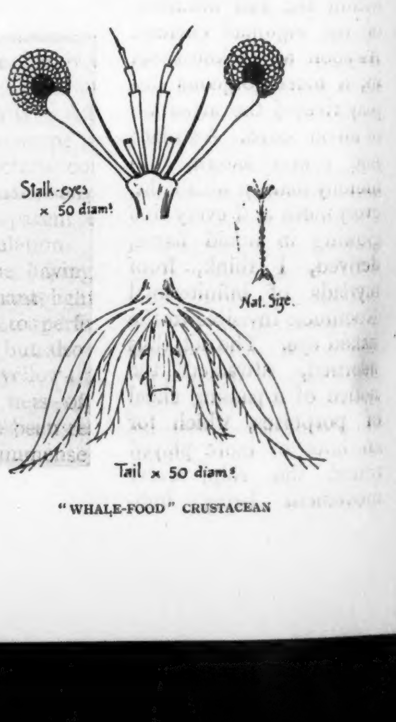


NOCTILUCA (MAGNIFIED)

Moseley, in the "*Challenger* notes," records luminosity even in these Southern icebergs. If we turn, however, from the fantastic creations of colossal size to things infinitely small, it will be seen that a cause of phosphorescence in the far South is a tiny red Crustacean of shrimplike appearance which swarms in the ocean, and is known to sailors as "Whale-food." Each shrimp carries a glowing spark in the front of the head, connected, I think, with the wondrous stalk-eyes of many facets. In the Indian Ocean, again, most exquisite blue shrimplike Crustacea are equally resplendent.

In the Southern Atlantic, somewhere in the latitude of St. Helena, our ship passed through bands of yellowish-coloured water, the successive bands being, perhaps, a mile long and a few hundred yards broad. A net laden with the gelatinous particles could hardly be hauled in by two sailors, so great was the resistance offered. The collective mass reminded one of sago-pudding, whilst in a tumbler of sea-water the living organisms were barely visible to the naked eye, swimming backwards and forwards with incessant activity. After an interval of repose, the microscope revealed a marvellous compound structure consisting of groups of separate animals, enveloped in a common tunic, transparent enough to show every detail in circulation. It is known as Pyrosoma, a name having reference, I presume, to the brilliant light-emitting properties, which we saw to perfection at night, not only in the sea, but also in the glass of water containing the yellow-tinted organisms. It is said that the nets of the Mediterranean fishermen have been rendered useless for the time by the immense accumulations of Pyrosoma in the sea. In the beautiful recesses of Sydney Harbour, phosphorescence is seen within the land-locked Pacific waters. The little-frequented shores of Middle Harbour are fringed with a species of Fig-tree—called the native Banyan—the interlacing roots of which are fully exposed beneath the clear waters with clusters of a succulent coxcomb oyster flourishing vigorously thereon, just as mussels attach themselves to a pier. Innumerable creatures gleam at eventide in the vicinity of these beds, after the short spell of Southern twilight has passed away into the darkness of night. A boat returning to Manley Beach at such a moment will plough its way through sheets of glowing foam, which might well proceed from the molten stream of some Sheffield blast furnace.

One night, when we were about two hundred miles south of Mauritius, a luminous appearance parallel with the side of the ship greatly exercised our minds, a manifestation I am to this day unable to explain. The sea was calm, but the vessel was making her six knots before a fair breeze. At eleven o'clock, the officer on watch directed our attention to a peculiar serpentine movement—extending nearly the length of the poop, say seventy-feet—alongside the ship. The light was most brilliant in the darkness, the ribbonlike movement, conveying the impression of some gigantic conger-eel swimming rapidly at the surface of the sea. The direction was contrary to the progression of the ship itself, and the light gradually wriggled away beyond our ken. I believe it


Stalk-eyes × 50 diam!
Nat. Size.
Tail × 50 diam!

"WHALE-FOOD" CRUSTACEAN

to have been a great eel-shaped fish darting away, and leaving a fiery tail many times its own length—a kind of optical delusion—in its wake. At the same time, I am bound to add, that several others attributed the phenomenon to the impetus of the vessel, driving the glowing waters away by displacement from her own course. But if so, why should the serpentine motion be seen on only one occasion during a long voyage, when the seas were luminous scores of nights? This explanation is, to me, hardly reasonable. There are so many different kinds of luminosity at sea. I have frequently seen an isolated patch of faint white light, perhaps three feet in circumference, visible in an uncertain manner several feet below the surface of the water. Suddenly a sort of explosive action takes place, the mass glows more brilliantly for a few instants, and then disappears. I have caught this organism in my trawl-net, proving it to be a large species of *Salpa*, one of the *Tunicata*, having a transparent body ten inches long and three inches broad. Besides the regular inflow and expulsion of water which serves alike for purposes of circulation, food and locomotion, the animal has the additional power of suddenly creating a rush of water from the mouth, by an extra spasmodic contraction within. I have proved by direct and close observation that this latter movement causes the explosive light, where a faint glow is the normal emanation from the quiescent body. I have forced a captive specimen of Salpa to fire his works, if the expression may be used, by placing the finger in its mouth, far into the enveloping tunic, a process, by the way, which is apt to produce a painful urtication of the hand.

Perhaps the shoals of herrings off our own Cornish coasts give as fine a phosphoric display as anything the world can show. The very scales as they fall seem to shower particles of light. In this case, the luminosity is probably derived from infusorial life in the water, not emanating from the fish itself. At the same time that the herrings gleam, a passing steamer will plough its way through the fiery waves, the light particles clinging to the plunging bows; and the waves on the adjacent sandy shore burst in flamelike spray miles away from the fish shoals. The entire sea is a mass of Noctilucæ ready to break forth into glowing light directly the environment is agitated. During the long summer evenings the low sandy shores of the Flemish coast are resplendent with such lights; we find them everywhere.

Looking back to the mysterious growth of the lowly fungus yielding magical rays in the night-season, to the incomparable perfection of the microscopic Crustacea hiding their jewelled eyes in the depths of the unfathomable ocean, to the rhythmic undulations of the glowing jelly-fish piloting a course uninjured amid the surge of angry billows, and to the glory of the parti-coloured corals, I am driven to ask towards what end it has all been developed? And when we discover the same completeness ranging through a whole world of organisms in the sea—invisible to the naked eye—the intellect fails in comprehension. The things exist, yet the creation of a single living atom is altogether beyond our experience. Phosphorescence may reveal some hidden beauties in nature, but it cannot solve one particle of the Great Enigma.

LUMINOUS TRACK OF A FISH

THE CHILDREN OF THE "GIANT"

By Mrs. ORPEN

"PST, pst! Quick! Now is our chance. There's a mad dog in Rueil. Let's run and meet it."

The speaker was a little fellow of about six, with bright black eyes and keen anxious-looking face. He addressed his hurried words to another child of the same age and size and look. Clearly his twin brother.

Pascal and Pierre Dumont were twins. That was all that was known about them, the rest was guesswork. The name of Dumont was given them because they were found on the slopes of Mont Valérien, which is a mountain, if there is one at all in the neighbourhood of Paris. Pascal and Pierre they were called because they were shivering with cold and were calling in a stammering sort of way for *p-p-pain* when found by the night-watchman on his beat.

Poor little fellows! Come from they knew not where, and going they knew not whither, they were stopped on the weary road of life by Authority in uniform, and requested to give an account of themselves. "B-b-bread," they replied, sobbing with cold and hunger. It was answer enough. Deserted, and on a winter's night too, on Mont Valérien. Such was the entry of Pascal and Pierre into history. Deserted children are common enough in Paris. There is a machinery especially devised to absorb them into the life of the great gay thoughtless city. Public assistance, duly constituted, fed and clothed the twins, and, in order to do so more economically, placed them with a gardener in the neighbourhood of Rueil.

Jean, the gardener, was kind after his lights. He did not steal their governmentally provided clothes, nor stint them in their just share of the watery soup and the family bread. Love, however, is not provided by the generosity of a government. It is indeed a commodity seldom kept in stock anywhere, and never procurable on demand. Pascal and Pierre got none from the gardener, and they hungered for it in the same insistent way they had hungered for bread on that cold night on Mont Valérien. The world is very cold without love, a grim fact the twins had dumbly found out.

Now, the one universal unquestioned belief in which all Frenchmen are brought up, and in which they are all agreed, is that everything can be got in Paris. Jean the gardener early inculcated this belief in his two fosterlings. The belief moreover is in the air, all Frenchmen naturally imbibe it into their daily lives and thoughts. The twins had heard much of Paris and its marvels, that vast and wondrous city where everything was to be had—ay, everything one could think of, and more besides. It was a common saying among the children round about, "I wish a mad dog would bite me, for then I should be sent to Paris like *le petit chose*" (names followed according to experience or vague rumour) "and live for six weeks in a palace, and come home having seen Paris." Now the twins longed to go to the wonderful city, in order to find there that which they most wanted on earth, namely, a father and a father's love. In Paris where all things abounded, surely this also should they find. Thus reasoned the twins, falsely no doubt, but not more falsely than many who have gone to Paris hoping to find what they most wanted on earth, and have found there cold desolation and disappointment.

A mad dog appeared in Rueil, so the twins heard through the boy that held the horse the washerwoman drove to and from the big fort on the Mount. Quick as thought Pascal and Pierre scampered in their clattering little wooden shoes down the road away from the gardener's gate, which they had been taught to know, by suffering, was the appointed limit of their tether. Quickly they pattered on, holding each other's hands by way of mutual encouragement. They met a dog. He was only out for an afternoon stroll from the nearest house, but the twins saw in him the mad dog of their hopes.

"Let's hide and let him pass on," said Pierre under the sudden impulse of terror.

"We shan't go to Paris unless we are

bitten," said Pascal, who was very tenacious of an idea, once it got started in his brain.

"Why not go anyway?" cried Pierre with excitement.

They both tried to hide, but the dog, accustomed to children, came up to them inquisitively. They shrank together, and closed their eyes for the bite; the dog sniffed and passed on. The twins opened their eyes, having undergone all the mental agony incidental to a real bite. They knew the road to Paris, it is a knowledge within the reach of most French people, so they pattered actively along on their alert little legs, hoping to see the wonderful city at the end of every turning in the road. But it is a long way to Paris for little boys in wooden shoes, even if they come the shortest way from Rueil over the hills to Suresnes. The bright October day was drawing to a close when the weary lads crept into the latter village. Skirting along the town, and keeping out of sight with the instinct of wild animals, they came at last to the river.

"This must be Paris," cried Pascal, "for, see, the lamps are on the ground here too."

Pierre looked earnestly at the lights, and then said: "It is the river. When there is a river it returns all the light the lamps give it. The river is very honest. God made the river. Dost remember, Monsieur le Curé told us about the great river coming from Paris to take ships away—away—wherever they like?"

Pierre's geography was more limited than his imagination.

"Then let's go by the river to Paris," said Pascal practically.

Down by the river at Suresnes, where the lights twinkled so honestly back from the smooth still surface of the water, there were several barges lying at anchor. These immense long boats with their brightly painted poop-houses and flowers in pots on the roofs, looked the picture of comfort to the tired and hungry little boys. One in particular fascinated them. It was of a warm reddish brown, like newly-fallen leaves in the sunshine. The house was the centre of the vast body, its walls painted white, and its shutters bright green. There was a homely look of comfort about it which made the twins long for some familiar sight that their eyes might rest upon. At that moment the door opened, a stream of warm light came forth, and with it the softer sound of a woman's voice—a mother crooning "Malbrook" to her baby, as mothers have crooned it in France for centuries and centuries.

Perhaps it was from some vague, indistinct recollection which the melody woke up in the hearts of the twins, perhaps it was from mere hunger and wretchedness born of their present loneliness, anyway they sat down near the edge of the river and listened to "Malbrook." Then they began to cry feebly in each other's arms, and thus they fell asleep. The barges, too, go to sleep every night along the river-side, very thickly packed at Suresnes, and the various families which live on them are near neighbours if not always the best of friends. Now, next to the *Giant*, which was the name of the barge where the mother was singing "Malbrook," lay another craft of far less inviting appearance—a mere dirty rubbish-boat, which had fallen low in the world owing to the drunken habits of the owner. A fierce dispute had arisen that very day between him of the *Giant* and the master of the scow in reference to a certain fouling of the chain-boat at Bougival. Each gave the other abuse; and there was nothing heard but "head of a veal!" "figure of a pig!" and "sacred name of a pipe!" for a long while between the decks of the two barges. Night fell, and with it a seeming calm; but the heart of the owner of the rubbish-boat was sore within him, since he knew he was guilty, and it meant damages.

He went to the "Early Riser," therefore, and partook of an absinthe. On returning bargewards he came across the bundle of the twins curled up together beside the great pillar where the barges fasten up. Revenge and absinthe inspired him with an idea. Put the children asleep on board the *Giant*, and let fate and the police take their own course. When full of absinthe he invariably thought of the police. Very carefully and softly, therefore, the twins were carried sound asleep to the *Giant* and were deposited on the dried ferns in the bow of the barge under the green awning of Normandy linen. The *Giant* was loaded down to the water's edge with apples, and it was in the strong sweet odour of the harvest of a score of orchards from down near Jumièges that Pascal and Pierre slept.

Very early, by the first light of day, the *Wasp*, a vigorous, snorting tug, came, and shooting out a string of five fathoms of steel rope, fastened on to the *Giant* and all the rest of the barges, and began to struggle with them up to Paris. The water lapped around the blunt nose of the barge, in soft ripples at first and then in quite a storm of wavelets as the *Wasp* gathered way and went snorting up the misty river in the soft gloom of an autumn morning. The master of the *Giant* stood by his vast tiller and kept his course straight on, past St.-Cloud, the wooded slopes of which sparkled in reds and yellows, like a jewel of topaz and rubies rising from the silver setting of the foggy river.

The twins awoke and shrank together in surprise and alarm. The gurgle of the water sounded like the voice of some strange beast. They shivered as it got louder, and then breathed again as it sighed into softer tones. They saw the light from under the green awning and heard the sound of human voices. Oh, blessed human voices, bringing comfort and hope to their terrified little hearts! They crept out and peered forth. A strange world was whirling past them, moving fantastic shapes appeared before their bewildered gaze, the black vault of a bridge yawning overhead, and the glittering waters all around. The world was topsy-turvy and the twins found nothing to hold on by. Ah, yes! There was one thing they knew, the voice of a woman singing "Malbrook." There she was high up in the air, clear cut against the sky, walking about with a yellow-haired angel on her arm. Who knows what wild vague idea floated through the minds of the little lads peering from under the awning? A mother and a child—the sight has softened the hearts of sinful men; it filled the hearts of the twins with joy and confidence. They stepped forth, holding each other's hands.

"If you please, madame, is this Paris?" said Pascal, as they both took off their little caps.

"Saint Wandrille protect me, but what is this?" exclaimed the mother, clambering down from the deck into the forehold. "Who are you, and how do you come here? Where's your father and mother?"

Alas, the poor twins! they knew none of the answers to these questions. They were going to Paris, they said, in order to find a father; and the mother looked at her own baby and kissed it noisily. The baby smiled a dazzling smile at Pascal and held out a tiny hand of welcome. She had no more doubt of them than they had of Paris. She was only two years and a half old, and was still busy teaching the lesson which all babies are sent from heaven to teach. She cooed and gurgled at them and showed them her baby graces, and they forgot everything in the delight of seeing so sweet a creature.

Pascal and Pierre were taken along the bewildering deck past the dancing water to the stern of the boat.

"See," said the mother to the man at the tiller, "what queer apples we have in the forehold. Didst know of them?"

"Sacred name of a pipe!" exclaimed the man, dropping his own out of his mouth in the extremity of his amazement.

Pascal swiftly picked up the pipe and handed it back to the owner with a polite bow.

"He is well brought up," said the mother, smiling encouragingly at him.

"Who are you?"

"We are Pascal and Pierre. We go to find a father. We have never had one. We lived with Jean the gardener," said Pierre with extreme courtesy of manner.

"Amazing, isn't it?" said the mother.

"Sacred name of a pipe!" was all the father could say. In his surprise he forgot to put over the tiller at the bridge of Sèvres, and he would have bumped against the pier, only the tug whistled fiercely at him, and the owner of the rubbish-boat screamed abuse, so he recovered himself just in time.

"What's to be done with them?" he asked after he had got his breath again.

"Feed them and notify the police," said the mother practically.

She took them into the tiny cabin sparkling in its neatness, and told them to wait till she made a little soup. Fair in the middle stood an odd wicker cage with sides sloping inwards like an extinguisher, and into this cage she popped the baby. But the baby had other views for her immediate welfare in life, and beat her pink hands against the rods of the cage, and opening a rosebud mouth gave a most magnificent yell.

"We will play with her," said Pascal, sitting down on the floor and beginning to clap his wooden shoes together in attractive noisiness.

"Well, now, that's an idea," said the mother, picking the baby out of the cage, and placing her between Pascal and Pierre, who began to chatter with her in inarticulate but perfectly satisfactory baby language. Baby smiled a benign smile, and was at peace with all the world, since the world was now arranged in accordance with her wishes. She took their hands in her own, and cooed at them, and indicated a desire for more noise from their clattering wooden shoes. Pascal and Pierre beat a furious tattoo, and baby screamed with joy. The mother smiled and nodded her head encouragingly at the little group.

The *Giant* at length came to rest at the Quay of Bercy, among the other barges from the Marne and the Rhône and even from as far off as Macon, Dijon, and Lyons. The police were notified of the existence of Pascal and Pierre, and of their unaccountable advent into the small world of the friendly *Giant*, who had so hospitably sheltered them in his capacious arms. Paris is careful of its children, and duly inscribed Pascal and Pierre upon its registers, with a view to piecing together their broken history if possible. In the meantime Paris made a small allowance to the genial *Giant* for the feeding of his fosterlings while conducting these investigations.

Investigations of this sort are slow anywhere, but in Paris they proceed at a geological pace, so that the *Giant* was relieved of his load and was ready to proceed down the river again long before anything was discovered. Paris therefore was pleased to permit that the twins should remain with the *Giant* pending the discovery of something about them.

"We are going down the river away from Paris," said the mother to them, "we are going to Normandy. Ah! but that is a beautiful land. There you see trees loaded with golden apples, and cows in the meadows, and white ducks and geese swimming across the river."

Pascal and Pierre talked this matter over in their little bed in the middle hold; there was room now and to spare in the vast empty barge.

"I don't mind now going away from Paris," said Pierre.

"Oh, Paris is all very well for those poor children who can't live in a barge," said Pascal loftily.

"We haven't looked for the father yet. Shall we wait for the next voyage up?"

"We don't so much need a father now we've got Bébé to love."

"Yes, I think she is nice, maybe," assented Pierre.

"We can love her, oh! ever so much," said Pascal generously.

The journey down the river was an immense delight. Accustomed now to life on a barge, the little boys were permitted to run about over the deck pretty much as they pleased. What they liked best to do was to sit in the great coil of rope behind the towing mast, and pretend that the big strands were the walls of a house. There they sat like two birds in a nest watching the wonderful sights of the city as they moved down the sparkling river. They could see the swift little steamers packed with people darting about from pier to pier, and the black engines pumping up the water from the new docks. There were so many things to look at the lads knew not where to begin, and so, like the wise little men they were, they began at what came first. The smoke of the tug interested them as much as anything, and they began to understand that when a fresh black burst of smoke came it meant that the *Giant* would soon go faster through the water, and would spout up the foam faster and faster from his broad bluff brow.

At Suresnes there is a lock, where the barges huddle up close together in the black gulf. Officialdom in blue uniform, top boots, and cocked hat, while inspecting the barges for general reasons, was inspired by a flash of recollection.

"Humph!" said VI No. 23, to himself, "those lads are like the description of the lost children."

He pulled out a paper from his pocket and read.

"Exactly," said VI No. 23, and forthwith he boarded the *Giant*, and held conference with the owner at the tiller.

"My children," said the policeman, "come with me." And Pascal and Pierre began to cry, for they had feared policemen instinctively all their lives.

"Poor lads!" said the mother pityingly. "I am sorry you can't come with us to Normandy. But see, here are two apples for you, and when we come up again I will seek out Jean the gardener and bring Bébé to visit you."

Somewhat comforted by this prospect, Pascal and Pierre struggled bravely with their tears, and followed VI No. 25 away to Rueil. Jean the gardener was glad to get them back for many reasons, and when he heard how they had run away to Paris in order to look for a father there, he was mollified towards the small culprits.

"You wanted a father to love you, did you?"

"Yes, if you please," said the twins.

"Well, look at me. I am old, but I have never found my father yet. Long ago I used to hope I would. Ah, but you can't find everything in this world—no, not even if you go to look for it in Paris."

"No, sir," said the twins, looking sadly down at their wooden shoes.

A wave of recollection of his own disappointment when he made this discovery swept over Jean. He looked with a softened eye at the sad faces of the little lads whom he had hitherto considered in the light of an income only.

"My little men," he said kindly, "you will never find your father, not if you spend all your lives searching the streets of Paris. But if you will love me, I will love you and be a father to you, and so we shall not find the world too bad after all. Eh?"

The twins clambered into his arms, and he kissed them.

THE WONDER-WORKER

By VIDA BRISS

HAVE *you* a wondrous little son?
Does *he*, when father's pipe is lit,
Ask for the flower that lighted it—
And—puff!—that flower of fire is done?

Have *you* a lovely, magic boy?
Can *he* make stars and flowers of bliss
With—presto!—just a laugh, a kiss,
To light his mother's life with joy?

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JUNE

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

"The times that went over him."—1 Chron. xxix. 30

THE WAVES OF TIME

THIS fragment from the Chronicler's close of his account of King David suggests solemn and stimulating conceptions of life. The words bring before us the strange vicissitudes and extremes in the career of the man who was shepherd boy, soldier, court favourite, outlaw, all but brigand, fugitive, rebel, king, saint, sinner. "The times that went over him" were very unlike each other, and few of us have such a chequered web, but the thought which underlies this phrase is true of us all.

Every life is made up of a series, not merely of succeeding moments, but of epochs, each with its own character, opportunities and responsibilities. In each, some special work is to be done, some grace to be cultivated, some lesson to be learned, some sacrifice to be made, and if the moment is let slip, it is gone irrevocably. "It might have been once, And we missed it, lost it for ever." "To every thing there is a season and a time—a definite opportunity—for every purpose that is under the sun." It is the same thought that is expressed in the threadbare lines about a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. The alchemists believed that there was "the moment of projection," at which if the magic powder were dropped into the crucible, its heaving, molten contents would turn to gold, but if an instant earlier, there would be no effect, and an instant later, explosion and ruin. So God's moments come to us, every one of them a crisis, affording opportunity for something for which eternity will not offer a second opportunity. How solemn that thought makes life! How it destroys the monotony which sometimes presses on us, heightening the low and greatening the small! We must have sharpened attention, that we miss not the lesson of the moment and the duty incumbent on us in it. We must keep in touch with God, and stand, as servants should, girded and ready for work, with the question on lips and in hearts: "What wilt thou have me to do?"

"The times" went over David as a river might flow over a man's head. But was there any power impelling and guiding the flow of the stream? Life is dreary, if all that we can say of it is that it passes, like the mechanical current of a river or the wash of the sea along the coast, eating away here, and casting up banks there, but all the work of eyeless, purposeless chance, or of natural causes.

David thought otherwise, for, in one of the Psalms that go by his name, he uses the same expression with a very significant modification, when he says: "My times are in Thy hand." The stream is guided. Therefore, if at any time it seems to overwhelm us, we can look up through the transparent mass above our heads, and say: "*Thy* waves and *Thy* billows have gone over me, and because they are Thine, I am sure that they will not drown me." Our times follow each other with uniformity of diversity, which sometimes seems to make life and effort as futile as the pitiless sport of the wind among the sandhills of the desert, heaping up what it casts down next moment. But the futility is only apparent. One purpose runs through all the diversity. The web is one, however various the patterns wrought on it. The resulting motion of a great engine is one, though wheels in it turn opposite ways. Summer and winter, tempest and fair weather, work to one end, to ensure the well-filled, nodding ears of the harvest field. The meaning of all our times is to bring us nearer to God, and fill us more full of His grace, and mould us more perfectly into His likeness.

How eloquently that phrase of the Chronicler suggests the transiency of all our times! They pass over, as the wind whistles through an archway and cometh not again. "This also will pass," said an old Rabbi about each task and circumstance, and thereby possessed his soul in peace and patience. There is a wholesome sense of transiency, which spoils no worthy joys, nor weakens any legitimate interest. Rather the more it is cherished, the greater will all earthly "times" seem. Time is "the ceaseless lackey to eternity," and the times that pass over us may become as the waves that wash us towards, and at last cast us high and safe on, the eternal shore. If the world helps us to God, we need not mind though it "passes away, and the fashion thereof." There is "a time to sow," and that is the present life; and there is "a time to reap," and that is the time when times have ceased to glide past us, and eternity is around us.

SECOND SUNDAY

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?

"I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."—Ps. cxvi. 12, 13

TAKING IS GIVING

THIS rapid question and answer of a devout soul conversing with itself goes very deep. Perhaps there is a reference to the "cup of blessing" in the Passover ceremonial, which was drunk with invocation of the divine name; but, more probably, the metaphor is simply the natural, self-explanatory one common to many languages, which picturesquely sums up the aggregate of each man's circumstances and experiences as a cup of which he has to drink. The Psalmist thought of his as a "cup of salvations," many choice wines being, as it were, mingled in it, and many single acts of deliverance and mercy making up the heart-quickening draught which God commended to his lips.

But the main point to be noted is the strong antithesis of "render" and "take." Taking from God is our truest rendering to

God. That is an illuminative thought as to God. It goes even deeper than the utterance of another Psalmist, who proclaimed the worthlessness of sacrifice on the ground that "all the beasts of the forest" were God's, and "the cattle on a thousand hills." It goes deeper than Paul's ringing protest under the shadow of Athene and the Parthenon, that God was "not worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything." For, such thoughts open a gulf between God and man, across which one might doubt whether the voice could travel or hands could stretch. But the possibly chilling loftiness of the thought of Psalmist and Apostle is changed into attractive glow, when the truth involved in this question and answer falls on it, as the snowy peaks, so cold and high, are softened by the glow of sunrise. For the Giver, who is best repaid by taking His gifts, must have been moved by love only in bestowing them, and must delight in the act of giving, and in our act of receiving. We too often think that the giving God shares the expectations of the publicans and sinners, whom Jesus pointed to as beneath the ideal of even human beneficence, and gives to receive as much again. If we habitually felt that He has no motive but His own nature, which, because it is Love, must needs delight in self-impartation, and seeks for no return but that we should truly take His gifts, a dread would be lifted off some hearts, and some of us would be drawn nearer to Him.

Surely this is an emancipating word about religion. "What shall I render? . . . Take." The whole essence of Christianity lies in that question and answer. What does salvation by faith mean, if it does not mean that all we have to do is to accept what God has given? And the same attitude of reception has to be maintained throughout the Christian life, which is healthy and progressive in the measure in which it draws from the life of God in Christ. To take His gift is first; to use His gift and apply it by our own efforts is second. "On these two commandments hang" all growth in Christ-likeness and blessedness.

If we take what God has given, we shall have all we need. The whole fulness of the river of God is flowing past us, and our lips are often chapped with thirst. We do not need to ask for larger gifts; we do need to ask to be helped to take the gifts already given us. The understanding of this question and answer of the Psalmist transforms our conceptions of our relations to God and resulting duties. Away goes the religion of fear. Away goes the religion of slavish obedience to unwelcome commands. Away goes the religion of barter and recompense. Away goes everything but the religion of a heart turned to love by its reception of God's love. Such a heart has a faint likeness to the divine; for into it, too, though it has nothing which it has not received, comes the power to give itself to God. The light flashes from source to mirror, and from mirror to source. The giving God loves and gives; the recipient man takes and loves and gives.

This is a guiding word about plain duties of common life. Few of us recognise and receive into our hearts all God's lesser daily gifts. If there is the thinnest film of cloud low down on the horizon, some of us shiver and moan, as if there was no sunshine. If, in the region of outward gifts, we take what He bestows, and apply the homely wisdom of making the best of it, we shall find that we have more than we thought. But let us be sure that the cups which we grasp, and from which we drink, are such as that we can call upon the name of the Lord, while we quaff their contents. Venetian glass was said to shiver into fragments if poison was poured into it. There are cups which sparkle and attract, over which if "the name of the Lord" were invoked, they would fly asunder, and the deadly, deceitful wine be spilled. That is no "cup of salvation," which we cannot take and call on the name of the Lord.

THIRD SUNDAY

"The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto His heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."—2 Tim. iv. 18.

MORS LIBERATOR

"DELIVER us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen." Paul seems to be echoing the Lord's Prayer in his triumphant burst of confidence. Such buoyant hope is all the more beautiful when his circumstances are recalled. He was a prisoner, old, weary, alone, with death known to be close at hand;

and yet his hope burned like a pillar of fire in the blackness. This bird could sing in a darkened cage.

He had just said that he was in the very act of being offered, that the time of his departure was at hand, that he had finished his course, and had now no more work to do, but only his crown to receive. Yet, with death looking into his eyeballs, he is sure that he will be delivered and saved into the heavenly kingdom. The true deliverance from evil, then, is not exemption from evil; and when we pray for it, we ought not to mean, "May we slip through between the calamities untouched." The only real evil is separation from God in Christ. Whoever is able, in the midst of all physical evil, to keep his faith, and by his faith to keep hold of his Saviour, is delivered from evil, even though all its vials of plagues were poured out on him. "He shall deliver me from every evil work," said Paul, not thinking that the headsman's sword would not sever his head from its bleeding trunk, but sure that, when it did, it would not sever him from his Christ.

Paul expected not only to be "delivered from" but to be "saved unto." The former expression contemplates removal from the sphere of evil, the latter, transport into a sphere where evil is unknown, even that heavenly kingdom, where Christ serenely held sovereign sway, while Nero afflicted the world with a delirium of blood and lust. The final saving is regarded by the Apostle as migration from the lower levels, where evil, like a wild cyclone, sweeps howling and destroying, to quiet regions above its tempest, where loud winds never call, but "all the air a solemn stillness holds," though stagnation is as far away as tumult. Death seemed to Paul a deliverer sent "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them," or the lackey who opens the door of the presence chamber of the King. He was sure that the last hurricane would not blow him from his moorings, nor wreck him on an ironbound coast, but would bring him into port. The climax of Christ's saving work is that at last He says to His servant, "Come," and the servant coming, even by the brief and bloody path of martyrdom, is finally and absolutely delivered from evil.

The Apostle's confidence rested on past experience, as described in the preceding sentence, where he thankfully tells Timothy: "I *was* delivered out of the mouth of the lion." When we are forecasting what God will do, it is safe to say, "I was, therefore I shall be." God's "hitherto" has "henceforth" wrapped up in it. *Was, is, shall be,* are all one with Him. But Paul's confidence rested, too, on the prayer which he had learned from Jesus. He is sure that he will be delivered, because he has been taught to pray that he may be. Happy are they who can so pray that out of their prayers they can make serene assurances! Happy are they who so wisely base their assurances on divine promises that they can turn these into prayers! If we rightly ask God to deliver us, anything is possible and credible rather than that He should not grant the petition.

So sure was Paul of deliverance that the anticipation drew rapturous thanksgiving from his lips. If the hope led to such music, what full harmonies would attend the realisation! We should welcome as yet unreceived blessings with unfaltering credence and lively gratitude. We should draw them to us before they come, and have "songs and everlasting joy upon our heads," because of our sure prospects, even while we are travelling in the wilderness. We can live in a certain future, and, like the God in whom we trust, "call things that are not as though they were."

It is Jesus to whom this burst of praise is addressed, and the doxology is unhesitatingly transferred to Him by the Apostle. It is Christ who to Paul is Lord of Providence and Master of Death, able to interpose the shadow of His wing between the Apostle's defenceless head and every storm, and to bear him at last into His heavenly kingdom. Therefore to Him, with unfaltering lip and full-throated praise, the Apostle brought the ascription, which were blasphemy if rendered to any but the Incarnate Word, who "was with God, and was God." Paul thought that his salvation would bring glory to Jesus that would shine through ages of ages. Lowly and wondering gratitude, not arrogance, dictated the thought. Precisely because he is so unworthy and sinful does the Apostle think that the power which could, and the love which would, save him call for endless praise. The poorer the material the more the artist's glory. Humanity redeemed and perfected is the masterpiece of Christ and God.

FOURTH SUNDAY

"And the King of Israel said unto his servants, Know ye that Ramoth-Gilead is ours, and we be still, and take it not out of the hand of the King of Syria?"—1 Kings xxii. 3

UNPOSSESSED POSSESSIONS

RAMOTH-GILEAD, an important fortified post on the east side of Jordan, had been captured by the Syrians, who had bound themselves to restore it, among other conquests, by a subsequent treaty. The promise was not kept, and the northern kingdom had not been strong enough to enforce it, till an alliance with Judah secured them from attack from that neighbour. Thus safe on the southern frontier, Ahab sought to rouse his "servants" to make a bold dash for possession of what was theirs and yet not theirs.

Every Christian has large tracts of unannexed territory, unrealised possibilities, blessings that are his and yet not his. "Ramoth" means heights, and we all have high places unclimbed. How much more of God we might have! We draw but a tiny cupful from that great ocean. How much more of inward peace we might have! We might possess—nay, in truth, we do possess, in so far as the purpose and gift of God can make it ours—a peace deep as life, like the stillness of the mid-ocean in its unsounded depths, which yet is not stagnant, because a tide runs through it, and every drop is being drawn upwards to the sunlit surface. But let some petty annoyance befall us, and how quickly the waves run high, and toss white crests! We have, and yet how sadly we have not, the peace of God. Heights of consecration are ours, according to God's purpose. A life of continual utter surrender is possible to a Christian soul using the grace that God gives. Yet our experience is far too much marked by reluctance to obey or to submit, regret at providences, Self dominant or struggling hard against the domination of the will of God. The mind which was in Christ, who came to do not His own but the Father's will, is ours by virtue of our being Christians; but, alas! in practical realisation how sadly it is not ours! Noble possibilities of, and power for, service are ours, by gift from Him to whom all power is given, and who sends His servants as the Father sent Him. Yet the world's sin has been too strong for the Church's power to cast out the demon, and to-day men are turning away from all churches, and looking for the cure of the ills of humanity elsewhere, and too many Christians are standing idle, despairing of being able to cope with social evils. The world belongs to Jesus Christ, and therefore His Church should claim it for Him. A thcefold charter makes "all things yours." They are so by God's purpose, by Christ's purchase, and by the Holy Spirit's presence in the Christian spirit. But there is a sad contrast between what is ours and what we really have.

Ahab tried to rouse his servants out of apathetic contentment with their non-possession of Ramoth. Their passivity looked as if either they did not "know" that it was theirs, or as if they were too fond of being "still" to dare the effort to take it. That unfamiliarity with the vision of unattained possibilities paralyses the lives of many Christians. They do not keep clear before them what they might be, and are therefore bound to aim at being. Their eyes seldom are lifted to the heights which do belong to them, if only they would aspire. Acquiescence in small attainment, and indifference to the great stretch of unattained country, characterise the mass of professing Christians.

Love of ease kept Israel from marching on Ramoth. It was far off; there was a river to ford and heights to climb, and no doubt there would be many hard blows going before the walls—so, on the whole, it was more comfortable to "be still," and let Ramoth alone. If we really cared for the things that are ours by gift, though not yet by actual possession, we should not shrink from the effort involved in making them our own. If we would really have these spiritual gifts, we must keep the unrealised possibilities very clear before us. That is the condition of growth in all kinds of life. To recognise our imperfection and to see boundless possible advance is the very salt of life. We must truly desire more of God and of His gift. We must faithfully use what we have, expecting that "to him that hath shall be given." We must keep our hearts in the love of God, and, by clearing them of low affections and earthward inclinations, make them capable of larger influx of divine power. "Ramoth is ours"; let us "be still" no longer.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

READERS who are apt to skip preliminaries will do well to read the preface to the Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant.* They will do better if they will turn next to the end of the volume, and supplement the preface with a survey of the list of her published works and of her contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Even then they will not have exhausted the catalogue of her literary labours; but these ten pages contain a sufficiently remarkable record of distinguished achievement. The first entry in the list is "Passages in the Life of Mistress Margaret Maitland," and it belongs to 1849, when the writer was one and twenty. From 1849 to 1898 there are but three breaks in the long lapse of half a century. There were no books in 1850, 1855, and 1865; but each of the other years has its one, two, three, four and even five books—three-volume novels, biographies like the "Memoirs of Montalembert" or the "Life of Irving," laborious undertakings like the "Literary History of England" or the "Annals of a Publishing House," works like "The Makers of Venice," "Francis of Assisi," "Sketches of the Reign of George II." The list runs to one hundred and twenty entries. I do not know how many volumes the magazine articles would make.

The mere manual labour seems large even in the ample space of half a century, and a vast amount of reading of all sorts must have gone on side by side with the writing; but a great natural gift and an alert, indefatigable spirit account for much, and the sad story of the biography supplies any fuller explanation that is needed. Unfortunately it does not show how Mrs. Oliphant came to be the woman she was; we see her only as the writer equipped to treat of a notable variety of subjects; we obtain no glimpse of the beginnings, of the early processes of development. From this point of view, it is to be regretted that her own "distinct injunction" should have precluded those who knew and loved her best from embodying in a complete biography the memoirs she left.

As it stands, however, the book is a pathetic and deeply interesting—indeed, so far as I am aware—a unique contribution to literary biography. The earlier portion, written for her children, is almost too intimately personal for comment or criticism. The writer is singularly frank and outspoken, and as sincere and honest as she is subtle in her self-analysis.

It is impossible not to admire her indomitable courage, her prompt acceptance of duties in regard to her brother and his children, the resilence of spirit with which she set herself to meet her responsibilities, the steady diligence — apparently without haste and with very little rest—which enabled her to go on from year to year. And no one can read of her bereavements and her sorrows without feeling himself drawn to her in close sympathy. The letters furnish in many places an excellent commentary on the Autobiography. They are often bright, brisk, shrewd, with flashes of affection and little strokes of fun and playful malice, where from the previous narrative one might be led to expect depression and gloom. But it was in her nature to put the best face on things; and her courage found staunch allies in her health, her sense of humour, and her capacity for enjoyment.

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* "The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant." Arranged and edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. William Blackwood & Sons. 21s.

Writing in 1885 she says: "I have been tempted to begin writing by George Eliot's life—with that curious kind of self-compassion which one cannot get clear of. I wonder if I am a little envious of her." Pursuing this train of thought, one finds her growing conscious—and the experience is familiar to a curiously large number who have little right to it—of how heavily handicapped she has been in life; but she reaches the conclusion which seems to be at once the truest and the most consolatory for the majority, that "in all likelihood our minds and circumstances are so arranged that, after all, the possible way is the way that is best." It appears probable enough, when one considers the broad experiences that come within one's knowledge, that not only is the possible way the best, but that the sum of results at the end of a life is the maximum that could have been obtained in any circumstances. It is with regret that one sees how sorely George Eliot and George Sand ruffled the writer's equanimity, though the sharpness of introspection and the sense of the real truth give the confession a salt of its own.

> These two bigger women did things which I have never felt the least temptation to do—but how very much more enjoyment they seem to have got out of their life, how much more praise and homage and honour! I could not buy their fame with these disadvantages, but I do feel very small, very obscure, beside them, rather a failure all round, never securing any strong affection, and throughout my life, though I have had all the usual experiences of woman, never impressing anybody—what a droll little complaint!—why should I? I acknowledge frankly that there is nothing in me—a fat, little, commonplace woman, rather tongue-tied—to impress any one; and yet there is a sort of whimsical injury in it which makes me sorry for myself.

Surely a biographer would not have been quite so plain-spoken as that.

It strikes one as a little odd that Mrs. Oliphant, of all people, should have been at fault in her judgment as to whether George Eliot was a woman: "I don't want to pry into the secret," she writes to Mr. Blackwood, "but pray tell me one thing: I cannot believe that the author of the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' is a woman—is that extraordinary guess correct? . . . I shall feel very much humiliated if it is so, seeing I have staked my critical credit on the other side, and I fear I shall scarcely believe it even if you tell me." It is perhaps not strange that Dickens was "not a favourite" of hers; but it seems somewhat strange that it did not occur to her that, in spite of its extravagances and pseudo-romance, "Great Expectations" contains, in the transformation of feeling from intense horror and loathing to deep compassion, an achievement which Dickens has not equalled in any of his other books. On the other hand, she furthered the publication of "David Elginbrod"—who among Scottish readers that remember the books of the sixties but remembers that novel with pleasure?—and thirty years later she recognised the genius in the "Auld Licht Idylls."

With respect to her own books she has incidentally several interesting things to mention. She did not require seclusion and profound silence for her work. "I don't think I have ever had two hours undisturbed (except at night when everybody is in bed) during my whole literary life." Commonly enough her stories sprang out of some actual scene or incident; but the only "bit of real life" she ever took for a book was embodied in "Zaidee," which dates back to 1856. "I have never, I am glad to say," she writes, "been a 'student of human nature' or any such odious thing, nor practised the art of observation, nor spied upon my friends in any way. My own opinion has always been that I was very unobservant—whatever I have marked or noted has been done quite unawares; and also, that to study human nature was the greatest impertinence, to be resented whenever encountered." She worked apparently by imaginative sympathy—like Gilian the dreamer in Mr. Neil Munro's story—though, no doubt, she was aided more than she was aware by the observation of persons and things which it did not occur to her that she was observing. The most significant remark she makes in this connection seems to me to be, that she wrote as she read, "with much the same sort of feeling;" and she explains:

> "My own stories in the making of them were very much what other people's stories (but these

the best) were in the reading. I am no more interested in my own characters than I am in Jeanie Deans, and do not remember them half so well, nor do they come back to me with the same steady interest and friendship. Perhaps people will say this is why they never laid any special hold upon the minds of others, though they might be agreeable reading enough."

For my own part, I must confess that very few of Mrs. Oliphant's books live with me, and that I have always regarded the story of "A Beleaguered City," which originally appeared in the short-lived *New Quarterly*—a memorable magazine, which contained among other fine work several of Mr. Hardy's Wessex Tales—not merely as a story of amazing originality and power, but one of the greatest stories of the Unseen, if not the greatest, ever published. It would have been instructive to know whether that feat of imagination came back to her with no more vividness and vitality than the other books. It was a story she liked—"a thing that does not always happen with my own productions." Sémur, the scene of the story, she visited eight years previously, after her visit to Montalembert at La Roche in Bressy, and a description of it, with its double rampart (the inner one of trees), its four gate-towers, its streets sloping up to the middle of the city where the cathedral stands, is preserved in a letter of her boy Cecco, then eleven years old. Messrs. Macmillan might do worse than add that wonderful book to their sixpenny series.

The real strength of this Autobiography, however, is the record of a woman's bereavements and sorrows, and of her cheerful and unflagging contest with the difficulties of life. At the age of twenty-four Mrs. Oliphant married her cousin on May 4, 1852. A year and a half later she lost her mother, and within a few months Marjorie, her second child, died. "I miss my mother," she writes, "till this moment when I am nearly as old as she was (sixty, June 10, 1888); I think instinctively still of asking her something, referring to her for information, and I dream constantly of being a girl with her at home. But at that moment her loss was nothing to me in comparison with the loss of my little child." Her spirit sank under the death of yet another baby. Then in 1859 her husband died of consumption at Rome, and six weeks later her youngest boy was born. A simple passage in the Autobiography gives an affecting picture of her loneliness and need of affection in those anxious days in Rome:

> I used to stray into one small room in the Pitti, I think, where at that time the great picture of the Visitation — Albertinelli's — hung alone. By that time I knew that another baby was coming, and it seemed to do me good to go and look at these two women, the tender old Elizabeth, and Mary with all the awe of her coming motherhood upon her. I had little thought of all that was to happen to me before my child came, but I had no woman to go to, to be comforted—except these two.

Thus at the age of thirty-one she was thrown upon the world with three small children. "I had for all my fortune," she writes, "about £1000 of debt, a small insurance of, I think, £200 on Frank's (her husband's) life, our furniture laid up in a warehouse, and my own faculties, such as they were, to make our living, and pay off our burdens by." She seized her chances with both hands, and with a cheerful energy that deserved success. Temperament counted for much; health for more. "Werena my heart licht I wad dee," she quotes, and refers to the times when her spirits leap up in the old unreasonable way, and she is happy, "though the word seems so inappropriate," without any cause for it, with so many causes the other way. The task was heavy, but hands were given for the task; the wind was bitter, but wool was given for the wind; and in each case the proportion seems to have been calculated to a nicety by that inscrutable power which shapes the ways of life.

Five years later, in 1864, when "there was not an omen of evil in any way," her bright and beautiful child Maggie, then in her eleventh year, died in Rome after a few days' illness, and was laid beside her father in the English cemetery.

> "My dearest love never knew nor imagined that she was dying; no shadow of dread ever came upon her sweet spirit. She got into heaven without knowing it, and God have pity upon me, who have thus parted with my sweetest companion, on whom unconsciously, more than on any other hope of life, I have been calculating. . . . All that I can do is to take desperate hold of this one certainty, that God cannot have done it without reason."

For five and twenty years she could not speak that child's name without the old pang coming back. Then, under the anguish of a fresh sorrow, the little girl, "seemed all at once to become a tranquil sweet recollection . . . a dear shadow far in the background." Once more she was able to throw herself into the work and interests of every day; and the sanguine temperament and unfailing health lifted her out of the shadows, and the literary gift with which she was endowed made work comparatively easy and enjoyable. Other burdens and troubles fell to her portion. Her brother, broken in health, and bereft of his wife, brought his children to her, "like a child glad to get home, not much disturbed about anything that could happen." He lived with her for about six years, tolerably comfortable, incapable of exertion, pleased with his children, easy-minded; and here, too, there was tragedy and a bitter irony:

"He and I, who had been so much to each other once, were nothing to each other now. I sometimes thought he looked at me as a kind of stepmother to his children, and we no longer thought alike on almost any subject: he had drifted one way and I another. He did not even take very much interest in me, and I fear he often irritated me."

After his death she brought up his son as one of her own, and he did well; secured distinction, obtained an appointment in India, and four years later died of typhoid fever. "I had trained him with pain and trouble," and this was the end of her care and labour. The years brought with them their appeasing influence, the calm and the illumination which come of sharp experiences. Writing of old age in 1889, she remarks: "This does not seem, to me at least, the end of life at which to expect anything good. . . . The one good thing that I am conscious of is the increased tolerance—nay, enjoyment—of the loneliness which is inevitable, and the great, calm, all-sustaining sense of a divine Unseen, a silent companion, God walking in the cool of the garden, which, after all, is the best."

But her most grievous losses were still to come. In 1890 her son Cyril died suddenly at Windsor; a career of bright hopes cut short, and leaving nothing for remembrance but one small volume and a few verses. Four years later the last of her children was taken from her.

"He is gone from me, my last, my dearest, and am left here a desolate woman with the strength of a giant in me, and may live for years and years. Pity me,—it seems as if even God did not, and yet no doubt He had a higher reason than pity for me. . . . I try to write and deaden myself a little, and in the hope of getting tired and done like other people, but that is what I never seem to be."

From this time forward life was an exile, to be endured with patience. Yet the keen active spirit survived almost unimpaired, and work had still an interest for her. Writing to Mr. Blackwood about the great task proposed to her—"The Annals of a Publishing House"—she says:

"I would very fain make this my last work, if God will be so good to me as to let me go by the time I have finished it . . . I began my married life by my first story in 'Maga,' the proofs of which ('Katie Stewart') I received on my wedding day. I should like to wind up the long laborious record (which seems to me now to have been so vain, so vain, my life all coming to nothing) with this."

The end when it came was welcome and serenely calm. Both in mind and body she was at ease. She spoke of feeling as though she were lying in deep flowery grass, near the gate, waiting for our Lord to pass by. In the sleepless nights she thought of herself as on a ship in which our Lord made of His robe a great white sail to carry her across a river. The love of God, she would say, came by degrees, and she was certain that His compassion was boundless. She died on June 25, 1897, passing peacefully away in that rest in which "even the thought of her children seemed to cease in the thought of Him."

The pith of the book, as I have said, is labour and sorrow, but let it not be supposed that the reading is depressing. There are many bright and interesting glimpses of notable persons, but as one closes the volume, the feeling uppermost is a deep sympathy mixed with admiration for a woman who made a gallant fight for nearly forty years, and whose most brilliant successes may be said to have been dogged by bereavements which seemed to transform life into one long twisting of ropes of sand. And that feeling obliterates the recollection of her defects of character, her moments of discontent and querulousness, her little bursts of wounded vanity and petulance. Over these we may surely let the kindly grass grow deep.

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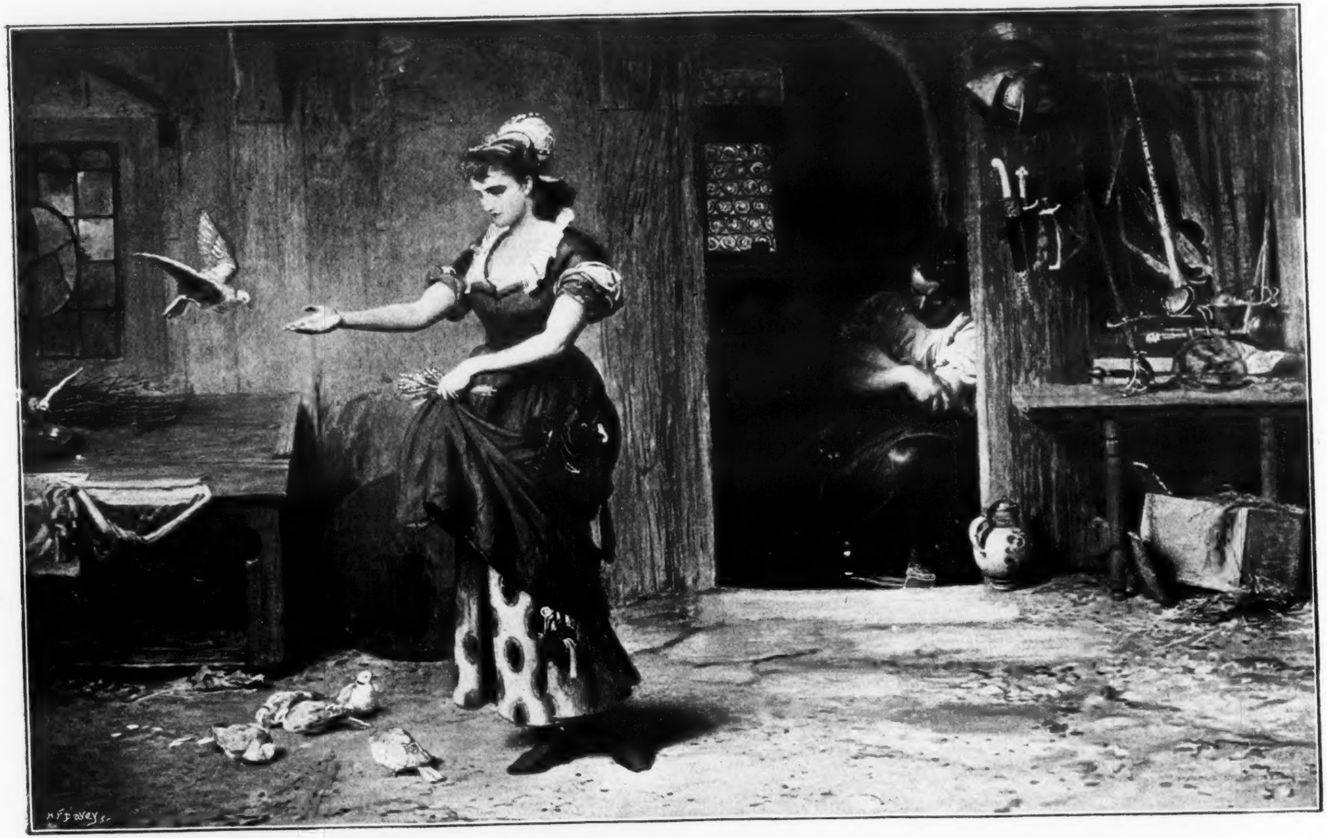

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IN TIME OF PEACE

By MARCUS STONE, R.A.

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By NEIL MUNRO, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XIX

LIGHTS OUT!

As he spoke he staggered to the side, and would have fallen but for his sister's readiness. About that tall rush of a brother she quickly placed an arm and kept him on his feet with infinite exertion, the while uttering endearments long out of fashion for her or him, but come suddenly, at this crisis, from the grave of the past—the past where she and Dugald had played as children, with free frank hearts loving each other truly.

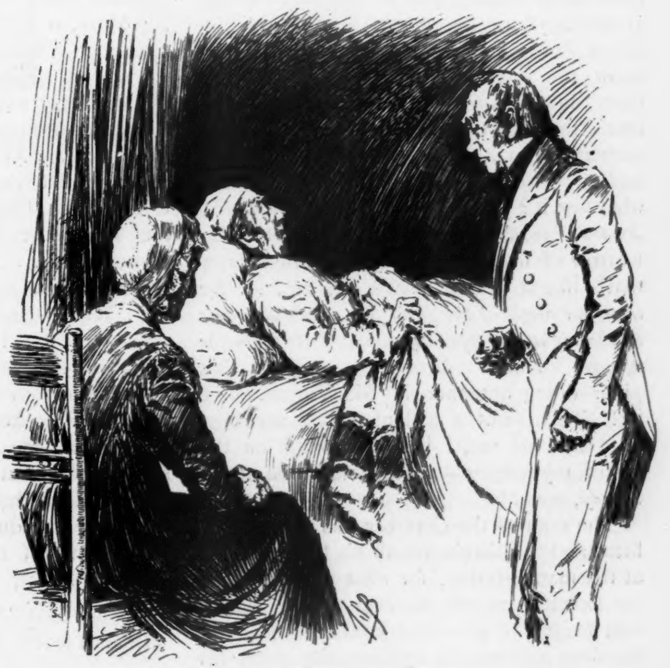
"Put me to my bed," said he again thickly, and his eyes blurred with the utmost weariness. "Put me to my bed. O God! what is on me now? Put me to my bed."

"Dugald! Dugald! Dugald!" she cried. "My darling brother, here is Mary with you; it is just a turn." But as she said the flattering thing her face was hopeless. The odour of the southernwood on the window-sill changed at once to laurel, rain-drenched, dark, and waving over fresh-delved graves for the boy spellbound on the floor. All his shameful perturbation vanished, a trifling thing before the great Perturber's presence.

The brothers went quickly beside their sister, and took him to his bedroom, furnished sparsely always by his own wish that denied indulgence in anything much beyond a soldier's campaign quarters.

Dr. Anderson came, and went, shaking hands with Miss Mary in the lobby and his eyes most sternly bent upon the inside lining of his hat. "Before morning at the very most," he said in his odd low-country voice. No more than that, and still it thundered at her soul like an infernal doom. Up she gathered her apron, up to her face, and fled in among her pots and pans, and loudly she moved among them to drown her lamentation.

Dr. Colin came later and prayed in the two languages over a figure on the bed, and then went home to write another sermon than the one already started. The room he left was silent for a while, till of a sudden the eyes of the General opened and he looked upon the sorry company.



"Dr. Anderson came"

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"Bring me MacGibbon," said he in a voice extremely sensible.

Gilian ran up the street and fetched the old comrade, who put his hand upon the General's head.

"Dugald, do you ken me?" said he.

"Do I ken you?" said the General with an unpractised smile. "You're the laddie that burned the master's cane. I would know your voice if you were in any guise, and what masquerade is this that you should be so old? . . . We're to be the first to move in the morning, under arms at scream of day. . . . Lord, but I'm tired! Bob, Bob, they're not thinking of us at home in the old place I'll warrant, and to-morrow we may be stricken corpses for the king without so much as Macintyre's stretching-board to give us a soger's chest and shoulders."

"Was there anything I could do, Dugald?" said the comrade, a ludicrous man with his paunch now far beyond the limit of the soldier's belt he used to buckle easily, wearing in a clownish notion of deference to this soldier's passing a foolish small Highland bonnet he had donned in old campaigns.

"There was something running in my mind," said the man in the bed. "I think I would be wanting you to take word home in case anything happened. I was thinking of—of—of—what was her name, now? You know the one I mean, her—ladyship in Glen Shira. Am I not stupid to forget it? that's the worst of the bottle! What was her name, now? . . . *Battalion will form an hollow square.* . . . The name, the name, what was it? . . . *On the centre companies, 'kwards wheel.* . . . I'm wearied to the marrow of my bones, all but the right arm, that's like a feather, that's like a. . . . *By the right angle of the front face; sub-divisions to the right and left half wheel. Re-form the square. Halt! Dress!* . . . What's that piper doing out there? MacVurich, come in! This is not a reel at a Skye wedding. . . . Let me see, I have the name on the tip of my tongue—what could it be, now? *Steady, men!*"

The door of the chamber was pushed in a little, and to Gilian's mouth his heart rose up at the manifestation, for what was this with no footstep on the wooden stair? About him he felt of a sudden cold airs waft, and the door ajar with no one entering glued his gaze upon its panels. The others in the room had not perceived it. Miss Mary, grown of a sudden plain and old, looked up in the Cornal's face, craving there for something for the ease of sorrow, as if he that had wandered so far and seen the Enemy so often and so ugly had some secret to share with her whereby this ancient trouble could be marred. There she found no consolation. No magician but only the brother looked over an untidy scarf and a limp high collar at the delirious man in bed. The Paymaster stood at the window frowning out upon the street; MacGibbon coughed in short dry jerky coughs, patted with a bony hand upon the coverlet, turned his head away. A stillness that was like a swoon came over all.

"Is that you, mother?" It was the General who broke the quiet, and his eyes were on his sister. A flush had fallen like a sunset on his face, his eyes were very clear and full, and, with his shaven cheeks, he might in the mitigated light of the chamber have been a lad new waked from an unpleasant dream. His sister put her head upon the pillow beside him and an arm about his shoulders.

"Oh, Dugald, Dugald!" said she, "it is not mother yet, but only Mary." And the bedstead shook with the stress of her grief.

"Mary, is it?" said he, shutting his eyes again. "What are you laughing at? I was not up there at all; I never saw her today, upon my word; I was just giving Black George an exercise no further than the Boshang Gate. . . . I'm saying, though, you need not let on about it to Colin . . . Colin, Colin, Colin, I wish we were home; the leaf must be fine and green upon Dunchuach. . . . They're over the river at Aldea Tajarda, and we push on to Cieudada. . . . What's that, Mackay? let go the girl! And you the Highland gentleman! *Lo sien—sien—siento mucho, Signorina.*"

"I am at your shoulder, Dugald, do you not know me?" asked the Cornal, gently putting his sister aside. His brother looked and smiled again, but did not seem to see him.

"What was her name? and I'll send her my love and duty, for, man, between us, I was fond of her, too. . . . There was a song she had:

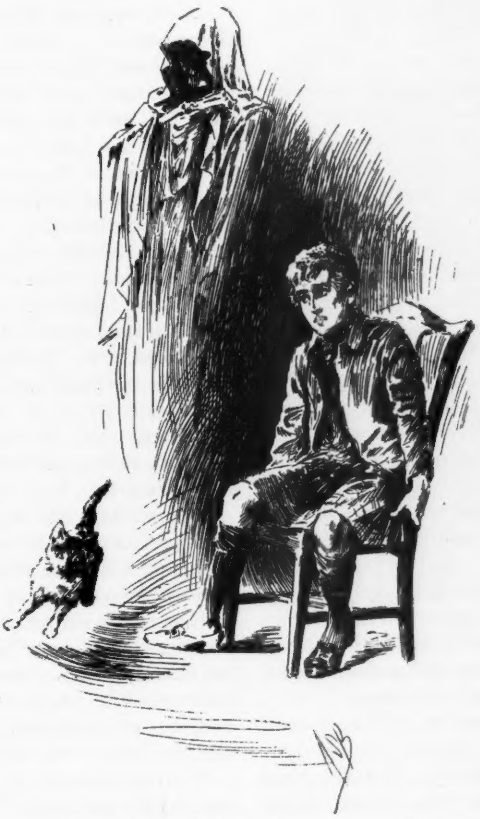
The Rover went a-roving far upon the foreign seas,
Oh, hail to thee, my dear, and fare-ye-weel.

Only it was in the Gaelic she sung it."

His voice, that was very weak and thin now, cracked, and no sound came though his lips moved.

Miss Mary took a cup and wet his lips. He seemed to think it a Communion, for again he shut his eyes, and "God," said he, "I am a sinful man to be sitting at Thy tables, but Thou knowest the soldier's trade, the soldier's sacrifice, and Thou art ready to forgive."

And still Gilian was in his bewilderment and fear about the opened door. Had anything come in that was there beside them at the bed? Down in the kitchen Peggy poked the fire with less than her customary vigour, but between her cheerful and worldly occupation and this doleful room, felt Gilian, lay a space—a stairway full of dreads. All the stories he had heard of Death personified came to him fast upon each other, and they are numerous about winter fires in the Highland glens. He could fancy almost that he saw the plaided spectre by the bedside, arms akimbo, smiling ghastly, waiting till his prey was done with earthly conversation. It was horrible to be the only one in that chamber to know of the terrific presence that had entered at the door, and the boy's mouth parched with old, remote, unreasonable fears.



"The boy's mouth parched with old, remote, unreasonable fears"

They did not disappear, those childish terrors, even when a kitten moved across the floor and began to toy with the vallance of the bed, explaining at once the door's opening. For might not the kitten, he thought, be more than Peggy's foundling, be the other Thing disguised? He watched its gambols at the feet of that distressed household, watched its pawing at the fringe, turning round upon itself in playfulness, emblem surely of the cruel heedlessness of nature.

MacGibbon moved to the window and stood beside the Paymaster, saying no word, but looking out at the vacant street, its causeway still shining with the rain. They were turning their backs, as it were, on a sorrow irremediable. Miss Mary and the Cornal stood alone by the dying man. He lay like a log but that his left hand played restlessly on the coverlet, long in the fingers, sinewy at the wrist. Miss Mary took it in hers and put palm to palm, and caressed the back with her other hand with an overflowing of affection that murmured at her throat. And now that MacGibbon did not see and the Cornal had blurred eyes upon his brother's boyish countenance, she felt free to caress, and she laid the poor hand against her cheek and coyly kissed it.

The General turned his look upon her wet face with a moment's comprehension. "Tuts! never mind, Mary, my dear," said he, "it might have been with Jamie yonder on the field, and there—there you have a son—in a manner—left to comfort you." Then he began to wander anew. "A son," said he, "a son. Whose son? Turner threw our sonlessness in our Jock's face, but it was in my mind there was a boy somewhere we expected something of."

Miss Mary beckoned on Gilian to come forward to the bedside. He rose from the chair he sat on in the farthest corner with his dreads, and faltered over.

"What boy's this?" said the General, looking at him with surmising eyes. "He puts me in mind of—of—of—of an old tale somewhere with a sunny day in it. Nan! Nan! Nan!—that's the name. I knew I would come on it, for the sound of it was always like a sunny day in Portugal or Spain—*He estado en España*."

"This is the boy, Dugald," said Miss Mary; "this is just our Gilian."

"I see that. I know him finely," said the General, turning upon him a roving melancholy eye: "Jock's recruit. . . . Did you get back from your walk, my young lad? I never could fathom you, but perhaps you have your parts. . . . Well, well . . . what are ye dreaming on the day? . . . Eh? Ha! ha! ha! Aye dreaming, that was you; you'll be dreaming next that the lassie likes you. Mind, she jilted Jock, she jilted Colin, she jilted me; were we not the born idiots? yet still-and-on . . . Sixty miles in twenty-four hours; good marching, lads, good marching, for half-starved men, and not the true heather-bred at that."

The voice was becoming weaker in every sentence, the flush was paling on the countenance. Standing by the bedside, the Cornal looked upon his brother with a most rueful visage, his face hoved up with tears.

"This beats all!" said he, and he turned and went beside the men at the window, leaving Miss Mary caressing still at the hand upon the coverlet, and with an arm about the boy.

"He was a strong, fine, wiry man in his time," said MacGibbon, looking over his shoulder at this end of a storm life. "I mind him at Talavera; I think he was at his very best there."

The Paymaster looked, too, at the figure upon the bed, looked with a bent head, under lowered eyebrows, his lip and chin brown with snuffy tears.

"At sixteen he threw the cabar against the champion of the three shires, and though he was a sober man a bottle was neither here nor there with him," said the Cornal.

Miss Mary was upon her knees.

"The batteries are to open fire on San Vincent; seven eighteen-pounders and half-a-dozen howitzers are scarcely enough for that job. Tell Mackellar to move up two hundred yards farther on the right." The General babbled again of his wars in a child's accent, that rose now and then stormily to the vehemence of the battlefield. "*Columns deploy on the right centre company . . . No, no, close column on the rear of the Grenadiers.* . . . I wish, I wish. . . . Jock, Jock, where's your boy now? I cannot see him, I'm sore feared he's hiding in the sutler's vans. I knew him for a dreamer from the first day I saw him. . . . That's Williams gone and my step to Major come. God sain him! we could have better spared another man. . . . *Halt, dress!*"

He opened his eyes again and they fell upon Gilian. "You mind me of a boy I once knew," said he. "Poor boy, poor boy, what a pity of you! My sister Mary would have liked you. I think we never gave her her due, and indeed she had a generous hand."

"Here! she's at your side, dear Dugald," said his sister, and her head went down upon his breast.

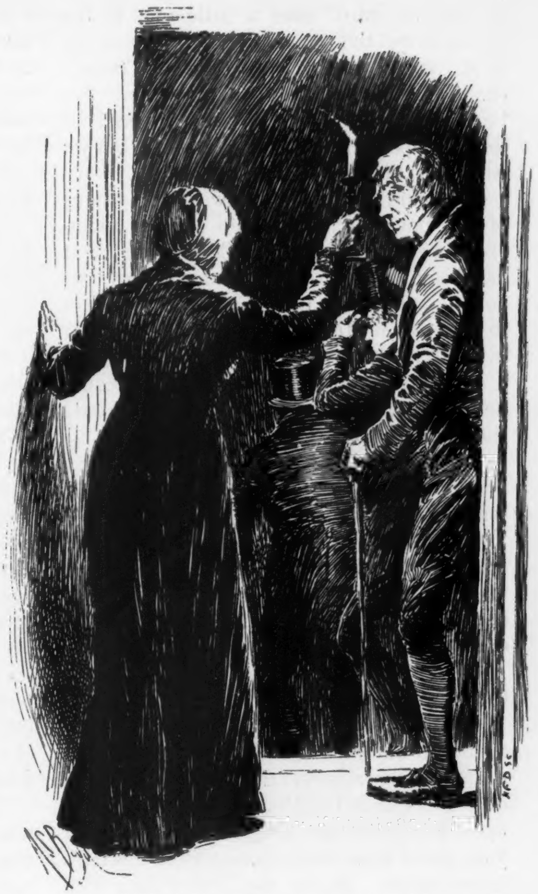
"So she is," said he, arousing to the fact; "I might be sure she would be there!" He disengaged the hand she had in hers, and wearily placed it for a moment on her hair with an awkward effort at fondling. "Are you tired, my dear?" he said, repeating it in the Gaelic. "It's a dreich dreich dying on a feather bed." He smiled once more feebly, and Gilian screamed, for the kitten had touched him on the leg.

"Go downstairs, this is no place for you, my dear," said Miss Mary; and he went willingly, hearing a stertorous breathing in the bed behind him.

CHAPTER XX

THE RETURN

When the General died, the household in the high burgh land suffered a change marvellous enough considering how little that old man musing in his parlour had had to do for years with its activities. Cornal Colin would sit of an evening with candles extravagantly burning more numerous than before to make up for the glowing heart extinguished; the long winter nights, black and stifling and



"Miss Mary lighting them to the door"

immense around the burgh town, and the wind with a perpetual moan among the trees, would find him abandoned to his sorry self, looking into the fire, the week's paper on his knees unread, and him full of old remembrances and regrets. It had become for him a parlour full of ghosts. He could not, in October blasts, but think of Jamie yonder on the cold foreign field with no stone for his memorial; Dugald, so lately gone, an old man, bent and palsied, would return in the flicker of the candle, remitted to his prime, the very counterpart of the sturdy gallant on the wall. Sometimes he would talk with these wraiths, and Miss Mary standing still in the lobby, her heart tortured by his loneliness, would hear him murmuring in these phantom visitations. She would, perhaps, venture in now and then timidly, and take a seat unbidden on the corner of a chair near him, and embark on some topic of the day. For a little he would listen almost with a brightness, but brief, brief was the mood; very soon would he let his chin fall upon his breast, and with pouted lips relapse into his doleful meditation. All life, all the interests, the activities of the town seemed to drift by him; folk saw him less and less often on the plain stones of the street; children grew up from pinafores to kilts, from kilts to breeches, never knowing of his presence in that community that at last he saw but of an afternoon in momentary glimpses from the window. On a week-end, perhaps, the veterans would come up to cheer him if they could; tobacco that he nor any of his had cared for in that form would send its cloud among Miss Mary's dear naperies, but she never complained: they might have fumed her out of press and pantry if they brought her brother cheer. They talked loudly; they laughed boisterously; they acted a certain zest in life: for a little he would rouse to their entertainment, fiddling heedlessly with an empty glass, but anon he would see the portrait of Dugald looking on them wondering at their folly, and that must daunten him. It would not take long till some extravagance of these elders made him wince, and there was Cornal Colin again in the dolours, poor company for them that would harbour any delusion of youth. It was pitiful then to see them take their departures, almost slinking, ashamed to have sounded the wrong note in that chamber of sober recollections. Miss Mary, lighting them to the door with one of her mother's candlesticks, felt as she had the light above her head and showed them down the stair as if she had been the last left at a funeral feast. Her shadow on the wall, dancing before her as she returned, seemed some mockery of the night.

Only old Brooks could rouse the Cornal to some spirit of liveliness. In a neighbourly compassion the dominie would come in of a Sunday or a Friday evening, leaving for an hour or two the books he was so fond of that he must have a little one in his pocket to feel the touch of when he could not be studying the pages. Seated in the Cornal's chair, he had a welcome almost blithe. For he was a man of great urbanity, sobered by thought upon the complexities of life, but yet with sparkling courage.

He found the brothers now contemptuous of the boy who showed no sign of adaptability or desire for that gallant career that had been theirs. These, indeed, were the cold days for Gilian in a household indifferent to him save Miss Mary, who grew fonder every day, doting upon him like a lover for a score of reasons, but most of all because he was that rarity the perpetual child, and she must be loving somewhere.

"I have not seen the lad at school for a week now," Brooks said, compelled at last by long truancies.

"So," said the Cornal, showing no interest. "It is not my affair. John must look after his own recruit, who seems an uncommon tardy one, Mr. Brooks—an uncommon tardy one."

"But I get small satisfaction from the Captain."

"I daresay, I daresay; would you wonder at that in our Jock? He's my brother, but some way there is wanting in him the stuff of Jamie and of Dugald. Even in his throes upon his latter bed Dugald could see what Jock could never see—the doom in this lad's countenance. As for me, I was done with the fellow after the trick he played us in his story of the wreck on Ealan Dhu. I blame him, in a way, for my brother Dugald's stroke."

The dominie looked in a startled remonstrance. "I would not blame him for that, Cornal," he said: "that was what the Sheriff calls *damnum fatale*. Upon my word, though Gilian has been something of a heartbreak to myself, I must say you give him but scant justice among you here."

"I can see in him but youth wasted, and the prodigal of that is spendthrift indeed."

"I would not just say wasted," protested the dominie. "There's the makings of a fine man in him if we give him but a shove in the right direction. He baffles me to comprehend, and yet"—this a little shamefacedly—"and yet I've brought him to my evening prayers. I would like Guidance on the laddie. With him it's a spoon made or a horn spoiled. Sometimes I feel I have in him fine stuff and pliable, and I'll be trying to fathom how best to work it, but my experience has always been with more common metal, and I am feared, I'm feared, we may be botching him."

"That was done for us in the making of him," said the Cornal.

"I would not say that either, Cornal," said the dominie firmly. "But I'm wae to see him brought up on no special plan. The Captain seems to have given up his notion of the army for him."

"You can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. What's to be made of him? Here's he sixteen or thereabouts, and just a bairn over lesson-books at every chance."

Brooks smiled wistfully. "It is not the lesson-books, Cornal, not the lesson-books exactly. I wish it was, but books of any kind—come now, Cornal, you can hardly expect me to condemn them in the hands of youth." He fondled the little Horace in his pocket as a man in company may squeeze his wife's hand. "They made my bread and butter, did the books, for fifty years, and Gilian will get no harm there. The lightest of novelles and the thinnest of ballants have something precious for a lad of his kind."

The Cornal made no response; the issue was too trivial to keep him from his meditation. His chin sank upon his chest as it would not have done had the dominie kept to the commoner channels of his gossip, that was generally on universal history, philosophy of a rough and ready rural kind, and theology handled with a freedom that would have seriously alarmed Dr. Colin if he could have heard his Session Clerk in the operation.

"Eh? Are you hearing me, Cornal?" he pressed, eager to compel something for the youth whose days were being wasted.

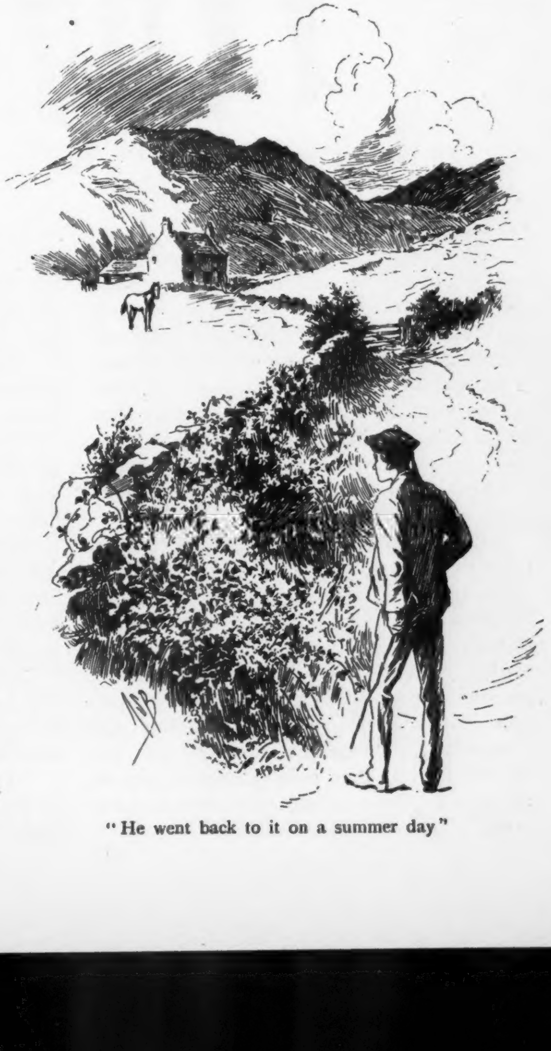
"Speak to Miss Mary," was all the Cornal would say. "I have nothing to do with him, and John's heedless now, for he knows his plan for the army is useless."

The dominie shook his head. "Man!" he cried. "I cannot even tell of his truancy there, for her heart's wrapped up in the youth. When she speaks to me about him her face is lighted up like a day in spring, and I dare not say cheep to shatter her illusion."

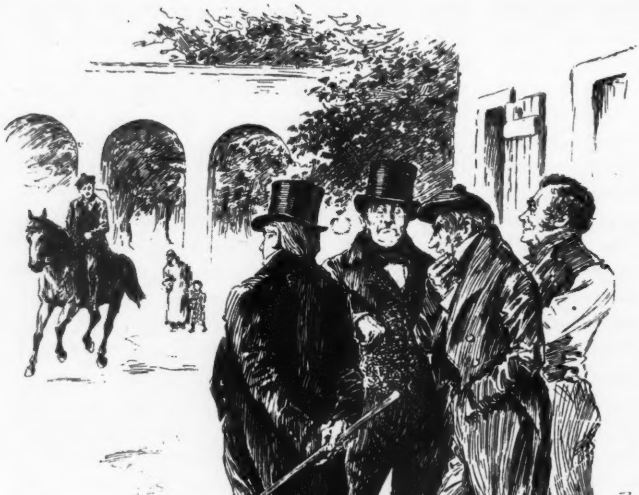
Gilian, alas! knew how little these old men now cared for him. The Cornal had long since ceased his stories; the Paymaster, coming in from his meridian in the Sergeant More's, would pass him on the stair with as little notice as if he were a stranger in the street. Miss Mary was his only link between his dreams, his books, and the common life of the day, and it was she who at last made the move that sent him back to Ladyfield to learn with Cameron the shepherd—still there in the interests of the Paymaster who had whimsically remained tenant—the trade that was not perhaps best suited for him, but at least came somehow most conveniently to his practice. But for the loss of her consoling and continual company there would have been almost joy on his part at this returning to the scene of his childhood. He went back to it on a summer day figuring to himself the content, the carelessness that had been his there before, and thinking, poor fool, they were waiting where he had left them.

Ladyfield was a small farm of its kind with four hundred sheep, seven cows, two horses, a goat or two and poultry. When the little old woman with a face like a nut was alive she could see the whole tack at one sweep of the eye from the rowan at the door, on the left up to the plateau where five burns were born, on the right to the peak of Drimfern. A pleasant place for meditation, bleak in winter for the want of trees, but in other seasons in a bloom of colour. Though he was there 'prentice to a hard calling, Gilian's life was more the gentle's than the shepherd's. He might be often on the hill, but it was seldom to tend his flock and bring them to fank for clip or keeling, it was more often to meditate with a full pagan eye upon the mysteries of the country-side. A certain weeping effect of the mists on the ravines, one particular moaning sound of the wind among the rocks, had a strange solace for his ear, chording with some sweet melancholy of his spirit. He loved it all, yet at times he would flee from the place as if a terror were at his heels and in a revolt against the narrowness of his life, hungering almost to starvation for some companionship, for some salve to an anxious mind, and, in spite of his shyness, bathe in the society of the town—an idler. The people as he rode past would indicate him with a toss of the head over their shoulders, and say "The Paymaster's boy," and yet the down was showing on his lip. He would go up the street looking from side to side with an expectancy that had no object; he stared almost rudely at faces, seeking for he knew not what.

It was not winter with its cold, its rain, its wind and darkness that oppressed him most in his banishment, but the summer. In the winter the mists crowded so close about, and the snow so robbed the land of all variety, that Ladyfield house with its peats burning ceaselessly, its clean paven court, its store of books he had gathered there, was an enviable place for compactness and comfort, and he could feel as if the desirable world



"He went back to it on a summer day"



"The Paymaster was standing gossiping at the inn door"

was in his immediate neighbourhood. Down in the street he knew the burgh men were speeding the long winter nights with song and mild carousal; the lodges and houses up the way, each with its spirit keg and licence, gave noisiness to the home-returning of tenants for Lochow from the town, and as they went by Ladyfield in the dark they would halloo loudly to the recluse lad within who neither curled, nor shot, nor shintied, nor drank, nor did any of the things it was youth's manifest duty to do.

But the summer made his station there in Ladyfield almost intolerable. For the roads, crisp, yellow, straight, demanded his going on them; the sun-dart among distant peaks revealed the width and glamour of the world. "Come away," said the breezes; passing gypsies all jangling with tins upon their backs awoke dreams poignant and compelling. When the summer was just on the turn at that most pitiful of periods, the autumn, he must go more often down to town.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SORROWFUL SEASON

It was on a day in the month of August he went to town to escape the lamentation of the new-weaned lambs, who made the glen sorrowful from Carnus to Kincreggan. A sound pleasant in the ears of Cameron the shepherd, who read no grief in it, but the comfortable tale of progress, growth, increasing flocks, but to Gilian almost heartrending. The separation for which the ewes wailed and their little ones wept seemed a cruelty; that far-extending wail of the flocks was part of some universal coronach for things eternally doomed. Never seemed a landscape so miserable as then. The hills, in the morning haze, gathered in upon his heart and seemed to crush it. A poor farmer indeed to be thus affected by short brute sorrows; but so it was with Gilian, and on some flimsy excuse he left Ladyfield in the afternoon and rode to town. He had grown tall and slim in those latter days; his face would have seemed—if not handsome altogether—at least notable and pleasant to any other community than this, which ever preferred to have its men full-cheeked, bronzed, robust. He had an air of gentility oddly out of place with his immediate history; in his walk and manner men never saw anything very taking, but young women of the place would feel it, puzzle themselves often as to what the mystery of him was that made his appearance on the street or on the highway put a new interest in the day.

The Paymaster was standing gossiping at the inn door with Mr. Spencer, Rixa, and General Turner himself—no less, for the ancient rancour at the moment was at rest.

"Here he comes," said Old Mars sourly, as Gilian turned round the Arches into the town. "He's like Gillesbeg Aotram, always seeking for something he'll never find."

"Your failure!" said Turner playfully, but with poor inspiration, as in a moment he realised.

The Paymaster bridled. He had no answer to a truth so manifest to himself. In a lightning-flash he remembered his boast in the schoolroom at the dregy, and hoped Turner had not so good a memory as himself. He could only vent his annoyance on Gilian, who drew up his horse with a studied curvet—for still there was the play-actor in him to some degree.

"Down again?" said he with half a sneer. There is a way of leaning on a stick and talking over the shoulder at an antagonist that can be very trying to the antagonist if he has any sense of shyness.

"Down again," agreed Gilian uncomfortably, sorry he had had the courtesy to stop. The others moved away, for they knew the relations of the man and his adopted son were not of the pleasantest.

"An odd kind of farm training!" said the old officer. "I wish I could fathom whether you are dolt or deep one."

Gilian might have come off the horse and argued it, for he had an answer pat enough. He sat still and fingered the reins, looking at the old man with the puffed face, and the constricted bull neck, and self-satisfaction written upon every line of him, and concluding it was not worth while to explain to a nature so shallow. And the man, after all, was his benefactor; scrupulous about every penny he spent on himself, he had paid, at Miss Mary's solicitations, for the very horse the lad bestrode.

"Do you know what Turner said there?" asked the Paymaster, still with his contemptuous side to the lad. "He called you our failure. God, and it's true! Neither soldier nor shepherd seems to be in you, a muckle bulrush nodding to the winds of heaven! See that sturdy fellow at the quay there?"

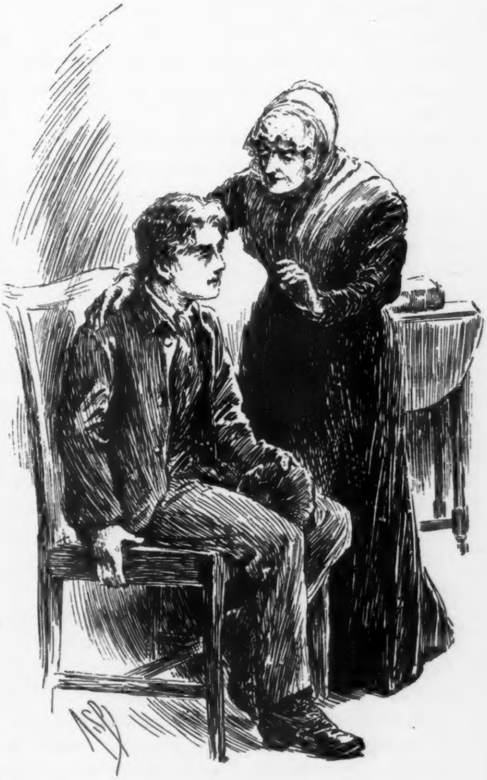
Gilian looked and saw Young Islay, a smart ensign home on leave from the county corps that even yet was taking so many fine young fellows from that community.

"There's a lad who's a credit to all about him, and he had not half your chances; do you know that?"

"He seems to have the knack of turning up for my poor comparison ever since I can mind," said Gilian good-humouredly. "And somehow," he added, "I have a notion that he has but half my brains as well as half my chances." He looked up to see Turner still at the inn door. "General Turner," he cried, his face reddening and his heart stormy, "I hear that in your frank estimate I'm the Paymaster's failure; is it so bad as that? It seems, if I may say it, scarcely fair from one of your years to one of mine."

"Shut your mouth!" said the Paymaster coarsely, as Turner come forward. "You have no right to repeat what I said and show the man I took his insolence to heart."

"I said it; I don't deny," answered the General, coming forward from the group at the door and putting his hand in a friendly freedom on the horse's neck and looking up with some regret in Gilian's face. "One says many things in an impetus. Excuse a soldier's extravagance. I never meant it either for your ear or for unkindness. And



"'And what did you come down for?'"

you talk of ages: surely a man so much your senior has a little privilege?"

"Not to judge youth, sir, which he may have forgotten to understand," said Gilian, yet very red and uneasy, but with a wistful countenance. "If you'll think of it I'm just at the beginning of life, a little more shy of making the plunge perhaps than Young Islay there might be, or your own son Sandy, who's a credit to his corps, they say."

"Quite right, Gilian, and I ask your pardon," said the General, putting out his hand. "God knows who the failures of this life are; some of them go about very flashy semblances of success. In these parts we judge by the external signs, that are not always safest; for my son Sandy, who looks so thriving and so douce when he comes home, is after all a scamp whose hands are ever in his simple daddy's pockets." But this he said laughing, with a father's reservation.

The Paymaster stared at this encounter, in some ways so much beyond his comprehension. "Humph!" he ejaculated; and Gilian rode on, leaving in the group behind him an uncomfortable feeling that somehow, somehow, an injustice had been done.

Miss Mary's face was at the window whenever his horse's hooves came clattering on the causeway—she knew the very clink of the shoes. "There's something wrong with the laddie to-day," she cried to Peggy; "he looks unco dejected;" and her own countenance fell in sympathy with her darling's mood.

She met him on the stair as if by accident, pretending to be going down to her cellar in the pend. They did not even shake hands; it is a formality neglected in these parts except for long farewells or unexpected meetings. Only she must take his bonnet and cane from him and in each hand take them upstairs as if she were leading thus two little children, her gaze fond upon the back of him.

"Well, auntie!" he said, showing at first no sign of the dejection she had seen from the window. "Here I am again. I met the Captain up at the inn door, and he seems to grudge me the occasional comfort of hearing any other voice than my own. I could scarcely tell him as I can tell you, that the bleating of the lambs gave me a sore heart. The very hills are grieving with them. I'm a fine farmer, am I not? Are you not vexed for me?" His lips could no longer keep his secret, their corners trembled with the excess of his feeling.

She put a thin hand upon his coat lapel, and with the other picked invisible specks of dust from his coat sleeve, her eyes revealing by their moisture a ready harmony with his sentiment.

"Farmer indeed!" said she with a gallant attempt at *badinage;* "you're as little for that, I'm afraid, as you're for the plough or the army." She led him into her room and set a chair for him as if he had been a prince, only to have an excuse for putting an arm for a moment almost round his waist. She leaned over him as he sat and came as close as she dared in contact with his hair, all the time a glow in her face.

"And what did you come down for?" she asked, expecting an old answer he never varied in.

He looked up and smiled with a touch of mock gallantry wholly new. "To see you, of course," said he, as though she had been a girl.

She was startled at this first revelation of the gallant in what till now had been her child. She flushed to the coils above her ear. Then she laughed softly and slapped him harmlessly on the back. "Get away with you," she said, "and do not make fun of a douce old maiden!" She drew back as she spoke and busily set about some household office, fearing, apparently, that her fondness had been made too plain.

"Do you know what the Captain said?" he remarked in a tone less hearty, moving about the room in a searching discontent.

"The old fool!" she answered irrelevantly, anticipating some unpleasantness. "He went out this morning in a tiravee about a button wanting from his waistcoat. It's long since I learned never to heed him much."

It was a story invented on the moment; in heavenly archives that sin of love is never indexed. Her face had at once assumed a look of anxiety, for she felt that the encounter had caused Gilian's dejection as he rode down the street.

"What was he saying?" she asked at last, seeing there was no sign of his volunteering more. And she spoke with a very creditable show of indifference, and even hummed a little bar of song as she turned some airing towels on a winter-dyke beside the fire.

"Do you think I'm a failure, auntie?" asked he, facing her. "That was what he called me."

She was extremely hurt and angry.

"A failure!" she cried. "Did any one ever hear the like? Good forgive me for saying it of my brother, but what failure is more notorious than his own? A windy old clerk-soger with his name in a ballant, no more like his brothers than I'm like Duke John!"

"You do not deny it!" said Gilian simply.

She moved up to him and looked at him with an affection that was a transfiguration.

"My dear, my dear!" said she, "is there need for me to deny it? What are you yet but a laddie?"

He fingered the down upon his lip.

"But a laddie," she repeated, determined not to see. "All the world's before you, and a braw bonny world it is, for all its losses and its crosses. There is not a man of them at the inn door who would not willingly be in your shoes. The sour old remnants—do I not know them? Grant me patience with them!"

"It was General Turner's word," said Gilian, utterly unconsoled, and he wondered for a moment to see her flush.

"He might have had a kinder thought," said she, "with his own affairs, as they tell me, much ajee, and Old Islay pressing for his loans. I'll warrant you do not know anything of that, but it's the clavers of the Cross-well." She hurried on, glad to get upon a topic even so little away from what had vexed her darling. "Old Islay has his schemes, they say, to get Maam tacked on to his own tenancy of Drimlee and his son out of the army, and the biggest gentleman farmer in the shire. He has the ear of the Duke, and now he has Turner under his thumb. Oh my sorrow! what a place of greed and plot!"

"That Turner said it, showed he thought it!" said Gilian, not a whit moved from bitter reflection upon his wounded feelings.

"Amn't I telling you?" said Miss Mary. "It's just his own sorrows souring him. There's Sandy, his son, a through-other lad (though I aye liked the laddie and he's young yet), and his daughter back from her schooling in Edinburgh, educated, or polished, or finished off as they call it—I hope she kens what she's to be after next, for I'm sure her father does not."

Gilian's breast filled with some strange new sense of sudden relief. It was as if he had been climbing out of an airless, hopeless valley, and emerged upon a hill-crest, and was struck there by the flat hand of the lusty wind and stiffened into hearty interest in the rolling and variegated worlds around. In a second, the taunt of the General of Maam was no more to him than a dream. A dozen emotions mastered him, and he tingled from head to foot, for the first time man.

"Oh! and *she's* back, is she?" said he with a crafty indifference, as one who expects no answer.

Miss Mary was not deceived. She had moved to the window and was looking down into the street where the children played, but the new tone of his voice, and the pause before it, gave her a sense of desertion, and she grieved. On the ridges of the opposite lands, sea-gulls perched and preened their feathers, pigeons kissed each other as they moved about the feet of the passers-by. A servant lass bent over a window in the dwelling of Miss Maclean and smiled upon a young fisherman who went up the middle of the street, noisily in knee-high boots. The afternoon was glorious with sun.

THE MIRACLES OF ST. LOUIS

By FLORENCE MacCUNN

IF ever saint deserved by his merits to have the blessed privilege of working miracles for the poor and diseased it was surely Louis IX., king of France. He had himself commended the worship of saints, comparing their intercession to the favour of great men about the Court, through whom alone suppliants might approach a king. He forgot that there was one Court where the poor needed no intermediary, and a King who was at once the source of justice and sworn brother to the outcast and forlorn.

In dispensing justice it was St. Louis' avowed principle to hold a brief on the side of the poor till evidence could be established to the contrary. Besides the daily distribution of food by his own hands and the public washing of beggars' feet on Maunday Thursday, he used, once a week, unknown to all the Court except his confessor, to wash the feet of three of the most wretched mendicants that could be found, broke their bread for them with his own hands, and dismissed them with a kiss of peace.

His most famous biographer, the Sieur de Joinville, is not particularly interested in this aspect of St. Louis' character. He was too good a Christian and too loyal a lover of his royal master to fail in respect for such acts of holiness and humility, but he was also a soldier and a gentleman, and could not suppress his natural loathing of dirt and disease.

"He asked me once if I washed the feet of the poor on Maunday Thursday. 'Fy, sire,' answered I; 'God forbid! I will never wash the feet of these wretches.' 'That was ill-said,' answered he; 'you should not hold in scorn that which God did for our example. And so I pray you that henceforth you wash the feet of the poor for the love of God in the first place, but also for the love of me.'"

The ecclesiastical biographers—his own confessor and that of Queen Margaret—on the other hand, obscure the wisdom and high spirit of his dealings with men and affairs in monotonous and, at times, almost nauseous descriptions of his personal services to the diseased and destitute. It is precisely the elements we value least that they pick out for special praise: the self-abasement, the uncalled-for familiarity with horrors, the elevation of mere suffering into an object of veneration.

As an example of his great humility they tell how the king visited a leprous monk whose horrible condition kept his fellow-monks at a distance. The disease had ravaged his face and darkened his sight, but the pitiful king, kneeling at his side, fed him with his own hands and wiped the poor bleeding lips with his napkin.

If in such acts of voluntary humiliation pity was mixed with the desire of disciplining his own soul through the fulfilment of painful acts of charity, other stories show that passion for souls which was a new force in the religion of the generations that had received their impulse from Francis and Dominic.

When St. Louis was sailing from Cyprus on his return from the Holy Land, he used to exhort the ship's company—a Genoese or Pisan crew probably, and not more spiritually-minded than seafaring men are wont to be at all times—to make confession and receive the sacrament, seeing the perils that constantly surrounded them. If any excused himself on the plea of lack of time, the king offered to take his place to pull at ropes or do any other work about the ship while he was occupied with his confession.

Twelve years after his death the king was formally admitted into the rank of saints; inquisition being made, not into the holiness of his life, but into the miracles which were declared to have taken place at his tomb.

Fortunately we have sixty-five cases reported with every detail. These miracles are like all other miracles one has ever read of. Many can be explained by the modern commonplace of an idea, ardently held, acting on the nerves; most can be credited to the chatter and exaggeration of a small town inflamed with pride in its local shrine. The interest of the stories lies, not in the miracles, but in the incidental pictures of the life of the thirteenth century. It is not the life of court nor monastery, nor of field and fold, but the life of the vulgar, of the people who live in country towns, who have children that meet with accidents, who take an active interest in their neighbours' affairs, who love to talk about their diseases. From such common people were all St. Louis' suppliants drawn, with the exception of a canon of Paris and of a knight, whose sufferings were nothing worse than a fit of the spleen.

Working women living in our great cities of to-day complain that their minds are never free from anxiety for the small stirring creatures who will follow their natural instincts, and wander off in search of adventures. 'Buses and trams have their dangers, but a father of a family, in a policeman's uniform, stands at every corner, and the truant generally turns up warm and comfortable at the police-station fireplace; but in the thirteenth century so many dangers lurked in the narrow streets that the mother whose child met with an accident had to do public penance for neglect.

It was for one such wandering child that St. Louis vouchsafed the first miracle. She was the daughter of well-to-do burghers at St. Denis, this little four-year-old Marote, who, on Shrove Tuesday, 1281, went out after her eleven-o'clock dinner, clad in a long quilted skirt and tight sleeves, to play with her brother in the garden. A most interesting garden it must have been, for between it and the house ran a little stream, crossed by little plank bridges, quite deep and swift enough to make its approach a forbidden joy. But what child can ever resist the delight of making itself wet and dirty? Marote, with the simple cunning of her age, waited till her father—a most insufficient guardian—had turned his back, seized her little pail and trotted down to the river. . . . Some way off, as far, indeed, as from the west door of the cathedral to the high altar, a maid-servant, standing on another plank bridge, saw cloth floating by, and, stooping to pick it up, shrieked, feeling the weight and seeing the white face of a drowned child. At her cry of "Haro! haro!" men, fulling cloth close at hand, ran up. But "first aid" in those days was of the crudest. Raoul the Englishman laid her flat on the bridge; Jehan the tanner, also an Englishman, cut her tight little sleeves, while Aveline the maid, not being strong-minded, fled in terror into the house.

Fine names and foolishness seem to have been common to maids in those days. Emmeline, the servant of Marote's mother, rushed to her mistress shrieking out that the child was drowned. The poor mother, half-fainting, had still the presence of mind to vow the child's weight in wheat to St. Louis, and behold! at once the miracle began to work in the only channel through which, in our modern experience, they ever do work—human common-sense. Richard the tailor and Alarge his wife had already held Marote up by the heels. Hot baths and bed gradually restored the little maid, who, true to the instincts of her race, recovered her manners with her first breath. "Harni, Madame, harni," she sighed about the time when candles are lit, then asked for pears, and fell peacefully asleep.

There were worse pitfalls than clear swift streams. In 1274 a little lad, Giefrein, playing in the street, dropped his wooden shoe into a cellar, and climbed down to recover it. The malt stored in the cellar being in a state of ferment, the fumes at once overpowered the poor little chap. He was found so changed and distorted that his own mother refused to receive the discoloured little body till his clothes, her own handiwork, convinced her.

The loss of the child, the dread of public shame, the clamours of the bystanders advising instant burial, put the poor woman beside herself. Margaret the nurse, with a fine spirit of her own, offered to bite the first who should lay a hand on the child with intent to bury him. All that night these two stricken women sat by the cold, stiff little body, sending up prayers to "Monseigneur St. Louis, friend of God." At daybreak a messenger started for St. Denis with orders to offer a candle the length of the child at the tomb of the saint. The measure was taken on an old vine prop, but to be on the safe side, the cautious messengers ordered a candle a good foot longer!

Even before he was half-way on the return journey, and when vespers were being rung, the body began to mend. This mother, who was as much concerned for her reputation as for her little son's life, had at least capacity for the generous passion of gratitude. When her son was restored to her she resolved in her heart that he should be a good man.

Love of all kinds must pay its price of tears, and a mother's love is of all passions the most tremulous; anxious fleeting fears for the sweet, soft bodies, and graver silent cares for the white souls of their children, haunt the waking hours of all mothers, gentle and simple; but to these we must add an impotent and shuddering dread of malignant powers dwelling in darkness if we would understand the sufferings of mothers in the ages of faith. A certain poor woman, Yfame by name, had a baby of three months old, christened Mabilette. She slept in her little cot beside her mother's bed. One night, her husband being absent, Yfame awoke and heard a sound in the darkness. She stretched her hand over the child after the kind manner of mothers, saying, "God keep thee, my baby," then something struck her on the shoulder, and crying out, "In God's name depart," she covered her head in the bedclothes. But a blight had fallen on the little one. When she should have begun to walk her legs were found to be powerless.

But if that mediæval world was full of demons striking in the dark, there were saints also, chivalrous and merciful, bound by ties of feudal courtesy to stand by their people in all disasters.

Yfame and her husband were poor and could make no offering, but he made a vow to St. Louis to abstain from drinking wine on Fridays—a form of abstinence to be recommended to half hearted teetotallers. She vowed to abstain on Saturdays from—her spinning-wheel! It would appear that industry has always been the pet luxury of women, corresponding to conviviality in men.

It being fair time at St. Denis, the family set out in the fashion that gives a pathetic interest to many a shabby group on any Bank Holiday—the father carrying the elder child, the mother following with the new-born baby. Then the father returned to Paris to his work, leaving his wife to sit hour after hour with her child among the impotent miserable folk that surrounded the tomb.

Yfame had an honest heart of her own. She reasoned simply that God would incline more mercifully to her child if she supported it entirely by her own labour, so she refused to let it share in the alms distributed daily after Mass to the sick. At that hour she had herself to leave the church to put her boy to sleep. One day, on her return, she saw a little maid standing alone by the Altar of the Virgin, and heard the bystanders say, "Here is a little girl"—"pucelette" is the pretty word which modern French has wastefully allowed to fall into disuse—"who has been cured; shame on the parents who have deserted her!" Too amazed to care to defend herself, Yfame made the child walk to the altar; but walking was a new exertion, and in her sweet old French the little one complained, "Je me voil seoir, je suis travaillée." A week later, the happy group departs, the "pucelette" running on in front. But behind remained, camped round the tomb, the patient, melancholy crowd for whom no miracle had been done.

Imagination sickens in the effort to realise the state of the indigent sick in the middle ages. Diseases were common which modern skill and hygiene have stamped out. They were not only common, but exposed on every highway, at church porches, and especially at the shrines of saints. St. Louis in his lifetime had founded many Hôtels-Dieu, but these, if they afforded food and shelter, had little trained skill for the service of the destitute sick. In the case of one man suffering from open sores and decaying bones we read that flax to dress his wounds was the only attention he received at one of those hospitals. Doctors seem to have had nothing more professional to advise than a visit to some well-known shrine. At least such advice had some of the advantages of our modern panacea of change of scene; it provided hope and excitement, open-air exercise—on crutches!—and constant change of society, though that probably meant only variety of wretchedness. Such pilgrims travelled slowly, often crawling no more than a league a day. Being dependent on alms, they had to pass from town to town, which often took them out of the direct way.

There is a case of a swineherd, who, becoming blind, was led about by a small boy. Naturally, he used to be found deserted at the banks of canals and sides of ditches. Hearing of the miracles done at the tomb of the saint, he determined to go even if he sold his coat and went in his shirt. Inflamed by the desire to see men and cities, and encouraged by the weeping opposition of his mother, the faithless small boy volunteered to be his guide. After a week's touring through the neighbouring borough-towns they arrived at the shrine, where the miracle was duly performed. There was a touch of magnanimity about this swineherd which makes him worthy to be guild-brother to Eumæus and to Gurth, bond-servant of Cedric the Saxon. He assumed the cross "for love of God and St. Louis," and went on pilgrimage beyond the sea.

Some of St. Louis' suppliants, it must be confessed, simplified his work for him by the nature of their complaints.

A certain parish priest suffering from the most plebeian of disorders, a swollen face, was much disconcerted by some strange ladies, who insisted on staring at him while he exhibited relics for their devotion. Sitting by the altar, he expostulated with St. Louis, saying, "It is not decent that a servant of the King of kings should be afflicted with such ugliness as my face presents just now." He fell asleep, and on waking found the swelling gone, "to the joy and amazement of his clerk and housekeeper."

It is seldom that saints are called on to do miracles in the domain of morals, though that might be fairly supposed to be their special province. St. Louis cured one little girl who apparently suffered from nothing but an attack of extraordinary naughtiness. She tore her clothes, she beat her mother, she smashed the furniture, she despised her parents, and said she was a king's daughter. In church she demanded to be allowed to sit and sing with the priests. After being at the shrine of St. Louis she became devout, fasted, prayed, and refused to hear of matrimony. Pilgrimages are, perhaps, too much neglected in modern education.

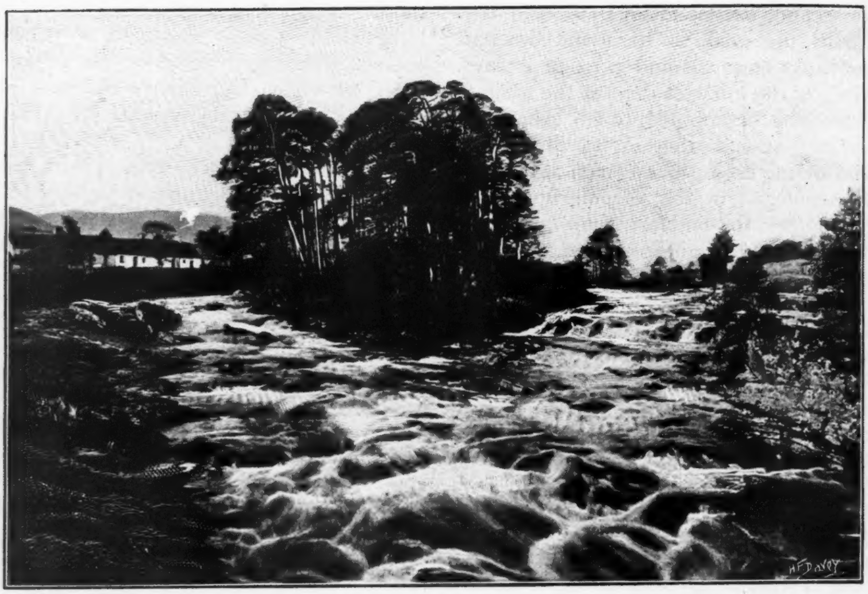
The best and sanest and most unexpected miracle was performed in the person of this child's father.

There is a charm in the goodness of those in high station which captivates the imagination of many who have no personal contact with them. Ginarz (the father of the crazy child) had always had a special love for Louis the king, making daily prayers for his welfare.

Envy, the hungriest of vices, is, with many, more like a disease from which they suffer than a sin which they indulge. Ginarz was a perfect martyr to this disorder. "When he looked out on his field it seemed too small, and his house seemed small, and all that he possessed, for the great desire he had to be rich. But praying to St. Louis he was straightway delivered from the spirit of covetousness."

Psychologically the most interesting story is that of a deaf-mute who was cured without any faith on his own—or any one else's—part—in fact, much to his dismay. He was a foundling, and brought up in the house of a blacksmith somewhere near Lyons. The blacksmith's children, with that callousness to suffering which they shared with contemporary popes and saints, used to throw burning coals on his naked body to make him speak. This solitary creature was caught up in the crowd which followed the body of St. Louis from Marseilles, where it was disembarked, to St. Denis, where it was buried. In the great crowded cathedral he amused himself kneeling down and imitating the pious gestures of his neighbours. Suddenly he was appalled by a rush of sounds breaking in on his brain, bells clanging overhead, footsteps echoing round him. Frantic with fear, he rushed from the church and never dared to stop till he reached Paris. Gradually he learnt to talk, as well as to hear, and could give a rational account of this almost unique experience.

One curious fact appears incidentally in these stories—the number of English craftsmen settled in the north of France. One of these, Hugh the tanner, lived at St. Denis, but hailed from the parish of Northampton, in the diocese of Lincoln. Wearied and provoked by the constant vainglorious reference of the burghers of St. Denis to their local saint, he contended that the king of England was every whit as good as the canonised king of France. So loyal and uncritical a subject deserved a better sovereign than Henry III.!



(G. W. Wilson & Co., photographers, Aberdeen)

THE DOCHART

INCH BUIE

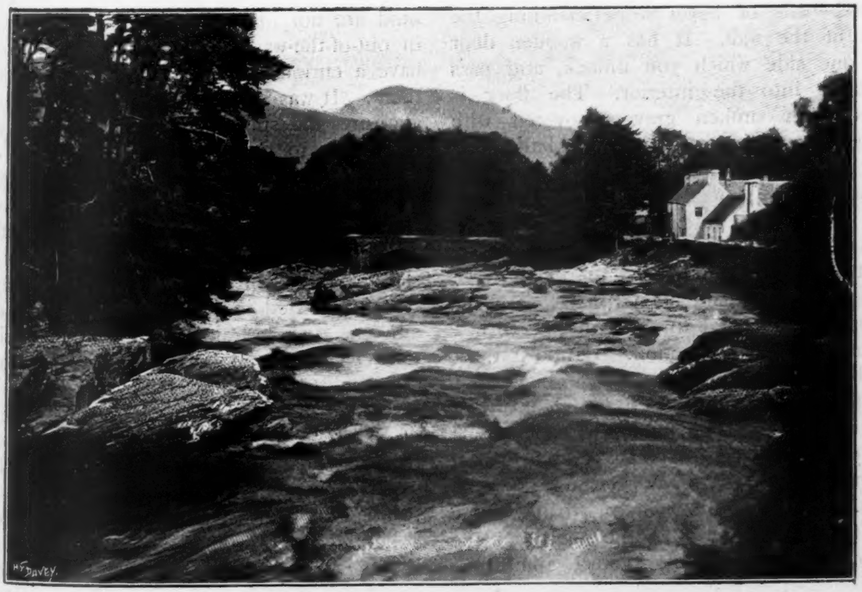
THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE MACNABS

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

KILLIN, at the head of Loch Tay in Perthshire, is one of the most picturesque spots in Scotland. The surrounding scenery is decidedly Alpine in character; and there is much in the aspect of the mountains, torrents, and forests that reminds one of Norway or Switzerland. One of the most interesting scenes in the neighbourhood is an island in the channel of the Dochart called Inch Buie, which contains the burying-place of the old clan of the Macnabs. You enter it by a little gate from the bridge that spans the river in the wildest part of its course. Standing on that bridge you have on either side a most magnificent view. The serrated range of the Breadalbane mountains, terminating at the one end in the sharp peak of Craigcailleach and at the other in the massive shoulders of Ben Lawers, forms the north-eastern horizon, while to the west the huge cones of Binyean and Ben More, flecked far on in summer with the purest snow, fill up the distant view. In the middle ground the wild foaming waters of the Dochart, rushing impetuously over broken rocks on either side of an island covered with grand old Scotch firs, bewilder the eye with their flash and fury, and fill all the air with their confused sound. This is a scene which many eminent artists have painted, and which has often attracted admiration on the walls of Exhibition rooms.

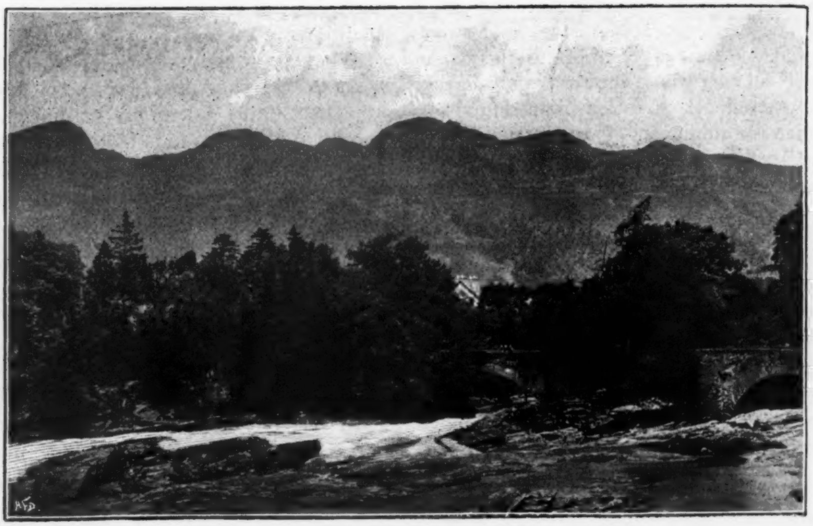
Inch Buie, like the burial-ground of the Macdonalds of Glencoe in an island in the sea-inlet of Loch Leven near Ballachulish, reminds us that in ancient times the dead were often buried in islands, not only for the sake of security from the ravages of wolves and other wild animals, but also and chiefly because of the primitive superstition which required that the dead should be carried across a stream of water. We can trace this superstition to the banks of the Nile, over which the dead were ferried in the sacred ark so often represented on Egyptian monuments. Dean Stanley, who visited Inch Buie in 1856, says that the true charm of Killin belongs to this burial-place of the Macnabs. Here, at the sudden breaking of the smooth waters of the Dochart into a succession of wild rapids, he was reminded of a similar striking change in the course of the Nile at Philae; which island became in consequence, like its northern analogue, an ancient sanctuary and burial-place. The name of Killin, which means the cell or the grave of the waterfall or linn, may have been derived from this ancient sanctuary at Inch Buie; and Fingal himself is said to have been buried somewhere near here, lulled to rest by the rushing waters. The funerals of the old Macnabs from their ancient family seat in the islanded castle of Eilan Rowan to Inch Buie must have been very picturesque. In those ancient times they must have been by boat; and the body would be ferried across to its last resting-place to the weird wail of the coronach, thus carrying out the early burial traditions of the race.

When you open the padlocked gate that leads to the island and descend a few steps and pass under a curious antique archway ornamented by round balls of stone, you seem to have left behind you the world of everyday life and to have entered into some monastic seclusion belonging to another age. The trees, consisting mostly of old beeches, form an avenue and meet overhead, while underneath your feet is the softest carpet of golden moss, from which the place has received its name of Inch Buie, or Yellow Island. All noises are stolen from your footsteps as you walk on amid the wavering lights and shadows that fall from the leaves on your path. An immemorial calm seems to brood over the spot. The sigh of the wind among the trees, the cooing of the doves in the thickest part of the wood, and the murmuring rush of the white waters below, seem to give a slumberous feeling to the air which soothes your active faculties to rest, and makes you passively receptive to the solemn impressions of the place.



(G. W. Wilson & Co., photographers, Aberdeen)

LOOKING TOWARDS BEN LAWERS



(From a photograph by Poulton & Son)

BRIDGE ON THE DOCHART, KILLIN

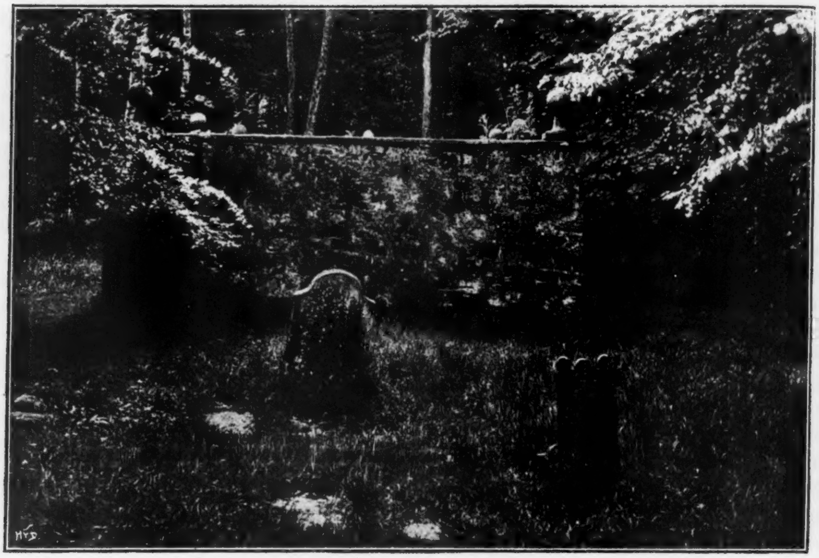
In meditative mood you walk slowly on until you come towards the end of the island to a square enclosure, open to the sky, with busts of the rudest sculpture and massive round balls of hewn stone crowning the top of the wall. It has a wooden door on one side which you unlock, and pass through into the interior. The floor is filled with sunken graves, covered with rough stones ornamented with half-obliterated sculpture and old lettering, under which many generations of the chiefs of the Macnabs repose utterly forgotten and unknown. One marble slab, stained with rust and broken in pieces, marks the spot where lies a gallant soldier, a scion of the house, who passed through the Peninsular War with great distinction. Beside it there is the effigy of a warrior carved in high relief, in the rudest and most primitive manner, on a huge slab of mica-schist, which must cover the remains of one of the earliest chiefs of the clan four or five hundred years ago. There is nothing in Iona half so rude as this monument. In the centre of the space stands a modern erect tombstone sacred to the memory of a soldier of the family who died sixty or seventy years ago. In one of the corners is a flat slab, carved in relief, very grimy, weather-worn, and moss-covered, with the inscription almost entirely obliterated. A round hole has been cut into the lower part of it. Holes of this kind are not infrequent on old tombstones in out-of-the-way country churchyards, and have a curious superstition connected with them. It was supposed that through these apertures the spirits of the departed issued from time to time to revisit the scenes of their former life. All over the world dolmens, or holed stones, were placed over graves for this purpose. Above this tombstone, built into a recess in the wall, is a slab of mica-schist, with one shallow cup-mark excavated in its rough surface, which awakens a whole train of interesting associations. This stone must have formed part of an old pagan altar, built in connection with the worship of the sun or the powers of Nature. If found on the spot it indicated that the place must have been originally the site of so-called Druidic worship, and owing to this sacred association became afterwards a burying-place. Of this primitive religion there are many traces in the neighbourhood; boulders and rocks with cup-marks excavated on them being very common. Into these cup-marks libations of water were poured as offerings to the sun, which he drank up when he rose above the horizon and increased in warmth and strength.

The effect of this primitive fold of the dead appearing at the end of the long vista of the trees is exceedingly striking. Situated in the densest part of the wood on the island, the shadows cast by the foliage create a perpetual twilight there. A rank smell of decay, almost autumnal, haunts the place, no matter what the season may be. Hardly any wild flower pushes from its starry breast "in growing" the dead leaves of the past year that rustle beneath your tread. An air of utter neglect rests on the whole enclosure, and no kind hand ever comes to smooth the turf or lay a wreath upon the graves of the forgotten dead. Horatio MacCulloch, the famous Scottish artist, represents it in one of the most effective of his pictures by moonlight, with the ghostly lights and shadows falling on the walls, and a solitary mourner in a bent attitude expressive of deepest woe at one corner casting a long dark shadow on the ground. Tall pyramids of firs rise up into the silent sky and seem spell-bound by its magic repose, "branch-charmed," as Keats beautifully says, "beneath the earnest stars." No more significant picture of the desolate lot of the forsaken dead could possibly have been made. It has often been engraved as a "finis" sketch at the end of a book, in token that such is the end of all human art and endeavour.

Outside of the enclosure, scattered over the bare ground, are numerous graves of retainers and members of the clan who had the privilege of burial in this spot. A few of them are marked by upright memorial stones, but the footsteps of the slow years have trodden down most of the original mounds to the level of the surrounding sward. Below this open graveyard the island comes to a sharp end like the prow of a boat, and the two branches of the Dochart, parted on either side at the upper end of the island, meet together and rush rejoicingly past in one great turbulent flood to join the quiet waters of the Lochay, and to fall, a short distance beyond, into the broad bosom of Loch Tay. What a striking symbol does the position of this coffin-shaped island, with its ancient burying-place in the middle of it, suggest! Death comes into the stream of life, and parts it into two, separates body from spirit, but beyond the grave the divided parts reunite. Body and soul are joined together never more to be separated. Death is but an island with a grave in it in our life. The living stream flows past it on either side, and joins beyond where there are no graves and no partings, and where the river of life flows into the sea of glass before the Throne. Such thoughts are irresistibly suggested by the "meeting of the waters" beyond the place of graves; and the ceaseless requiem of the stream seems to have an inspiring note in it at the point of union, and to give a deeper sweetness to the murmurous repose of the spot.

Standing beside these ancient graves, the old sad question that has so often troubled the heart of humanity comes home to one with special emphasis,—"How are the dead raised up?" the dead that have long passed into dust and oblivion. The Apostle Paul

ENTRANCE TO BURIAL GROUND



(From a photograph by Poulton & Son)

THE GRAVES OF THE MACNABS

uses an analogy from plant-life to relieve our doubts and fears. And here in the burial-place there is a voiceless argument drawn from a similar source which goes far to help our faith. On one of the fir-trees, whose shadow almost falls across the dead, there is a strange phenomenon which scientific men from all parts come to see. During a storm many years ago, a branch was torn off from a neighbouring fir-tree, and fell upside down into a fork of this fir-tree and stuck there. In course of time it became what is called anastomosed with that tree, and began to grow, and now you see this remarkable graft flourishing luxuriantly upon its foster-parent. It was supposed that a fir-branch could not be grafted upon another fir-tree, the nature of this tree being repellant of all extraneous growths. But here, what could not be done by human experiment, was accomplished by a natural accident, and we see that the capabilities of life are infinite. He who joined the severed fir-branch to its kindred tree and caused it to live and grow again, in spite of human scepticism, can quicken our human dust, and join the divided soul and body once more, impossible as it may seem, and make our mortal to put on immortality. This freak of nature, the only one in existence, seems to have been permitted to occur here in the place of the dead, to grant us, like the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, some little vision into the heart of things, suggesting that even the darkness of death holds possibilities greater than our highest hopes.

There is a belief in the district that this Machpelah of the Macnabs still belongs to the old house, and is all that remains of the possessions of the chiefs. But this is a mistake. The island with its dead was sold without any reservation, and the clan has no longer any right of burial there. The old Roman law jealously fenced such an area with the most sacred restrictions. Land which had been once used for burial purposes became in the technical language of the time *religiosus*, and was therefore inalienable, and belonged exclusively to the families who were buried in it. But though the law of Scotland is largely based upon Roman law, it has not adopted this peculiar measure. The graveyard of Inch Buie is therefore closed for ever. At one time the chiefs had large estates in the neighbourhood extending around the upper shores of Loch Tay, and far westward into Glen Dochart. Originally descended from the Abbots of Strathfillan—for the clan name Macnab signifies son of the Abbot—they were a powerful race, and held their own in frequent and fierce feuds with the surrounding lairds. We hear of them as early as the time of David I., and two centuries later they took the side of Macdougall of Lorn, and fought with him against Robert the Bruce at the battle of Dalree in Strathfillan, and afterwards they espoused the patriotic cause and fought at Bannockburn under the protection of the crozier of St. Fillan.

In 1336, Gilbert Macnab, the founder of the family, got the charter of his lands under the Great Seal. To these possessions new ecclesiastical lands were afterwards added from time to time. Across the river is the antique mansion of Kinnell, with narrow windows, and air of faded greatness, increased by spacious parks and long avenues of huge ancestral sycamores and beeches, and a hoary circle of upright Druidical stones. After the burning of the original house of Eilan Rowan on what was once an island in the haugh bordering on Loch Tay, during the Commonwealth—for the then chief of Macnab had attached himself to the cause of Charles I. and joined with his clan the great Montrose—the chief of Macnab removed to this mansion. Several generations of them lived in it, most of whom were called Finlay, which was a favourite Christian name in the family. They fought for Prince Charlie at Culloden, and for King George on the Continent. But the wild hospitality and social extravagance of several of the later chiefs—including the famous Francis Macnab, who was well known at the end of the last century in Edinburgh for his coarse eccentricities and rough wit—impoverished the estates beyond recovery. The ancestral acres were sold piecemeal, and the last remnant of the family patrimony was disposed of to the house of Breadalbane, the principal creditor, by decree of the Court of Session. Archibald, the last undoubted chief and Laird of Macnab, emigrated with a number of his clan to Canada in 1821, thus severing their connection for ever with the glen where their ancestors had held sway for so many generations. He returned for a short time to Scotland, and ultimately died at Lannion, Côtes du Nord, in France, where he was buried far from the graves of his forefathers at Inch Buie. He left a widow, who died in Florence in 1868, and one daughter, the sole survivor of a family of eight children, who recently also departed this life, and lies beside her mother on the banks of the Arno, in the City of Flowers. There is something exceedingly sad in thinking of the extinction of an old and honoured house in such a spot.

There never was a clan more autochthonous than the Macnabs. They seemed to belong to the soil like the Fraoch, or common heather, which is the badge of the clan, in such a way that they could never be dispossessed. All the traditions and associations of the locality gather around their ancient name. The patron saint of Killin is St. Fillan. He came here from Iona early in the eighth century, and preached to the rude forefathers of the village on a knoll a little way west from Inch Buie, on the other side of the Dochart, under a projecting crag on the hill-side. There is a cottage on the site which is still called Tigh Beannichte, or the "Blessed House," from this circumstance, and the rock overhead is known to the natives as Crag-Neavie, or the "Rock of Heaven." The saint, among his other numerous works of beneficence, erected a mill for grinding corn at the side of the river; and from that time to this a meal-mill has stood continuously on the same spot. The stones which formed the pivots of the revolving mill-stones of the early structure are preserved still in the modern mill, and when put into a bowl of water, the sacred infusion given to cows and other domestic animals to drink when sick is said to possess a wonderful healing power. Within the lifetime of the present generation the stones have been used for this superstitious purpose. On January 15—which is the anniversary of St. Fillan's death—each year, the mill has always been stopped and no work done. There was a family in the neighbourhood whose head had charge of the saint's crozier, which was employed as a sheriff's warrant when search was made for stolen cattle. The hereditary keeper of the relic had often to go through the country on such an errand, and the crozier was always regarded as a proof of his right to investigate the matter, and as a protection for his person while so employed. For this reason the custodian received the name of Dewar, or wanderer, a surname which is not uncommon in Scotland, and which originated in this district. Another local family had charge of the bell of St. Fillan, also a most interesting relic of the saint, and from this circumstance received the name of Maclagan, or "the son of the bell." The present Archbishop of York is a descendant of this family. The crozier and the bell are now preserved in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries, in Edinburgh, after having passed through several strange adventures. The last descendants of the Killin Dewars carried the crozier with them to America when they emigrated, and it was found by the merest chance by the late Sir Daniel Wilson. When wandering on one occasion on the shores of Lake Superior, he was benighted and sought hospitality in the house of a Scottish farmer of the name of Dewar, whose father came originally from Killin. Through the good offices of Sir Daniel, the hereditary keeper gave up the relic for a money consideration, and it was sent to the capital of Scotland to be preserved there for all time coming. The Dewar, it may be mentioned, for his services in connection with the crozier, received a farm of about eighty acres in the neighbourhood free of rent, and to this day the ancient glebe is well-known as the Dewar's Croft.

(*From a photograph by Ninian Hill, Esq.*)

THE GUIDE OF INCH BUIE

In Strathfillan there are the scanty ruins of an ancient priory surrounded by a graveyard in which the people of the strath still inter their dead; and the famous square bell of the priory was afterwards employed in the strange heroic cure of lunatics, who were dipped in the pool of St. Fillan near at hand. This bell had a Gaelic legend connected with it, that if by any means it was carried away from its niche in the graveyard, it would return of its own accord through the air, ringing in angry tones, "That which belongs not to you, belong not you to it." An Englishman, in 1798, wishing to test the truth of the superstition, carried it away to his house, where it remained until it was discovered in 1869 by accident, and restored in a prosaic way by railway. All these traditions and stories of folk-lore are associated with the Macnabs, who could look back to St. Fillan as their founder, and to his ancient abbacy in Strathfillan as their cradle.

The guide of Inch Buie is a quaint old woman who relates, as she points the attention of the visitor to the individual graves in the quiet enclosure with great dramatic force, the wild adventures of the fierce Macnabs, whose clan motto of "Dread nought" was so expressive of their character. Dean Stanley, in one of his graphic letters recently published, describes his visit to this romantic spot under Katy's guidance. It is a charming little bit of human nature, and brings out into strong relief the simple heart of the great Dean, and the vein of untutored poetry running through the Celtic nature of the shrewd old woman. Speaking of the green carpet of moss that covers the island, Katy said to the Dean, "The high folk from London tell me that I should gather it up in a basket, and give it to the Queen for the carpet of her house." Referring to a rude grave stone within the enclosure, she mentioned that many a time she had seen it lifted. "It was found by a chief on the top of Ben Lawers, and he put it on his shoulders and carried it down here, and underneath it from that time chiefs have been laid." Contrasting the grand mausoleum of the house of Breadalbane, visible beside the ruined walls of old Finlarig Castle, on the opposite side of the glen, with the burial-place of the Macnabs, the Dean said as he went down the mossy avenue of the romantic island: "Well, I had rather be buried here than yonder." "Yes," Katy said, "here it is all natural. It is a natural island. You see the water of Dochart and the water of Lochay meeting around it, natural and no fause work. The Scripture says, 'Dust we are, and to dust we shall return,' and it is better to be laid here in dust and earth, all natural-like, than in yon holes there that they put men into."

A ROMANCE OF PORTHAVEN HARBOUR

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FINNEMORE

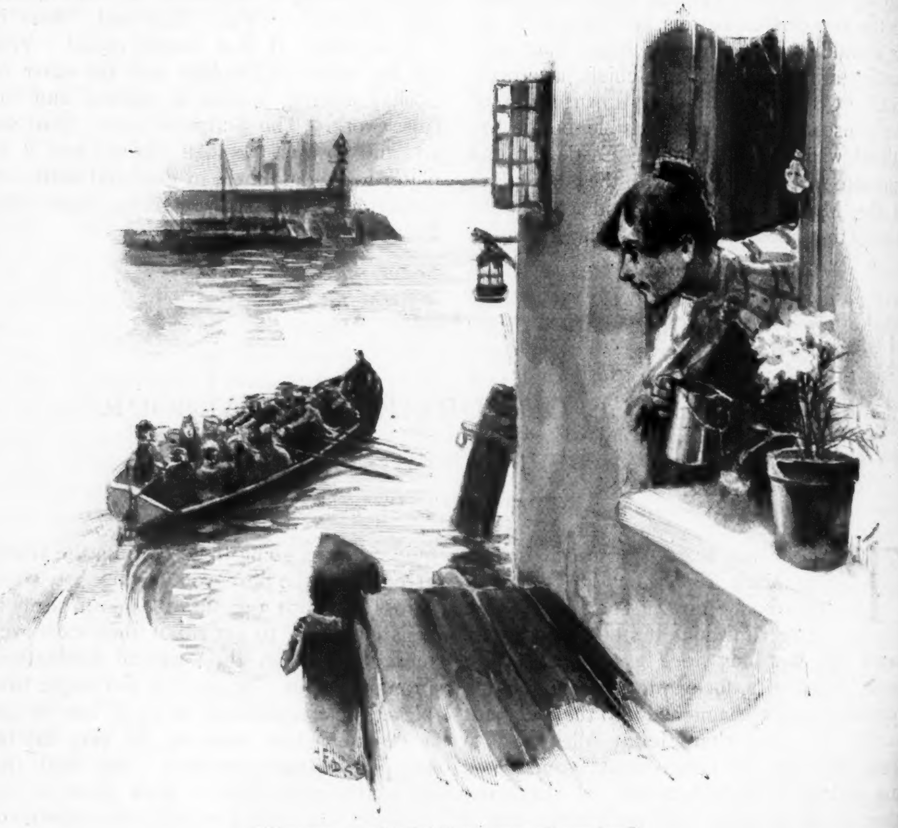
THERE are scarcely any such houses as Mark Allen's left in Porthaven Harbour now. The little back street in which it stood fifty or sixty years ago, has long since been swallowed up in an Admiralty dockyard, and evil-looking torpedo-boats are launched into their element at the very spot where Jenny Allen used to look through the lattice window and watch the stately three-deckers of old shake out their white plumage and go gliding out of the harbour.

It was a quaint little house. The front door opened into a narrow little back street running parallel with the harbour, the back of the house overlooked the harbour itself, with its forest of tapering masts around. The principal room was at the back, with its window only a few feet above the level of the water at high tide, and when there was a breeze from the westward the wavelets would come splashing against the wall of the house beneath. Just below the window was a little wooden stage, where sometimes it was said Mark Allen landed a parcel or so from his boat that was shaped more like a keg than anything else.

For Mark Allen did not bear the best of names at Porthaven. Half boatman, half longshoreman, he plied a trade that was various in the extreme. One day he would be seen pulling a midshipman in brand-new uniform, and his chest, to a frigate in the offing, grinning over the expectation of the guinea he was going to fleece from the young greenhorn; the next, you might have come across him with a group of paid-off seamen, assisting them to get rid of their cash even more freely than their natural inclinations prompted them; or perhaps you might have picked up a mysterious story of how he got a deserter clear away on the very day his ship was to sail. Anyhow it was said that very little came amiss to Mark Allen so long as there was a chink of white or yellow metal in it.

But they didn't say the same of his daughter. Every one knew that Jenny was as honest as she was bonny, just like her poor mother, who, it was rumoured, had died of a broken heart. And in spite of her father's questionable ways Jenny observed the fifth commandment bravely, and kept as comfortable a little home for her old dad as any in Porthaven. Not but what she might have had another home if she had wanted one, for there was many a fine fellow on shore or sea whose heart had been set a-fluttering by Jenny's auburn red locks and sparkling eyes.

And, indeed, she formed a pretty picture as she stood one morning leaning out of the window overlooking the harbour, watering a pot of white carnations that stood in the window-sill. She paused for a moment to gaze out into the offing, and a slight shiver seized her as her eyes fell upon an ugly black craft that lay at anchor there.



"Her eyes sought the little group of convicts"

"Poor chaps," she murmured, "it's no homeward bound voyage you'll be having, I reckon. It's good-bye to the old country for ever for most of you when you step aboard."

She was thinking of the passengers more than of the crew, for the vessel was a convict ship on the point of sailing for Botany Bay, with a human cargo of misery and despair under her hatches.

Even as the girl spoke there came a sound as of a regular splash of oars from up the harbour, and, turning her head, she saw a galley approaching with half-a-dozen convicts under an armed escort in the stern sheets. The boat was passing very close, only about twenty yards from where she was standing, and more than one oarsman looked out of the corner of his eyes at the fair lassie in the window. She did not notice them, however. Her eyes sought the little group of convicts, and lighted upon one in particular, a pale handsome young fellow, who looked the very picture of despair. Wandering aimlessly, his eyes suddenly caught those of the young woman. He gave a start, seemed to remember what he was—a disgraced outcast—and buried his head in his hands from very shame. The girl watched him curiously—watched him till she saw him slowly raise his head again and look round for a moment at her.

"Poor fellow," she sighed with a genuine feeling of pity, "he don't look as if he'd done anything very terrible. I wonder what they've transported him for?"

Mark Allen was late back that evening, not an uncommon occurrence. And he was just as likely as not to be drunk when he did return. His daughter generally sat up for him till eleven on these occasions.

It was a very dark night, and a breeze that had been freshening since sunset was making the lattice rattle and the little waves splash outside. About ten o'clock Jenny opened the window for a moment to freshen the room. Suddenly she heard in the distance one or two sharp cracks—the reports of muskets—and caught a flash or two of light from the offing. Wondering slightly what it should mean, she shut the window and took her seat again by the fire.

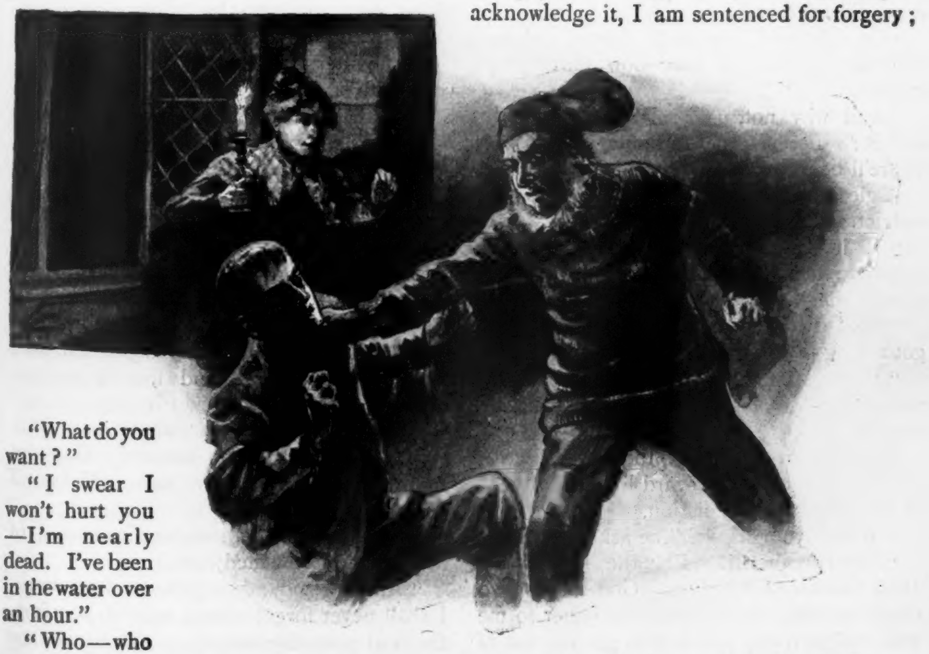
It was after eleven and Jenny was just thinking of retiring when her ear caught a sound above the rattle of the lattice and the splash of the water. She started to her feet, her heart palpitating wildly, and listened. Some one was surely climbing up the staging outside—ah!—and was tapping at the window. Her first impulse was to fly out into the street. Then, setting her lips tightly together, she drew the red curtain that hung before the window and opened it. There was a man outside, his hands clung to the window-sill, and she could just see his pale, dripping face.

"For God's sake let me in," he entreated in a hoarse whisper.

"What do you want?"

"I swear I won't hurt you—I'm nearly dead. I've been in the water over an hour."

"Who—who are you?"



"He sprang forward and seized the dripping shivering wretch by the collar"

"You needn't be afraid, I've far more cause to be alarmed than you."

And without waiting for further permission he drew himself up, and came clambering in at the window, a dripping wet object—a miserable, escaped convict!

Jenny gave a little shriek.

"Ah," said the man with a bitter laugh, "you see what I am now, then? But I'll do you no harm—even the worst of men wouldn't hurt a girl who gave him such a pitying look as you did me this morning."

Jenny looked at him hard.

"Why," she said, "you're the man that I saw go by in the boat."

"Exactly. And you probably never thought to see me again. But the moment of luck came, and a dive overboard from the vessel out yonder—a splashing of bullets and a lowering of boats—a swim for life and freedom—the recognising your cottage in the darkness—these are the results."

"But—but," faltered the girl, "what are you going to do—what——?"

"Throw myself on your mercy. In the name of pity hide me and give me a change of clothes!"

"But 'twould be against justice——"

"Justice! Yes, I am a criminal, I acknowledge it, I am sentenced for forgery;

and yet the temptation was strong and I wanted the money — now, I swear before heaven if I had a fresh start I would retrieve my evil name. I would give the world to be innocent once more."

"What am I to do—how can I help you?"

"I've told you—don't waste time. Hark! What's that?"

"It's my father—hide—get out of the window—ah, it's too late!"

For Mark Allen had entered the room—sober too, sober as a judge. Just one moment did he pause on the threshold to take in the scene—just one glance did he throw towards his daughter, and then he sprang forward and seized the dripping, shivering wretch by the collar.

"An escaped convict, eh?" he cried. "What's the meanin' o' this?"

"Oh, dad, save him," said Jenny, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

"Save him? What's he to do wi' you then, my gal?"

"Nothing," said the convict, "I forced myself upon your daughter and demanded her help. Now I ask the same of you."

"Help, eh?" sneered Mark Allen. "Ay, I'll help ye back to them as'll take good care of ye, I'll warrant."

"Oh, father!" gasped Jenny, whose womanly sympathies were now thoroughly aroused.

"And why not, gal? It's only justice, ain't it? Besides, there's money in this job. There'll be a reward."

A gleam of hope shone on the face of the convict.

"If it's money you're after," he said quickly, "it may be better worth your while to hide me."

"Wot d'yer mean? I reckon you ain't got a long purse, eh?"

"Perhaps not. But there are those who would pay you well to help me all the same."

Mark Allen looked at the convict critically. He began to regard his visitor more in the light of a speculation.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Henry Sinclair. I'm the son of Sir John Sinclair of Reading. God knows I've disgraced him, but he'd act the father to me still, and he'd pay you well to get me out of this."

"How am I to know that?" said Mark Allen, surlily.

"Oh, father," said Jenny, "can't you trust him?"

"Seems to me you take a mighty interest in 'im, Jenny," snarled her parent; "no, I can't trust 'im. You'll have to prove this, young man."

"Willingly. Let me send a letter to my father asking him to come here. Will that do?"

Mark Allen scratched his head reflectively for some minutes before he answered. Then he said:

"Done! I'll agree to help ye on a consideration. You'll stop with me and write for yer father, tellin' 'im to bring a hundred pounds along o' 'im. If your father turns up in three days—all right. If he *don't*, why, then I'll hand ye over to the friends ye've just left. Now come along o' me, and get some dry togs on."

And, never letting him out of his sight, Mark Allen took the man into another room and rigged him out as a longshore boatman. All that night Mark Allen lay in the same room with his captive, who was certainly too tired to make any attempt at escape even if he had wanted to, and the next morning the young man wrote to his father and Jenny went out to post the letter.

In the afternoon Mark Allen went to converse with a pal in the street, first warning Sinclair that it would be useless to try and bolt. So Jenny, perhaps not entirely against her will, was left with the young convict. He told her the story of his crime, how he had contracted "debts of honour," until, at length, he had, in a moment of despair, set the signature of a friend to a cheque and cashed it.

"My life is ruined, anyway, now," he said. "Even if I'm not caught, I'll have to change my name and live as an outcast."

"Oh," said Jenny, "what does that matter if you're free and honest? Don't be afraid, Mr. Sinclair, I'm sure it'll be all right."

Something in the simple earnestness of the girl's tone touched him.

"Ah," he said, "you give me fresh hope. I shall never forget setting eyes on you from the boat yesterday morning. You made me feel more ashamed of myself than anything that's happened to me yet. May God help me!"

"He will," said Jenny, "and I'll often pray for you. Dad don't pray much—I wish he weren't so fond of money."

"Perhaps it's lucky he is. Otherwise he wouldn't have helped me."

"Oh, Mr. Sinclair, I *wish*—he'd—he'd help you without——. *I* would!"

"You have helped me, Jenny. If I get clear out of this you'll have helped me to be a better man—you'll have given me a new life. And that's more than money can do."

And the girl smiled at him in grateful thanks.

Mark Allen kept a sharp look-out after his prisoner until in a couple of days' time Sir John Sinclair appeared. He had posted all the way from Reading, taking the precaution to enter Porthaven in disguise. His greeting with his son was of the coldest nature.

"I am willing to help you, of course," he explained, "and we must at once arrange some means to get you out of the country. But you must perfectly understand that you have disgraced your family, and that it is my wish you should never return home."

"I'm not likely to do that," said his son. "And as I shall take another name I shall soon be forgotten."

"That is sensible," replied his father. "And of course you will not attempt to hold *any* communication with home."

"Never!"

And Jenny, who overheard, somehow flushed red with indignation—***not*** against the criminal.

At length it was finally settled that Henry Sinclair, under the name of Marsh, should go to the Cape. Mark Allen undertook, for the sum of one hundred pounds, to get his passage booked in a vessel that was about to sail thither from Porthaven, a merchant ship captained by a friend of his. With a promise to lodge some money at a bank in Cape Town, and a parting gift of a couple of ten-pound notes to his son, the stiff old baronet took his departure.

Two or three nights afterwards, Mark Allen brought his boat silently against the little stage beneath his window. The lattice was opened, and the escaped convict carefully let himself out. Standing for a moment on the rough planks, he gazed upward at a face that was looking down on him through the darkness.

"Good-bye, Jenny," he said. "I shall send you word, somehow, to let you know how I am getting on."

"Good-bye."

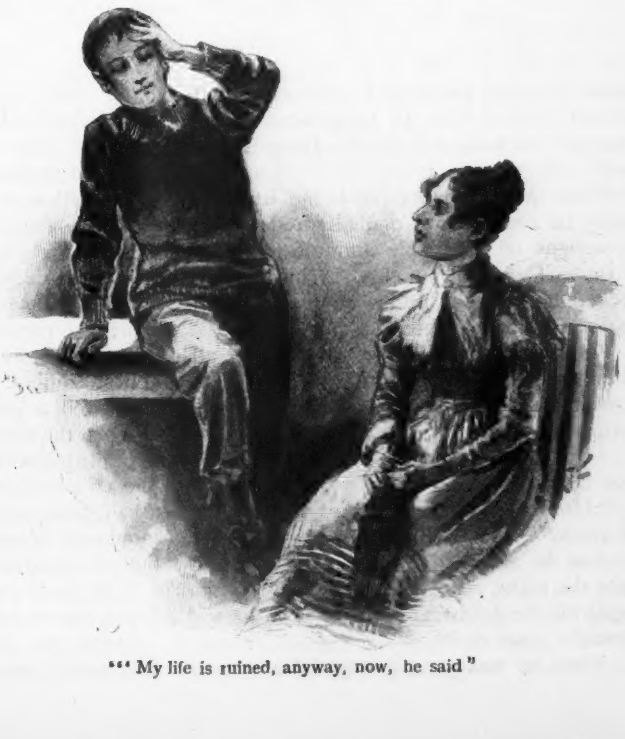
"Come along," muttered her father.

The young man reached up, took one of Jenny's hands in his and gently kissed it. She said nothing, but in reply plucked a single carnation blossom from the flower-pot and gave it him.

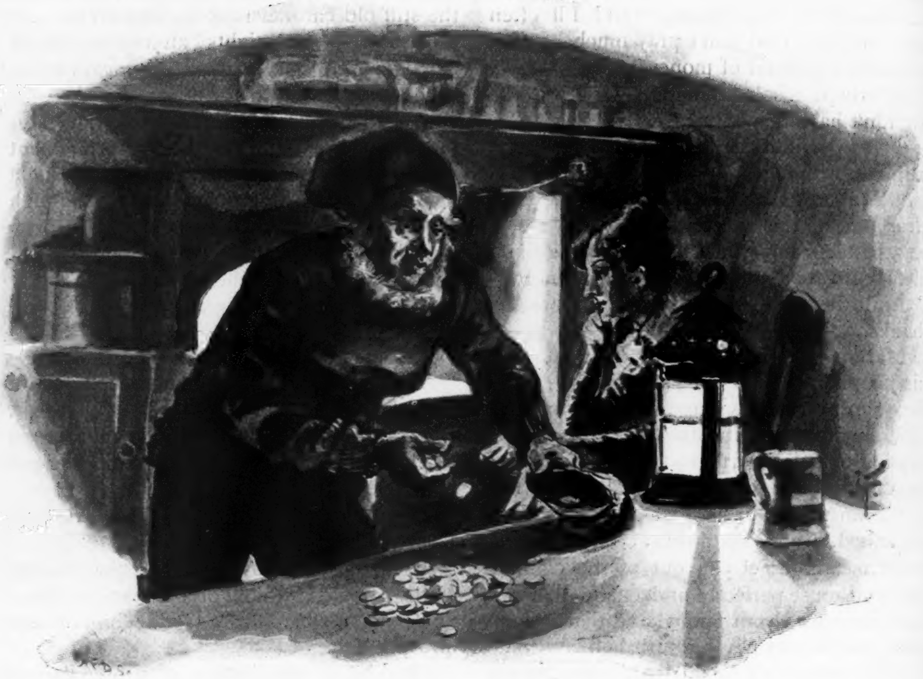
A minute later and she saw the little boat disappear into the darkness.

"Ah," she said, as she closed the window, "why should I think of the likes o' him? He's a gentleman. . . . God help him and prosper him."

And he, as the outline of a brig loomed



"'My life is ruined, anyway, now, he said"



"He counted out one hundred golden sovereigns"

before him, and the muffled oars were tossed aboard, prayed God to keep her—till he returned, to keep her—well—Jenny *Allen*, still.

When Mark Allen came home late that night he counted out one hundred golden sovereigns on the table and gloated over them. Then he put five in his pocket, locked up the rest in his stout sea chest, and said to his daughter:

"I've got sick o' bein' cooped up all these days, Jenny, and I'm a-goin' to enjoy myself. Likely I'll not be back till tomorrow night."

"Oh, father," said the girl, "how could you take all that money?"

"Hold your tongue. 'Taint no concern o' yours."

And he slammed the door and went out into the night, nor did his daughter see him again till the following evening, when he was brought home drunk.

When he was gone, Jenny did a curious thing. She unlocked her little money-box and counted the contents. Two pounds in gold and a few odd shillings, all the girl possessed in the world. The two sovereigns she locked in a workbox, the contents of which she emptied, the silver she replaced.

From that day forward Jenny seemed as bent on getting cash as her father. She took in some odd jobs by washing for the neighbours, she turned her hand to dressmaking—to anything by which she could earn an honest shilling. Time after time, when she had saved a pound in the money-box she changed the silver for a golden sovereign and deposited it with the remainder. The little pile grew and grew until, more than four and a half years after the convict had so unceremoniously entered the cottage, she counted out one hundred glittering coins.

"At last," she said, with a sigh of relief, "and now to wait!"

From that day her passion for accumulating wealth seemed to have gone, and she no longer worked early and late at tub or needle. Her self-imposed task was completed.

Three or four times she had heard from Henry Marsh—as he was now known. Not long letters, but cheerful ones, always winding up with the promise that one day he should return to thank her.

And he did return. Nearly five years after he had sailed for Africa Jenny heard her name called through the window from the harbour. Looking out, she saw a local boatman landing a handsome bearded gentleman on the old stage.

"Jenny," he cried, "I couldn't help coming in this way—there, let me climb up ——for the second time," he added, as he entered the room.

Then he put both his hands on the girl's shoulder and kissed her. She blushed.

"Oh—Mr. Marsh—is it really you?" she said.

"Yes. Do you remember the last time I came? Wasn't I a pitiful object then?"

She glanced at him now—an honest, broad-shouldered, happy man—and thought of that night when he stood shivering and dripping—a hunted convict!

Suddenly he grasped her left hand and looked at it. A sigh of relief escaped him.

"It's all right," he muttered beneath his breath. "Where's your father?" he asked.

She pointed upstairs. A tear moistened in her eye.

"Ill?"

"Dying."

He stood for a moment in silence. Then she broke it.

"Before anything else I want to give you something," she said. "Wait a minute."

She disappeared, to return presently with a workbox. Opening it, she poured forth on the table a heap of sovereigns. He looked on in astonishment.

"They are yours," she said.

"Mine?"

"Yes. I could not bear father to take the price of your blood—that's what it seemed like. So I've worked and earned these for you."

"Jenny!"

"They're yours. I can't be happy if you don't take them."

"Oh, Jenny—what can I say? I don't need them."

"You must take them."

"But listen. I'm well-to-do now, Jenny. I've paid back my father anonymously all the money he spent that time, and I've paid back all that I robbed. I've waited to do this before I returned for something else."

"Oh," said the girl, "and I wanted you to have them. I'd have sent them if I'd had any one I could trust."

"I'll take them on one condition, Jenny."

"What's that?"

"That you give me something else with them!"

"What?" said the girl softly.

"Can't you guess? Something I've come back on purpose to win. Some one who gave me new hope and love—yourself, Jenny, darling."

And a couple of months afterwards a good ship carried the outcast Henry Marsh—a happy outcast—and his happy bride to their home in the new life he had made for them both.

GREEK MATRONS AND MAIDS

By LUCY M. J. GARNETT

THE foremost place among the various Christian nationalities inhabiting both European and Asiatic Turkey cannot but be assigned to the Greeks, not only in virtue of their earlier occupation of the country, but also on account of their intellectual superiority. Physically as well as mentally, the Greek women of to-day exhibit the characteristic traits of their Hellenic ancestors, and types of almost classical purity are constantly to be met with not only in Free Hellas, but also in all parts of the Ottoman Empire. In certain localities, and more particularly in Macedonia,

A GREEK PEASANT WOMAN

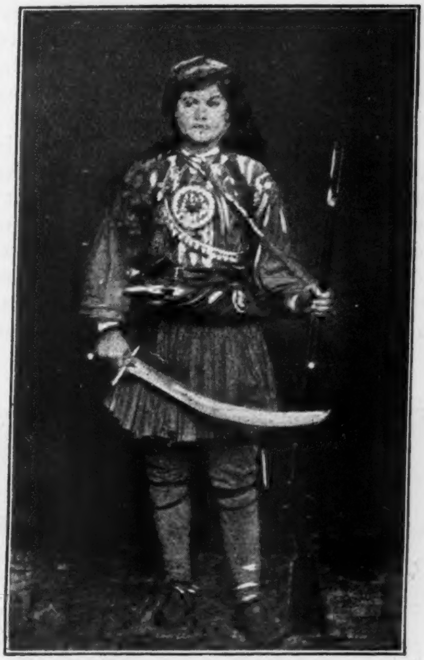
the Greek type has no doubt much deteriorated from admixture with Slav and other foreign elements. It has, however, remained almost perfect in many of the islands, and some of the finest specimens of the race are to be found in Asia Minor, not on the seaboard alone, but in many towns and villages of the interior where, at the beginning of the century, the Greeks had become so denationalised as to have lost the use of their mother tongue.

The secluded life and consequent inferior social position of the Greek and other Christian women of the East is sometimes attributed to the influence of Moslem manners on the conquered races. How erroneous this idea is will at once be seen when we reflect that from Homeric times the *gynekcion* always formed a special feature of the Greek home. The degree of seclusion, however, varied greatly according to the political position of the city or State and its relations with the outer world. The women of Sparta, for instance, enjoyed much greater liberty than the women of Athens, as strangers could be, and were, excluded from the capital of Laconia, a precaution which it was impossible to take in commercial Athens. Nor was the practice of secluding women retained in later times merely in order to screen them from Turkish license. For there exists ample evidence that while the Roman Catholic Venetians were masters of Crete and other islands and towns of the Levant, the Greek women never left their houses save for certain religious ceremonies. The seclusion of Oriental women would, indeed, appear to have been almost always due rather to considerations for their safety, necessitated by their peculiar position among peoples of alien race and creed, than to any desire on the part of men for their "subjection." And that this is really the case is, I think, proved by the fact that not only have the women of Greece since their emancipation from Turkish rule enjoyed the same freedom as other European women, but that in the semi-Europeanised seaports of Turkey their seclusion has become a thing of the past.

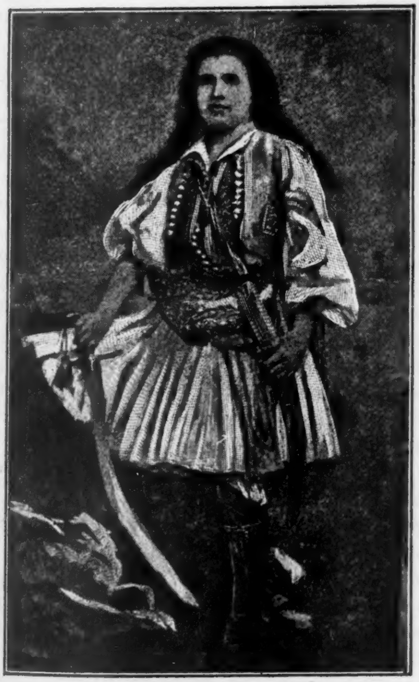
The heroism which the long struggle for independence called forth in the Greek men was shared by their mothers, their sisters, and their daughters. The domestic history of these troubled times is faithfully and graphically recorded in the folk-songs of this suffering people; and to these spontaneous outbursts of untutored feeling we must turn to hear how the wife of the Klepht chieftain waited with feverish impatience for news of her husband, or lamented him dead; was carried captive to the harem of the Turkish General, or, rather than submit to such a fate, precipitated herself and her child over some precipice. During the protracted siege of Missolonghi, the women and girls aided the defenders by bringing materials of every description to stop the breaches made by the Turkish artillery. One of the surviving heroines of this famous siege, who died in Athens some sixty years later, expressed on her deathbed a wish to be buried in the pallikar's dress which she had worn during the war and had ever since treasured in secret. The Greek poet Kostas Palamas has made this incident the subject of a long poem, in which he describes how Capitan Philio's daughter donned at her father's command the full white kilt, braided vest and jacket, and felt capote, and stood in the breach at his side, pistol in hand, while he directed his cannon at the enemy. Her father slain, she had escaped in one of the many sorties with the assistance of a comrade who afterwards became her husband.

Nor was the outbreak on Pelion in 1878 without its heroines. The daughters and sisters of the patriots not only braved the whizzing rifle-bullets and the risk of capture to carry food and water to their relatives in the entrenchments, but, as one of their own folk-songs records, would themselves on occasion "bravely fight and gladly strive for Freedom." The name of one girl, Marighitza, a native of the village of Makrinitza on the hills above Volo, now Greek territory, was more specially mentioned for intrepidity, and when the insurrection was over she was sent for to Athens to be presented to the King and Queen and fêted by the inhabitants.

A far more sensational story, however, is that of a woman named Peristera, "The Pigeon," who was an actual combatant in the rebellion, during which her brother met his death. On the cessation of hostilities this woman joined a band of brigands, and became their leader under the name of Vanghelli, to which her followers added the *sobriquet* of *Spanò*, "The Beardless." After pursuing the calling of Klepht for some two years without her sex being discovered, she finally gave in her submission to the authorities, was pardoned, and became a domestic servant in the household of the Bishop of Kodjani. A photograph taken at the time represents her in full Klepht costume—sword, pistols, and yataghan at waist, gun in hand, and suspended round her neck the insignia of chieftainship, a large silver disc bearing in relief a representation of the Greek patron Saint George in his conflict with the Dragon.



PERISTERA, THE BRIGAND CHIEFTAINESS



(*Photographed by Leonda, Salonica*)

MARIGHITZA, THE HEROINE OF PELION

Such heroic qualities, however, are only brought to the surface by exceptional circumstances, for, as I shall now proceed to show, the virtues of the Greek women generally are essentially domestic.

The Greek peasants of Turkey, though widely dispersed throughout the empire, seldom occupy the same villages with those of other races. Some of the Greek villages with the lands adjoining are owned and tilled by peasant proprietors, and these are for the most part wealthy and prosperous. But the majority of the agricultural population are tenants on the *metayer* system, receiving the seed grain from their landlord, and sharing with him the produce of the fields.

The women, though not employed in field work to any great extent, take an active part in much of the labour connected with the farm, and their household duties are many and varied. In Roumelia and Macedonia the girls and young women hire themselves out for the June harvest, and assist in reaping and threshing. To the Greek peasant girl also is committed the care of her father's flock, which she must lead every day to the pasture, and fold at night. The *Voskopoúla*, or shepherdess, is one of the most prominent characters in rural folk-song, and many a charming idyll has been composed in her honour by amorous swains. But she has little time for sylvan dallying, for the sheep and goats have to be milked, and the milk must be converted into cheese and *yiaoúrti*, a delicious and wholesome sour curd which is in great demand in the towns. When the sheep have been shorn, the wool must first be bleached and spun, and then woven into garments for the family, or cloth for sale. The cotton and flax grown on the farm must also be gathered in their seasons and prepared for use. A certain proportion is reserved for knitting, and it is most pleasing to watch the graceful motions and picturesque poses of the women and girls as, standing on their little wooden balconies or terraced roofs, they send the spindle whirling down into courtyard or village street while twisting the thread for this purpose.

GREEK WOMEN OF ADRIANOPLE, WITH SPINNING-WHEEL AND YARN-WINDER

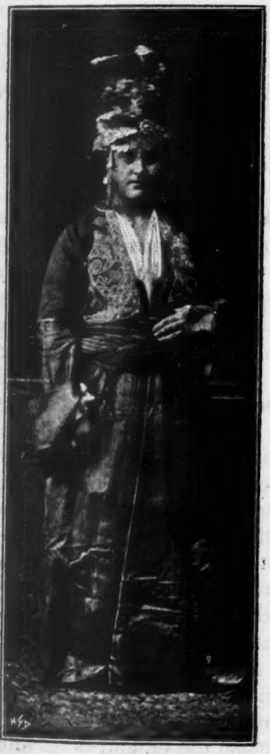
In some districts the silk industry keeps the women fully occupied during the spring months. In Crete this constitutes the chief home industry, each family producing its own little crop of silk. The gayest time of the year for the Cretan women is the olive harvest, to which the girls especially look forward with pleasure, as many of the usual restraints are then set aside, and they enjoy, besides the open-air work in merry company, the social gatherings customary after the conclusion of the day's toil.

But laborious as the lives of these thrifty countrywomen may appear, Sundays and Saints' Days are holidays duly observed and thoroughly enjoyed. The working dress of plain homespun is then laid aside, and the picturesque gala costume donned. Thus adorned, the Greek maiden accompanies her parents to early Mass in the little whitewashed church, summoned by the sound of the primitive *sýmandro*, a board struck with a mallet. Returning home, the simple morning meal is soon despatched, the cattle and poultry are fed, and the rest of the day is given up to well-earned repose and amusement.

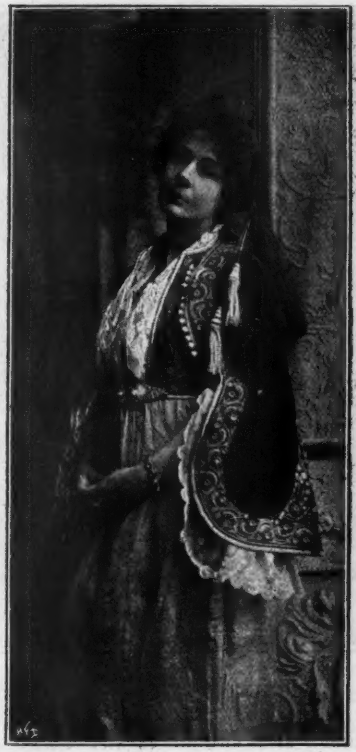
In the afternoon the peasants resort *en masse* to the village green. The middle-aged and elderly men take their places in the background, under the rustic vine-embowered verandah of the coffee-house, the matrons with their little ones gather under the trees to gossip, while their elder sons and daughters perform the *syrtòs horòs*, the "long-drawn" classic dance. Each youth produces his handkerchief, which he holds by one corner, presenting the other to his partner; she in her turn extends her own to the dancer next to her; and the line thus formed, "Romaika's dull round" is danced to the rhythm of a song chanted in dialogue form, with or without the accompaniment of pipe and viol, until the lengthening shadows of evening send the villagers home to their sunset meal.

The Harvest Home is also a great holiday in the country districts, and is celebrated on August 21 (old style). Attired in their best, and crowned with flowers, the harvesters carry small sheaves or bundles of the golden grain to the nearest town, where they dance and sing before the doors of the principal inhabitants.

The more remote the community and the more isolated from contact with the outer world, the more rigid generally is found to be the code of social morals. In the mountain villages of Crete female misconduct is visited with the severest penalties, and even so late as the beginning of this century was punishable with death. Whenever a married woman was suspected even of faithlessness, or a single one of frailty, her hours were from that moment numbered, and her end was so tragical, so shocking to all the feelings of natural affection, and even to the ordinary notions of humanity, that one can hardly believe such a practice to have been observed on the very confines of civilised Europe, and in the nineteenth century, by any Christian people. Her nearest relations were at once her accusers, her judges, and her executioners.



A GREEK GIRL OF BOURDOUR, ASIA MINOR



GREEK LADY IN NATIONAL COSTUME, ATHENS

There is, as a rule, no social intercourse between the Greek and Turkish peasantry, although they live amicably enough together as neighbours when fanatical feeling is not excited by war or other circumstances. The prejudice against mixed marriages is naturally very great, and no alliance of the kind can take place without perversion on one side or the other. The perversion, however, must be on the side of the Christian, for in Islam apostacy is a crime. But though one seldom hears of a Christian man embracing Islam for the sake of a Moslem love, it is by no means of rare occurrence that a Christian peasant girl, prompted by vanity or ambition, renounces the faith of her fathers in order that she may marry a wealthy Turk who has flattered her by his attentions. She is not, however, allowed to do this hurriedly or without due consideration. The usual mode of procedure is for the girl to run away from home and take refuge in a harem. She then appears before the *Medjliss*, or Town

GREEK WOMEN OF SMYRNA

Council, and announces her desire to be received into the ranks of the True Believers. Her parents and friends, supported by the Greek Bishop, use their influence to prevent her taking this final step, and painful and sometimes tumultuous scenes ensue. If the girl persists in her determination, she is permitted to make a formal declaration of belief in the tenets of Islam, and becomes to all intents and purposes a Moslem, endowed with all the social and legal privileges enjoyed by a woman of that creed.

Although the Greeks of the large seaport cities and the upper classes generally have abandoned some of the old customs formerly observed in connection with birth, marriage, and death, "The Three Evils of Destiny," many curious and interesting usages are still to be found in the towns and villages of the interior and in the islands of the Ægean. These ancient folk-customs vary somewhat in their minor details according to locality, but in their leading features they are everywhere identical. The same ceremonies of betrothal are observed, and similar formalities and songs are used for each successive stage of the wedding festivities, whether they take place in Macedonia, Epirus, Thessaly, Thrace, on the coasts of Asia Minor, or in the islands of the Ægean. National etiquette requires that the principals should ostensibly take no part in the preliminary arrangements, which are carried out by the parents of the contracting parties with the help of a professional matchmaker known as the *proxenetès* or *proxenétra*.

Marriage being looked forward to as a matter of course, the preparation of a girl's *trousseau* is often begun by her careful mother while she is still a child. This is more especially the case among the working and peasant classes. The former purchase by degrees the materials necessary according to their means, leaving to the maiden herself the task of converting them into wearing apparel and articles for domestic use. The daughter of a well-to-do peasant will receive as her portion a sum ranging from thirty to one hundred pounds, a good stock of house linen and home-made carpets and rugs, several articles of furniture, and two or three suits of clothes, including a gala costume for Sundays and holidays.

A husband for a portionless girl being hard to find, Greek fathers make it their first duty to save a *dot* for their daughters, and brothers in a father's place consider it incumbent on them to see their sisters settled in life before taking wives unto themselves.

Though Greek matches are thus for the most part *mariages de convenance*, marital dissensions are extremely rare, especially among the upper and middle classes. Greek men, besides being good sons and brothers, are exemplary husbands, and the women in their turn are the most devoted of wives. Unions which result in serious incompatibility of temper, or want of sympathy arising from other unforeseen causes, are occasionally dissolved by a Council of Elders presided over by the Archbishop of the diocese. The proceedings are kept strictly private, and all the evidence is heard *in camera*, thus avoiding the scandal attached to divorce cases in the West. It must be said, however, that though it is not difficult to obtain a dissolution of the marriage tie without misconduct on the part of either husband or wife, it is a privilege rarely made use of, and never without good and serious reasons, both social opinion and pecuniary considerations weighing strongly against divorce.

There are still to be found considerable remains of patriarchal customs even among the wealthy and educated classes. One of these is that the sons on marrying often bring their wives to the paternal home. The mother on the death of her husband is not banished to "the dower-house," but retains the place of honour in the household, and receives every mark of attention and respect not only from her sons, but from their wives, who consider it no indignity to kiss her hand or that of their father-in-law when receiving their morning greeting or evening benediction. And in these irreverent days it is very refreshing on visiting a Greek family to see the widowed mother at the head of the table, and mark the deference paid to her by her son and her daughter-in-law.

The ceremonies observed by the Greeks in connection with death and burial are almost everywhere identical, and include many archaic customs and time-honoured traditions among the rites of the Eastern Church. Greek women have in all times played a conspicuous part in funeral observances, and from the days of Antigone the fulfilment of the rites of sepulture has been observed by them as one of their most sacred duties. Homer describes how Andromache chanted a dirge to her dead husband and her son Astyanax, how the mother and sister-in-law took up the lament, the burden of which was repeated by a chorus of other women. Such scenes as this may still be witnessed at the present day in the humblest cottage. Seated round the room on the floor, they take it in turn to chant dirges for the dead, lamenting his loss, extolling his virtues, and in some cases describing the cause of his death. These *myriologia* are essentially Pagan in sentiment; they contain no assurance that the dead are in a state of bliss, and no hope of a happy meeting in Paradise. A dying son can comfort his sorrowing mother only by directing her to a hill on which grow "herbs of forgetfulness." The fond brother would build for his sister a mausoleum in which she could sit at ease, look forth on the green earth, and hear the birds singing. And the young wife complains that her husband has abandoned her and wedded instead "the Black Earth." But, as a rule, the lost ones are mourned as carried off by the vindictive and remorseless Charon from home and friends and all the joys and pursuits of the upper world to his dreary realm of Hades.

The mourning worn by the Greeks is of a most austere character, especially among the middle and lower classes. Ornaments are rigidly set aside, and all articles of dress are of the plainest black materials, cotton or woollen, and made in the most simple fashion possible. In some districts the Greeks on the death of a near relative send all their linen and pocket-handkerchiefs to the dyers, the result, as may be supposed, being funereal in the extreme. Women, too, frequently cut off their hair at the death of their husbands and bury it with them; men, on the other hand, allow their beards to grow as a sign of sorrow. Mourning is also worn for a considerable period. Girls after their fathers' death do not abandon their mourning until they marry, and widows and elderly women invariably retain it as their permanent attire. For in many country districts custom does not allow women to enter a second time into wedlock, and a widow who ventured thus to violate public opinion would be treated with scant respect by her neighbours for the rest of her days.

A GREEK PEASANT WOMAN

BLACK AND WHITE

By IVY C. VAUGHAN

"VIBART, it does one good to see you again! How has the world been treating you in all these ten years? What have you been doing to yourself, man? You look as if you had been through the waters of Adversity, instead of which, I suppose you will say you are in an earthly Paradise."

The Rector laughed. The two men were sitting together on the shady Rectory lawn, both somewhat oppressed by that curious reticent silence from which Englishmen always suffer when their hearts are fullest and their deepest feelings most strongly stirred.

"I don't know about a Paradise—I can't quite sing with any common honesty that 'the lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground,' but I am just as grateful to your father, Winsley, as I was seven years ago. Don't run away with the notion that I regret having come here, my dear boy."

"Poor old Governor! He planted you here at my request! I was such a youngster in those days, knew nothing about the place, only wanted my oldest friend to take a living somewhere. And the dear old man would have given his head away if I had asked him to."

"Winsley, dear old boy, don't imagine for a minute that I repent of having accepted this living. I suppose it is human nature to ever long for the unattainable, and I was ever a discontented dog. The clerical robe hides a multitude of sins still, I fear."

"And possibly a multitude of sorrows also. What business have you with those streaks of grey? They make me ashamed of my own raven locks; and yet the same *thirty and odd* years have passed over both our heads."

"So they have! It seems an eternity since those good old days which we spent together.—But come into the house, and be introduced to the wife and babies; don't let us begin mourning over departed glories."

So the two old college friends, Baronet and Rector, rich man and poor, the petted favourite of fortune and the world and the struggling pastor of a small Lincolnshire village, rose up and went into the house together.

There Sir Winsley was introduced to a small, pale woman, with traces on her face of unusual beauty, which had been almost destroyed by poverty, anxiety, and ill-health. He saw the two little fair-haired children, and felt a curious thrill when he watched them fly at Vibart and cling to him and call him "Father." He saw the old, dreary Rectory, its many long, low-roofed rooms, looking drearier yet owing to their scanty furnishing. He saw also the result of that old college chum, who had won renown on the cricket-field and in college halls, and whose many brilliant talents and happy, sunny temperament had made him popular wherever he went; the result was a middle-aged man, tall, broad-shouldered, with a strong, rugged, clean-shaven face, which looked older for the deep lines round the mouth and eyes, and upon which the old sunny smile, instead of lingering, came only now and again.

He saw all this, and wondered and admired, for Winsley was by no means a stupid man; perhaps he was wiser than many in that he was able to see and admire in his fellow-creatures qualities which differed greatly from his own. Dinner was barely over, when a servant came in with a message, and the Rector, with a half-sigh, said he must go out.

"An important parishioner is ill, and wants to see me. I must leave you, Winsley."

"Let me come with you," said the Baronet, rising. "A glorious night like this is meant for a walk."

So the two went out into the sweet, cool September night, swinging along with many a light-hearted jest and laugh, each glad and thankful, although he would not own it, to be again with his greatest and oldest friend.

Before a small two-roomed cottage they paused, and the Rector, grave once more, left his companion in the outer room whilst he went into the inner apartment, pausing on the threshold with a reverent "Peace be to this house."

Through the half-open door the Baronet

could get glimpses of the small, airless bedroom, of the thin, trembling form propped up by pillows on the narrow bed, of one or two kneeling figures. Snatches of conversation reached him now and again—the Rector's low, deep-toned voice reading a prayer for the sick; the occasional tremulous questions of the sick man. Suddenly, as Vibart was about to leave the cottage, the sick man was seized by one of those painful, half-delirious attacks, which now and again can precede death, scream after scream of remorse and terror ringing out into the still night air, till Winsley's blood ran cold as he listened. Then, for over half-an-hour he could see his friend tenderly supporting the trembling frightened man, soothing him as a woman might soothe her child, praying at intervals with low, half-broken utterances.

Then, at last, the Rector came out, and stood for a moment bare-headed, gazing up into the calm, star-lit sky. He looked pale and tired.

"The poor fellow is dead," he said. "Please God a late repentance is not accounted as nought. I have never been by a more terrified or remorseful death-bed. . . . 'And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea.'"

They walked for some way in silence.

"Are all your cottages in this condition?" asked Winsley, at length. "All those I have seen seem to be on the verge of decay."

"My dear fellow, would to Heaven everything would absolutely decay, then perhaps we might be granted new houses, with wholesome drainage, and some fund of freshness and cleanliness, some idea of comfort. At present our only support is an old Colonel, who is not over-generous, and moreover has passed the allotted span of life some time ago, and young Lord Newnham, who is always away, and knows little and cares less about the parish. I do my best to administer to men's souls, but as their bodies are almost unprovided for, it is rather a dreary and hopeless task."

He seemed tired and depressed, and spoke with a tinge of bitterness which his friend had never heard before. Almost as he spoke, however, Vibart espied a dark figure stealthily slinking past, as though to avoid notice. He was after it in a moment, and then, under shadow of the Rectory garden wall, Winsley waited for nearly an hour, whilst the Rector and the newcomer, who proved to be a woman, had a long, earnest argument; where despair and sinful broken-hearted misery on the one side was confronted by strong, eager determination on the other.

"Go, and sin no more—in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God," said the Rector solemnly; and the weeping woman went slowly away, as he turned to rejoin his friend.

Never had the man's character shown with greater clearness and force all the innate sweetness and purity of ambition, all the hopeful perseverance and strength. The Baronet's whole nature was roused: that a man capable of so much should perforce have to give so little; that one of so many diverse talents should have to hide them under a bushel in the shape of a small neglected village in the Fens.

"Vi, old man," he said, "I want you to let me give you a lift above these country bumpkins. I am patron of two livings, as you know—I have never rejoiced over that fact until now—and one happens to be vacant. Will you come there, and leave this filthy, unwholesome hole for some one less worthy than your dear old self? You are capable of better things than vegetating here; and B—— is really not a bad little place: not many of the really poor, and a large amount of respectable, fairly educated Christians."

The two were very old friends, and the Baronet felt rather than saw the glad surprise on the Rector's tired face: there was a look of undisguised hope that had not been seen there for many a day.

"Winsley, without any disrespect to your poor old father, what would I not do to get out of this?—all this deadly, dreary monotony; but——"

There was a pause, and the men stood in silence, leaning against the low garden wall, staring out into the semi-darkness of the summer night.

"But what?" asked Winsley at length.

"Who would come here in my place?" asked Vibart slowly.

"Well, I can hardly help myself there. I promised the first vacant living to a young fellow who lives near us in the north, a worthy, well-meaning youngster, but with about as much brains as a turnip, and possessing fewer ideas than the majority of your parishioners, I suspect."

Another long silence; then Vibart laid his hand on his friend's arm. "It was just like you to think of it, old man; and God knows I value the thought. But I am afraid you must leave me to vegetate in this particularly deserted spot. Perhaps your well-meaning youngster may enjoy the good people of B—— instead."

"Vibart, what on earth do you mean? You can't tell me you enjoy your work here. Whatever I know of you—and I think I know as much as any one—tells me how absolutely unfitted you are for a life of this description. Where are all your flowery ambitions, man? What are your objections?"

This time the silence was a very long one. Then the Rector spoke, slowly, diffidently, looking steadily out into the darkness.

"Despite my profession, I am not good at expressing my religious views and opinions," he said, "I never was; and between you and me, Winsley, there has never been much discussion as to right and wrong, crooked and straight; but it now seems to me to be a plain question of doing wrong by leaving here, and of doing right by staying. So, of course, as a matter of conscience I must choose the right and stay."

"Why, in Heaven's name?"

"Because"—he was evidently speaking with difficulty—"because when I came here I found these wretched creatures entrusted to my care, more neglected, more uncared for, more steeped in misery and sin, than I had supposed it possible for human beings to be. I can't remove all their wretchedness, but I can do something to make them believe in an eternity and to hope for a better future, to make them realise that they are children of a God and not brute beasts that perish. That poor forsaken girl I spoke to just now I have twice saved from suicide and once from something worse. If I keep on here I may help the poor child to better things; if I leave her God alone knows what will become of her."

"So for the sake of our repentant Magdalene you will sacrifice the best part of your life?"

"My old bumptiousness, you see." The Rector made a feeble attempt to laugh, but it was very feeble. "But it seems to me that as I have influence over her and others, I ought to use it."

"Vibart, don't let morbid scruples such as these keep you here."

"I must, Winsley."

His friend looked him full in the face at last with those clear, honest eyes which had always been so bright and true, which had looked at life so heartily; and the Baronet, looking at them, had to be silent for some time. Then "I thought that for others' sakes you would consent to go. Your wife, Vi, and your children—do you forget them in your zeal for your parishioners?"

The next moment Winsley almost regretted the argument, dearly as he loved his friend and much as he wanted his happiness—for the Rector's white face quivered as he buried it in his hands and remained leaning with his elbows on the low wall.

"Vi, to-morrow is Sunday. I must leave you in the afternoon in order to catch the last train; and if I sail early on Monday, don't let me, when I am abroad, be able to think of my oldest friend in this dreary place. Think it over, old man, and let me know. For your wife's sake, Vi."

"For my wife's sake! I will think it over," the other said.

All the quiet resolution had gone, his face looked haggard and wretched in the starlight. They parted in the Rectory porch. The Baronet went up to his room, but till fully two hours later he watched the Rector on the broad gravel walk below, sometimes pacing restlessly to and fro, sometimes leaning on the garden wall with his face buried in his hands.

PART II

WINSLEY saw little of his friend on Sunday morning. The Rector's face was graver and paler than usual, but his parochial duties seemed to multiply rather than decrease on the day of rest, and the two friends could not once be together.

The Baronet did not often go to church, when he did he chose his place of worship with due regard for music, choir, &c., and the small plain building, filled by a poor, meanly-clad congregation, was a revelation to him; the service was very simple, and not, to him, very interesting. Then the Rector went into the pulpit to preach. He was curious to see what style of sermon would be delivered by one who in old days had been celebrated for his eloquence and who now seemed so strangely wasted and "thrown away" upon his surroundings.

The Rector's text was "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" and he spoke of the ideal life which had been lived by a Carpenter's Son, of the thirty years out of an earthly life of thirty-three years which had been passed in humble obscurity by the Christ-Man who learned obedience by the things which He suffered; and the morning sun, streaming through the plain glass windows illumined the Rector's face till it shone "as if it had been the face of an angel." It was a very simple sermon, and in it the Baronet had his answer.

* * * *

The sun was setting when Winsley left the Rectory that afternoon. He had said good-bye to his hostess with her pale patient face, and to the two little children whose faces struck him as being curiously pale and thin. Not a word of last night's talk had passed between the two men, but both were thinking of it as they stood for a minute in silence by the garden gate. The smallest and palest child had refused to leave them, and now stood clinging to the Rector's hand.

"Good-bye, Vi, and—and, dear old fellow, thank you."

"Thank you, Winsley," and the Rector looked at his friend with a curious light in his eyes—and smiled. So have certain brave soldiers smiled when they have faced certain death and defeat for the sake of duty.

And the Baronet's dog-cart went quickly along the dusty road, and the Rector, looking a tall, black figure against the primrose and crimson sky, stood erect like a soldier at his post, with his little child clinging to his hand, and watched his friend out of sight.

Then he turned back alone to face the odds.

A CITY OF STRANGE CUSTOMS

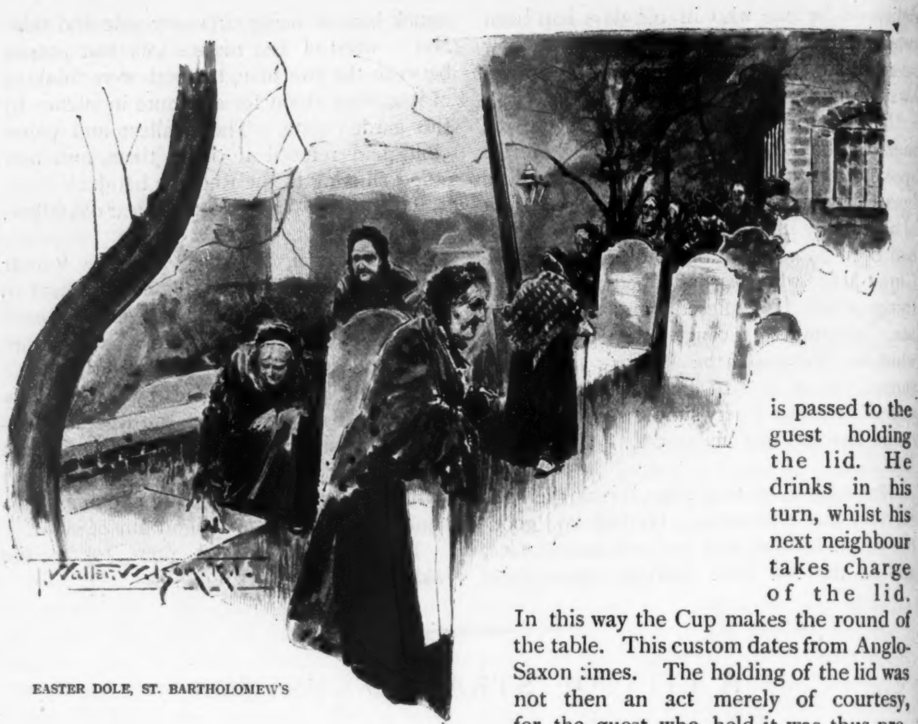
By AMYAS CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

THE relics of Old London will soon be lost to us; the City churches, one by one, are disappearing; the ancient charities and ceremonials are falling into abeyance or are being shorn of their quaint particulars. The churches must go, for they have outlived their congregations; the charities must be reformed, for their methods have grown antiquated; the quaint ceremonies will have to be abolished, for they have lost their significance.

The Crown, quite recently, suggested that the annual ceremony of "doing service" for certain property should be abandoned. The Corporation would not hear of it. So the City Solicitor, accompanied by the Secondary, a sort of under sheriff, still attends, on the last day of October in each year, upon the Queen's Remembrancer. The proclamation follows: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!—Tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called the Moors, in the County of Salop, come forth and do your service, upon pain and peril that shall fall thereon." And then the City Solicitor, with befitting solemnity, chops two fagots in halves, one with a hatchet, the other with a billhook. Next the tenants and occupiers of "a certain tenement with a forge" in the Strand are similarly summoned. Whereupon the Solicitor counts out six horseshoes. "How many have you?" asks the Remembrancer. "Six," replies the Solicitor, and the Remembrancer rejoins, "Good number." Having presented the shoes, the Solicitor then counts out sixty-one shoe-nails, with the same ceremonial; though there is certainly no forge in the Strand at the present time, and all trace even of where it once stood has long been lost. The piece of waste land called the Moors, too, is no longer the property of the Corporation. The same horseshoes and nails have been in use for many years; the shoes indeed are about two centuries old.

The City takes a pardonable pride in its ancient customs. The charity at St. Bartholomew's was threatened with extinction through want of funds. It has been re-endowed by the will of a citizen but lately



EASTER DOLE, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

deceased. The name of the first testator has not survived nor the date of the first endowment. Time out of mind, then—let us say—at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, on Good Friday morning, twenty-one poor and aged widows have been invited to pick up an equal number of new sixpences from off a tombstone in the graveyard and have been further presented with a hot cross bun each. Charitable persons in the olden time not infrequently ordered that their alms should be so laid upon their graves. In this way they hoped to keep their memories green.

Naturally some of the ancient City customs are connected with the art of dining. Gastronomy and the Guildhall are inseparably associated. One of the most curious of these is the passing of the Loving Cup, which takes place at all the guild dinners as well as at the banquets of the Corporation. The Cup is a two-handled one with a lid. Whilst one guest is holding the lid, the next sips the spiced wine; a third, on the other side of the drinker, stands up. Then, the brim having been wiped with a clean napkin, the Cup is passed to the guest holding the lid. He drinks in his turn, whilst his next neighbour takes charge of the lid. In this way the Cup makes the round of the table. This custom dates from Anglo-Saxon times. The holding of the lid was not then an act merely of courtesy, for the guest who held it was thus prevented from drawing his dagger and stabbing the drinker—a playful after-dinner practice not uncommon in those times. Meanwhile, the guest who was standing guarded the drinker from an assault from behind.

The office of Lord Mayor is itself hedged about with the most elaborate formalities. He has gowns of scarlet, violet, and black for various occasions, and a train-bearer. The Lady Mayoress is attended by maids of honour; her train is borne by pages in costume. In the City his lordship takes precedence immediately after the Sovereign. When her Majesty visits the City, the Lord Mayor meets her at Temple Bar and hands to her the Sword of State, which she returns to him. This quaint feudal ceremony was strictly observed at the Jubilee of 1897.

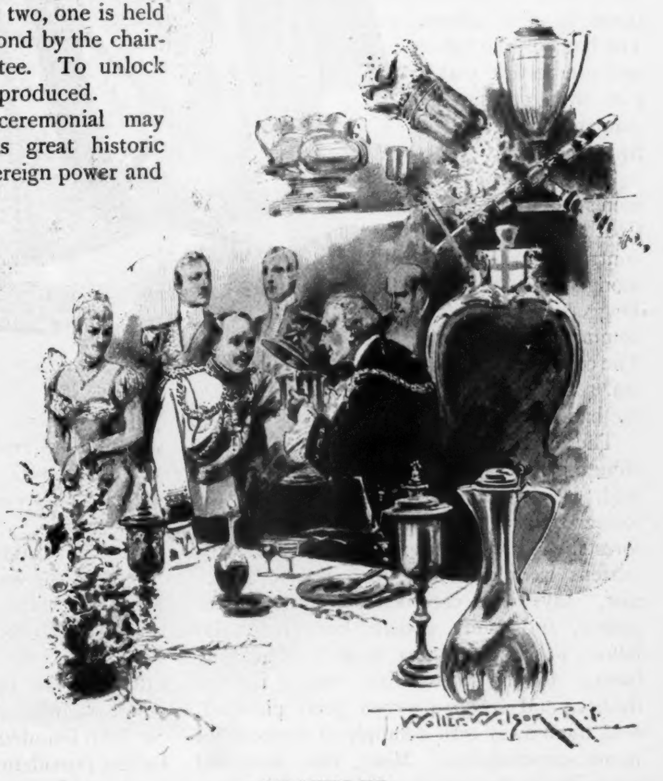
His lordship, by the way, has the choice of four swords: the sword of State for supreme occasions; the Pearl sword for ceremonial functions; and the Black sword, borne on the death of a member of the Royal Family, and when attending funeral services. The fourth sword is hung above the Lord Mayor's chair at the Central

Criminal Court. Sword-rests may still be seen in nearly all the City churches. Sad to say, late in the last century, as the Lord Mayor with his retinue was returning from a State visit to Kew, he was stopped and robbed by a single highwayman. And the Sword-bearer—who ought clearly to have hewed the villain down—stood by and saw it done!

There are other emblems of office; the diamond sceptre, the seal, the purse, the mace. They play an important part at the swearing-in of the Lord Mayor-elect. The City Chamberlain, with three obeisances, presents the sceptre to the retiring Lord Mayor. He in his turn delivers it to his successor, who lays it on the table in front of him. The Chamberlain retires, with three more reverences, to return with the seal—and three reverences more! The purse is similarly presented. Further genuflexions follow from the Sword-bearer, who renders up the sword; the Mace-bearer also resigns the mace. The ex-Lord Mayor then surrenders his key of the coffer in which the seal is kept. There are three keys; of the other two, one is held by the Chamberlain, the second by the chairman of the Lands Committee. To unlock the coffer all three must be produced.

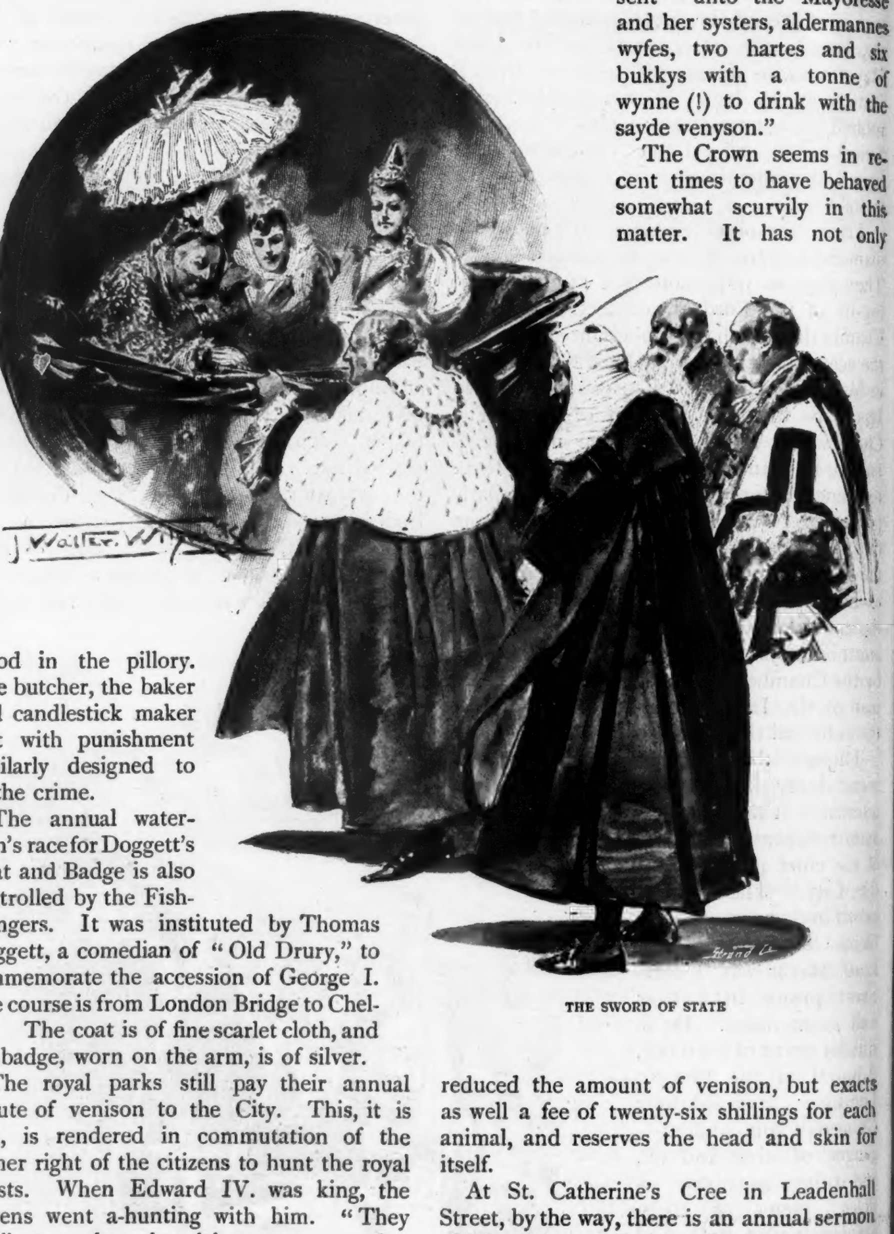
Though this complex ceremonial may seem sadly belated, it has great historic interest. It implies the sovereign power and authority, in ancient times, of the chief magistrate of the City. The sceptre, sword and mace are emblems of royalty. The Lord Mayor was a merchant prince in fact as well as in name. He is still, by virtue of his office, Admiral of the Port of London — a delightfully Gilbertian appointment—gauger of wine and oil, and other gaugeable articles; meter of coals, grain, salt and fruit, and inspector of butter, hops, soap, cheese and other articles coming into the port of London. Needless to say, these duties are performed by deputy. He is, to mention but one or two more of his dignities, a governor of four hospitals, a trustee of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a magistrate "in several places." Perhaps his most curious office, next to that of Admiral of the Port, is that of Coroner. Here, again, the function is only nominally his. No troops may pass through the City without the Lord Mayor's consent. The password of the Tower is sent to him; he is entitled to enter at any hour, day or night.

The Company of Fishmongers, to whom the inspection of the fish supply is delegated, employ certain officers called "fish meters." Many tons of fish are monthly condemned at Billingsgate by them. The company also undertakes the prosecution of persons found taking fish out of season or below the prescribed size. The punishment inflicted at the Mansion House upon the dishonest tradesman is the same as elsewhere, fine or imprisonment. Formerly the seller of bad wine was compelled to pledge a bumper in it, while the rest was poured over him as he


Walter Wilson R.I.

THE LOVING CUP

stood in the pillory. The butcher, the baker and candlestick maker met with punishment similarly designed to fit the crime.



THE SWORD OF STATE

The annual watermen's race for Doggett's Coat and Badge is also controlled by the Fishmongers. It was instituted by Thomas Doggett, a comedian of "Old Drury," to commemorate the accession of George I. The course is from London Bridge to Chelsea. The coat is of fine scarlet cloth, and the badge, worn on the arm, is of silver.

The royal parks still pay their annual tribute of venison to the City. This, it is said, is rendered in commutation of the former right of the citizens to hunt the royal forests. When Edward IV. was king, the citizens went a-hunting with him. "They saw," says the chronicler, "course after course, and many a dere, both rede and fallow, was slayne before them." The king having feasted them with "many deyntie dyshes, and dyverse wynes good plentye," sent them away with a supply of venison for home consumption. More, this bountiful monarch, in the month of August following, sent "unto the Mayoresse and her systers, aldermannes wyfes, two hartes and six bukkys with a tonne of wynne (!) to drink with the sayde venyson."

The Crown seems in recent times to have behaved somewhat scurvily in this matter. It has not only reduced the amount of venison, but exacts as well a fee of twenty-six shillings for each animal, and reserves the head and skin for itself.

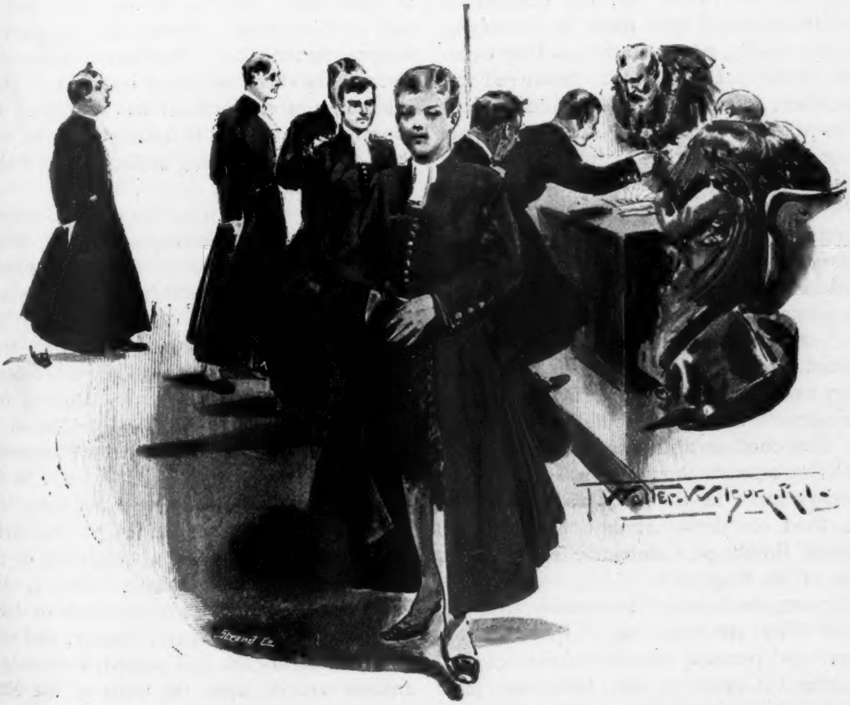
At St. Catherine's Cree in Leadenhall Street, by the way, there is an annual sermon which celebrates the chase. In this case a certain Sir John Gayer, Lord Mayor under Charles I., was the hunted and a lion the hunter. The lion came up close to him, "and regarded him," but did him no hurt. Sir John founded the sermon out of gratitude for his providential escape. This is known as the "Lion Sermon."

At Christ's Hospital some curious customs are still observed. Easter Tuesday is a gala-day with the boys. On that day they pass in procession before the Lord Mayor, who presents each one with a plum bun and a piece of gold or silver, fresh from the Mint, according to the scholar's rank: the Grecian, a bright sovereign; the monitor, half-a-crown; the mere ordinary boy, a shilling. The costume of the boys dates from the time of Edward VI. The visit, not long ago, of one of them to Paris produced a sensation. He is said to have been mistaken for a new kind of pilgrim!

The City, by the way, has certain privileges in respect to the Mint. A Treasury warrant is issued every year for the testing, at Goldsmiths' Hall, of the coinage. This is known as the "Trial of the Pyx." So many of the officials of the Mint are chosen, so many of the Goldsmiths' Company. A jury is empanelled, and the members retire to the laboratory to do the weighing and the testing. A certificate is issued to the Deputy Master of the Mint, attesting that the gold and silver coinage is fine and true. The verdict has been a favourable one for more than two centuries.

The distribution of livery cloth is another curious survival. Four and a half yards of the best black cloth are by the Court of Aldermen sent every year to the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Home Secretary, the Foreign Secretary, the Attorney-General, to three officers of her Majesty's Household, and to three of the City officials. The Town Clerk receives six of green and six of black cloth, and the Principal Clerk at the Guildhall four yards of each.

The Worshipful Company of Fruiterers, by ancient custom, annually present to the Lord Mayor fruits of various kinds, of the finest description that can be procured. In June the Masters and Wardens of the Fruiterers' Company, attended by their Clerk, wait upon his lordship to learn his pleasure as to receiving the fruit. On the day fixed, usually in September or October, the fruit is brought and displayed on a long table in the drawing-room. The Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress and family enter the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Strand Co.

RED LETTER DAY AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

room, and the Master of the Company, addressing his lordship, makes the presentation. The Lord Mayor entertains the Company at dinner immediately after the presentation. The Master of the Company takes precedence of all other guests.

"Beating the bounds" in Rogation Week is not peculiar to the city of London, but it is accompanied by ceremonial scarcely to be seen elsewhere. The church beadle, staff in one hand, a bunch of flowers in the other, with the ward beadle in his gold-laced gown, head the procession. The boys follow, sometimes decorated with rosettes, carrying willow wands. The parish officials come next. Each time a boundary mark is beaten the boys huzza. The "beating of the bounds" of St. Katherine Coleman includes a visit to Fenchurch Street Station. Some of the marks can only be reached from the line, and the traffic is delayed until the ceremony has been performed. The business of the day done, the boys are treated to ginger-beer and buns, and given a new threepenny-bit each.

"Beating the bounds" seems formerly to have implied beating the boys as well. The children of the parish had the boundaries painfully impressed upon them by a drubbing from the beadle, administered as they came to the marks. It was, too, considered the thing, when a stream cut the boundary line, to throw in a boy or two. All this gave an infinite zest to the proceedings, especially for the boys. The officials were very zealous in the performance of this ancient custom. In one instance a nobleman's carriage stood across the boundary line; the coachman declined to move out of the way, whereupon "the churchwardens and other substantial men" of St. George's opened the door and marched through the carriage, followed by a motley train of "sweeps, urchins, and scavengers." Thus was pride humbled to a fall. Parochialism and patriotism may, as it seems, have points in common. The oldest boundary mark in the City is dated 1615. It is fixed low down in the outer wall of Copthall Buildings, Coleman Street, in the parish of St. Stephen's.

"Beating the bounds" is common to most of the City parishes, but "Reading for Bibles" is peculiar to the parish of St. Sepulchre. Copies of the Bible are presented to children over the age of twelve who can read a few verses in an intelligent manner. The Bibles, finely bound in leather, bear on the back the name of Sir John Fenner, who, early in the seventeenth century, endowed the gift.

The Lord Mayor's Show is annually a theme for the newspapers. Very little can be said about it that has not been said again and again. It costs about £2000, the banquet from £2000 to £3000. The Show has sunk during the present century to borrowing some of its splendours from the "property man." Thereby hangs a tale. A certain Lord Mayor hired from the Surrey Theatre two suits of armour, brass and steel, with a couple of supers to go inside them. The manager of the Surrey stipulated, by the way, that the steel armour should not be used if the day were a wet or a foggy one. After the Show the men in armour were taken to the Guildhall, remaining there several hours without food. No one, it appears, was able to rid them of their ironmongery. Wine was given them, and the man of brass became intoxicated. The bystanders, thinking if he fell about that he would injure others as well as himself, tried to eject him. But he showed fight, and, to add to their further dismay, his companion-in-arms joined him. They were overcome at last only by sheer weight of numbers. Then the maker of the armour was sent for. He eventually succeeded in freeing the men, who were in danger of being stifled by the weight of their equipment.

Formerly the citizens themselves played an important part in these shows. When Henry III. and his Consort passed through the City to Westminster he was accompanied by the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and three hundred and sixty citizens dressed in robes of embroidered silk, each one carrying in his hand a cup of gold or silver. This was in token of the Lord Mayor's privilege at the Coronation to act as the King's Chief Butler. At the death of the Sovereign, by the way, the Lord Mayor takes his seat at the Privy Council, and signs the proclamation of the succession to the Throne. He is also entitled to be informed of the birth or death of a member of the Royal Family, and such announcements are still posted, according to ancient custom, upon the walls of the Mansion House.

The Lord Mayor's State Coach is, as every one knows, a conspicuous feature of the Show of to-day. It was made in the middle of the last century, and was painted by Cipriani, a distinguished artist of the time. It cost more than £1000, and every year a considerable sum—£200 or £300—is spent in keeping it in repair.

Plough Monday is still kept up at the Guildhall, but it has lost the greater part of its meaning and importance. The ploughman formerly celebrated on this day—the first Monday after Twelfth Day—the resumption of work after the Christmas holidays. In the days when he could be found following his furrow at St. Martin's and St. Giles in the Fields, or in the villages of Clerkenwell and Shoreditch, the wardmote at the Guildhall may have had some agricultural significance. The business of the court is now limited to the receipt of the returns of the elections held on St. Thomas's Day, and the administration of the oath to the City Marshal, the beadles, and other officials. Formerly the wardmote received complaints of all kinds, of false weights, adulteration, exorbitant prices, disorderly alehouses, and so forth. Its jurisdiction has in some matters been abrogated by Acts of Parliament; in others it has merely fallen into abeyance. Existing ecclesiastical controversies give passing interest to the fact that information as to the hearing of the Mass was formerly laid before this court.

Finally, within the City boundary the curfew bell may still be heard. The curfew of the Charterhouse each night rings out "the knell of parting day"—in the winter at eight, in the summer at nine; one stroke for each surviving Brother.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH

By WILLIAM SHARP

AFTER many years of general indifference, Mr. George Meredith has come into his kingdom. To-day he stands foremost in English letters. None disputes his place as our keenest critic of social life; admittedly he is a great writer, with a power over the wellsprings of tears and laughter, of irony and tragedy, beyond that of any contemporary. He has, moreover, that intimate sense of romance which, striking as it does through the common ways and familiar routine of life, carries with it an air so convincing that none may gainsay its winsome charm. From first to last, his outlook is at once the most human and searching and the most spiritual and far reaching.

As romancist, he who disengages the living spirit of youth; as the realist, he who limns the intimate self as well as the mobile features, the mien and manner of actuality; as the comedian, he who looks across the tragi-comedy of life and smiles at its exquisite incongruities; as the tragedian, he who looks across the same tragi-comedy, and reflects, as a mirror reflecting shadows, the mystery and dark significance of the unknown, and that terror and despair and sadness of ours which are its ministers; and as the poet of the Joy of Earth, of the triumphant Hope of the Spirit, George Meredith is not only a prince of letters, but exercises over the younger generation an influence as fortunate as it is profound.

True, there are the defects of his high qualities wherewith to reckon. His strength is often accompanied by an impetuosity which, with a great number of would-be readers, defeats its own end—not a reinless vehemence, still less a hurried habit of mind, but a controlled impetuosity whereby this magician of words bewilders less swift and agile minds, less nimble understandings. It is, perhaps, in his later poetry more than in his prose that overmuch he delivers himself to his delight in words and subtle but difficult diction—and in verse, as is obvious, any obscurity is more swiftly apparent, and more perilous. There are times when this wholly characteristic and native manner degenerates into mannerism; but with all deference to those who plead, and in the main wisely, for a habitual simplicity, and who resent Mr. Meredith's peculiarities, it surely must be admitted that these difficulties and obscurities have been greatly exaggerated. It is certainly not the case that they are due to wilful affectation. Any one who has the honour of knowing Mr. Meredith is aware that he writes as to the manner born; that his phrasings are as natural to him as the "Aye, aye, sir!" of the sailor or the "yes, m' lud!" of the barrister, and that, speaking generally, his work is but the reflex of his mind, of the subtlest, most distinguished and variegated literary temperament of our time. How far from arrogance, or the common conceit of the lesser scribe, George Meredith stands, is revealed in a noble sonnet, where even the subtle use of "we" and "I" is eminently indicative:

> Assured of worthiness, we do not dread
> Competitors; we rather give them hail
> And greeting in the lists where we may fail;
> Must, if we bear an aim beyond the head!
> My betters are my masters: purely fed,
> By their sustainment I likewise shall scale
> Some rocky steps between the mount and vale;
> Meantime the mark I have and I will wed.
> So that I draw the breath of finer air,
> Station is nought, nor footways laurel-strewn;
> Nor rivals tightly belted for the race,
> Good speed to them! My place is here or there;
> My pride is that among them I have place;
> And thus I keep this instrument in tune.

From first to last, George Meredith has drawn this breath of finer air of which he speaks; from first to last he has kept his instrument in tune.

It would be easy to dwell upon the unquestionable defects in style, upon the not infrequent lapses from that inward discretion which is the soul of style, of this great writer. But these lie apparent to one and all, if to some grotesquely exaggerated. It is more fitting to turn towards the infinitely greater measure of noble worth, of brilliant comedy, of illuminative insight, of exquisite romance, of intimate knowledge of men and women and a no less profound intimacy with nature, and to the ever varying revelation of an ever genial and catholic wisdom. It may, however, be as well to add that he or she who would begin the study of George Meredith's writings should certainly not in the first instance take up, say, "One of our Conquerors," or, in verse, the "Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History." These in due course.

Mr. Meredith, who is now in his seventy-first year—he was born in Hampshire on February 12, 1828—began his literary career early. His first appearance in print was with a poem, "Chillianwallah," in *Chambers' Journal*, in July 1849, and his first book, the now exceedingly scarce "Poems," appeared two years later. Nothing is more amazing than his maturity in prose. Before he was thirty he had written "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Farina," and (to this day his most popular, and by many considered his finest romance) "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." The first two are, perhaps, the most brilliant and finished works of their kind ever produced by a young writer: the third is a masterpiece of fiction, already one of the classics of the English language, and admittedly the inspiration of much of the truest romance that has been written since. Robert Louis Stevenson was wont to speak of it as the finest expression of the romantic spirit in contemporary fiction, meaning, of course, the romance of familiar life, not of perilous adventure and hair-breadth escapes.

For many years Mr. Meredith has resided at his cottage home near Boxhill in Surrey. The cottage has pleasant gardens and shrubberies, and on one of the upper avenues cleared from the adjacent woodland is a small chalet, where nearly all of his recent work in prose and verse has been written. I use the verb advisedly, for all Mr. Meredith's work is composed—to use Rossetti's phrase, is mentally cartooned—out of doors. On the beautiful slope of Boxhill, among the adjacent woodland ways, in the valley of the wild-cherry tree so familiar to his admirers, in his sunny garden-walks, it has long been his wont to meditate, project, consider, and shape his imaginative work in all its phases. He has ever been a lover of nature in the intimate sense, and he finds continuous stimulus and inspiration as well as solace and delight in "the way of the wind, the rain, the brown earth and ever new revelation of the seasons, the ceaseless kaleidoscopic miracle of the world."

Now that he is turned seventy, it is pleasant to think of him as still well and serenely content in his beautiful Surrey home, where he is often visited by his son and by old friends and now and again new acquaintances, and where he enjoys the near vicinity of his daughter, the wife of a friend and neighbour.

If it be true what Coleridge says in his "Aids to Reflection," that exclusive of the abstract sciences the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge consists in aphorisms, and that the greatest of men is but an aphorism, then truly George Meredith, the prince of aphorists, is the greatest of contemporaries. These wonderful aphorisms of his, however, are not by any means merely jeux d'esprit, brilliant coruscations of an electric wit: they are that, but they are much more—for they are born of closest observation of life, profound meditation, and inward wisdom. A wisely made selection of "the wit and wisdom of George Meredith," would reveal him not only as the keenest observer but as the profoundest and sanest thinker of our time. He has ever had one aim, the impassioned quest of truth.

> O sir, the truth, the truth! is't in the skies,
> Or in the grass, or in this heart of ours?
> But O the truth, the truth! the many eyes
> That look on it! the diverse things they see,
> According to their thirst for fruit or flowers!
> Pass on; it is the truth seek we.

When we come to the difficult question as to which is the best, or even which are the best, of George Meredith's novels, each must answer only for himself. The present writer would have it that the three most masterly books are "Rhoda Fleming," "The Egoist," and "Beauchamp's Career," and that those which at all times he can read with ever new delight, in a word his favourites, are "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Egoist," "Diana of the Crossways," and, speaking personally rather than critically, "The Amazing Marriage." There can be little question, I fancy, that "The Egoist" stands foremost in intellectual power. It is the most searchingly brilliant book in the language. It is equally easy to understand why "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and "Diana of the Crossways" are the most widely popular. In literary beauty, perhaps "Vittoria" is the most sustained in excellence of picturesque and vivid style. In every one of these books is a practically inexhaustible store of wisdom, poignant insight, illuminating wit, and the inexhaustible sanity of a supreme gift of humour.

I wonder how many marked copies of "Diana of the Crossways" are in existence. Every one I know who owns the book has special passages marked for remembrance, suggestiveness, stimulus. For a readily understandable reason it appeals to women in particular; doubtless because here more luminously and continuously than in any other of his books, George Meredith shows his deep sympathy with, and comprehension of, the nature of women. Here are a few passages worthy of note:

"What a woman thinks of women is the test of her nature."

"He had by nature a tarnishing eye that cast discolouration."

"The young who avoid the region of romance escape the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown."

"To have the sense of the eternal in life is a short flight for the soul. To have had it is the soul's vitality."

"Gossip is a beast of prey that does not wait for the death of the creature it devours."

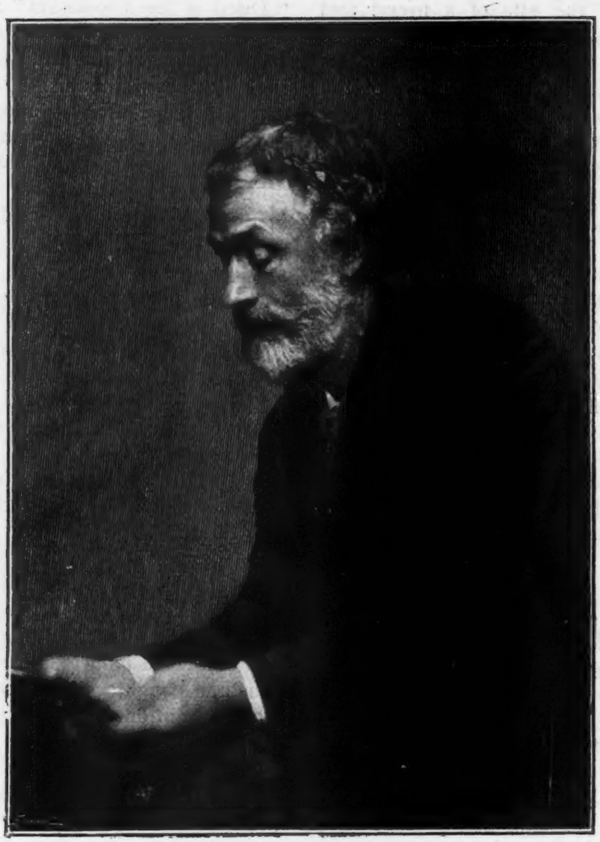
"She was a lady of incisive features, bound in stale parchment. Complexion she had none, but she had spotlessness of skin, and sons and daughters just resembling her, like cheaper editions of a precious quarto of a perished type."

"Why she married him she never told. Possibly in amazement at herself she forgot the specific reason."

And this pre-eminently characteristic phrase: "Philosophy bids us see that we are not so pretty as rose-pink, nor so repulsive as dirty-drab; and that instead of everlastingly shifting those barren aspects, the sight of ourselves is wholesome, bearable, fructifying, finally a delight."

Everywhere there is the same convincing wisdom of insight and observation. Meredith has been called the supreme interpreter of women; he is not less notable as a true elder brother to all men who think as well as do. On that ever moot question of what women are to men, what wiser saying than this in "The Egoist": "Women have us back to the condition of primitive man, or they shoot us higher than the topmost star. But it is as we please; the poet's Lesbia, the poet's Beatrice. They are to us what we hold of best or worst within."

It is not only in what are admittedly his greatest novels that his intellectual wealth



(From a photograph by F. Hollyer, 9 Pembroke Square, W.)

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH

is distributed with the same royal largesse. In "The Tragic Comedians," in the too laboured "One of Our Conquerors," in the infinitely winsome "Amazing Marriage," in a word in everything from "Farina" and "The Shaving of Shagpat," to "Lord Ormont and his Arminta" and "The House on the Beach," there is the ceaseless record of the keenest intelligence of our epoch. The strength in all is spiritual strength. As he says in "The Tragic Comedians," "it is the soul which does things in life; the rest is vapour."

As a poet, Mr. Meredith appeals to two classes of readers; to those who love poetry for its beauty, and to those who love it for its rarefied and difficult heights where only strong-winged intellects can soar or sustain their flight. But in all probability his most enduring work in verse will be that wherein the vision of beauty, or rather the faculty of seeing and saying in beauty what revelation or sudden glimpse of all beauty has been perceived, is the overmastering characteristic, rather than those poems which are mainly an allure or appeal to the intellect. And here it is, it seems to me, as to others who love his earlier poetry, that he stands far higher than is commonly recognised. There is no more moving love-tragedy in verse in the language than his "Modern Love"; no more splendid and barbaric chant than the "Nuptials of Attila;" and I know of no nature poems more beautiful and more convincing, both in music and in essential vision and atmosphere. What lovely music in that passionate lyrical rhapsody, "Love in the Valley," something of whose magic retains in even a few severed lines:

Fairer than the lily, than the wild white cherry:
Fair as in image my seraph love appears
Borne to me by dreams when dawn is at my eyelids:
Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on tears.
Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;
Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam;
All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

"The Lark Ascending," "The South-West Wind," "Autumn Even-song," "The Woods of Westermain," and a score other matchless lyrics and longer poems, are their names not familiar to all who love beautiful verse? What living poet has written more exquisitely than in these lines from one of the lesser known poems ("Grandfather Bridgeman")?

The day was a van-bird of summer; the robin still piped, but the blue
A warm and dreamy palace with voices of larks ringing through,
Looked down as if wistfully eyeing the blossoms that fell from its lap;
A day to sweeten the juices, a day to quicken the sap.
All round the shadowy orchard sloped meadows in gold, and the dear
Shy violets breathed their hearts out—the maiden breath of the year.

Surely verse like this is the justification of his own fine saying: "The art of the pen is to arouse the inward vision, instead of labouring with a drop-scene brush, as if it were to the eye; because our flying minds cannot contain a protracted description. That is why the poets who spring imagination with a word or a phrase, paint lasting pictures."

Although much of George Meredith's poetry, as most of his prose, is in the conventional sense impersonal, in so far as it reflects his spiritual and intellectual rather than his actual life of the day and hour, there are many glimpses of the latter. Perhaps none of his shorter poems is at once more pleasantly intimate and at the same time characteristically fine in individuality of observation and touch than the little lyric called "Autumn Even-song," where the woodlands, "the yellow hill," the steel-gleaming river, the "valley-cottage" with its warm light, are those which are daily familiar to the eyes and heart of the great writer.

The long cloud edged with streaming gray
Soars from the west;
The red leaf mounts with it away,
Showing the nest
A blot among the branches bare:
There is a cry of outcasts in the air.

Swift little breezes, darting chill,
Part down the lake;
A crow flies from the yellow hill,
And in its wake
A baffled line of labouring rooks;
Steel-surfaced to the light the river looks.

Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine
In the green light,
Behind the cedar and the pine:
Come, thundering night!
Blacken broad earth with hoards of storm!
For me yon valley-cottage beckons warm.

But it is probably by "Modern Love" that Mr. Meredith has won his way to the laurel-wreath of his fellows in poetry. "This great processional poem," as Mr. Swinburne has called it, tells in fifty stanzaic poems of a sonnet-kind (sonnets essentially, in compression, self-completeness, and unity of beauty, idea, and effect—though not technically so) the story or the tragic mischance of love that might have grown to finest issues but for the piteous inward fatality which incurred ruin on both sides. "Modern Love" was published at a memorable period in the history of English poetry: four years after William Morris' first and, in some ways, most remarkable volume, and one year later than Rossetti's first book ("The Early Italian Poets") and Mr. Swinburne's first book. It is doubtful if there be any single modern poem which has had so profound an influence in moulding the spiritual temper of the strongest and finest minds among the younger generation. There must be many who concur with the present writer in ranking "Modern Love" and Rossetti's "House of Life" as among the very finest legacies of poetic genius left to us in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

For those who do not know "Modern Love" I may quote two of the wonderful series: the first for its flawless beauty; the second for its deep humanity, its profound indication of what is most characteristic in the genius of this fearless explorer into "Earth's great venture, man." (Both are given as in the version of the Collected Edition.)

XLVII

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye:
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side;
The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave:
Where I have seen across the twilight wave . . .
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

XLIII

Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like,
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave!
Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave;
Here when the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,
And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand:
In hearing of the ocean, and in sight
Of those ribb'd wind-streaks running into white.
If I the death of Love had deeply planned,
I never could have made it half so sure,
As by the unblest kisses which upbraid
The full-waked sense; or, failing that, degrade!
'Tis morning: but no morning can restore
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.

Perhaps the finest of Mr. Meredith's longer lyrical poems is the noble "Hymn to Colour." It is the work of a poet of the highest imagination: it is alive in every line, in every image, in every uplifted thought: it has an austere beauty, a grave ecstasy, such as characterises Wordsworth's greatest poem, the "Ode to Duty": and in it is the concentrated knowledge and spiritual vision of a long and noble life. I may fittingly end this short appreciation with quotation of the last stanza, with its magnificent close, animate with the profoundest spiritual hope we have.

The song had ceased; my vision with the song.
Then of those Shadows, which one made descent
Beside me I knew not; but Life ere long
Came on me in the public ways and bent
Eyes deeper than of old: Death met I too,
    And saw the dawn glow through.

AN OBSCURE STRUGGLE

By A. E. MacLEOD

CHAPTER I

THE summer sun shone into a street of little black houses, in a great town. The pavements were hot and dusty; but all was quiet, for the children were at school and their parents at work. One house looked very quiet; its blinds were drawn down, yet the door was open a hand-breadth and a young woman sat on the step nursing a baby. Two other children were with her: a small boy peeped out behind and a tiny girl nestled in the folds of her skirt. The baby cried, and the mother rocked it on her knee; now and then spoiling her work of soothing it by giving it a little shake, as if her patience were well-nigh worn out. The child slept at last and the mother became very still, her face settled, the mouth drooped, and the eyes took the unseeing look of reverie. She might have been a very statue of Sorrow, only no one thinks of looking for statues in such places.

She was quite young, with a small, oval face, smooth, brown hair, and large, well-opened, honest blue eyes.

A voice startled her. A young woman

had just slipped out of the entry close by; a girl with a soft, pretty face and large, startled, dark eyes like those of a deer. The two women spoke in their own dialect; but it was plain enough English.

"I never thought you'd be out to-day!" said the visitor timidly.

"I had to take the child to the door to give her a breath of air. I've no rest wi' her crying," said the other, in a hard calm voice.

"I should think you'd feel *it* too much to care about aught else, Mary," said the other, looking wistfully at her.

"It's no use feeling things when I've got all these to fend for," said Mary, rising.

"Did you want to see him? Come in a bit."

They entered and shut the door. The mother laid the sleeping baby on the hearthrug, bidding the boy "mind her"—took the little girl in her arms, and went upstairs. The other woman followed with breathless awe. They entered the little darkened bedroom. On the bed lay a rigid figure, covered with a clean sheet.

"His *face* is just the same," said Mary, and lifted a handkerchief which covered it.

The dead face was that of a young man, honest, healthy, fair-haired. The visitor began to cry, her face was convulsed and she lifted her apron; but Mary gazed calmly like one who is past all that.

Presently she said, "We've lived five years together and he never said a wrong word to me." Her voice broke a little; but no tears came.

"Are they going to bury him?" asked the other in a whisper.

"Ay, they're going to bury him; they're very good, but it's all they can do—and they're going to have the hoist that did it fenced round now; but that won't bring him back. And they sent me five pounds," added Mary simply.

"Come, Mattsie, we'll go, the little one's getting frightened like."

Mattsie took the little girl from her, and turned to leave the room.

The young wife stooped over her dead husband and tenderly—oh, so tenderly—laid the handkerchief on the dead face.

"You'll need to go to work again, Mary," said Mattsie, as they sat down together in the little kitchen, with the children about them.

"Yes, but how am I to go to the mill with the baby to nurse? but I mun look out for something while the bit of money lasts, and I should get some black, too, for Willie."

She broke off suddenly, uttering a sort of despairing, inarticulate cry, which was only checked by seeing the children gather at her skirts in consternation.

CHAPTER II

Life closes quickly over the tragedies of the poor and the daily round must go on.

Two months had passed since Will Furlong fell from an unguarded hoist and was killed. His widow had found work and was still in her cottage; but debt was getting her into its meshes. She was very friendless; her neighbours held rather aloof from her, for she had been better brought up than they, was a country girl and did not quite fall into their ways.

Even Mattsie she had not seen lately; there was evil news of poor, pretty Mattsie.

Mrs. Mann, who kept the grocer's shop, said that no decent woman should have her in the house, and Mary Furlong judged her as severely as any one. Though reared in the depth of rustic poverty her own traditions were stainless. There was no change on her pale, stern face to-night, and no word of welcome on her lips when, lifting her eyes from the rough and toilsome work of sack-making at which she was busy, she saw Mattsie, after five weeks of absence, standing before her.

Mattsie's figure drooped and her dark eyes were cast down.

"You'll not want to see me now, I daresay," she murmured, in her low, plaintive voice.

There was a moment's silence; then Mary asked, as she stitched away with her coarse string and great needle:

"Is it true what they say?"

"Yes, it's true; but don't say aught about it to me, Mary. It's over for ever, and I couldn't keep away any longer for wanting to see you and the children. How are you all?"

"We're not dead yet," said Mary, curtly.

"How's the baby?" asked Mattsie, eagerly.

"It's not dead yet. But, oh Mattsie, it pines, and no wonder; it's drinking in sorrow day and night, and I haven't time to mind it properly; for if I don't work away as hard as I can go at this, there isn't dry bread for us all to be made out of it, and the rent's going behind, and the washing's all to do, and look at my fingers."

She let her sacking fall with a little groan of distress and held them out. They were not coarse hands, but small and slender, like the rest of her frame; just such hands as you may see cased in six-and-a-quarter kid gloves any day, but the finger-tips were skinned and bleeding with the rough work.

"You poor thing," crooned Mattsie. "Put it down a bit for the love of God. And I'll tell you what. You just leave the washing; I'll come in and do it to-morrow night."

"You! you've enough to do with being at the Mill all day. I'll manage somehow; but I worked eighteen hours at this on Saturday, and I feel *just* done to-day."

Here the baby began to cry, and Mattsie took it up. It was a little, white, nerveless thing; she looked at it gravely as she hushed it in her soft arms.

"Does it take its food well?" she asked, with her little air of hesitating deference.

"No, it doesn't. Nothing agrees with it," answered Mary. She was intent upon her work again.

"It looks most as if it was going, Mary," whispered Mattsie.

"I daresay it is. Ah me, I wish it and me were dead and buried with Willie."

"Hush, don't talk like that. There's a good God above," said Mattsie.

"No, there isn't. I don't believe it," returned Mary, with a fierce snatch at her work.

"Yes, there is, and He's sure to watch over such as you, for *you're* good," persisted Mattsie. "And, anyways, I'll come in and do the washing."

CHAPTER III

MATTSIE kept her word and did the washing. She worked away assiduously at the accumulation of children's soiled garments until the small hours. It was well some helper had appeared; for Mary was so ill with overwork and a bad, feverish cold, that she could hardly lift her head from her pillow to drink the cup of tea which Mattsie brought to her when the work was nearly done.

"And I'm thinking it'll be little use me going to my bed now," said Mattsie; "so I'll just have my breakfast and clean up for you; then you can lie still a bit."

"Stoop down, Mattsie," said Mary; and as the girl obeyed she whispered hoarsely, for her cold was very bad: "Thank you, dear, and you're a good girl, let who will say different, for you've been a kind friend to me; and oh, but it's a pity that you should soil your life for anybody."

"Thank *you* for that word, Mary," said Mattsie. "Maybe if some one had spoken to me oftener like that, I should have grown up a better girl than I am."

In the grey dawning she went away, and Mary dragged through the solitary hours as best she could. Bad times followed. The baby, ailing and puny, took a touch of its mother's illness. Very little was needed to quench that little spark of life; in a day or two it died.

Mattsie seemed to have caught the same influenza cold; she was useless in bed when this misfortune happened.

Mary was better, though weak, and she rose to the occasion. Things were very low with her; but she sold or put in pawn everything she could possibly spare, and so managed to have the grave made ready, and to buy the little plain, black coffin, which was nothing but a box. Then she went to the homely old town missionary, who was her only religious friend, and asked him to come to the cemetery to pray over her baby. She sent the children away to a neighbour as soon as they were up in the morning, put on her black shawl and bonnet, and then . . . had a few minutes alone with her dead child.

Then she covered it up with just the motherly touch she had often used when it was warm in its cradle, nailed down the small coffin lid, and taking it in her arms, set off for her two-mile walk to the cemetery.

She had chosen an early hour so that as few people as possible might see her, and she walked fast, keeping her black shawl over her burden. It was hot and sultry; as she got out into the country the sun's rays poured upon her, and the perspiration streamed down her face. She pushed steadily on up the long, gradual ascent of the highway, and only stopped to rest when the low wall of the cemetery offered a convenient spot for the purpose.

As she stood panting, the missionary came up with her, and noticed with surprise the strange funeral cortège. The sad, stern face of the mourner, the dusty garb, the heat and physical exhaustion.

"Dear, dear! I wish I'd known," said he. "I might have helped you. Could no neighbour come with you? However, perhaps I can assist you now."

Mary looked at him. He was rather elderly, feeble, and matter of fact.

"It doesn't matter," she answered. "I can carry it myself. I'd rather do it." So they walked on to the grave together.

When all was over, the missionary looked at Mary's strained pale face and hopeless eyes, feeling that he should attempt a little consolation, though he felt strangely at fault.

"You've been sorely tried of late, Mrs. Furlong," he remarked; for he knew her history.

"Oh, it's nothing, and thank you for coming," replied she, in the set tone of one who is bent on subduing feeling.

"The baby's better off, my dear," said the old man, his tenderness coming to the surface.

"Oh yes, I suppose it's better off," answered Mary, in the same hard way. Her face quivered, but she dried her eyes and held her head up.

The missionary sighed. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you kindly," said Mary, looking straight before her. "There's one less to do for now, and I must go and look after the others."

She went her way with a steadfast step, and the one fellow mourner, if so he could be called, walked slowly home, when he told his wife, to account for his silence, that though his work was a good work, it was certainly depressing at times.

CHAPTER IV

'AND you carried her to the grave all by yourself, with no one to stand by you, and me useless in my bed," wailed Mattsie, when she heard the story.

"Don't, Mattsie! What's that? Haven't I carried the poor little thing all her life? I wouldn't ask any one else that didn't care for her to come; but that's not all: we have to leave this house—I can't pay the rent. Now the baby's all right, I can happen get work at the mill, and do better. I've seen a one-room house that'll be cheaper than this; it's a bit damp, and very dirty. I don't like it for the children, but I've been thinking I can lime-wash and clean it all over myself. It's not papered like this, so it'll cost next to nothing, and if I get it done this week, I might go to work on Monday."

"Whose house is it?" asked Mattsie.

"It belongs to old Peter Yates. I'm going to speak to him to-night."

"He's a near old skinflint, Mary, and not a good landlord," said Mattsie, dubiously.

"I can't help it; where else can I go just now? And the house is standing empty, too. I'm too poor to rob, Mattsie. What can he do but take the rent?"

"I hope that's all," said Mattsie, mistrustfully. "But, Mary," she went on with a trembling lip, "I came to tell you to-night that I'm going away. I want to be a better girl, and I mean to try; but I think I'd have a better chance where I'm not known, and people wouldn't think scorn of me."

Mary sat still for a moment, like one who has received a blow; then she looked up, and said heavily:

"Maybe you're right, Mattsie. Aye, do go and be good; you'll have one chance the more."

"And, Mary," went on her friend, "I'll not kiss the children, for you might grudge it, thinking I wasn't good enough; but, seeing we're both in misery, you might kiss me yourself."

So the women silently embraced and parted.

Next day Mary went to tell old Peter Yates that she would rent the wretched little cellar dwelling, for which he charged three and sixpence a week. It meant so much to her to pay three and sixpence instead of five shillings.

He was a lean, hard-faced man, in a dark little shop, and he listened grimly while she spoke, eyeing her all over.

"So you say you want to whitewash, do you?" he demanded, in a surly, bullying voice.

"Yes; I thought of doing that myself," replied Mary, shrinking before his manner.

"Oh, well! so long as you do it properly, I don't care much," said the old ruffian, who knew full well that it was his own business to do it.

"Should I want the key?" asked Mary timidly. She was a mere lamb in the clutches of a wolf, alone with a man like this; with her diffidence, her ignorance, and her innate refinement.

"Oh, the house is open; you can get in if you want to," snarled the ogre; and Mary departed to her heavy day's toil of whitening and cleansing his black den.

When the work was over, she regarded it with satisfaction; ceiling and walls were cleansed with lime, the floor scoured with whitestone, and the windows polished. There was all the difference between a human home and a beast's lair. Hands and arms were burnt with the lime, and the old dress worn for the purpose was a wreck.

"But it's nice and clean, anyway," reflected Mary. "I'll be up early, and have everything ready to move as quick as I can, so as I can go and look for work." A spark of hope seemed to light up her heart. Perhaps this was the beginning of better times.

Early in the morning they were up, the children full of excitement and anxious to help.

Ned, the boy, was valiantly ready for great weights; little Nellie carried a basket, that was more for play than work; Mary was heavily laden. But they had not far to go.

They made their way to the new house, which was in a little back court; but to Mary's utter amazement, a fat heavy-faced woman was standing in the open doorway.

"What is it?" she asked, hastily, as, glancing past the intruder, she saw various articles of furniture standing within.

"There's naught, nobbut we're moving. What's that to ye?" replied the woman, aggressively.

"But this is *my* house," cried Mary, in consternation.

"Nay, lass, thou'rt wrong there; I took it mysen last neet fra owd Peter. It's summat new for him to have t' place cleaned up."

"*I'd* taken the place yesterday."

"How was it you didn't have the key?" asked the woman triumphantly.

"He said the house was open, and I went and cleaned. *Nay!* It's *too* bad!"

"If ye didn't get the key, the place wasn't let to ye," declared the woman, as a clincher. "I've taken it, and I've given him four shillings for the first week's rent. Seeing as it's e' good order, ye can ask if ye like."

She went in, and banged the door in Mary's face.

Mary's knees seemed to give way under her.

This was the last straw. What could she do? The instinct of the persecuted creature to hide itself was the first thing.

"We must take the stuff back," she gasped, to the children.

They obeyed, silent and panic stricken; they had learned to be piteously good in these sad days. Mary went to the landlord, though hating and dreading her errand.

It was no use. He never gave her the key, he said, and he never told her to clean; it was naught to him what she did.

He knew she hadn't been paying her rent, and it wasn't very likely he would let the place to a beggar.

Plenty of women would have stormed some kind of redress out of the fellow, but Mary could not do it. She just went, with her pale face and despairing blue eyes, back to her little ones. Things are never entirely bad however. The first thing she saw on entering her house was a little paper parcel on the mantelpiece, placed there since she went out. On unwrapping it, out came two half-crowns and a little circlet of amber beads; a necklace of Mattsie's which she had often let little Nellie play with.

Poor Mattsie! By what odd messengers God sends His gifts and tokens.

Mary sank into a chair, faint with excess of relief. This five shillings would save her for the moment. It would give her time to breathe, and help her to satisfy her old landlord, so as to stay where she was a little longer until she could find another one-roomed dwelling. She might find work at the mill, too, and so the struggle could go on.

CHAPTER V

One bright, spring morning when the air was fresh even in those dark streets and yards, a pretty young woman, attired in the wide sleeves and upstanding hat of the period, knocked gently at the door of Mary's old house.

It opened, showing the figure of a careworn young mother, but not Mary.

"Doesn't Mary Furlong live here?" asked the visitor.

"Nay," replied the other, "she left long ago, but she lived down the back court afterwards; I knew her."

"Is she there now?"

"She! She's dead and buried."

The visitor's face was shocked and pale.

"How was it?" she almost whispered.

"Well, it came last winter; she was but poorly off and work was scarce at the mill. She was playing — and — you happen to know what a woman she was for cleaning? Ay; ye see she thought she'd have a right washing-day—and—poor thing—she washed all her clothes; not really having stuff to change wi', going in and out, she caught cold. She wasn't strong—and it went on her lungs. She died in a day or two."

"Poor thing!" breathed the visitor, in heartfelt pity, the womanly tears beginning to run down her cheeks. "My name was Mattsie Pierce, I'm married now; but she used to know me very well. She might have mentioned something. Did she say nothing at all at last?"

"Not much, she hadn't breath for it, but Mrs. Wilson, who sat up with her the last night she lived, told this one thing. I've often thought of it. She was trying to make her drink a drop of tea and Mary looked full in her face and said quite clear, 'There's no need, I'm going Home.' Then she just turned herself to the wall and never spoke again."

There was silence; then Mattsie asked tremulously:

"And the children, where are they?"

The woman shook her head. "They just had to go to the workhouse; there was no one to take them, we all had so much to do with our own, last winter."

So Mary fell in the battle, and we, too, may say with Mattsie, "Poor thing!"

THE MIGHTINESS OF THE PEN

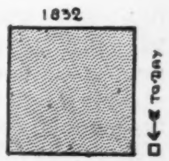
By HAROLD MACFARLANE

WITH DIAGRAMS BY THE AUTHOR

THE individual who, according to Sir Walter Scott, wrote a biblical commentary which the great author estimated would fill between five and six hundred printed quarto pages, and at the end of the volume penned the quatrain,

> With one good pen I wrote this book
> Made of a grey-goose quill;
> A pen it was when it I took,
> And a pen I leave it still,

would find to-day with the present price of steel pens that he possessed an economic virtue that had, since the days when he performed his remarkable feat of writing, experienced a decided "slump." The commentator, indeed, would not be regarded with favour by the Birmingham pen makers of this end of the century, who to all intents and purposes turn out annually twenty-five pens per each inhabitant of the United Kingdom, though it must be mentioned that we generally export a considerable number of nibs that we do not require for our own use.



THE AREA OF THE LARGE SQUARE IS TO THE AREA OF THE SMALL SQUARE AS THE PRICE OF A PEN IN 1832 TO THE PRICE OF A PEN TO-DAY

FIG. I

That the Romans knew all about the metal pen goes without saying: a bronze pen nibbed, we read, "like a modern steel

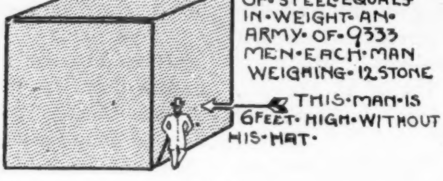

THIS·BLOCK·
OF·STEEL·EQUALS·
IN·WEIGHT·AN·
ARMY·OF·9333
MEN·EACH·MAN
WEIGHING·12 STONE
THIS·MAN·IS
6FEET·HIGH·WITHOUT
HIS·HAT·

FIG. 2

pen was found at Pompeii. Another, of a somewhat different shape, at Herculaneum." It was, however, left to a Birmingham split-ring manufacturer of the name of Harrison to introduce the metallic pen to English writers in 1780. A quarter of a century later barrel pens of steel were on sale in London, but beyond the fact that they were too expensive for general use we do not know their price; however, in Waterloo year we learn that Sheldon of Sedgley was selling them at eighteen shillings a dozen, a price which in the course of seventeen years fell to two-thirds of that sum. In Fig. 1 we see at a glance how enormously the cost has fallen since the last mentioned date; the area of the large square being to the area of the small square as the price then and now. As a matter of fact one hundred and fifty pens, on an average, can be bought to-day for the same amount as one pen cost sixty-six years ago.

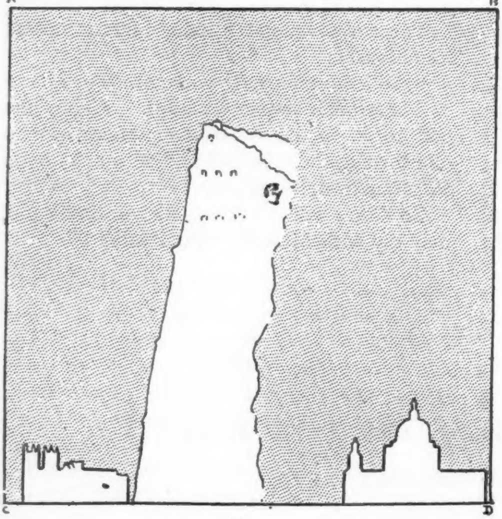


FIG. 3

To turn out the one thousand million pens annually required by ourselves and our customers, each one of which has to go through sixteen separate processes, takes, we see from Fig. 2, a block of steel equal in weight to an army over nine thousand strong, each man of which, on an average, would have to scale twelve stone. The size of the block portrayed in our diagram can be roughly gauged from the height of the man standing beside it: it is supposed to be a perfect cube having each of its dimensions almost 14 feet 8 inches, its contents consist of 3142 cubic feet of material.

The process of pen making, as every one knows, thanks to those manufacturers who advertise their wares by cards showing the various stages through which the pen passes before being turned out as the finished article, does not consist in cutting the nib out of solid blocks of steel. The material, of course, is supplied in sheets, which are about six feet long and one foot five inches wide, and these are reduced to the requisite thickness by rolling. In Fig. 3 the square A.B.C.D. represents the cube of steel shown in Fig. 2 after it has been rolled out to the average thickness of a pen. Drawn to the same scale, both with regard to length and height, we see how Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral compare with it, whilst between the two the lofty cliff that soars upwards shows how the height of Gibraltar's Rock is dwarfed by the mightiness of the material from which the national pen is annually stamped. The object X, to the left of the figure, is not, as might be imagined, the cube of steel in the same shape as in Fig. 2, drawn to the same scale as the large square—the cube would be too small to be seen with ease

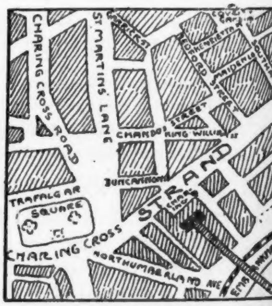

CHARING CROSS ROAD
ST MARTINS LANE
GARRICK ST
HENRIETTA
BEDFORD STREET
MAIDEN LA
CHANDOS STREET
KING WILLIAM ST
DUNCANNON
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
STRAND
CHARING CROSS
NORTHUMBERLAND AVE

FIG. 4

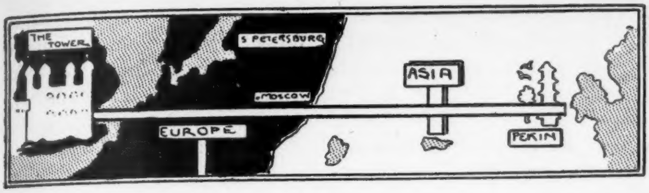


FIG. 5

—but consists of the same number of cubic feet of material, but so rolled out that the height and width are each thirty-nine feet seven and a-half inches and the depth two feet. If in place of rearing the prodigious sheet (A.B.C.D.) upwards we laid it down flat, from the sketch map shown in Fig. 4, we see what proportion of London would be covered by it. The top left hand corner of the sheet would repose on the chimney pots of the Newport Street houses; the right hand corner would be found in the neighbourhood of the City end of Tavistock Street; the left hand bottom corner would cast a temporary gloom over that most joyous of spots known to the world as Spring Gardens; whilst the Charing Cross railway and footbridge would generously lend a supporting girder for the right hand bottom corner to rest upon. Each side of the square is 634 yards long, and the total area covered amounts to about one-eighth of a square mile, or a little less than the total area of St. James' Park.

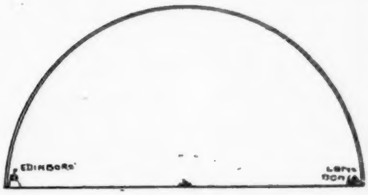


FIG. 6

If this remarkable sheet of steel was cut into strips one and a-half inches wide—which is about the average length of a pen—the resultant strip, when the various lengths were joined together, would extend from the neighbourhood of the Tower of London to a little distance beyond Pekin, where it would have the chance of showing that the diplomatic pen—with a prodigious fleet in the background—is mightier than the sword. Apropos of the lengths to which small objects when in the bulk extend, some time ago a statistician made the following calculation regarding a week's output of pens from Birmingham: "If each pen writes in its life only a thousand words, we have a total of 20,000,000,000 words. Suppose each word on an average contained only five letters, we have 100,000,000,000 letters formed by them. If ten of these letters made an inch, we get 10,000,000,000 inches; this would be more than 1,500,000 miles, or about sixty times round the circumference of the earth." The only fault we can find with this interesting paragraph is that 10,000,000,000 inches is considerably nearer 157,800 miles than 1,500,000, and, as the circumference of the earth at the equator is 24,831 miles, we must substitute six and a-half for the sixty times round mentioned by our contemporary.

Should we, in place of rolling out the cube into strips the thickness of pens, pull it out into one square bar having the width and height of its cross area each three-sevenths of an inch, then we should get a bar 471 miles long which could be bent in the manner shown in Fig. 6, so that one end of the arc rested in London and the other end in Edinburgh. With regard to Fig. 6, we would mention that the height of Edinburgh Castle there portrayed is not drawn to the same scale as the arc: in the centre of the base line Mount Everest, which is about five and a half miles high, is so drawn, but the result did not for obvious reasons encourage us to attempt the portrayal of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Castle according to the same scale.

A leading maker, it is said, has a catalogue containing 5000 varieties of steel pens, whilst it has been estimated that no fewer than 100,000 different shapes and sizes are in

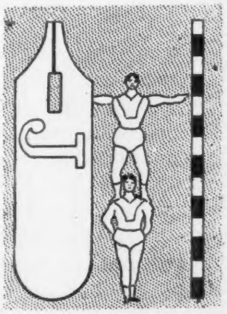


FIG. 7

the market. The prices of these naturally vary; but if we accept Mulhall's average of twelve and a half pens for a penny we find that the cost of the national pen amounts to £333,333. In Fig. 7 we have taken (very figuratively speaking) the aforementioned one-third of a million sovereigns, melted them down, and with the resulting two tons and thirteen hundredweight of bullion fashioned the J pen there portrayed. The pen is about fourteen feet high, and about three and three-quarter feet in width, its thickness is also in proportion to its length and breadth and amounts to one and a quarter inches. In addition to the pen itself are numerous valuable clippings from the top and bottom which are not shown in the diagram, but it may be mentioned that the material from the oblong slit just above the letter J is alone worth £10,000. It will be observed that the two athletes, each six feet high, even when one is mounted on the other's shoulders are nothing like as tall as the solid gold nib.

A few years ago it was publicly stated that "there is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword factories in the world"—which is good news for those favouring universal disarmament. Into this aspect of the great pen question we will not, as we are now dealing solely with one year's manufacture of pens in Great Britain and not all over the world, proceed further than to merely ask this sphere at large "what becomes of all the pens?" The Pontifical pen, with which the Pope signs encyclical letters, Papal Bulls, appointments to bishoprics and such like important documents, is said to have been in use for forty years, but then it is not steel but a white-feathered quill, supposed to have been taken from the wing of a dove; ordinary steel nibs are not kept so long, and as they cannot all go to the German hospital, said to be entirely supported by the sale of old steel pens and nibs, which are eventually made into watch-springs, razors, knives, and—who knows?—possibly bayonets, the question as to the eventual destination of the pens of the last two generations remains unanswered. Perhaps they lurk together with the pins of centuries, whose hiding place no man knoweth.

A CHAPTER OF TELEGRAPH HISTORY

By R. W. JOHNSTON

THE comparatively recent death of Mr. Latimer Clark, F.R.S., recalls the very early days of electric telegraphy. So long ago as 1850 he was appointed Assistant Engineer to the Electric—afterwards the Electric and International—Telegraph Company, and later on he became their Chief Engineer and Consulting Engineer, in succession to his brother, Mr. Edwin Clark. Connected in the first instance with land telegraphy, Mr. Clark introduced many improvements in the telegraph system, and in 1860 a report by him on the subject of underground telegraph wires was prepared, and was embodied in the Government reports on the subject in 1861. It was he who first detected the retardation of signals owing to induction in submarine and underground lines, a discovery which led him to investigate the question of the transmission of signals, and to demonstrate that electric currents of low voltage travel at the same speed as those of high voltage. He was, also, the inventor of what is known as the "double-cup" insulator, so extensively used all over the world in overhead telegraphy; while the pneumatic tube, that admirable handmaiden of the telegraph, came from his hands so long ago as 1854. In 1858 he applied practically the experiments which he had been making in the protection of submarine cables by a substance well-known as "Clark's Compound"; and in 1860 he was nominated a member of the committee jointly appointed by the Government and the Atlantic Cable Telegraph Company to inquire into the whole subject of submarine telegraph cables, which was then of national interest and importance. In addition to the help he gave as a member of the committee, he drew up and submitted a valuable report on technical matters connected with submarine signalling, and embodied the researches and experiments that had been made up to that date. About this time Mr. Clark became associated with Sir Charles Bright, in conjunction with whom he read a paper before the British Association at Manchester in 1861, putting forward a definite system of electrical measurement in ohms, volts and farads, which led to the formation of the British Association Committee on Electrical Units, which has been productive of much useful work since that date. Mr. Clark was also the author of several treatises on electrical measurements and formulæ, and was altogether an outstanding figure in connection with the telegraphic progress of our age.

The writer remembers very well when, something like forty-five years ago, Mr. Clark's name was familiar as a household word in the service of the Electric Telegraph Company; and it was pleasantly recalled to him a short time ago by the perusal of a small privately printed volume containing extracts from the private letters of the late Sir William Fothergill Cooke, one of the inventors of the electric telegraph, and a Memoir of the same by Mr. Clark. Cooke was born at Ealing in 1806, and acquired some portion of his education at the Edinburgh University. So that, even if historians of the telegraph *will* persist in ignoring the part played by Charles Morrison, or Marshall, in telegraphic invention so far back as 1753, Scotland can still claim to have had *some* share in the matter! In 1826 Cooke was appointed to the East Indian Army, in which he held a variety of staff appointments; but soldiering was not his *métier*, and in 1833 he betook himself to Paris, there to follow those more scientific and practical pursuits for which he felt himself fitted. He studied anatomy and physiology, and practised with great ardour the pursuit of modelling anatomical dissections in coloured wax—an art in which he eventually acquired great skill. In this way he greatly assisted his father, who was professor of anatomy in Durham University; and by-and-by he went to Heidelberg to push on his studies in this direction. But fate had something else in store for him, for it was here that he got his first idea of the telegraph, having heard accidentally from Mr. J. W. Rizzo Hoppner, who afterwards became a member of Robert Stephenson's engineering staff, that the professor of natural philosophy there had an apparatus with which he could signal from one room to another. This was Baron Schilling's telegraph, and the professor was Geheime Hofrath Muncke, who had, in the upper storey of the former convent of Dominicans, where he both lived and lectured, suspended wires for telegraphing out of the cabinet into the auditory. Mr. Cooke thus writes in 1840 of this period: "About the 6th of March, 1836, a circumstance occurred which gave an entirely new bent to my thoughts. Having witnessed an electro-telegraphic experiment exhibited about that day by Professor Muncke, of Heidelberg, who had, I believe, taken his idea from Gauss, I was so much struck with the wonderful power of electricity, and so strongly impressed with its applicability to the practical transmission of telegraphic intelligence, that from that very day I entirely abandoned my former pursuits, and devoted myself thenceforth with equal ardour to the practical realisation of the electric telegraph. Professor Muncke's experiment was at that time the only one I had seen or heard of; it showed that electric currents being conveyed by wires to a distance could be then caused to deflect magnetic needles, and thereby to give signals. It was a hint at the application of electricity to telegraphic purposes, but provided no means of applying that power to practical uses. His apparatus consisted of two instruments for giving signals by a single needle, placed in different rooms, with a battery belonging to each; the signals given were a cross and a straight line marked on the opposite sides of a disc of card fixed on a straw, at the end of which was a magnetic needle suspended horizontally in galvanometer coils by a silk thread. Within three weeks after the day on which I saw the experiment, I had made, partly at Heidelberg and partly at Frankfort, my first electric telegraph of the galvanometer form, which is now at Berne." This telegraph, remarks Mr. Latimer Clark, had three needles and six wires in three distinct circuits, with three keys, and a rudimentary switch; it gave twenty-six signals.

A circumstance at once peculiar and pathetic in the inventive career of Fothergill

Cooke is the affectionate way in which, from the very outset of his investigations, he communicated to his mother the result of his labours from time to time. Thus we find him writing from Heidelberg in April 1836 to his "dearest mother," telling her how he had been deeply engaged in the construction of an instrument which might prove of sufficient importance, should he succeed in bringing it to practical perfection, to "merit a visit to London." But no one was to know why he came, and his mother was to state to his friends at Berne that it was due to private business, and they were to be allowed to ascribe to "modelling, or what they please," the sudden change in his plans. He came to London at the end of the month, and took lodgings at a pastry-cook's shop in Southampton Place, Russell Square. But his instrument had not made great progress then, nor for some time afterwards, for we find him writing on July 21: "I do not yet know that my instrument will answer, and then very probably it may never be used during my life." This was his chronometer escapement, or "mechanical" telegraph, which consisted of two musical boxes with lettered dials working synchronously, like the Ronalds telegraph; the mechanism being started and stopped by an electro-magnet and detent opposite the required letter. But he did not know enough of mechanics to perfect it, and he suffered so much at the hands of his "clockmaker" that he was fain to write to his mother: "You would be astonished at the stoicism with which I bear these repeated and endless disappointments." And yet the chronometric principle, as it may be called, has been most successfully applied in that most ingenious of all telegraph instruments, the Hughes Type Printer, which is in most extensive use to-day between London and the Continent, and in fact throughout Europe generally.

In July 1836 Mr. Cooke first mentions his sketch or prospectus of his invention, which was intended to be published as a pamphlet, but was not printed. It is headed: "Plans for establishing a rapid telegraphic communication for political, commercial, and private purposes, in connection with the extended lines of railroads now in progress between the principle cities of the United Kingdom, through the means of electro-magnetism, by W. F. C." His instrument was to give sixty letters, numerals and signs, and he describes the use of his testing galvanometer, or "detector," much as Ronalds had done in 1823. He speaks of Cipher Codes, and points out the benefits such a system would confer on the Government, the seaports, the railways, the Stock Exchange and the Post Office. If he had been writing to-day, instead of sixty years ago, he could not more accurately have described the uses to which the telegraph is put in our time, nor could the category be very widely extended. His description, indeed, is almost prophetic, and much more practical than is the case with the general run of inventors. But he was still troubled with his clockmaker, although he had reached the stage of admitting: "The instrument looks beautiful; I hope it will go as well."

He was now to meet Faraday, whom he describes as "the king of electro-magneticians." The great scientist received him in the kindest manner, and expressed the opinion that the principle of his instrument was "perfectly correct," although he would not commit himself to an opinion as to the distance which the electric fluid might be passed in sufficient quantity, but observed that if it were only for ten or twenty miles, *it could be passed on again*. Here we have the principle of the "relay" or "translator" foreshadowed, the application of which has practically revolutionised modern telegraphy. And he added, with the simplicity and genuineness of his character: "I am afraid of inducing you by my advice to expend any large sum in experimenting, but it would be well worth working out, and a beautiful thing to carry on in this manner a conversation from distant points, and the instrument appears perfectly adapted to its intended uses." Think of the great Faraday, within little more than a year of the introduction of the electric telegraph, treating the subject in this simple-minded fashion, "a beautiful thing to carry on conversation in this manner from distant points"! Cooke himself was hopeful, but not sanguine, and as usual he unbosoms himself to his mother. "You are right, dearest mother, not to be too sanguine; the projectors of an original undertaking hardly ever yet reaped the benefit of it. The steam engine, gas, &c., ruined the inventors; the electro-magnetic telegraph shall not ruin me, but will hardly make my fortune." It did not make his fortune, nor did it ruin him, although up to this point he had spent nearly £400 on his experiments.

The next great event in Mr. Cooke's inventive career was his meeting with Professor Wheatstone, who had then recently immortalised himself by his exquisitely beautiful method of determining the velocity of the electric current. This meeting was fraught with momentous results, not only so far as the invention of the telegraph was concerned, but in a personal sense, although happily all evil results were averted by the kindly intervention of friends. After a few interviews, Mr. Cooke and Professor Wheatstone agreed to work together in partnership, but from the first the Professor was regarded by the scientific world as the scientific man, and Mr. Cooke merely as the "practical mechanic" whom he had selected to work out his ideas and inventions. This naturally gave rise to much misunderstanding, if not to some bitterness of feeling, and the matter was keenly debated at the time both in pamphlets and in the press, as well as in the pages of the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. There seemed something like an organised attempt to rob Mr. Cooke of the fruits of his invention up to this point, and hence the arbitration proceedings to which reference is made later on. Describing their first interview, Mr. Cooke speaks of the "dismay" with which he heard from the lips of Wheatstone that he had been employed for months in the construction of a telegraph, and had actually invented *two or three* with the view of bringing them into practical use. But it was proved afterwards that he had made no greater advance than Mr. Cooke, and up to this point neither party had made any publication of his inventions, although it was attempted to be claimed for Professor Wheatstone that he had published an account of his experiments ***before becoming acquainted with Mr. Cooke.***

Although the partnership between Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone was not of an altogether satisfactory character, their inventions continued to make progress, and on May 3, 1837, Mr. Cooke writes: "I do congratulate myself sincerely on being able to give you something like good news respecting my instruments, both of which I have had at home and in working order since Saturday. By a better and more comprehensible method than that which I explained in my letter from Liverpool, I obtain forty-one signals, and I may as well give a slight sketch of my plan as it is now arranged, which Tom (his brother) will further illustrate." Then follows a long description of the instrument, which, however, Wheatstone did not go into ecstasies about, probably because he was not the father of it! Between them, however, the instrument was perfected, as far as this could be done in that comparatively rude age of electrical communication, and their patent was signed and received the Great Seal on June 10, 1837, Mr. Cooke writing to his "own dear mother," as usual, and concluding: "All is now safe — hurrah for June 10," which happened to be the lady's birthday. Then followed introductions to railway magnates, amongst them Robert Stephenson, and arrangements for the trial of the instrument on the London and Birmingham Railway, then in course of construction. Mr. Cooke went to work vigorously to prepare for this experiment, laying down "a vast quantity of wire," and knocking in nearly 3,000 nails on which to suspend it. This experiment, which was carried out in a large shed on the railway premises, was entirely successful, and led to a further experiment through nineteen miles of wire extended from Euston Square to Camden Town.

The instrument used on the occasion was Wheatstone's diamond-shaped "hatchment" instrument with five vertical needles, and the following account, said to have been inspired by Professor Wheatstone, appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1854: "Following up his experiment, Professor Wheatstone worked out the arrangement of his telegraph, and having associated himself in 1837 with Mr. Cooke, a practical mechanic who had previously devoted much time to the same subject, a patent was taken out in the June of that year. . . Late in the evening of the 25th of that month, in a dingy room near the booking office at Euston Square, by the light of a flaring dip candle, which only illuminated the surrounding darkness, sat the inventor, with a beating pulse and a heart full of hope. In an equally small room at the Camden

Town Station, where the wires terminated, sat Mr. Cooke, his co-patentee, and among others, two witnesses well known to fame, Mr. Charles Fox and Mr. Stephenson. These gentlemen listened to the first word spelt by that trembling tongue of steel, which will only cease to discourse with the extinction of man himself. Mr. Cooke, in his turn, touched the keys and returned the answer. 'Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before,' said the Professor, 'as when all alone in the still room I heard the needles click; and as I spelt the words I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practical beyond cavil or dispute.'"

This article gave much offence to Mr. Cooke and his friends, and led to the publication of two pamphlets by his brother, the Rev. Thomas Fothergill Cooke, M.A., one entitled "Authorship of the Practical Electric Telegraph of Great Britain," and the other, "Invention of the Electric Telegraph: the charge against Sir Charles Wheatstone of tampering with the Press." The odd thing is that the writer in the *Quarterly Review* (said to have been Dr. Andrew Wynter) should have taken up the line which he did in view of the award of Sir Isambard Brunel and Professor Daniell, given in 1841, on the relative merits of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone in regard to telegraphic invention—an award which both of these gentlemen accepted in the most unreserved and grateful manner. The concluding sentences of the document sum up the whole matter: "Whilst Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the Electric Telegraph as a useful undertaking, promising to be a work of national importance; and Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged as the scientific man, whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application; it is to the united labours of two gentlemen so well qualified for mutual assistance that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made during the five years since they have been associated." This should have been enough to settle the matter, but Wheatstone seems to have been afflicted with an itch for popularity, and to have been surrounded by injudicious friends who helped him to gratify it. But he lived long enough to gain all that his soul could have desired. His "hatchment" telegraph developed into the double needle, in front of which the writer has spent many an interesting hour, and eventually into the single needle, which is in extensive use at this day. He was the author, too, of the A.B.C. telegraph, used at many of the smaller post-offices, and of the fast-speed automatic telegraph, used everywhere, which has increased the speed of transmission from forty to four hundred words a minute, or even more. This instrument alone was enough for fame, and no doubt brought him the knighthood which consoled his declining years.

Of course there were many claimants for priority of invention as soon as Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph was announced as being at work, and, of course, America was to the fore in the scramble. It was claimed for Professor Morse that he had invented a system of twenty-six wires, which had been described by his brother, S. E. Morse, in a New York paper in April 1837. But it is probable that this was little more than a reproduction of the plan experimented with by Charles Morrison, or Marshall, in 1753—the inventor being described in the *Scots Magazine* as "a very clever man of obscure position, who could make lichtnin' write and speak, and who could licht a room wi coal reek." The invention of another Scotsman—one Alexander—was described at great length in the *Scotsman* newspaper of July 1, 1837; and other telegraphs—those of Gauss, Weber, and Steinheil amongst them—were mentioned about the same time. But that of Cooke and Wheatstone held the field, as being the only practical invention so far. But Morse was soon to follow, and America was soon to claim, if not the first, at least the furthest destined telegraph, as the invention of one of her sons. The first practical experiment with Morse's system took place in 1844 between Washington and Baltimore, and since then the "Morse" has become the universal telegraph of the world, the term applying both to the instrument and to the code in which it is worked. It was first introduced into this country as the Morse Embosser, which was by-and-by replaced by the Morse Recorder, or ink-writer, and ultimately by the Morse Sounder, which is the great instrument of to-day the world over. Yet another Scotsman must be mentioned ere we close the record—Alexander Bain, whose chemical telegraph, worked something like forty years ago, may be said to have contained the germ of the Wheatstone automatic fast-speed system.

Mr. Cooke's name does not come down to any recent period in connection with telegraphic history, and it is known only to those who have studied the subject, and who have themselves participated in the struggles of the early days of telegraphy, of whom only a few now survive. He was a most lovable man, and the portrait of him contained in the little work quoted from conveys the impression of great kindliness and benignity. His letters to his mother, which are an outstanding feature of the work, disclose a character of great simplicity and affection, and when he had passed the age of thirty we find him signing himself "Ever your fondly attached *child*." He died at Farnham, in Surrey, on June 25, 1879, only a month after he had given directions that his funeral should be "most modest and inexpensive," and that a "simple stone at my head," giving his name and the date of his death, and "nothing more whatever," should mark the place of his burial. And if his name should be recorded on the family vault in Oaklands churchyard, the same severe simplicity was to be observed, and not a word to be mentioned about his great achievements in the world of science. This modesty was the man himself, who did his work for the love of it, and without any of those sinister objects which too frequently fill the minds of even so-called great men.

What is remarkable about the history of the telegraph is that the system has both been invented and brought to practical perfection within the reign of a single monarch—Queen Victoria. When she ascended the throne it took *five* wires, and cost at least as many shillings, to send a short message to a comparatively short distance. While she still sits on the throne, four, or even more, messages may be sent simultaneously along a single wire, and a message of a dozen words may be sent from Jersey to John O'Groats, or from Scilly to Shetland for sixpence! The world's electric girdle is now complete, and "Imperial Penny Postage" will pave the way for Imperial Cheap Telegraphy, which is just what William Fothergill Cooke would have wished to live to see.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JULY

By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT EXHORTATION

"He exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord."—Acts xi. 23

A HANDFUL of fugitive Christians, without any officials among them, and with no commission from men, found themselves in the heathen city of Antioch, and took a great stride forward in the process of expanding the Church into a world-wide society, by preaching to "the Greeks." The brethren in Jerusalem did not quite know what to make of this new development, and felt that it needed to be looked into. They chose Barnabas to go and inquire, and his selection showed that the inquiry was to be sympathetic and friendly since, being a Cypriote, he would act as a sort of mediator between Jew and Gentile. Barnabas may have come to Antioch with some doubts, but he was fair-minded, and what he saw ended his doubts, if he had any. Not every one is "glad" to see "the grace of God" manifest in irregularly constituted communities, but Barnabas' Christianity was wider than his prejudices. He knew brethren when he saw them, and rejoiced in the signs that they were so. Therefore the Alpha and Omega of his message to these new converts, ignorant and recent as they were, was that they should cleave unto the Lord.

To understand this exhortation we must remember that, as a rule, "the Lord," in the usage of the Acts, means Jesus. The very key-note of the book is that He is the living Lord, ever present with, and working on and by, His servants. Now, it has just been said of these Greeks in Antioch that a multitude "believed and turned to the Lord." So the essence of personal Christianity is entering into a personal relation with Jesus Christ. Barnabas' exhortation was: "You have turned to the Lord; cleave to Him. Keep up the relation into which you have entered, and all else will come right."

How are we to "cleave to the Lord"? One plain way is by habitual direction of thought to Him, by cultivating the sense of His presence. It is hard amid the whirl and press, but it is possible. Unless we have learned the secret of thus turning to Jesus, we shall be robbed of our religion before we know. The bulk of our lives is necessarily devoted to temporal things, and, unless we can bring about an alliance between daily work and heavenly thoughts, our hold on Christ will be slack. The perfume of His name should find its way, like some penetrating odour, into every cranny and corner, for wherever it does not reach, the atmosphere will be laden with germs of disease.

We cleave to the Lord by obedience. A little disobedience makes a great separation. We cleave to Him by depending on Him, as a cragsman clutches the rope which keeps him from being dashed to pieces on the sharp reef, or drowned in the heaving billows far below. A determined effort is needed to keep this injunction. Nothing less than "full purpose of heart" will do it. Strong forces tend to sweep us away from our hold on Christ. The current is always running, and, unless we are well moored to a fixed point, we shall be carried out to sea. Much in ourselves tends to relax our grasp. The strained muscles automatically lose their tension unless we continually tighten their grip. It is such unconscious weakenings of our hold that we have to fear. Small, imperceptible separations will end in a wide gulf. The little stream in the depths of the ravine has eaten off the rock, grain by grain, until the two sides that were once continuous stand grimly apart, never to be united any more.

The exhortation was all-sufficient. These raw converts needed instruction, organisation, and many other things; but, first and most, they needed a grip of Jesus Christ, and if they had that, all else would come right. To be joined to Christ brings all needful knowledge, all needful grace, and all needful blessedness. The Lord never comes empty-handed, for to those who cleave to Him He gives Himself, and in Him we have righteousness, strength, and all treasures, to supply all our need.

Barnabas said, Cleave to the Lord; Jesus said, Abide in Me. There is a union nearer than all nearness. We are not only to cleave to, but to abide in, Him, and then we "shall bring forth much fruit," while severed from Him we can do nothing, and are nothing.

SECOND SUNDAY

IS IT I? WHO IS IT?

"They began every one of them to say unto Him, Lord, is it I?"—Matt. xxvi. 22

"He then lying on Jesus' breast saith unto Him, Lord, who is it?"—John xiii. 25

JESUS had just made the solemn declaration that one of the Twelve should betray Him. The alarmed question sprang to every lip: Lord, is it I? the form of which in the Greek indicates that a negative answer is expected, so that it might be rendered: "Surely it is not I?" Each felt as if it were impossible, but yet each knew enough of himself to feel not quite sure that he might not be the traitor. Jesus answered the universal question so as to avoid public disclosure of the betrayer, for the indication that He gave was only that dipping in the dish along with Him, which was common to all at the table. It was rather an enhancement of the baseness of the crime than a disclosure of the criminal. Then came Judas' compelled asking of the same question, which he put with untrembling voice and unmoved face, so that none of the company suspected him. Apparently he received a whispered answer, for if the others had heard what Jesus said to him, they would have had no need to doubt further. Then came John's question. Remembering the Jewish attitudes at table, we can understand how Peter could signal unobserved to John, and how John, from his place on Jesus' bosom, could whisper his question. But he asked not, Is it I? but, Who is it?

The difference is significant, and the comparison of the two questions is instructive.

"Is it I?" suggests the possibilities of evil in us all. We have all "one human heart," and the blackest sin is but yielding to some tendency common to all, and to some temptation which assails all. We all have combustibles in the cellars, and we all walk where sparks fly thick. Judas betrayed Jesus because he coveted thirty pieces of silver, and that is a very common desire. A man commits a murder because he gives way to passion, and that is a very common fault. Of course, temperaments vary, but the widest varieties are superficial and the identity of nature is deep. Absence of temptation accounts for more of our innocence than we like to think. We are respectable, because we never were flung into circumstances that suggested our being anything else. Change the climate, and the noxious animals that live in it are changed also; they are of one sort at the poles and of another at the tropics, but there are some everywhere. The Pharisee gathered his starched skirts about him and thanked God that he was "not as that publican." But if he had had that publican's experience, had been odious and contemptible to every man, had never known what a kind word or a welcoming smile were, he would have been "as" or worse than, he. We know too little of ourselves to be sure that it is not in us to do any evil that men can do. Earthquakes may come into our lives, which will do what earthquakes have sometimes done—tear open hidden graves, and show rotting flesh and bleached bones below the tidy grass, that has been growing green on the surface. So the wholesome attitude for us all is that of the Twelve, when they every one of them asked, Lord, is it I?

John, from his place on Christ's bosom, looked up into his Lord's eyes and, as he saw the love that shone in them, he asked, not Is it I? but Who is it? Consciousness of Christ's love, and the act of communion with Him, open for us the door into a secure home, where no evil shall befall us, nor any plague come nigh our dwelling. What temptation would have been strong enough to tempt John out of Christ's embrace? Where would he have found any bliss sweeter, any rest deeper, any love more soul-filling, than were his there? The man who felt Christ's heart beating against his would not have found much attraction in thirty pieces of silver. None of our temptations would retain their power, nor would any thing be formidable enough to fright us into sin, if we felt ourselves cradled on Christ's bosom and folded in the arms of His love. John was not presumptuous in shaping his question as he did, for his confidence that he would not be the traitor was based not on his love to Christ, but on his consciousness of Christ's to him. Being where he was, how could he but be conscious of that love? If we keep ourselves in Christ's love, we may blend self-distrust and absolute security, and we shall have the security only if we cherish the distrust. Let us begin with, Is it I? and at last we shall lift our praises to "Him that is able to keep us from stumbling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE BLIND WATCHERS AT THE CROSS

"Sitting down they watched Him there."—Matt. xxvii. 36

Our thoughts are rightly so much absorbed by the central figure on the cross that we scarcely think of the groups round it; and yet much is to be learned from them. These Roman legionaries, four in number as we learn from John, had no doubt joined with their comrades in the coarse mockery before setting out for the place of execution, and there they had to do the rough work of fastening the sufferers to their crosses, lifting these from the ground and fixing them upright. That done, they divided the victims' poor clothing, and then sat stolidly down to take their ease, and idly to wait, watching that no rescue was attempted, till the criminals died. There they sat for hours, looking on at the greatest event in history with eyes that saw all and yet saw nothing.

How little any of us know the real significance of our actions! These soldiers were foreigners, who probably could not speak a word to the bystanders. They had had ample practice in crucifying Jews, and this was only one more piece of a very ordinary kind of work. They knew about as much as one might suppose a file of soldiers, turned out in India to hang a native charged with rebellion, would do; and, no doubt, when they were relieved, they marched back to quarters, unconcerned and ignorant. A similar ignorance, though in less extreme and tragic a way, belongs to us all in regard to the true significance and outcome of our acts. We sow seed in the dark, and cannot forecast what the harvest will be. Therefore we should leave the attempt to forecast *results* alone, and look carefully into our *motives*. If they are right, God will take care of the issues, and the fruit will appear at last "unto praise and honour and glory," not only of Him that "gave the increase," but of them who went forth, though weeping, still bearing precious seed, the full preciousness of which they did not know.

Those who were associated in bringing about the Crucifixion had varying degrees of guilt, according to their measures of knowledge. The least guilty were the men who actually nailed Jesus to the cross, for they knew little more than did the nails that they hammered into His hands and feet, or than the mallet with which they drove them home. Where there is no light there is no shadow, and since the legionaries were all but entirely ignorant, they were all but entirely guiltless. "They know not what they do" was most fully true as to them, while it was in differing degree true as to all the actors in the Crucifixion. We think of it as the very climax of sin; but, if regard is had to the measure of light possessed by soldiers, or Pilate, or even the rulers and the High Priest himself, we may well doubt whether many a less apparently sinful deed, done by some of ourselves, has not had in it more of the essence of sin than what any of these did. At all events, we have to remember that "God is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed"—not counted, or estimated by their externals, but by their motives, and by the light possessed by their doers. So we are to be charitable in our judgments of others, and strict in our judgments of ourselves, knowing that we know enough of our Lord's will to make us worthy of many stripes, if we do it not.

How possible it is to look at Christ's sufferings and to see nothing! For half a day these four sat idly there, and only saw three Jews dying. They looked at the most stupendous wonder in the world's history, and went away when it was over, without the faintest notion that they had been spectators of that which angels desired to look into, and to which the gratitude of uncounted millions would turn through all the ages. Whoever looks at the Cross, and sees no more there than a saintly martyr, or an example of perfect innocence and patient suffering, is nearly as blind as the legionaries were. Whoever looks with unmoved heart, and knows no thrill of all-mastering thankfulness, or whoever looks, and is not moved to faith, has seen very little farther into the heart of the matter than they saw. Do we see? Does the sight touch our hearts? Is Christ to us the incarnation of the loving God? Is His death our only ground of confidence and peace? Do we carry the memory of His death photographed on the fleshy tables of our hearts, as a man, who has looked right into the sun for a moment, carries an impression of it on his eyeballs, after he has turned away his head? None are so blind to the pathos, tenderness, and power of the death of Jesus as those who have had it set forth before them all their lives, and have looked so long at it without emotion or faith that they cannot see it now at all.

FOURTH SUNDAY

CURRENT COIN AND BULLION IN RESERVE

"Oh how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!"—Psalm xxxi. 19

THE Psalmist has been describing, with the eloquence of the miserable, his desperate condition. He heaps up metaphors, such as "sickness," "captivity," "like a broken vessel," "as a dead man out of mind." But in his depth of desolation he grasps at God's hand, and is lifted out of the pit: "I trusted in Thee, O Lord, Thou art my God." So he treads the green earth and feels the sunshine again, and breaks out into this exclamation of wonder at the greatness of God's goodness. He obviously contrasts the goodness which is "laid up" with that which is "wrought," and the force of the antithesis is increased if we transpose, as we may warrantably do, the last words, and read the close of the verse, "which Thou hast wrought before the sons of men for them that trust in Thee." Much has been manifested before men's eyes; much more is laid up in store. Many notes are in circulation, but there is far more bullion in the strong-room.

The contrast is, first, between the goodness already given and that still to be bestowed in this life. It is true of all our lives, if we consider them from the right point of view, that they have been crowded with the gifts of God's goodness; and it is true that that goodness is inexhaustible, and has more in reserve than all its past or present gifts. We have always found a table prepared for us in the wilderness, and, if nothing more was supplied, at all events the angel brought us "a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water." The old miracle has been repeated, and the bread broken yielded more basketfuls for to-morrow than we had at first. God's riches are inexhaustible; the bottom of the world's purse is soon reached. Its "goodness" runs dry quickly; the river of the water of life, and it alone, pours an unremitting flood for thirsty lips. Therefore they who trust in God, and only they, have a right to be confident that "to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."

Another view of this contrast refers it to the goodness publicly given and that experienced in secret. In the context we read of being hid in the secret of God's presence, and of being kept secretly in His pavilion, where He shows men His "marvellous loving-kindness in a strong city." The goodness which is visible to "the sons of men" is nothing in comparison to that which is laid up in that secret place, and can only be found by those whose feet are familiar with the path that leads to it. Visible blessings are but pale shadows of the wealth that belongs to those who live in communion with God. The selectest manifestations of God's goodness are granted to waiting hearts, that shut themselves off from the tumultuous joys and transitory riches of earth and hold communion with Him, ever realising His presence, ever seeking to know His will, twining their heart's tendrils round that strong stay, and diligently for His dear sake doing the tasks of life. There may be bright flowers and waving crops on the surface that all men can see, but there are diamonds and gold in the depths which only the miners know.

Another illustration of this contrast is in the good wrought on earth compared with that laid up in heaven. In this life we sometimes see the messengers coming with one cluster of grapes on a pole; in the future we shall live in the vineyard. Here we drink of the river, there we shall be at the fountain-head. Here we are in the vestibule, there we shall be in the presence chamber. Heaven's least is greater than earth's greatest good. The conditions of the future life are so remote from experience, and so impossible to be conceived by us, and that tremendous thought of eternity is so overwhelming, that one does not wonder at many devout souls that find little comfort or stimulus in looking forward to "the rest that remains." But though we know so little, we do know that, just as good begets better in Christian experience here, good and better here will certainly lead to best in heaven. What God does for trusting souls here is much; what He has laid up for them there is infinitely more.

We have to fulfil the conditions as laid down by the Psalmist. If we "fear Him" and "trust in Him," then through all the growing experiences of earth, and at the moment of passing into heaven, and through eternities of calm progress and approximation to the perfect possession of the God who can never be fully possessed, Jesus will say to us, "Thou shalt see greater things than these," and new wealth will every moment be brought forth from the fulness of God, where it was laid up, and be wrought for us before the glorified sons of men and before the angels of heaven.

FIFTH SUNDAY

ASA'S PRAYER

> "And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God; let not man prevail against Thee."—2 Chr. xiv. 11

ASA had had a long, peaceful reign, which the Chronicler traces to the fact that he had rooted out idolatry. But at length war-clouds gathered in the south, and "Zerah the Ethiopian" came against him with an army which is, probably erroneously, set down at a million strong. Like a wise man Asa made his military dispositions first, and prayed next. His prayer brings out the salient points of the true attitude in reference to the tasks and dangers of life.

It begins with steadfastly looking his own weakness in the face, as was not difficult when he was outnumbered by two to one. We may not be in such a plight, but if we take fair account of our duties, perils, temptations, of life's certainties and possibilities, we shall have to repeat Asa's acknowledgment that we "have no power." The world preaches up self-reliance as the conquering temper; Jesus bids us cultivate self-distrust as the condition of victory. Each of us is the man "with ten thousand" who has to meet an enemy "with twenty thousand," and we shall be wise if we recognise our impotence, and look eagerly, not along the low level of earth, but up to "the hills," to see if we cannot find there an ally who will come down to our help. This is true in regard to our individual duties and temptations, and also in regard to the task of the Church as a whole, in the world. The disproportion between the opposing forces is so great, both numerically and in all things that the world counts as sources of strength (which are often really so), that we are in a worse case than Asa was. We are not only numerically weak, but a multitude of non-effectives, mere camp followers, have to be deducted from the muster-roll; and the few who are left have more than enough to do in holding their own, to say nothing of attempting to charge the far-extended lines of the enemy. So, profound self-distrust is wisdom.

But it ought not to paralyse us, but to lead to our summoning God into the field. Asa did so, and used a remarkable expression, which the Revised Version renders by, "Lord, there is none beside Thee to help between the mighty and them that have no power," which is equivalent to saying that God, and God only, can adjust the difference between the mighty and the weak, and, by placing His hand on the feeble hand, can make it stronger than the mailed fist of the foe. God can turn the scales, and, by laying His might into the lighter, can cause it to outweigh the heavier. If God is with us, our sparse ranks outnumber the "big battalions" on the other side. The consciousness of weakness may unnerve a man, but the self-distrust that catches at God's skirts is the parent of brave confidence. We open the door for God's entrance when we feel our powerlessness. The lakes are in the hollows, the mountain tops are dry. If we will dig a reservoir in our hearts by self-distrust, He will pour the flashing flood of His power into it. The little hermit-crab, with its soft, unarmoured body, makes for an empty shell and houses there; so we, with our exposed natures, should shelter in God, where we shall be safe.

"We rest on Thee," said Asa, using a very picturesque word, which is the same as is employed to describe how Saul, on the fatal field of Gilboa, was seen leaning on his spear. Wearied, wounded, broken-hearted, desperate, he leaned hard, resting heavily his languid weight on the strong shaft. That is how we are to rest our whole selves on God. If we do not much feel the need of support we shall lean lightly; if we feel our weakness we shall lean hard, and then God will come quickly.

Courageous advance will follow self-distrust and summoning God by faith. "In Thy name we go against this multitude." It was two to one; but that did not matter. Cowardice and want of faith dress themselves in the garb of "prudence" and "judicious caution." "Dare, dare, always dare." Dash is not always presumptuous. If God is with us, we may well be bold.

Asa presented a plea which was sure to prevail, when he based his petition on, "Thou art my God." God gives Himself to us, and we have to take Him for ours by faith, and make Him truly ours, because we make ourselves His. "It takes two to make a bargain," and there must be not only God's giving Himself, but our taking Him, before we can truly say, "Thou art our God." Asa had another plea—"Let not man prevail against Thee." He had a right to identify his cause with God's, because he had flung himself into God's arms. If we have made God's cause ours, He will make our cause His. Because this man had done so, he was not fanatical in believing that it was Jehovah, not Asa, against whom Zerah and his million of dusky Ethiopians were arrayed.

If we pray Asa's prayer, we shall find his experience repeated for us; "the enemy fled and could not recover themselves, for they were destroyed before the Lord, and before His hosts."

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

IN the "Romance of a Pro-Consul"* Mr. Milne has given us a book which ought to be scattered broadcast wheresoever the English language is spoken. Sir George Grey was one of the great spirits of our age and race—one of the born rulers of men, one of the mighty dreamers of noble dreams, who set their hands to the building of empire. Mr. Milne tells his story from the personal side, and in a style alive with an enthusiasm worthy of the subject. As one races through the pages and turns back to the most stirring passages one cannot help feeling: Here was a man whom it would have been a privilege to clap eyes on; here was a man for the new generation to read of, to know, to set up as a model of initiative and resourcefulness, of clearheadedness, and courage both moral and physical, of tenderness and power, of assured faith in the divine Providence which shapes the world, of disinterestedness and modest stillness and humility. As too often happens with our most original and creative men, Grey's most tangible reward was the joy of doing, and the satisfaction of having done, good work. His prevision and his masterfulness scared his superiors in office too often and too seriously for their comfort; he became known as a "dangerous man," on whose subserviency and pliability it was unsafe to reckon, and who might at any moment not only break through "red tape" like pack-thread, but carry off sections of the Constitution, as Samson walked away with the gates of Gaza. His last years were spent here at home, where comparatively few were familiar with his personality or the character of his achievements, and when he died—on September 19, 1898—his burial in St. Paul's was, unless I have been misinformed, the result less of spontaneous recognition of his greatness and his public service than of an outside suggestion, the propriety of which, indeed, was instantly appreciated.

Son of a gallant Colonel who fell at Badajoz, and sprung from a line which numbered Lady Jane Grey among its women, Sir George was born at Lisbon on April 14, 1812. He was gazetted from Sandhurst in 1829, and on the day of the Queen's accession—June 20, 1837—he sailed from Plymouth in Darwin's memorable ship, *The Beagle*, as the leader of a Government expedition for the exploration of North-West Australia. Four years later, at the age of twenty-nine, he was appointed Governor of South Australia. Having laid the foundations of a prosperous colony, he was transferred in 1845 to New Zealand, which he restored to peace and order, and ruled till 1854. In that year he accepted the Governorship of Cape Colony, was recalled in 1859 in disapproval of his policy of South African federation, and reinstated "with strict injunctions to stop any federation schemes, for these would not be tolerated." From '61 to '67 he ruled for the second time in New Zealand; took an active part in public affairs at home from '68 to '70, and in the latter year returned once more to the familiar lands in the southern seas, and after ruling as Premier the New Zealand which he had twice ruled as Governor, withdrew into private life in '94, at the ripe age of eighty-two. So much for the mere record of his public service.

After reading Mr. Milne's inspiriting

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* "The Romance of a Pro-Consul. Being the Personal Life and Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, K.C.B." By James Milne. With portrait. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

memoir, the trait in Grey's character which most imposes itself on the imagination is the boldness with which he trusted his own clear vision of facts and their consequences, and accepted the responsibility of acting on his own judgment in a crisis. When he was Governor of South Australia, the situation in New Zealand was so critical that he took upon himself to send a war-ship off to the scene of trouble with all the colonial treasure that could be spared, and all the materials of war that could be gathered together on the emergency. Curiously enough, he received a few days later his appointment to the Governorship of New Zealand, and instantly set out for his new labours. "It was a clear duty lying before me, and that is ever the light to steer by." The *Elphinstone*, borrowed from the East India Company, which conveyed him to New Zealand, he retained on war service. "There was a row afterwards as to paying for the *Elphinstone*, and I suppose I had no right to keep her. However, I realised that everything hung on how effective a blow I could at once strike in New Zealand." Later, when he received the first Constitution for New Zealand, which had been passed by the British Parliament and published in the *Gazette*, he found himself face to face with another of those problems which test the quality of a man, and his choice was at once made with characteristic fearlessness. "A man's responsibility, in the largest sense," he said long afterwards, "is, after adequate deliberation, to proceed as he determines to be just and wise. If he has to decide, not for himself only, but for others in the future, there lies his course all the more. There was one clear line for me, simply to hang up the Constitution, and intimate to the home authorities my ideas about it." This he did, and was fortunate enough to persuade them to withdraw the scheme. These, however, were but small matters compared with the splendid part he played in the terrible crisis of the Indian Mutiny. News travelled slowly in those days. Delhi had been seized in May; by the end of June the revolt had spread through Bengal; the siege of the Residency of Lucknow had begun in July, and Cawnpore had surrendered and been recaptured, when in August a despatch, more or less vaguely indicating the state of affairs, reached Grey, who was then Governor of Cape Colony. "The despatch," he says, "was in no wise positive as to the outlook in India. Trouble there had been and would be; that was certain. But was India merely face to face with a disturbance which she could manage herself, or was it a widespread mutiny? I was really left to form my own view upon the situation, and I decided that things were very serious." Troops, guns, munitions, specie, everything within reach of his masterful hands was shipped off to India. Troopships on their way to settle some variance with China put into Table Bay for water and fresh provisions, and these he diverted to Calcutta—they could proceed to Singapore afterwards with no very serious loss of time, if it should turn out that they were not needed. The colonists manned the guardhouse, and patrolled Cape Town in the proud consciousness that they were helping England. With a mere handful of military to keep the turbulent spirits of Kaffirland in order, Grey rode round to the chiefs, explained that the Queen was busy chastising recalcitrant Indians, and swore them into a league of peace, as long as the South African troops were engaged elsewhere. It is hardly possible to conceive a more wildly Quixotic notion, but the chiefs pledged themselves, and they kept their word.

It was an anxious interval that followed, but at last such news arrived as made it clear that his aid had come in the nick of time to enable Sir Colin Campbell to complete his expedition for the relief of Lucknow. And still more assistance was needed; Bombay was on the eve of rising. "I know," wrote Lord Elphinstone, "you have already denuded South Africa of troops; but I am hoping you may somehow manage to help us against this Bombay crisis." There was one way of "managing somehow"—a way which I suppose was equivalent to high treason and usurpation of royal prerogative. Naturally he took it; raised a couple of regiments, signed officers' commissions, and sent them off with a request that the East India Company should put them on a regular footing. They arrived in time to prevent the outbreak in Bombay. "For raising the regiments," said Sir George, "I was charged at home with a breach of the Constitution. It was all that. I got word that I should learn by a later mail what was to be the upshot. A friendly member of the Government wrote me a note beginning: 'Dear

Grey,—You have done for yourself at last; I always feared it would come to this.' My own condition," continued the resourceful man prompt to bear responsibility, "was very plain. Here was an unconstitutional thing, but a necessary thing. . . . When the first tidings of the trouble in India reached me, I laid it down that all previous orders and directions from India were cancelled. These had been given before the new position arose, and were, in my judgment, overborne by the new perils." Mr. Milne draws the very probable conclusion: "Without a masterful Pro-Consul at the Cape, Lucknow might have fallen before there were forces to relieve it. That would have lit, for our rule in India, a bonfire in which Bombay would only have been a crackling twig." But Sir George himself gives another conclusion to the episode which is even more suggestive and curious: "I heard nothing further as to what was to be done with me." Sir George was lucky to the end: no man born of woman has a right to expect two such pieces of luck—to feel the thrill of steadying a tottering empire and not to have the achievement spoiled by half-a-dozen lines of recognition in the *Gazette*.

So far as one can judge, in some of the financial arrangements which Sir George had occasion to make the Government appear to have been unspeakably mean. In settling Kaffraria the Governor converted the turbulent chiefs into Justices of the Peace with small salaries—a cheaper and, one would imagine, a more efficacious method than the presence of a standing army. The grant for the Kaffir chiefs, however, afforded Mr. Disraeli a chance of economy in one of his Budgets; and Grey, having protested in vain, paid out of his own pocket the instalment of salaries that next fell due. Later he had to provide from his own resources a sum of £20,000 for the transport to the Cape of the families of the disbanded German Legion which had been raised for service in the Crimea. But "the tinkle of gold was never in his golden dreams." He lived and died a poor man, though he had many chances of opulence in the colonies he built up. "I followed a very strict rule in these matters," he once said: "I never had any dealings in land, or other property, except as Governor charged with the interests of the whole community. My despatches were my sole title-deeds."

All these things, after all, strike one as natural enough in a man whose favourite books of an evening were the New Testament and Epictetus, which may be called the New Testament of Paganism; and respecting the former he has a suggestive observation which is worth noting. "I have studied the New Testament in various languages, thus getting more insight of it than I could have got through a single language." Indeed, it has often seemed to me that some such course of study is almost essential to a clear understanding of numerous passages, especially in the Epistles of St. Paul.

In the lives of great men, especially of men of action, statesmen, warriors, builders of empire, the matter of supreme interest in the long run is their attitude in the presence of the troubles and sorrows and mysteries of life, their religion, their perception of the world unseen. The best and wisest can tell us no more than we have heard from our cradles, and yet there is illumination and strength in their testimony. It seems to me that the daring original men, the men who work wonders by the simple virtue of personality, are almost always, if not always, men who may be said to have a genius for faith. In Grey's case there is ample evidence in these pages that the inner life was an inextinguishable reality.

Of death he had no fear. "The future," he would say, "is mystery, for none have returned to inform us what is there. . . . We have God's assurance that He is always good to His creatures who die, and we may be satisfied. Really there is a lovely romance in death, in the spirit being released from the clay which, through ill health or old age, has grown to burden it." On one occasion, when news reached him and Bishop Selwyn on a walking expedition that one of the converted Maori chiefs had died, and the Bishop, who had been overcome with grief, expressed surprise that he showed so little regret, "No," said Sir George, "I have been so wrapped in thought that I could not weep. I have been thinking of the prophecy that men of every race were to be assembled in the kingdom of heaven. I have tried to imagine the wonder and joy prevailing there at the coming of Siapo, the first Christian of his race." And what was the connecting-link between the inner life of the man and the political mission of the builder of empire? He expresses it clearly in two of his observations: "I suppose we all recognise that there are certain driving forces behind the march of humanity. We may not see them, or we may merely get a glimpse of them now and then, but they are there, and always in operation. Providence: that is my word. The chief of these forces we have, as I hold, in the evolution of the Anglo-Saxon race." And again: "I have always been supported by the belief in God's goodness, as manifested to me. My judgment is that man cannot prosper if he falls from faith, by which I mean trust in a Supreme Being."

It is not surprising that, with these views, he should have striven so whole-heartedly for the extension of our power and the confederation of all the children of the Anglo-Saxon rooftree. It was no mere lust of power or vanity of dominion which impelled him, but a conviction that one of the great forces in the civilisation and amelioration of the world is to be found in the remarkable colonising faculty of that vigorous and intrepid family, with its traditions of freedom, frank speech, and equal laws, which has lit its hearth under so many constellations. And in that conviction we may take an honest pride so long as it is tempered by the recollection that *noblesse oblige.*

He possessed the fortunate quality of eliciting affection, and especially among the races he was sent to command; and with children he was a favourite, whether the small folk were the rosy frequenters of Kensington Gardens, or the miniature bushmen of Australia whose parents were scared by the sight of a white face. A significant light is thrown on this personal attraction by the story told of his relations with his Mohammedan followers while trekking in Cape Colony. He made frequent shooting excursions which kept the camp furnished with fresh meat, and the Mohammedans did not scruple to take advantage of his game-bag. "They trusted me," he related, "to say 'In the name of the Lord' when a beast was killed, so observing the Mohammedan rite. They would not have eaten of its flesh had they not known that their belief was expressed—'You are not to destroy one of the Creator's creatures, except by His permission.' Whenever Mohammedans were with me I undertook to observe the rule, nor did I ever fail." On one side sympathetic insight, consideration, simple truthfulness and helpfulness; on the other a clear perception of these and a complete confidence.

Mr. Milne's book is not intended to be the usual matter-of-fact biography. All that it is actually necessary to know is given in a brief summary in the table of contents, and, if need be, may be easily supplemented from any of the ordinary books of information. The bright vivid passages of recollection and personal experience, the casual utterances of the friendly chat of an evening, the occasional flushes of poetic colour, the thoughts spoken aloud—rather to the speaker himself than to any listener—give the narrative its charm and its value. Occasionally an unnecessary eagerness to avoid the commonplace has apparently betrayed the author into ingenuities of diction which one could well wish away. Few, however, will read the book who will not want to give it a permanent place on their shelves.

As I come and go between King's Cross and Covent Garden it is pleasant to look up at 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, and think of a pretty four-year old-boy, "with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad light blue sash and blue shoes to match," looking out of window in rapturous wonder at "a marvellous iron post, out of which the water-carts were filled through beautiful little trap-doors, by pipes like boa-constrictors." As years went by, this little fellow's father formed a delightful ideal of his future: at college he was to "take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made, at forty, Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty, Primate of England." The ideal was not realised. The brilliant undergraduate did what may have been even better, but it was very different — wrote "Stones of Venice" and "Modern Painters," and, among other delightful books, "Præterita," from the first volume of the new edition of which (George Allen, 5*s.* *net*), uniform with the other recent new editions, I quote these glimpses of bygone years.

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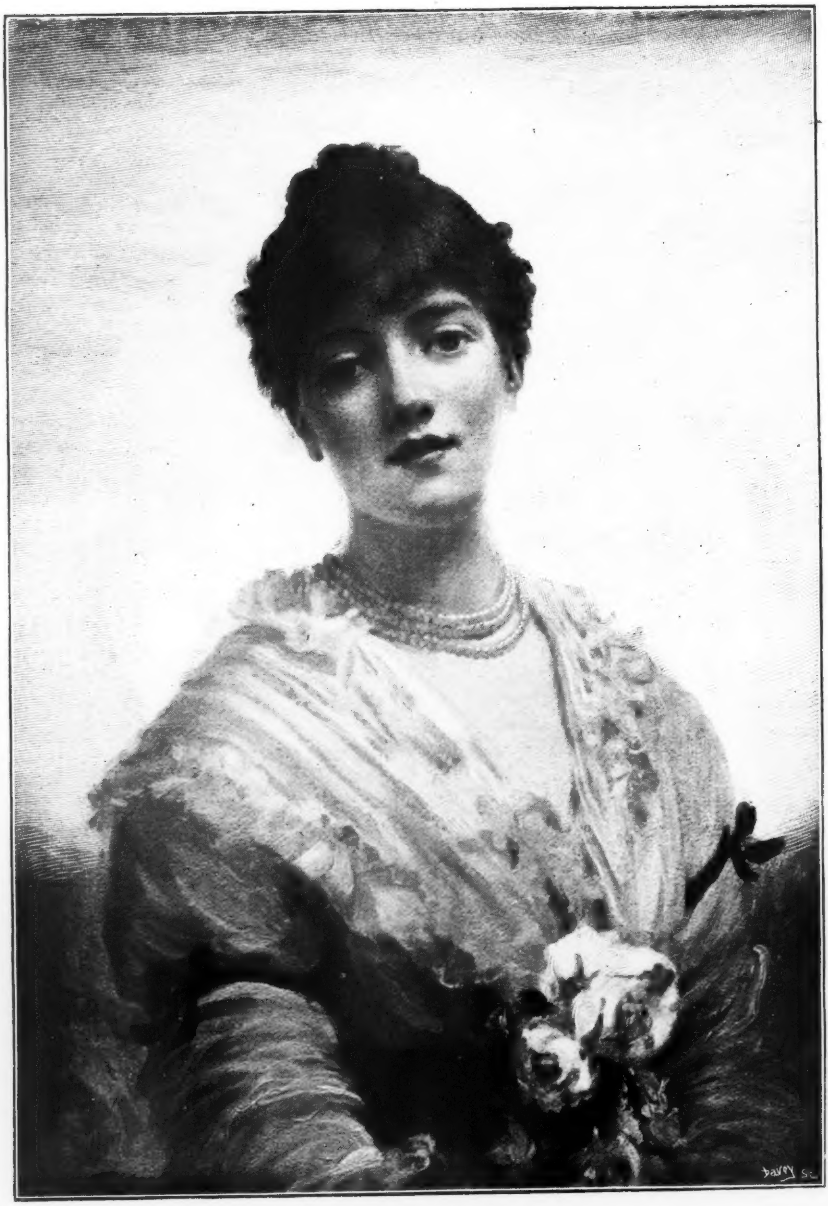

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THE WHITE ROSE

By Luke Fildes, R.A.

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By NEIL MUNRO, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

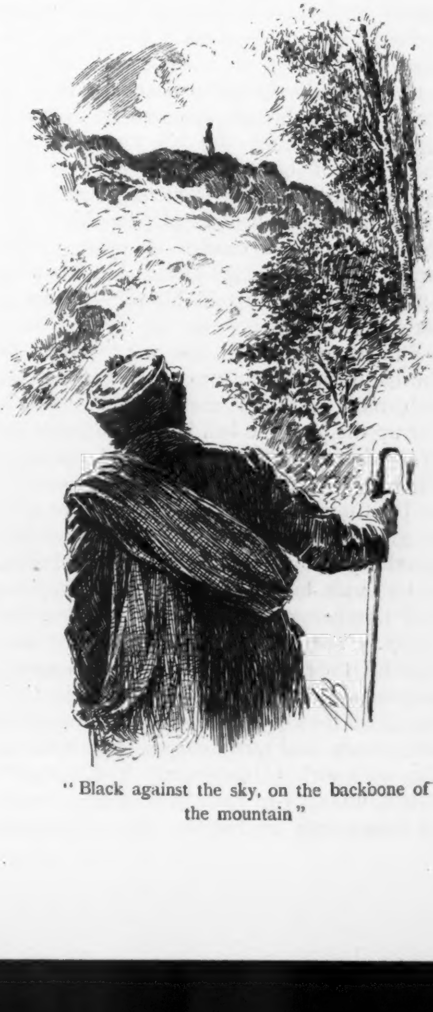
CHAPTER XXII

IN CHURCH

IF the lambs were still wailing when Gilian got back to Ladyfield he never heard them. Was the glen as sad and empty as before? Then he was absent, indeed! For he was riding through an air almost jocund, and his spirit sang within him. The burns bubbled merrily among the long grasses and the bracken, the myrtle cast a sharp and tonic sweetness all around. The mountain bens no more pricked the sky in solemn loneliness, but looked one to the other over the plains—companions, lovers, touched to warmth and passion by the sun of the afternoon. It was as if an empty world had been fresh tenanted. Gilian, as he rode up home, woke to wonder, once or twice, at his own cheerfulness. He reflected that he had been called a failure—and he laughed.

Next day he was up with the sun, and Cameron was amazed at this new zeal that sent him, crook in hand, to the hill for some wanderers of the flock, whistling blithly as he went. Long after he was gone he could see him, black against the sky, on the backbone of the mountain, not very active for a man in search of sheep. But what he could not see so far was Gilian's rapture as he looked upon the two glens severed by so many weary miles of roadway, but close together at his feet. And the chimneys of Maam (that looks so like an ancient castle at Dhu Loch head) were smoking cheerily below. Looking down upon them he made a pretence to himself after a little that he had just that moment remembered who was now there. He even said the words to himself, "Oh! Nan—Miss Nan is there!" in the tone of sudden recollection, and he flushed in the cold breeze of the lonely mountain, half at the mention of the name, half at his own deceit with himself.

He allowed himself to fancy what the girl had grown to in her three years' absence among Lowland influences, that, by all his reading, must be miraculous indeed. He saw her a little older only than she had been when they sat in the den of the *Jean* or walked a magic garden, the toss of spate-brown hair longer upon her shoulders, a little more sedateness in her mien. About her still hung the perfume of young birch, and her gown was still no lower than her knees. He met her (still in his imagination



"Black against the sky, on the backbone of the mountain" upon the hill-top) by some rare chance, in the garden where they had strayed, and his coolness and ease were a marvel to himself.

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* Copyright 1898 in the United States of America by Neil Munro.

"Miss Nan!" he cried. "They told me you were returned and——" What was to follow of the sentence he could not just now say.

She blushed to see him; his hand tingled at the contact with hers. She answered in a pleasant tone of Edinburgh gentility, like Lady Charlotte, and they walked a little way together conversing wondrously upon life and books and poems, whose secrets they shared between them. He was able to hold her fascinated by the sparkle of his talk; he had never before felt so much the master of himself, and his head fairly hummed with high notions. They talked of their childhood——

Here Gilian dropped from the clouds, at first with a sense of some unpleasant memory undefined, then with shivering, ashamed, as his last meeting with the girl flashed before him, and he saw himself again fleeing, an incapable, from the sea-beach at Ealan Dhu.

If she should remember that so vividly as he did! The thought was one to fly from, and he sped down the hill furiously, and plied himself busily the remainder of the day with an industry Cameron had never seen him show before. Upon him had obviously come a change of some wholesome and compelling kind. He knew it himself, and yet, he told himself—he could not say what it was.

Sunday came, and he went down to church in the morning as usual, but dressed with more scruples than was customary. Far up the glen the bell jangled through the trees of the Duke's policies, and the road was busy with people bound for the sermon of Dr. Colin. They walked down the glen in groups, elderly women with snow-white piped caps, younger ones with sober hoods, and all with bibles carried in their napkins and Southernwood or tansy between the leaves. The road was dry and sandy; they cast off their shoes, as was their custom, and walked barefoot, carrying them in their hands till they came to the plane-tree at the cross-roads, and put them on again to enter the town with fit decorum. The men followed, unhappy in their unaccustomed suits of broad-cloth or hodden, dark, flat-faced, heavy of foot, ruminant, taming their secular thoughts as they passed the licensed houses to some harmony with the sacred nature of their mission. The harvest fields lay half-garnered, smoke rose indolent and blue from cot-houses and farm-towns; very high up on the hills a ewe would bleat now and then with some tardy sorrow for her child. A most tranquil day, the very earth breathing peace.

The Paymaster and Miss Mary sat together in Keils pew, Gilian with them, conscious of a new silk cravat. But his mind almost unceasingly was set upon a problem whose solution lay behind him. Keils pew was in front, the Maam pew was at least seven rows behind, in the shadow of the loft, beneath the cushioned and gated preserve of the castle. One must not at any time look round, even for the space of a second, lest it should be thought he was guilty of some poor worldly curiosity as to the occupants of the ducal seat, and to-day especially, Gilian dare not show an unusual interest in the Turner pew. His acute ear had heard its occupants enter after a loud salutation from the elder at the plate to the General, he fancied there was a rustle of garments such as had not been heard there for three years. All other sounds in the church—the shuffle of feet, the chewing of sweets with which the worshippers in those parts always induce wakefulness, the noisy breathing of Rixa as he hunched in his corner beside the pulpit—seemed to stop while a skirt rustled. A glow went over him, and unknowing what he did he put forward his hand to take his Bible off the book-board.

Miss Mary from the corners of her eyes, and without turning her face in the slightest degree from the pulpit where Dr. Colin was soon to appear, saw the action. It was contrary to every form in that congregation; it was a shocking departure from the rule that no one should display sign of life (except in the covert conveyance of a lozenge under the napkin to the mouth, or a clearance of the throat), and she put a foot with pressure upon that of Gilian nearest her. Yet as she did so, no part of her body seen above the boards of the pew betrayed her movement.

Gilian flushed hotly, drew back his hand quickly, without having touched the book, and bent a stern gaze upon the stairs by which Dr. Colin would descend to his battlements.

It was a day of stagnant air, and the church swung with sleepy influences. The very pews and desks, the pillars of the loft and star-crowned canopy of the pulpit, seemed in their dry and mouldy antiquity to give forth soporific dry accessions to that somnolent atmosphere, and the sun-rays, slanted over the heads of the worshippers, showed full of dust. Outside, through the tall windows, could be seen the beech-trees of the Avenue, and the crows upon them busy at their domestic affairs. Children in the Square cried to each other, a man's footsteps passed on the causeway, returned, and stopped below the window. Everybody knew it was Black Duncan the seaman, of an older church, and reluctant, yet anxious, to share in some of the Sabbath exercises.

Gilian, with the back of the pew coming up near his neck, wished fervently it had been built lower, for he knew how common and undignified his view from the rear must thus be made. Also he wished he could have had a secret eye that he might look unashamed in the direction of his interest. He tingled with feeling, when he fancied after a little (indeed, it was no more than fancy) that there was a perceptible odour of young birch. Again he was remitted to his teens, sitting transported in the *Jean*, soaring heavenward upon a song by a bold child with spate-brown hair. He put forward his hand unconsciously again, and this time he had the Bible on his knee before Miss Mary could check him.

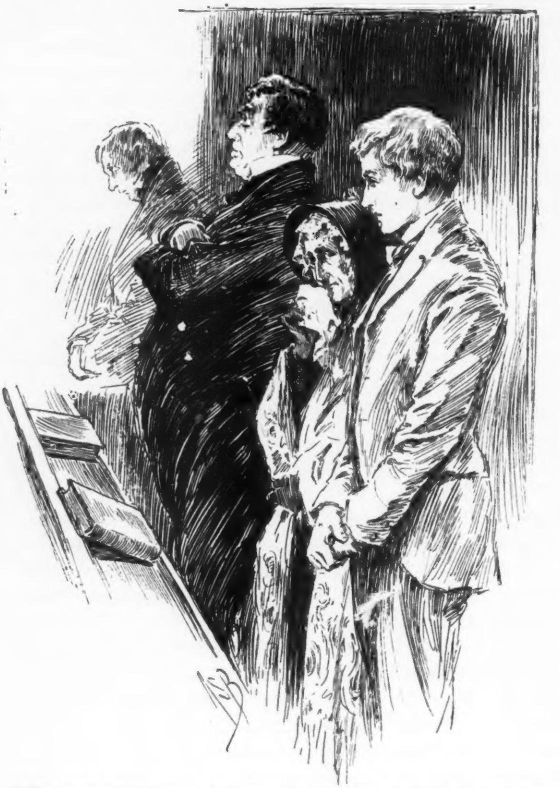
She looked down with motionless horror at his fingers feverishly turning over the leaves, and saw that he had the volume upside down. Her pressure on his foot was delayed by astonishment. What could this conduct of his mean? He was disturbed about something; or perhaps he was unwell. And as she saw him still holding the volume upside down on his knee and continuing to look at it with absent eyes she put her mittened hand into the pocket of her silk gown, produced a large peppermint lozenge, and by a marvellously adroit and imperceptible twist of the wrist passed it into his hand.

This long unaccustomed courtesy found him awkwardly unprepared, and his fingers not closing quickly enough on the sweet it fell on the floor. It rolled with an alarming noise far to the left, and stirred the congregation like a trumpet. Though little movement showed it, every eye was on the pew from which this disturbance came, and Miss Mary and Gilian knew it. Miss Mary did not flinch; she kept a steadfast eye straight in front of her, but to those behind her the sudden colour of her neck betrayed her culpability. Gilian was wretched, all the more because he heard a rustle of the skirts behind in Turner's pew, and his imagination saw Miss Nan the humourist suppressing her laughter, with shaking hair and quite conscious that he had been the object of Miss Mary's attention. He felt the blood that rushed to his body must betray itself behind. All the gowk in him came uppermost; he did not know what he was doing; he put the Bible awkwardly on the bookboard in front of him, and it, too, slid to the floor with a noise even more alarming than that of the rolling sweet.

The Paymaster, clearing his throat harshly, wakened from a dover to the fact that these disturbances were in his own territory, and saw the lad's confusion. If that had not informed him the mischievous smile of Young Islay in Gilian's direction would have done so. He half turned his face to Gilian, and with shut lips whispered angrily.

"Thumbs! thumbs! he said, "God forgive you for a gomeral!" And then he stared very sternly at Rixa, who saw the movement of the swollen neck above the 'kerchief, knew that the Paymaster was administering a reproof, and was comforted exceedingly by this prelude to the day's devotions.

Gilian left the book where it lay to conceal from those behind that he had been the delinquent. But he felt, at the same time, he was detected. What a contrast the lady behind must find in his gawkiness compared with the correct and composed deportment of the Capital she had come from. He must be the rustic indeed to her, handling lollipops yet like a child, and tumbling books in a child's confusion. As if to give more acuteness to his picture of himself, he saw a foil in Young Islay so trim and manly in the uniform old custom demanded for the Sunday parade, a shrewd upward tilt of the chin and lowering of the brow, his hand now



"She surrendered even her scruples of kirk etiquette to put out a hand timidly as they stood together at the prayer"

and then at his cheeks, not so much to feel its pleasing roughness, as to show the fine fingers he was so conscious of. It demanded all his strength to shake himself into equanimity, and Miss Mary felt rather than saw it.

What ailed him? Something unusual was perturbing him. An influence, an air, a current of uneasiness flowed from him and she shared his anxiety, not knowing what might be its source. His every attitude was a new and unaccustomed one. She concluded he must be unwell, and a commotion set up in her heart, so that Dr. Colin's opening prayer went sounding past her a thing utterly meaningless like the wind among trees, and love that is like a high march wall separated her and her favourite from the world.

She surrendered even her scruples of kirk etiquette to put out a hand timidly as they stood together at the prayer, and touched Gilian softly on the sleeve with a gush of consolation in the momentary contact.

But he never felt the touch, or he thought it accidental, for he was almost feverishly waiting till that interminable prayer was ended that he might have the last proof of the presence of the girl behind him. The crimson hangings of the canopy shook in the stridor of Dr. Colin's supplication, the hollows underneath the gallery rumbled a sleepy echo; Rixa breathed ponderously and thought upon his interlocutors, but no other life was apparent; it was a man crying in the wilderness, and outside in the playground of the world the children were yet calling and laughing content, the rooks among the beeches surveyed, carelessly, the rich lush policies of the Duke.

Gilian was waiting on the final proof, that was only in the girl's own voice. He remembered her of old a daring and entrancing vocalist, in the harmony one thread of gold among the hodden grey of those simple unstudied psalmodists.

The prayer concluded, the congregation, wearied by their long stand, relapsed in their hard seats with a sense of satisfaction, the psalm was given out, the precentor stuck up on the desk before him the two tablets bearing the name of the tune, "Martyrs," and essayed at a beginning. He began too high, stopped and cleared his throat. "We will try it again," said he, and this time led the voices all in unison. Such a storm was in Gilian's mind that he could not for a little listen to hear what he expected. He had forgotten his awkwardness, he had forgotten his shame; his erratic and fleet-winged fancy had sent him back to the den of the *Jean*, and he was in the dusk of the ship's interior listening to a girl's song, moved more profoundly than when he had been actually there by some message in the notes, some soothing passionate melancholy without relation to the words or to the tune, some inexplicable and mellow vibration he had felt first as he stood, a child, on the road from Kilmalieu, and a bird solitary in the winds, lifting with curious tilt of feathers over the marshy field, had piped dolorously some mystery of animal life man must have lost when he ceased to sleep stark naked to the stars. In his mind he traced the baffling accent, failing often to come upon it, anon finding it fill all his being with an emotion he had never known before.

Miss Mary was now more alarmed than ever. For he was not singing, and his voice was for wont, never wanting in that stormy and uncouth unison of sluggish men's voices, women's eager, earnest shrilling. It was as if he had been absent, and so strong the illusion that she leaned to the side a little to touch him and assure herself he was there.

And that awoke him! He listened with his work-a-day ears to separate from the clamour, as he once had done, the thread of golden melody. For a moment he was amazed and disappointed; no unusual voice was there. If Miss Nan was behind him, she was taking only a mute part in the praise, amused mildly perhaps—he could not blame her—by this rough contrast with the more tuneful praise she was accustomed to elsewhere.

And then—then he distinguished her! No, he was wrong; no, he was right, there it was again, not so loud and clear as he had expected, but yet her magic, unmistakably, as surely as when first it sounded to him in "The Rover" and "The Man with the Coat of Green." A thrill went through him. He rose at the close of the psalm, and trod upon clouds more airily, high-breastedly, uplifted triumphantly, than Ronaig of Gaul who marched, in the story, upon plunging seas from land to land.

"He has been eating something wrong," concluded Miss Mary, finding ease of a kind in so poor an excuse for her darling's perturbation. It accounted, to her, for all his odd behaviour during the remainder of the service, for his muteness in the psalmody, his restless disregard of the sermon, his hurry to be out of the straight-backed, uncomfortable pew.

As he stood to his feet to follow the Paymaster she ventured a hand from behind upon his waist, pretending to hasten the departure, but in reality to get some pleasure from the touch. Again he never heeded; he was staring at the Maam pew, from which the General and his brother were slowly moving out.

There was no girl there!

He could scarcely trust his eyes. The aisle had a few women in it, moving decorously to the door with busy eyes upon each other's clothes; but no, she was not there, whose voice had made the few psalms of the day the sweetest of his experience. When he got outside the door and upon the entrance steps the whole congregation was before him; his glance went through it in a flash twice, but there was no Miss Nan. Her father and his brother walked up the street alone. Gilian realised that his imagination, and his imagination only, had tenanted the pew. She was not there!

CHAPTER XXIII

YOUNG ISLAY

"The clash in the kirkyard is worth half a dozen sermons," say the unregenerate, and though no kirkyard is about the Zion of our parish, the people are used to wait a little before home-going and talk of a careful selection of secular affairs; not about the prices of hoggs and queys, for that is Commerce, nor of Saturday night's songs in the taverns, for that (in the Sabbath mind) is Sin. But of births, marriages, courtships, weather, they discoursed. And Gilian, his head dazed, stood in a group with the Paymaster and Miss Mary, and some of the people of the glens, who were the ostensible excuse for the palaver. At first he was glad of the excuse to wait outside, for to have gone the few yards that were necessary down the street and sat at Sunday's cold viands even with Peggy's brew of tea to follow would be to place a flight of stairs and a larch door between him—And what? What was he reluctant to sever from? He asked himself that with as much surprise as if he had been a stranger to himself. He felt that to go within at once would be to lose something, to go out of a most agreeable atmosphere. He was not hungry. To sit with old people over an austere table with no flowers on it because of the day, and see the Paymaster snuff above his tepid second day's broth, and hear the Cornal snort because the mince-collops his toothlessness demanded on other days of the week were not available to-day, would be, somehow, to bring a sordid, unable, drab and weary world close up on a vision of joy and beauty. He felt it in his flesh, in some flutter of the breast. It was better to be out here in the sun among the chattering people, to have nothing between him and Glen Shira but a straight sweep of wind-blown highway. From the steps of the church he could see the Boshang Gate and the hazy ravines and jostling elbows of the hills in Shira Glen. He saw it all, and in one bound his spirit vaulted there, figuring her whose psalm he had but heard in the delusion of desire.

The Duke came lazily down the steps, threw a glance among his clan and tenantry, cast his plaid, with a fine grace, about his shoulders, touching his bonnet with a finger as hat or bonnet rose, in salutation, and he went fair up in the middle of the street.

The conversation ceased, and people looked after him as on an Emperor.

"He's going to London on Tuesday, I hear," said Major Hall to Mr. Spencer. It was the Major's great pride to know the prospective movements at the Castle sooner than anyone else, and he was not above exchanging snuff-mulls with Wat Thomson, the ducal boot-brusher, if ducal news could only be got thereby.

"London, London, did you say, London, sir?" said the innkeeper, looking again with an envy after his Grace, the name at once stirring in him the clime from which he was an exile. And the smell of peaty clothes smote him on the nostril for the first time that day. He had been so many Sundays accustomed to it that he no longer perceived it, but now it rose in contrast to the beefy, beer-charged, comfortable odours of his native town.

"Ah! he's going on Tuesday," said the Paymaster, "but when Duke John's gone, there are plenty of Dukes to take his place. Every officer in his corps will be claiming a full command, quarrelling among themselves. There'll be Duke Islay——"

"Hus—s—sh!" whispered Major Hall discreetly from the corner of his mouth. "Here's his young fellow coming up behind." Then loudly, "It's a very fine season indeed, Captain Campbell, a very fine season."

Young Islay came forward with a salute for the Captain and his sister. He was Gilian's age and size, but of a different build, broader at the shoulder, fuller at the chest, black of hair, piercing of eye, with just enough and no more of a wholesome conceit of himself to give His Majesty's uniform justice. When he spoke it was with a clear and manly tone deep in the chest.

He shook hands all round, he was newly come home from the lowlands, his tunic was without speck or crease, his chin was smooth, his strong hands were white; as Gilian returned his greeting he felt himself in an enviable and superior presence. Promptly, too, there came like a breath upon glass a remembrance of the ensign of the same corps who kissed his hand to Nan on just such another day of sunshine at Boshang Gate.

"Glad to see you back, Islay," said the Paymaster, proffering his Sabbath snuff-mull. "Faith you do credit to the coat!" And he cast an admiring eye upon the young soldier.

Young Islay showed his satisfaction in his face.

"But it's a smaller coat than yours, Captain," said he, "and easier filled nowadays than when fighting was in fashion. I'm afraid the old school would have the better of us."

It was a touch of Gælic courtesy to an elder, well-meant, pardonable, it visibly pleased the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, and he looked more in admiration than before upon this smart young officer.

"Up the Glen yet, Gilian?" said Islay, with the old schoolboy freedom, and Gilian carelessly nodded, his eyes once more roving on the road to Boshang Gate. Young Islay looked at him curiously, a little smile hovering about the corners of his lips, for he knew the dreamer's reputation.

The Paymaster gave a contemptuous "Humph!" "Up the Glen yet. You may well say it," said he. "And like to be. It's a fine clime for stirks."

Gilian did not hear it, but Miss Mary felt it sting to her very heart, and she moved away, pressing upon her favourite's arm to bring him with her. "We must be moving," said she; "Peggy will be scolding about the dinner spoiled with waiting."

But no one else seemed willing to break up the group. Young Islay had become the centre of attraction. MacGibbon and Major

Hall, the Sheriff, Mr. Spencer and the dominie, listened to his words as to a sage, gratified by his robust and handsome youth, and the Turners had him by the arm and questioned him upon his experience. Major MacNicol, ludicrous in a bottle-green coat with abrupt tails and an English beaver hat of an ancient pattern, jinked here and there among the people, tip-toeing, round shouldered, with eyes peering and alarmed, jerking his head across his shoulder at intervals to see that no musket barrel threatened. And at times—for a moment or two he would hang upon the outskirts of Young Islay's levée, with a hand behind an ear to listen to his story, filled for a little space with a wave of vague and bitter recollection that never broke upon the shore of solid understanding, enchanted by a gleam of red and gold, the colours of glory and of youth.

"Let us go home," whispered Miss Mary, pulling gently at Gilian's coat.

"Wait, wait, no hurry for cold kail hot again," said the Paymaster, every instinct for gossip alert and eager.

"And you showed him the qualities of a Highland riposte! Good lad! Good lad! I'm glad that Sandy and you learned something of the art of fence before they tried you in the Stirling fashion." General Turner was saying, "You'll be home for a while, won't you? Come up and see us at Maam; no ceremony, a bird, a soldier's jug, and——"

"And a soldier's song from Miss Nan, I hope," continued the young officer, smiling. "That would be the best inducement of all. I hear she's home again from the low country, and thought she would have been in church to-day."

"City ways, you know, Islay, city ways," said Turner, tapping the young fellow playfully on the shoulder with his cane. "She did not come down because she must walk! I wonder what Dr. Colin would say if he found me yoking a horse to save a three miles Sabbath daunder to the Kirk. Come up and have your song, though, any day you like; I'll warrant you never heard better."

"I'm certain I never did," admitted Young Islay heartily.

"And when I think," said the General softly, more closely pressing the young fellow's arm, "that there might be no song now at all but for your readiness with an oar, I'm bound to make a tryst of it: say Tuesday."

"Certainly!" said Young Islay. "About my readiness with an oar, now, that was less skill than a boy's luck. I can tell you I was pretty frightened when I baled — Good heavens, how long ago!—the water from the punt, and felt the storm would smother me!" He was flushing to speak of a thing so much to his credit, and sought relief from his feelings by a random remark to Gilian.

"You mind?" said he, with a laughing look at Gilian, who wished now that he were in the more comfortable atmosphere of the Paymaster's parlour, for he was lamentably outside the interests of this group. "You mind?" he pressed again, as if the only victim of that storm and stranding could ever forget.

"I remember very well," said Gilian in an Anglified accent that renewed all Miss Mary's apprehension, for it showed an artificial mood. "I came out of that with small credit," he went on, sparing himself nothing. "I suppose I would have risked my life half a dozen times over to be of any service; what was wanting was the sense to know what I should do. There you had the advantage of me. And did you really bail the boat with your bonnet?"

"Faith I did," said Young Islay, laughing.

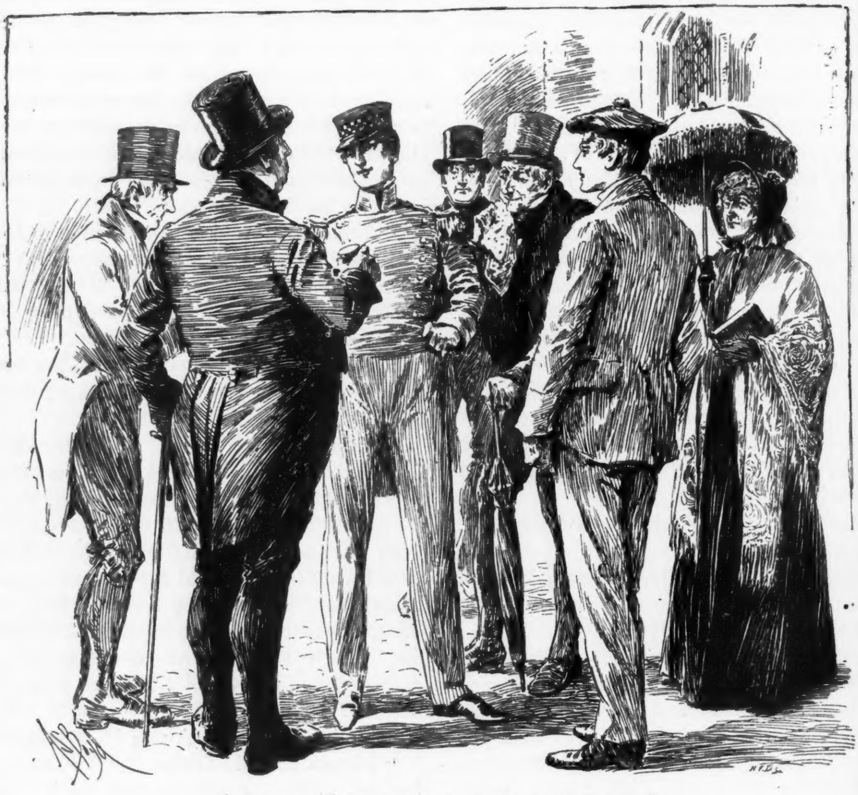
"I knew it," said Gilian. "I knew your feelings and your acts as well as if it had been myself that had been there. I wish my comprehension of the act to be done was as ready as my imagination. I wish——"

A shyness throttled the words in his mouth when he found all the company looking upon him, all amused or a little pitiful except the dominie, whose face had a kindly respect and curiosity, and Miss Mary, who was looking wistfully in his eyes.

"There are two worlds about us," said Brooks, "the manifest, that is as plain as a horn-book from A to Ampersand; the other, that is in the mind of man, no iota less real, but we are few that venture into it further than the lintel of the door." And he had about his eyes an almost fatherly fondness for Gilian, who felt that in the words were some justification for him, the dreamer.

The street was emptying, one by one the people had dispersed. Young Islay's group broke up, and went their several ways. The Paymaster and Miss Mary and Gilian went in to dinner.

"What's the matter with you, my dear?"



"'Glad to see you back, Islay,' said the Paymaster"

whispered Miss Mary at the turn of the stair when her brother had gone within.

"Matter?" said Gilian, surprised at her discovery. "Nothing that I know of. What makes you think there is anything the matter with me?"

She stopped him at the stair-head, and here in the dusk of it she was again the young companion. "Gilian, Gilian," said she, with stress in her whisper, and a great affection in the face of her. "Do you think I can be deceived? You are ill; or something troubles you. What were you eating?"

He laughed loudly; he could not help it at so prosaic a conclusion.

"What carry on is that on the stair on a Lord's day?" cried the Paymaster angrily and roughly from his room as he tugged short-tempered at the buckle of his Sabbath stock.

"Then there's something bothering you, my dear," said Miss Mary again, paying no heed to the interruption. And Gilian could not release his arm from her restraint.

"Is there, Auntie?" said he. "Perhaps. And still I could not name it. Come, come, what's the sense of querying a man upon his moods?"

"A man!" said Miss Mary.

"On the verge at least," said he, with a confidence he had never had in his voice before, taking a full breath in his chest.

"A man!" said she again. And she saw, as if a curtain had fallen from before her eyes, that this was no more the fair-haired, wan-faced, trembling child who came on a wet day from Ladyfield to her heart.

"I wish, I wish," said she all trembling, "the children did not grow at all!"

CHAPTER XXIV

IN MAAM HOUSE

Maam House stands mid-way up the Glen, among pasture and arable land that seems the more rich and level because it is hemmed in by gaunt hills where of old the robber found a sequestration, and the hunter of deer followed his kingly recreation. The river sings and cries, almost at the door, mellow in the linns and pools, or in its shallow links cheerily gossiping among grey stones; the Dhu Loch shines upon its surface like a looking-glass or shivers in icy winds. Round about, the bullrush nods; old great trees stand in the rains knee-deep like the cattle upon its marge pondering, and the breath of oak and hazel hangs from shore to shore.

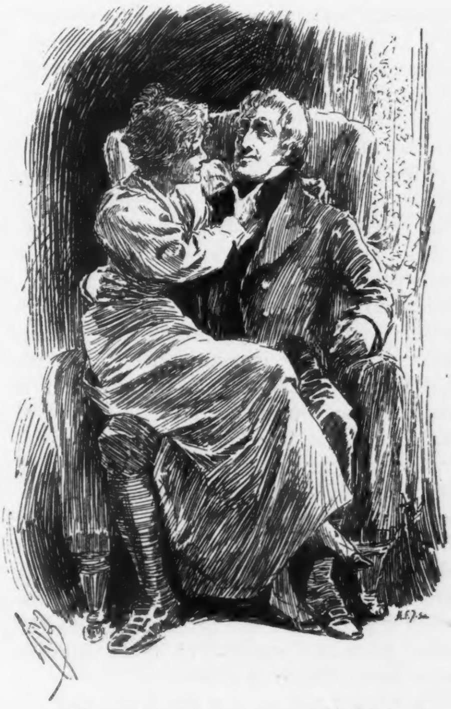
To her window in the old house of Maam would Nan come in the mornings, and the beauty of Dhu Loch would quell the song upon her lips. It touched her with some melancholy influence. Grown tall and elegant, her hair in waves about her ears, in a rich restrained tumult about her head, her eyes brimming and full of fire, her lips rich, her bosom generous—she was not the Nan who swung upon a gate and wished that hers was the soldier's fortune. This place lay in her spirit like a tombstone—the loneliness of it, the stillness of it, the dragging days of it, with their dreary round of domestic duties. She was not a week home, and already sleep was her dearest friend, and to open her eyes in the morning upon the sunny but silent room and miss the clangour of Edinburgh streets was a diurnal grief.

What she missed of the strident town was the clustering round of fellow creatures, the eternal drumming of neighbour hearts, the feet upon the pavement and the eager faces all around that were so full of interest, they did not let her seek into the depths of her, where lay the old Highland sorrows that her richest notes so wondrously expressed. The tumult for her! Constant touch with the active, the gay! Solitude oppressed her like a looming disease. Sometimes, as in those mornings when she looked abroad from her window upon the Glen, she felt sick of her own company, terrified at the pathetic profound to which the landscape made her sink. Then she wept, and then she shook the mood from her angrily and flashed about the house of Maam like a sunbeam new-washed by the rain.

Her father used to marvel at those sudden whims of silence and of song. He would come in on some poor excuse from his stable or cunningly listen above his book and try to understand; but he, the man of action, the soldier, the child of undying ambitions, was far indeed from comprehension. Only he was sure of her affection. She would come and sit upon his knee, with arms around his neck, indulgent madly in a child's caresses. Her uncle James, finding them thus sometimes, would start at an illusion, for it looked as if her mother was back again, and her father, long so youthful of aspect, seemed the sweetheart husband once more.

"Ah! you randy!" he would say to his niece, scowling upon her, for he was ever the soured bachelor; "the sooner you get a man the better!"

"If there is one in the world half so handsome as my father—yes," she would answer merrily, nestling more fondly in the



"She would come and sit upon his knee, with arms around his neck"

General's breast, till he rose and put her off with laughing confusion.

"Away! away!" he would cry in pretended annoyance, "You make my grey hairs ridiculous."

"Where are they?" she would say, running her white fingers over his head and daintily refastening the ribbon of that antiquated queue that made him always look the chevalier. She treated him, in all, less like a father than a lover, exceedingly proud of him, untiring of his countless tales of campaign and court, uplifted marvellously with his ambitious dreams of State preferment. For General Turner was but passing the time in Maam till by favour promised a foreign office was found for him elsewhere.

"And when the office comes," said he, "then I leave my girl. It is the one thing that sobers me."

"Not here! not here!" she cried, alarm in eye and tone. So he found, for the first time, her impatience with the quiet of Maam. He was, for a little, dumb with regret that this should be her feeling.

"Where better, where safer, my dear?" he asked. "Come up to the bow-window." And he led her where she could see their native glen from end to end. The farm-towns, the cots were displayed; smoke rose from their chimneys in the silent air, grey blue banners of peace.

"Bide at home, my dear," said he, softly, "bide at home and rest. I thought you would have been glad to be back from towns among our own kindly people in the land your very heart-blood sprang from. Quiet, do you say? True, true," and still he surveyed the valley himself with solemn eyes. "But there is content here, and every hearth there would make you welcome if it was only for your name, even if the world was against you."

She saw the reapers in the fields, heard their shearing songs that are sung for cheer, but somehow in this land are all imbued with melancholy. Loud, loud against that silence of the brooding glen rose up on her remembrance the thoughtless clamour of the lowland world, and she shivered, as one who looks from the window of a well-warmed room upon a night of storm.

Her father put an arm about her waist.

"Is it not homely?" said he, dreading her reply.

"I can bear it—with you," she answered pitifully. "But if you go abroad, it would kill me. I must have something that is not here; I must have youth and life—and—and movement."

"At your age I would not have given Maam and the glen about it for my share of Paradise."

—"But now?" said she.

He turned hastily from the window and nervously paced the room.

"No matter about me," he answered in a little. "Ah! you're your mother's child. I wish—I wish I could leave you content here." He felt at his chin with a nervous hand, muttered, looked on her askance, pitied himself that when he went wandering he must not have the consoling thought that she was safe and happy in her childhood's home.

"I wish I had never sent you away," he said. "You would have been more content to-day. But that's the manner of the world, we must pay our way as we go, in inns and in knowledge.

She ran up with tripping feet and kissed him rapturously.

"No lowland tricks!" he cried, pleased and yet ashamed at a display unusual in these parts. "Fancy if some one saw you!"

"Then let them look well again," she said, laughingly defiant, and he had to stoop to avoid the assault of her ripe and laughing lips. The little struggle had brought a flame to her eye that grew large and lambent; where her lower neck showed in a chink of her kerchief-souffle it throbbed and glowed. The General found himself wondering if this was, indeed, his child, the child he had but the other day held in the crook of his arm and dandled on his knee.

"I wish," said he again, while she neatly tied the knot upon his queue, "I wish we had a husband for you, good or—indifferent before I go."

"Not indifferent, father," she laughed. "Surely the best would not be too good for your daughter. As if I wanted a husband of any kind!"

"True, true," he answered, thoughtfully. "You are young yet. The best would not be too good for you; but I know men, my dear, and the woman's well off who gets merely the middling in her pick of them.

And that minds me, I had one asking for you at the kirk on Sunday. A soldier, no less. Can you guess him?"

"The Paymaster's Boy," said she promptly, curiosity in her countenance.

Her father laughed.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed. "Is that all you have of our news here that you don't know Gilian's farming, or making a show of farming, in Ladyfield? He never took to the Army after all, and an old brag of Mars is very humorous now when I think of it."

"I told him he never would," said Nan, with no note of triumph in the accuracy of her prediction. "I thought he could play-act the thing in his mind too well ever to be the thing itself."

"It was Young Islay I meant," said her father. "A smart fellow; he's home on leave from his corps, and he promises to come some day this week to see the girl whose father has some reason to be grateful to him."

She flushed all at once, overtaken by feelings she could not have described—feelings of gratitude for the old rescue, of curiosity, pleasure, and a sudden shyness. Following it came a sudden recollection of the old glamour that was about the ensign—such another, no doubt, as Young Islay—who had given her the first taste of gallantry as he passed with the troops in a day of sunshine. She looked out at the window to conceal her eyes, and behold! the glen was not so melancholy as it was a little ago. She wished she had put on another gown that afternoon, the rustling one of double tabinet that her Edinburgh friends considered too imposing for her years, but that she herself felt a singular complacence in no matter what her company might be.

"A smart fellow," repeated her father, musingly, flicking some dust from his shoes, unobserving of her abstraction. "I wish Sandy took a lesson or two from him in application."

"Ah!" she cried, "you're partial just because—" And she hesitated.

—"Just because he saved my lassie's life," continued Turner, and seized by an uncommon impulse he put an arm round her and bent to kiss her not unwilling lips. He paused at the threshold, and drew back with a half-shamed laugh.

"Tuts!" said he. "You smit me with silly lowland customs. Fancy your old Highland daddie kissing you! If it had been the young gentleman we speak of it would——"

A loud rap came to the knocker of the front door, and Nan's hands went flying to her hair in soft inquiries; back to her face came its colour.

It was Young Islay. He came into the room with two strides from the stair-head and a very genteel obeisance to the lady, a conceit of fashion altogether foreign to glens, but that sent her back in one dart of fancy to the parlour of Edinburgh, back to the warm town, back to places of gaiety, and youth, and enterprise, back to soft manners, the lip gossiping at the ear, shoes gliding upon waxen floors, music, dance, and mirth. Her heart throbbed as to a revelation, and she could have taken him in her arms for the sake of that brave life he indicated.

His eyes met hers whenever he entered, and he could not draw them away till hers, wavering before him, showed him he was daring. He turned and shook hands with the General, and muttered some commonplace, then back again he came to that pleasant face so like and yet so unlike the face he had known when a boy.

"You'll hardly know each other," said the father, amused at this common interest. "Isn't she a most elderly person to be the daughter of so young and capable a man?"

Young Islay ranged his mind for a proper compliment, but for once he was beat; in all the oft-repeated phrases of his gallant experiences there was no sentiment to do justice to a moment like this. "I am delighted to meet you again," he said slowly, his mind confused with a sense of the inadequacy of the thing and the inexplicable feelings that crowded into him in the presence of a girl who, three years ago, would have no more disturbed him than would his sister. She was the first to recover from the awkwardness of the moment.

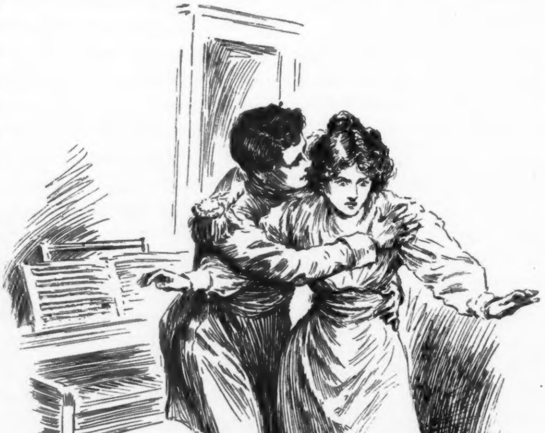
"I was just wishing I had on another gown," she said more frankly than she felt, but bound to give utterance to the last clear thought in her mind. "I had an idea we might have callers."

"You could have none that became you better," said the lad boldly, feasting upon her charms of lip and eye. And now he was the soldier—free, bold, assured.

"What? In the way of visitors," laughed her father, and she flushed again.

"I spoke of the gown," said Young Islay (and he had not yet seen it, it might have been red or blue for all he could tell), "I spoke of the gown; if it depends on that for you to charm your company, you should wear no other."

"A touch of the garrison, but honest enough to be said before the father!" thought General Turner.



"'What do you mean?' she gasped"

Nan laughed. She courtesied with an affected manner taught in Edinburgh schools.

"Sir," she said, "you are a soldier, and of course the gown at the moment in front of you is always the finest in the world. Don't tell me it is not so," she hastened to add, as he made to protest, "because I know my father and all the ways of his trade, and—and—and if you were not the soldier even in your pleasantries to ladies I would not think you the soldier at all."

The General smiled and nudged the young fellow jocosely. "There," said he, "did I not tell you she was a fiery one?"

"I hope you did not discuss me in that fashion," said Nan, pausing with annoyance as she moved aside a little, all her pride leaping to her face.

"Your father will have his joke," said Young Islay, quickly. "He barely let me know you were here."

The General smiled again in admiration of the young fellow's astuteness, and Nan recovered.

They went to the parlour. Through the window came the songs of the reapers and the twitter of birds busy among the seeds at the barn-door. Roses swinging on the porch threw a perfume into the room. Young Islay felt, for the first time in his life, a sense of placid happiness. And when Nan sang later—a newer, wider world, more years, more thoughts, more profound depths in her song—he was captive.

To his aid he summoned all his confidence; he talked like a prince (if they talk head-up, valiantly, serene and possessing); he moved about the room studiously unconscious and manly; he sat with grace and showed his hand, and all the time he claimed the girl for his. "You are mine, you are mine!" he said to himself over and over again, and by the flush on her neck as she sat at the harpsichord she might be hearing, through some magic sense, his bold unspoken thought.

Evening crept, lights came, the father went out to give some orders at the barn; they were left alone. The instrument that might have been a heavenly harp at once lost its dignity and relapsed to a tinkling wire, for Nan was silent, and there crowded into Young Islay's head all the passion of his people. He rose and strode across the room; he put an arm round her waist and raised her, all astounded, from the chair.

She turned round and tried to draw back, looking startled at his eyes that were wide with fire.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"Need you ask it?" he said in a new voice, raising an arm round her shoulder.

His fingers unexpectedly touched her warm skin beneath the kerchief-souffle. The feeling ran to his heart, and struck him there like an earthquake. Down went his head, more firm his hold upon the lady's waist; she might have been a flower to crush, but yet he must be rude and strong; he bent her back and kissed her. Her lips parted as if she would cry out against this outrage, and he felt her breath upon his cheek, an air, a perfume maddening. "Nan, Nan, you are mine, you are mine!" said he huskily, and he kissed her again.

Out in the fields, a corncrake raised its rasping vesper and a shepherd whistled on his dogs. The carts rumbled as they made for the sheds. The sound of the river far off in the shallows among the saugh-trees came on a little breeze, a murmur of the sad inevitable sea that ends all love and passion, the old Sea beating black about the world.

In the room was an utter silence. She had drawn back for a moment stupefied, checking in her pride even the breathing of her struggle. He stood bent at the head a little, contrite, his hat, that he had lifted, in his hand. And they gazed at each other—people who had found themselves in some action horribly rude and shameful.

"I think you must have made a mistake, or have been drinking," she said at last, her breast now heaving stormily and her eyes ablaze with anger. "I am not the dairymaid."

"I could not help it," he answered lamely. "You—you—you made me do it. I love you!"

She drew back shocked.

He stepped forward again, manly, self-possessed again, and looked her hungrily in the eyes. "Do you hear that?" he said. "Do you hear that? I love you! I love you! There you look at me, and I'm inside like a fire. What am I to do? I am Highland; I am Long Islay's grandson. I am a soldier. I am Highland, and if I want you I must have you."

She drew softly towards the door as if to escape, but heard her father's voice without, and it gave her assurance. A pallor had come upon her cheek, only her lips were bright as if his kiss had seared them.

"You are Highland, you are Highland, are you?" she said, restraining her sobs. "Then where is the gentleman? Do you fancy I have been growing up in Maam all the years you were away among canteens for you to come home and insult me when you wished?"

He did not quail before her indignation, but he drew back with respect in every movement.

"Madame," he said, with a touch of the ballroom, "you may miscall me as you will; I deserve it all. I have been brutal; I have frightened you—that would not harm a hair of your head for a million pounds; I have disgraced the hospitality of your father's house. I may have ruined myself in your eyes, and to-morrow I'll writhe for it, but now—but now—I have but one plea: I love you! I'll say it, though you struck me dumb for ever."

She recovered a little, looked curiously at him, and "Is it not something of a liberty, even that?" she asked. "You bring the manners of the Inn to my father's house." The recollection of her helplessness in his grasp came to her again, and stained her face as it had been with wine.

He turned his hat in his hand, eyeing her dubiously but more calmly than before.

"There you have me," he said, with a large and helpless gesture, "I am not worth two of your most trivial words. I am a common rude soldier that has not, as it were, seen you till a moment ago, and when I was at your—at your—lips, I should have been at your shoes."

She laughed disdainfully a little.

"Don't do that," said he, "you make me mad." Again the tumult of his passion swept him down; he put a foot forward as if to approach her, but stopped short as by an immense inward effort. "Nan, Nan, Nan," he cried so loudly that a more watchful father would have heard it outside. "Nan, Nan, Nan. I must say it if I die for it: I love you! I never felt—I do not know—I cannot tell what ails me, but you are mine!" Then all at once again his mood and accent changed. "Mine! What can I give? What can I offer? Here's a poor ensign, and never a war with chances in it!"

He strode up and down the room, throwing his shadow, a feverish phantom, on the blind, and Nan looked at him as if he had been a man in a play. Here was her first lover with a vengeance! They might be all like that; this madness, perhaps, was the common folly. She remembered that she owed him her life, and she was overtaken by pity.

"Let us say no more about it," she said calmly. "You alarmed me very much, and I hope you will never do the like again. Let me think I myself was willing"—he started—"that it was some—some playful way of paying off the score I owe you."

"What score?" said he astonished.

"You saved my life," she answered, all resentment gone.

"Did I?" said he. "It would be the last plea I would offer here and now. That was a boy's work, or luck as it might be; this is a man before you. I am not wanting gratitude, but something far more ill to win. Look at me," he went on; "I am Highland, I'm a soldier, I'm a man. You may put me to the door (my mother in heaven would not blame you), but still you're mine."

He was very handsome as he stood upon the floor resolute, something of the savage and the dandy, a man compelling. Nan felt the tremor of an admiration, though the insult was yet burning on her face.

"Here's my father," she said, quickly sitting at the harpsichord again, with her face away from it and the candle-light.

Into the room stepped the General, never knowing he had come upon a storm. Their silence surprised him. He looked suspiciously at the lad, who still stood on the floor with his hat in his hand.

"You're not going yet, Islay?" said he, and there was no answer.

"Have you two quarrelled?" he asked, again glancing at his daughter's averted face.

Young Islay stammered his reply. "I have been a fool, General, that's all," said he. "I brought the manners of the Inn, as your daughter says, into your house, and——"

The father caught him by the sleeve and bent a most stern eye.

"Well, well?" he pushed.

"And—the rest, I think, should be between yourself and me," said Young Islay, looking at Nan now with her back to them, and he and the father went out of the room.

THE ROMANCE OF INLAND NAVIGATION

By H. G. ARCHER

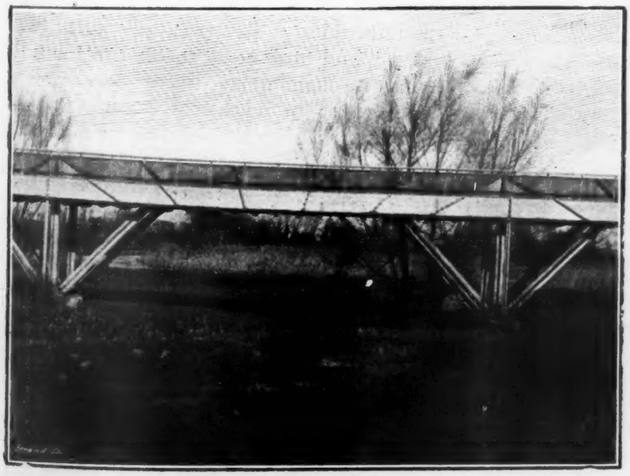
THE earliest canals in England were the Foss-Dyke and Caer-Dyke in Lincolnshire, in length eleven and forty miles respectively, constructed by the Romans, and improved in the twelfth century. The Foss-Dyke is still with us, navigable and non-derelict, we are glad to say. The opening of the Aire and Calder Navigation, towards the close of the seventeenth century, was the first important step in inland navigation in England; but the real development of the canal system in Great Britain, which took place during the latter half of the eighteenth century, was entirely due to the energy and resources of that remarkable trio, composed of the Duke of Bridgewater, John Gilbert, and James Brindley, who, as the instruments for the great work, were selected from the highest, the middle, and the humblest classes of society. The story of the life of each is a romance in itself.

Let us first briefly sketch that of the great nobleman and capitalist, whose enthusiasm for such projects was to lead to two successive generations of Englishmen spending millions upon a scheme which their immediate descendants were almost entirely to neglect. Francis Egerton, third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born in 1736, the youngest of five children. His father died when he was eleven years old, and his mother, marrying again in the first year of her widowhood, neglected the boy, who was not only sickly, but apparently of such feeble intellect that his exclusion from the succession to the dukedom was actually contemplated. Little could his harsh relatives have foreseen the field of exertion in which the backward and unruly youth was to render his name famous.

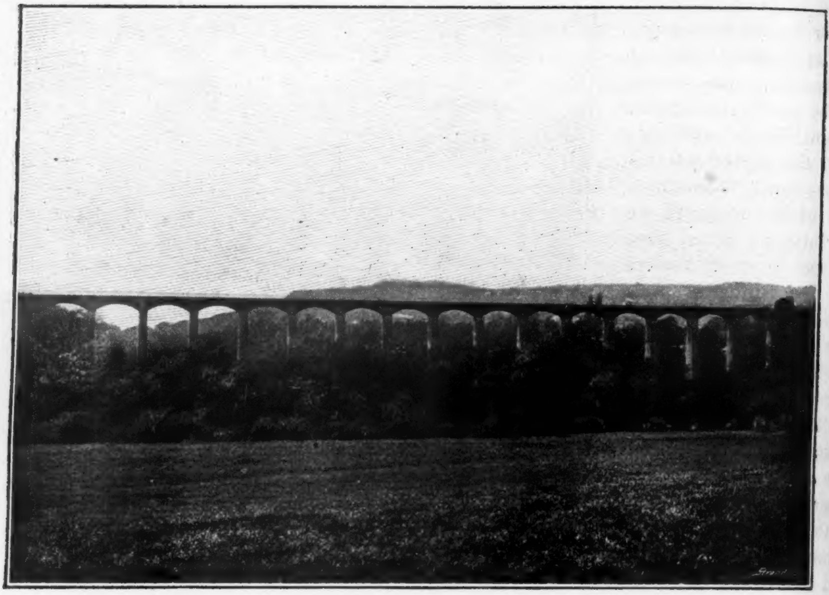
THE ATCHAM TUNNEL

By the death of his elder brother he became, however, at twelve, Duke of Bridgewater. At seventeen he accomplished the "Grand Tour," and between the period of this journey and the attainment of his majority we have little to record save that he kept racehorses and occasionally rode races in person. But just as it seemed assured that his life would differ in no essential particulars from that led by other rich and fashionable young noblemen of the period, fate came to the rescue, and, in the shape of an unfortunate love affair, alienated him from the world and changed the whole tenour of his career. He had attained his majority when he became deeply smitten with the charms of one of two sisters. This was the widowed Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings. He had sued and been accepted, and the preliminaries of the marriage were in progress when an obstacle occurred. Scandal made free with her sister, Lady Coventry's, reputation, and the Duke insisted that after marriage his *fiancée's* intimacy with her should cease. Sisterly affection not unnaturally revolted at this condition, but he persevered to the extent of breaking off the engagement. Such scruples in an age not remarkable for rigid aristocratic morality might, perhaps, be suspected to indicate want of passion in the attachment. The circumstances, however, refute the suspicion. The impression was in this instance so deep, and the sacrifice so painful, that he who made it, though but then in his twenty-third year, abandoned society in disgust.

At his residence, the Old Hall, Worsley, the Duke for some months passed a solitary and morose existence, until a welcome distraction cropped up in a suggestion from his new agent, by name John Gilbert, who pointed out that the demand for the products of his grace's Worsley coal-mines would be much increased by a diminution in the cost of transport to Manchester. For hitherto the "black diamonds" had been carried to



TERN VALLEY AQUEDUCT, THE FIRST CONSTRUCTED IN IRON



(Photographed by Maclardy, Oswestry)

THE GREAT AQUEDUCT AT PONTCYSYLTE, TELFORD'S MASTERPIECE

market on pack-horses, a slow and costly means of locomotion which had the effect of doubling their original price at the pit's mouth. Gilbert, whose part in the great schemes about to be inaugurated has been rather belittled, was what we should now term an honest company-promoter, evolved from a practical, persevering, out-door man, who loved mines and underground works.

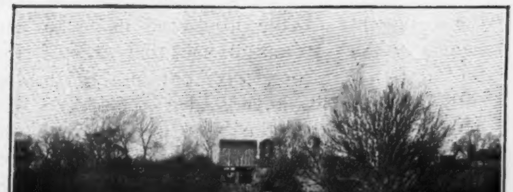
Struck by the manifest common-sense of his advice, the Duke spent many hours with his pipe thinking it over, and finally conceived the idea of constructing a private canal from Worsley to Salford, where his barges might gain access to the river Irwell, and then, after sailing down the river for some little distance, branch off into another canal, which would carry them on to Manchester; but the last part of the scheme would involve a whole series of locks. An Act of Parliament authorising this work was obtained in 1759. Neither the Duke nor Gilbert, however, had any practical knowledge of engineering, and at the suggestion of the latter, one James Brindley, who had already gained considerable renown as a mechanical engineer, was called in. The arrival of this genius, the son of a cottager and the apprentice of a wheelwright, a man who could barely read and write, and who was hired in the first place at half-a-crown a day, completed the trio. Brindley's very first step was to persuade his employer to make the canal a direct one from Worsley to Manchester, by carrying it in an aqueduct over the Irwell at Barton. The scheme was ridiculed, but Brindley's ingenuity overcame all difficulties. In 1761 the canal was opened, and from being the first in England which throughout its course was entirely independent of a natural stream, Bridgewater has been christened the "Founder of British Inland Navigation."

The Barton aqueduct was considered the "greatest artificial curiosity in the world," but at the opening ceremony Brindley was so nervous concerning his work that he ran away and hid himself in a neighbouring village. However, the success of this initial effort was so marked that the Duke immediately set about designing others, entering into so many schemes that before long financial difficulties taxed his pecuniary resources to the utmost. In fact, at one critical period Gilbert had often to ride about among the tenantry and collect £5 here and £5 there to pay the week's wages. But the Duke did not intend to be beaten. He cut down his own establishment to £400 a year, and spent his evenings economically enough, sitting in the parlour of an unpretentious public-house, smoking and talking "shop" with his steward and engineer. The result of all this dogged energy and perseverance was successful in the extreme; on his own canals the Duke expended £220,000: the revenue they ultimately brought him in was £80,000 per annum.

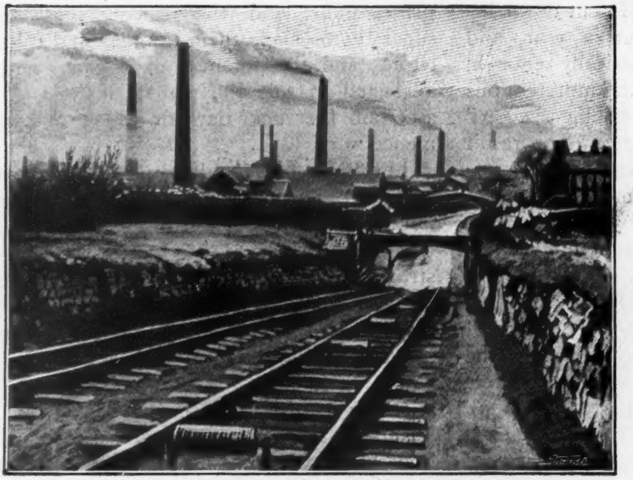
Throughout his life, despite the cares and worries, success and laudation, which followed in the train of his colossal projects, the bachelor-Duke never forgot his first and only love. From the hour he parted from the adorable Duchess he is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry, nor would he allow a woman servant to wait upon him. Of his eccentric behaviour as he grew older there are innumerable stories. He became large and unwieldy, smoked more than he talked, and was addicted to rushing out of the room every five minutes to look at the barometer. His house was destitute of garden and shrubbery; and when on rising one morning after his arrival from London he found that some flowers had been planted in his absence he rushed out and demolished them with his cane.

Again, the figure of James Brindley is in many respects a pathetic one. Owing to his lack of education this remarkable man was entirely cut off from books and other refining influences. Consequently, he talked, thought, and dreamt of nothing but his work. Even when he lay dying in 1772, his last moments were disturbed by the arrival of some canal directors who came to seek his advice concerning their leaking waterway. And here a word about Brindley's subordinates. We do not as a rule connect the ordinary navvy with anything romantic, but those employed in the construction of the early canals certainly had some claims in this respect owing to the strange vein of mysticism that permeated their ranks. Most of these labourers were of a superior class, and among them there were always "wise" or "cunning" men, bloodstoppers, herbalists, planet-rulers, and the like. Their very superstitions made them thinkers and calculators; and the foreman of a gang never neglected to rule the planets in order to ascertain the lucky days on which to commence work.

Leaving the personal characteristics of the original projectors and undertakers, let us now turn to the enterprises themselves. The majority of British canals were constructed between 1788 and 1805, and during the years 1791–4 a canal mania took place, similar to the celebrated railway speculation of half a century later. Compared with the engineering achievements of a later day, it may be thought that our early inland waterways will present us with little remarkable in the way of tunnels, cuttings, aqueducts, or locks. This, however, is an erroneous view to take. For instance, there is a widespread belief to the effect that tunnels and tunnelling generally originated



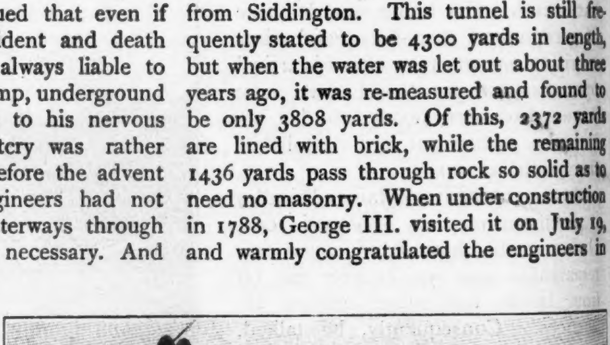
FIRST INCLINED PLANE IN ENGLAND, AT COALPORT, SALOP
NOW DERELICT



THE WOMBRIDGE INCLINED PLANE, LOOKING DOWN

with railroads, for we know that it was out of their gloomy, forbidding mysteries that the opponents of the iron road made so much capital. It was argued that even if the passenger escaped accident and death within their walls, he was always liable to catch his death from the damp, underground moisture, or suffer a shock to his nervous system. Now all this outcry was rather curious, seeing that long before the advent of railroads the canal engineers had not hesitated to carry their waterways through subterranean channels where necessary. And the bargees who daily traversed these passages had not developed any serious symptoms, nor suffered from shocks to the nervous system.

As a matter of fact, the canal tunnels constructed at this period were far more numerous and of far greater length than is generally supposed. They are usually to be found at the summit level, where the waterway passes from one river basin to another. The first to be constructed was the Harecastle, on the Trent and Mersey Canal, 2888 yards long. This tunnel, only 12 feet high and 9¼ feet wide, was commenced by Brindley in 1766, but not completed until five years after his death. It was then thought a marvellous achievement; and owing to the increase of traffic it gave rise to, proceeding to and from the rapidly growing "Potteries," had to be supplemented by another and larger one, running parallel. The latter, which was opened in 1827, is 16 feet high and 14 feet wide. The longest canal tunnel in England is the Standedge, on the Huddersfield Canal, 5451 yards long; while the second longest, and, perhaps, the most interesting, is the Sapperton, on the Thames and Severn Navigation, five and a half miles from Siddington. This tunnel is still frequently stated to be 4300 yards in length, but when the water was let out about three years ago, it was re-measured and found to be only 3808 yards. Of this, 2372 yards are lined with brick, while the remaining 1436 yards pass through rock so solid as to need no masonry. When under construction in 1788, George III. visited it on July 19, and warmly congratulated the engineers in



DRUMS ON TOP OF INCLINED PLANE

charge. The tunnel was opened for traffic in 1789, when vessels of thirty tons passed through it.

Altogether, there are twenty-five tunnels in England over a quarter of a mile in length, among them a dozen exceeding the mile. But the Standedge far surpasses all others in this respect, and it is improbable that its position will ever be challenged. On two separate occasions, however, schemes have been brought forward which, had they been persevered with, would have ousted the Standedge from its pride of place. These were, first, an extension of the Manchester, Bolton, and Bury Canal to the Calder river, a work entailing a tunnel five miles in length; second, an extension southwards of the Portsmouth and Croydon Canal, necessitating a tunnel four and a half miles long.

The explorer of these long tunnels must not expect a towing path, as, in default of mechanical propulsion by steam or endless rope, the journey is conducted either by clutching the chains hung from the sides, punting against the roof of the arch, or the Black-Country device called "legging." The latter consists in the voyagers lying flat on their backs, while they perform a kind of walking motion with their legs against the sides. Nearly all the disagreeable sensations which Dickens described in his Christmas story "The Signalman," as accompanying a walk through a railway tunnel, are magnified in that of a canal. They are damp, clammy, evil-smelling places; and the dark water lapping against the sides gives one the idea of unfathomable depth. As a matter of fact, the channel is seldom more than five feet deep, the bottom also is paved; hence an upset, though very unpleasant, should not prove dangerous. We give a photograph of a barge on the point of entering the Atcham tunnel, 970 yards long, situated about three miles south of Shrewsbury, on the canal of that name. This tunnel is remarkable from the fact that the engineer who designed it made it wide enough for a towing path, which his subordinates forgot all about until completed. Accordingly, Telford's aid was summoned, and he constructed a wooden path, three feet wide, supported on bearers from the wall; but this curious and interesting appliance has long since disappeared, chains taking its place. Another peculiar feature about this tunnel is that, when the wind is in the right quarter, an unloaded barge can be blown gently through it, without any help from the men, who have only to steer. At one time the Oxford Canal boasted of a tunnel at Newbold, which, though only 125 yards long, had the unique distinction of burrowing under a churchyard. About sixty years ago, however, the canal was diverted at this point, and a more prosaic perforation made.

A CRADLE USED ON INCLINED PLANES

Aqueducts, a frequent necessity on all canals, are constructed generally as bridges of masonry, of sufficient breadth to admit a towing path, and layers of "puddle," or water-tight earth, lining the channel, to prevent leakage. We have already referred to Brindley's Barton aqueduct, which was of this type, and to the sensation it created. But as the canal system progressed, aqueducts of far greater length than the Barton prototype became necessary; and in order to

TRACK OF THE DERELICT LEOMINSTER CANAL

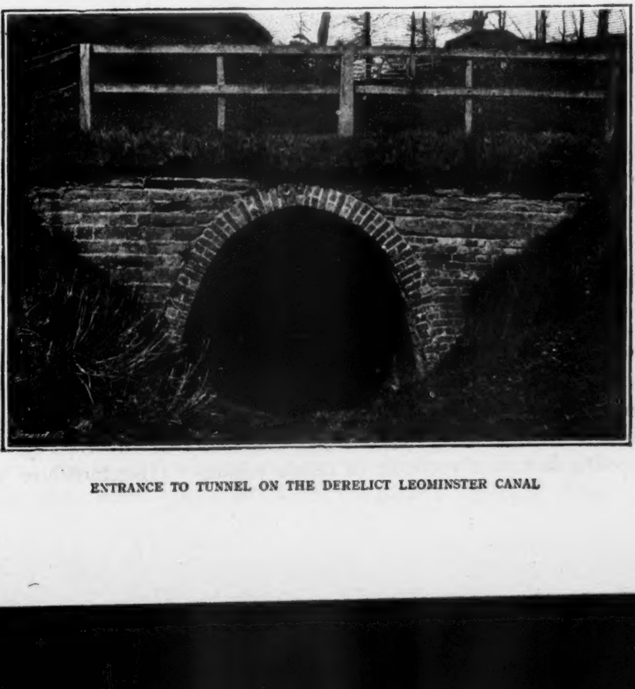
obtain sufficient strength for their superstructure, the masonry of the piers, abutments, and arches had to be of massive strength. And after all this expense and every imaginable precaution, the frost by swelling the moist puddle, frequently created fissures, which burst the masonry, and sometimes actually threw down the aqueducts themselves. This proved a crucial difficulty to the early engineers, who were at a loss to provide a substitute until Telford arrived on the scene with a scheme of his own. This celebrated engineer, the son of a North-country shepherd, conceived the idea of employing iron troughs, screwed together by flanged plates, in places where valleys of any length or height had to be spanned. As usual the scheme was ridiculed, but Telford successfully proved its worth by constructing a short aqueduct of this type on the Shrewsbury Canal over the Tern Valley at Long Mill. And from this small beginning sprang the celebrated trough aqueduct on the Ellesmere Canal at Pontcysylte, which by spanning the eastern extremity of the romantic vale of Llangollen first provided communication between England and North Wales, by a navigable waterway uniting the Severn, Dee, and Mersey. As an engineering achievement the Pontcysylte aqueduct has not been surpassed by any of a later date. It forms a most striking object, situated as it is amid the most beautiful surroundings. Some idea of the magnitude of the work is conveyed by the following figures:—Length of ironwork, 1000 feet; height above the River Dee, 127 feet; breadth of waterway, 11 feet 10 inches; depth of channel, 5 feet; length of eastern embankment forming the southern approach, 1503 feet; height of the latter, 75 feet; number of stone pillars supporting the trough, 18. The first stone was laid on July 25, 1795, and the opening ceremony took place on November 26, 1805, when a grand procession was towed through the channel. The Earl of Bridgewater's barge led the way, in which were seated the Earl and Countess, and numerous members of the nobility. In the prow stood the serjeant-major of the Salop Volunteers, in full uniform, carrying a flag on which was painted a representation of the aqueduct and valley, with the following inscription:

> Here conquer'd Nature owns Britannia's
> sway,
> While Ocean's realms her matchless deeds
> display.

Next followed barges containing Telford, the engineer of the work, members of the committee, and the band of the Shropshire Volunteers playing "God save the King." As soon as the leading barge entered the cast-iron waterway, a company of artillery fired sixteen rounds by way of a salute, in the intervals of which the procession received the repeated acclamation of 10,000 spectators. Two boats laden with coal brought up the rear, the first having a handsome flag thus inscribed: "This is the first trading boat to pass the great aqueduct of Pontcysylte, loaded from Plas-Kynaston Collieries, on the 26th November, 1805." After the procession had passed, sheep were roasted on the towing path, and with the ample addition of beef and ale, the numerous workmen were regaled to a monster spread.

Locks do not call for any detailed remark save that to us, at the present day, it may appear strange that an invention so simple in itself as a canal lock should have escaped the acuteness of the irrigators of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The ordinary pound lock came to us from Holland, where it is said to have been known as far back as the thirteenth century. But where water is scarce and the lift large, barges are conveyed on an incline, from one reach to another, in a special carriage, termed a "cradle," running on rails, and controlled by a cable. Such appliances have been rather loosely christened "inclined planes." The first appears to have been adopted on the Ketley Canal near Coalport, in 1788, for surmounting a height of 207 feet. A photograph of this plane shows how steep is the gradient, and it is a matter for regret that this interesting old relic should now have been derelict for five years. Others were soon afterwards established on the adjoining Shropshire Canal, one of which, at Wombridge, is the longest in the country, though it has but a rise of 75 feet. As may be seen from the photograph of a cradle, such trucks possess, in addition to the ordinary four wheels, which rest on the metals, a pair of smaller ones outside the under-framing. The latter, as the cradle enters the water, grip on to an extra pair of rails, laid at the sharper angle of descent at this point to the bed of the canal, and assist in keeping the submerged apparatus steady while the barge to be lowered or raised is floated into position. The cars, of course, are counterbalanced, one going up and one descending at the same time. On all inclined planes very strict rules are in force to prevent bargees and others riding on the cradles when in motion. It not infrequently happens that the rope breaks, and then both cars rush down the incline and "shoot the chute" with a vengeance. Only a few weeks before the writer took the accompanying photographs an accident of this kind had occurred at this identical spot. Down flew the cars, gaining momentum at every inch, until at the foot of the plane they were travelling at fully sixty miles an hour. A tremendous crash, a shower of spray as high as the factory chimneys, a great wave that surged for a distance of two miles down the canal before it spent itself in ripples, the barges shattered to fragments, and the bed of the canal blocked up with several tons of coal—such were the results.

Although the actual number of derelict or abandoned canals throughout the country is not so great as might be supposed, yet nearly every year sees at least one more added to this category. Many of these aban-



ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL ON THE DERELICT LEOMINSTER CANAL

TRACK OF THE DERELICT LEOMINSTER CANAL

obtain sufficient strength for their superstructure, the masonry of the piers, abutments, and arches had to be of massive strength. And after all this expense and every imaginable precaution, the frost by swelling the moist puddle, frequently created fissures, which burst the masonry, and sometimes actually threw down the aqueducts themselves. This proved a crucial difficulty to the early engineers, who were at a loss to provide a substitute until Telford arrived on the scene with a scheme of his own. This celebrated engineer, the son of a North-country shepherd, conceived the idea of employing iron troughs, screwed together by flanged plates, in places where valleys of any length or height had to be spanned. As usual the scheme was ridiculed, but Telford successfully proved its worth by constructing a short aqueduct of this type on the Shrewsbury Canal over the Tern Valley at Long Mill. And from this small beginning sprang the celebrated trough aqueduct on the Ellesmere Canal at Pontcysylte, which by spanning the eastern extremity of the romantic vale of Llangollen first provided communication between England and North Wales, by a navigable waterway uniting the Severn, Dee, and Mersey. As an engineering achievement the Pontcysylte aqueduct has not been surpassed by any of a later date. It forms a most striking object, situated as it is amid the most beautiful surroundings. Some idea of the magnitude of the work is conveyed by the following figures:—Length of ironwork, 1000 feet; height above the River Dee, 127 feet; breadth of waterway, 11 feet 10 inches; depth of channel, 5 feet; length of eastern embankment forming the southern approach, 1503 feet; height of the latter, 75 feet; number of stone pillars supporting the trough, 18. The first stone was laid on July 25, 1795, and the opening ceremony took place on November 26, 1805, when a grand procession was towed through the channel. The Earl of Bridgewater's barge led the way, in which were seated the Earl and Countess, and numerous members of the nobility. In the prow stood the serjeant-major of the Salop Volunteers, in full uniform, carrying a flag on which was painted a representation of the aqueduct and valley, with the following inscription:

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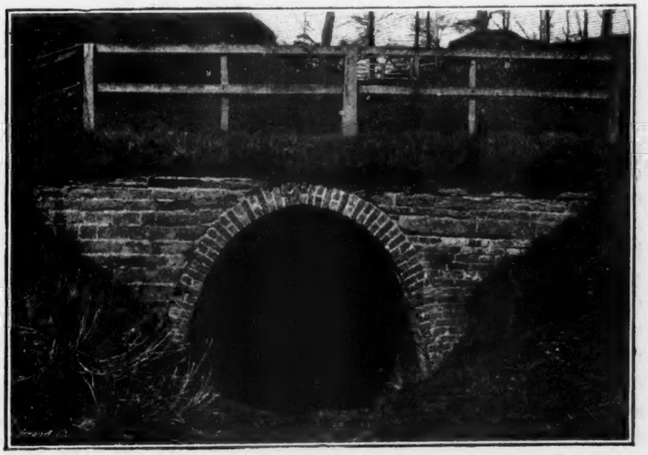
> While Ocean's realms her matchless deeds
> display.

Next followed barges containing Telford, the engineer of the work, members of the committee, and the band of the Shropshire Volunteers playing "God save the King." As soon as the leading barge entered the cast-iron waterway, a company of artillery fired sixteen rounds by way of a salute, in the intervals of which the procession received the repeated acclamation of 10,000 spectators. Two boats laden with coal brought up the rear, the first having a handsome flag thus inscribed: "This is the first trading boat to pass the great aqueduct of Pontcysylte, loaded from Plas-Kynaston Collieries, on the 26th November, 1805." After the procession had passed, sheep were roasted on the towing path, and with the ample addition of beef and ale, the numerous workmen were regaled to a monster spread.

Locks do not call for any detailed remark save that to us, at the present day, it may appear strange that an invention so simple in itself as a canal lock should have escaped the acuteness of the irrigators of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The ordinary pound lock came to us from Holland, where it is said to have been known as far back as the thirteenth century. But where water is scarce and the lift large, barges are conveyed on an incline, from one reach to another, in a special carriage, termed a "cradle," running on rails, and controlled by a cable. Such appliances have been rather loosely christened "inclined planes." The first appears to have been adopted on the Ketley Canal near Coalport, in 1788, for surmounting a height of 207 feet. A photograph of this plane shows how steep is the gradient, and it is a matter for regret that this interesting old relic should now have been derelict for five years. Others were soon afterwards established on the adjoining Shropshire Canal, one of which, at Wombridge, is the longest in the country, though it has but a rise of 75 feet. As may be seen from the photograph of a cradle, such trucks possess, in addition to the ordinary four wheels, which rest on the metals, a pair of smaller ones outside the under-framing. The latter, as the cradle enters the water, grip on to an extra pair of rails, laid at the sharper angle of descent at this point to the bed of the canal, and assist in keeping the submerged apparatus steady while the barge to be lowered or raised is floated into position. The cars, of course, are counterbalanced, one going up and one descending at the same time. On all inclined planes very strict rules are in force to prevent bargees and others riding on the cradles when in motion. It not infrequently happens that the rope breaks, and then both cars rush down the incline and "shoot the chute" with a vengeance. Only a few weeks before the writer took the accompanying photographs an accident of this kind had occurred at this identical spot. Down flew the cars, gaining momentum at every inch, until at the foot of the plane they were travelling at fully sixty miles an hour. A tremendous crash, a shower of spray as high as the factory chimneys, a great wave that surged for a distance of two miles down the canal before it spent itself in ripples, the barges shattered to fragments, and the bed of the canal blocked up with several tons of coal—such were the results.

Although the actual number of derelict or abandoned canals throughout the country is not so great as might be supposed, yet nearly every year sees at least one more added to this category. Many of these aban-



ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL ON THE DERELICT LEOMINSTER CANAL

STONE AQUEDUCT OVER THE TEME

doned waterways, with their weedy broads, overhanging trees, tumble-down bridges, and dilapidated tow-paths, are exceedingly picturesque. The old Wey and Arun Canal, starting from Guildford, and connecting the two rivers contained in its name, is hardly to be rivalled for beauty of scenery by any river. This derelict canal is already attracting the attention of the owners of small yachts by reason of such much-sought-after advantages, also from the fact that it provides a navigable communication between the Solent and the Thames. The Grand Military Canal, running close to the sea-shore from Hythe to Winchelsea, is famous for the exquisite reflections mirrored on its placid waters, and its banks are frequented by landscape painters on this account. The canal itself has a curious history, since it was constructed at the time of the Napoleonic invasion scare, to form a moat, as part of the scheme of defence then designed to protect a peculiarly vulnerable portion of the coast-line, where it was thought a landing might be attempted. Few canals afford more specimens of deep cuttings, aqueducts, and short tunnels than does the Kennet and Avon, the navigation forming the connecting link in the circuit of canals joining together the Trent, the Mersey, the Severn, and the Thames. But even this important waterway would appear to have fallen on evil days—at any rate, in many places the towing path has practically ceased to exist.

Our great artist Turner was quick to realise the picturesque aspects of a canal, in proof of which see his canvas in the National Gallery, entitled "On the Chichester Canal." This short but broad stretch of water, communicating with the sea, is a branch of the Portsmouth and Arundel Navigation, now derelict. What with the canal and the river Lavant, Chichester's tidal waterway, the Sussex cathedral town is almost surrounded by water.

We have not the space, however, to go through a detailed list of all the derelict or partially derelict canals in the kingdom, so we will pass on to take an isolated instance of what is even a still more striking spectacle —viz., that of a canal from which the water has been let out, and where its skeleton, so to speak, alone is left. The remains of the Great Kington, Leominster, and Stourport Canal is one of these. Wound up as a commercial failure as long ago as 1847, it involved the best part of two counties (Herefordshire and Worcestershire) in its financial smash. Its course is interesting if puzzling to trace. In places the track, or bed, is as well defined as in the accompanying photograph; then it disappears for a few miles, to crop up in the middle of a field, by the side of a new road, or anywhere where one would least expect to find it. Two enormously long tunnels, situated close together, four and three miles long respectively, were projected at Pensax and Sousnet. The estimate for their construction was set at a guinea per inch. The Pensax, we believe, was actually commenced, but funds gave out. There are, however, several picturesque aqueducts and short tunnels on its completed length between Leominster and the borders of the Wyre Forest. We give a photograph of a fine stone aqueduct, crumbling to decay, which spans the river Teme near Wofferton; also one of a tunnel a few hundred yards long which crops up unexpectedly in a meadow close to Newnham Bridge station. Situated in a sparsely inhabited but extremely picturesque part of England, the relics of this undertaking—for which a great future was once anticipated—possess a mournful atmosphere of romance impossible to convey in words. Mention of its existence may come as a fitting close to this article.

A suggestion as to the use to which many derelict canals might now be put may here find a place. Pleasure boating, as we all know, has grown enormously popular, and has been accompanied by a similar increase in the number of small racing craft, steam, oil, and electric launches. The Thames for some years has been terribly overcrowded, and with such numbers to utilise the canal communication lying idle, it appears likely that even with low tolls the enterprise of reopening many of these abandoned waterways would be of a highly remunerative character. Such a practical yachtsman as the late Sir George Baden-Powell was very much in favour of the idea. Certainly to those fortunate enough to possess launches of shallow draught and reasonable tonnage we can heartily recommend the exploration of derelict canals as one offering many fascinations.

SWEET LAVENDER

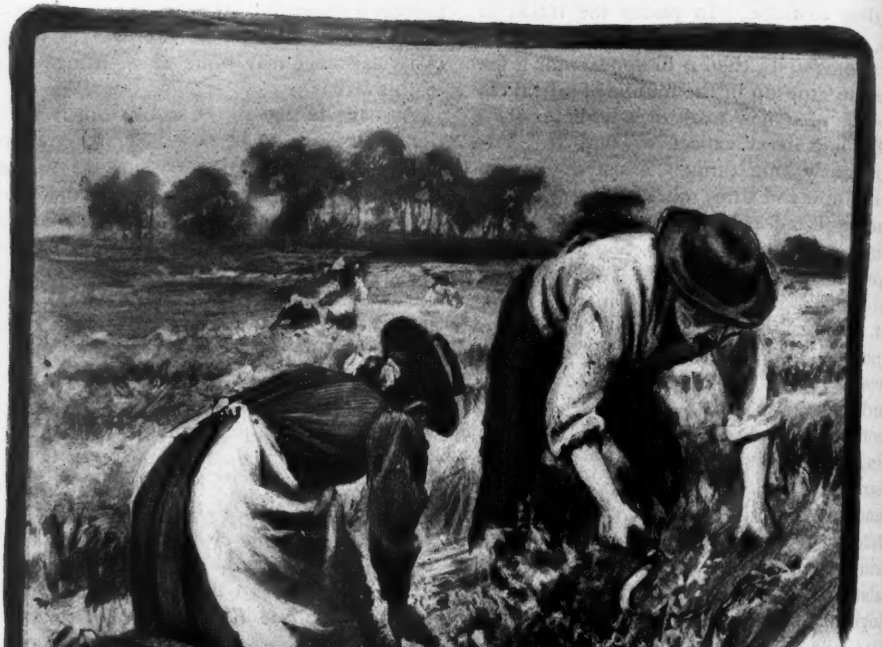
By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

THE British climate is notoriously a collection of odds and ends which no country would tolerate—if it could help it! And the British agriculturist has long been in a bad way. But in one thing we hold our own, and that is the growing of lavender. The oil distilled from the English flowers fetches in the open market ten or twelve times as much as that imported from the Continent and elsewhere.

This overwhelming superiority is variously accounted for: some allege that the imported oil is made from stalks as well as flowers—a fatal error—others that it comes of the difference in the variety of lavender. Ours is the *Lavandula vera*. The chemists have failed to show where the difference lies. On analysis the finest English oil and the worst of the foreign give practically the same results. But anyhow there is a difference; something to be thankful for with English wheat still on the downward path and Kent hops in the same way.

Half a century ago there was a great lavender area a stone's throw from London. Lavender fields stretched from Croydon to Battersea; and the Londoner sported holiday attire for the August pleasure fair on Mitcham Green, and wandered into the fields to see the harvest. The names of Lavender Hill and Lavender Sweep remain to tell the tale. There was a lavender farm close to the Crystal Palace not so long ago. In 1870, going by rail from West Croydon to Sutton, lavender fields could be seen as far as the eye could reach. The blue of the sky seemed to have come down to earth; the perfume crossed the path of the train. There



CUTTING LAVENDER

were not less than five hundred acres under cultivation in the district. Now you can walk from Mitcham Junction to Croydon, on through Beddington and Wallington to Carshalton and back to Mitcham, without seeing a single spike, unless in a cottager's garden. Fields there are still in the neighbourhood, and at least one prosperous distillery, but the industry is none the less a dying one. Hitchin is now the centre of lavender culture.

Lavender comes of an odorous race; it is one of the Labiatæ or lip flowers, which include mint, thyme, rosemary, balm, sage, and marjoram. But though grown to such perfection in this country, it is not indigenous. Those excellent people the Huguenots, when they settled in the valley of the Wandle in 1568, are said to have brought it from its home on the hills of Naples. It is a native of Persia, too, of the Canaries, the Barbary States, and the greater part of the south of Europe—that of Mont Blanc is said to be the finest. For it affects altitudes, and has been found in North Africa growing in dry stony soil five thousand feet above sea level. However, there are at least twenty different varieties. There is the specious "sea lavender" which grows on the salt marshes and has no scent, and the "cotton lavender" with yellow spikes instead of blue. From the *lavandula spica*, grown on the Continent, oil of spike is made, now chiefly used in the preparation of pigments in porcelain painting. Some of the rarer members of the tribe, with divided leaves, have a place in the greenhouses.

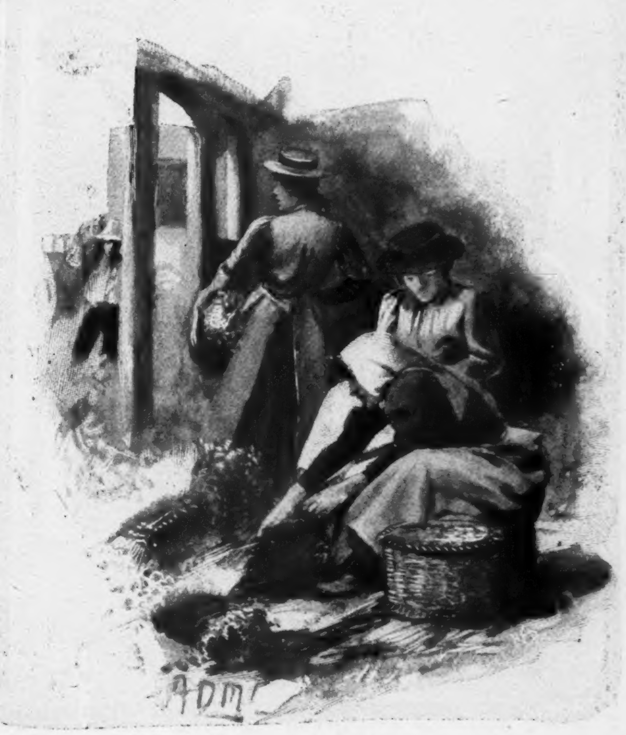
But the English lavender is a hardy plant which would disdain so luxurious a setting. It delights in loamy land, with a chalky subsoil, well open to the sun and air. There is warrant for saying that it will grow on ground which would not support any other crop of value.

Planting goes on in September or October. When in the spring the lavender shows signs of flower it is ruthlessly clipped. This is done sometimes twice or three times, for it is essential to strength that no flowers should be formed the first season. When a year old they are planted out in rows with breathing spaces of three feet between. If oil is scarce and dear, they are allowed to flower the second year, but it is better to clip them again and wait till they have reached their prime in the third year. They are at their best till the fifth; in the seventh or eighth they have served their time, are rooted up and become brands for the burning.

The harvest falls about the end of July or the beginning of August. A dry warm season with gentle showers between suits lavender best. If garnered in showery weather the yield of oil is greater, whilst continued drought taints it with a rank odour. The flowers must be fully expanded when gathered. They are cut from the plants with short reaping hooks, tied in bundles, taken from the field, and then stripped from the stalks. As the pans fill with the odorous blossoms they are transferred to the still. From a half to a ton of them fills the still; from twenty to thirty women will be working hard for six or seven hours to make up the quantity. The oil is contained in glands on the calyx, corolla, and leaves, and to a smaller extent in the branches of the flower stalks.

Women work in the fields too, following the men who reap, and tying up the harvest in mats. This protects it from the sun, which would otherwise "heat" the lavender and injure the oil. In a good year a ton will give up as much as twenty-one pounds of oil, at other times no more than fifteen or sixteen, and in bad seasons the yield may fall as low as ten. The distillation starts at four or five in the morning and lasts till ten at night; continuing from about the first week in August till the end of October.

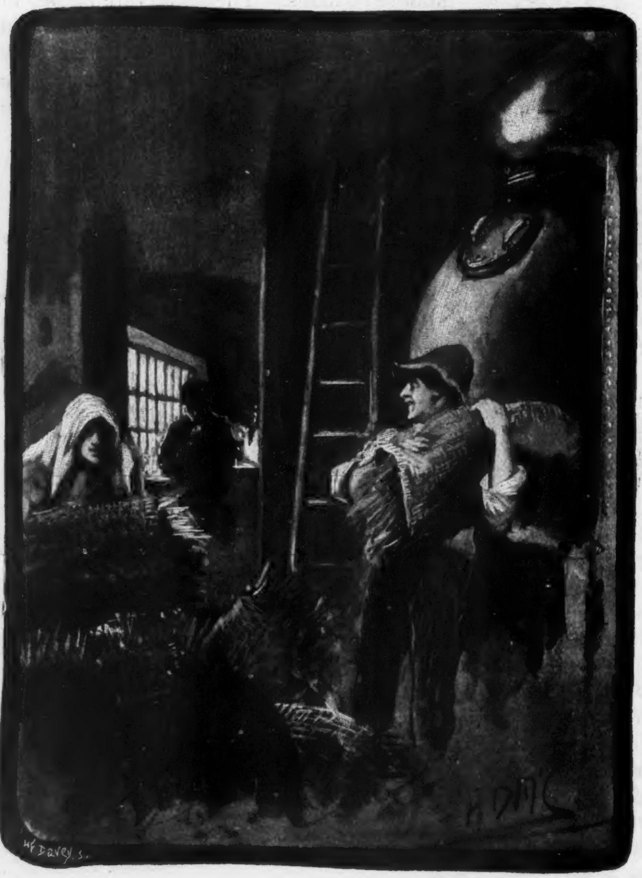
Each operation takes about two-and-a-half hours, the largest quantity of oil coming over during the first hour and a half. A considerable part of the time is taken up in filling and emptying the still. This is of copper, with a fluid capacity of about two hundred gallons. The flowers are packed in tightly by treading—work to get accustomed to, for the boys employed are often severely stung by the bees concealed within the bunches. After a few days, however, the



STRIPPING THE STALKS

stings cause little or no pain. Hundreds of these bees, drunk with sweets, refuse to be dislodged either by the reapers or the trimmers, and find their way into the still, there to realise too late that enough is better than a feast. For the still is filled with boiling water and sudden death environs them round about. The head of the still is put on, and luted with clay. It resembles nothing so much as an enormous tobacco pipe, bowl downwards. The furnace is lighted, and the oil passes off carried on the wings of the steam, which condenses again in the cool of the receiver, the oil floating on the top. On the removal of the water with a syphon the oil remains behind. The head of the still is taken off and the sodden mass of flowers taken out with long forks. They go back to the land to fertilise the next crop.

Bottling the oil for a twelvemonth mellows it, takes away the harshness, and turns it from a light brown to a pale gold. Up to three years it improves, but deteriorates if kept longer. The subtle individuality of the lavender lies hidden in the oil. This must be diluted with from twenty to forty times its bulk of spirit before it is revealed. The oil is a quite impossible perfume, though the generation which four or five decades ago reeked with bergamot and patchouli might have borne it. Sometimes lavender water is a bouquet of scents of which the lavender is the key note. Commonly it is mixed with rose water as well as spirit. Piesse in his "Art of Perfumery" says: "English oil of lavender, four ounces; spirits of wine, three quarts; rose water, a pint." The filter does the rest.



IN THE STILL-ROOM

For the uses to which the foreign oil is put the English would be far too costly. Its mission is to scent my lady's gloves and kerchief and to preserve the blush-rose of her cheeks.

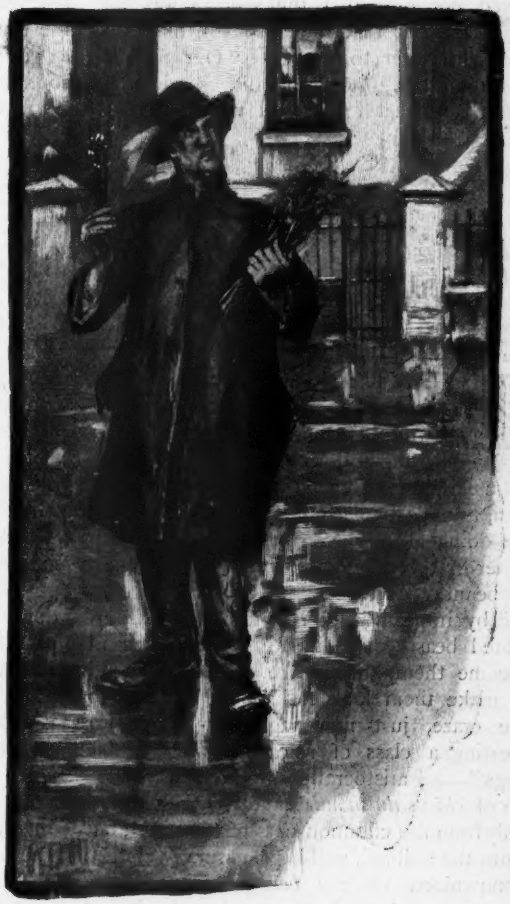
In each bright drop
there is a spell;
'Tis from the soil we
love so well,
From English gardens won.

It is of approved virtue in the bath. That is why the Romans called it *lavandula*. Our modern beauties do it ample honour.

There is a famous firm who tell with pride of a single order from one customer for thirty quarts of lavender water for the bath. The foreign oil is used in the manufacture of cheap soaps and in pomades and hair washes. It is true that cheap lavender water is made of it, but not for persons of taste. For the best French oil can be bought for eighteen shillings the pound, whilst English costs sixty, eighty, ninety, and sometimes a hundred shillings. In the black year of 1881, one hundred and sixty shillings were paid.

In Worcestershire the cottagers eke out their earnings by selling lavender water made from the produce of their gardens. They gather the flowers, and send them mixed with rosemary, red roses, musk and thyme to the nearest town to be converted into the sovereign water.

"Old Izaak" took friend Venator to an alehouse where there was a cleanly room with lavender at the windows. Venator was well content—for "the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so." The excellent practice of laying up linen in lavender is happily still popular. The cutting of the bunches to be sold for this purpose takes place early in the season and lasts a month. The quiet squares of the West and West Central districts of London are much affected by the lavender seller. "Who'll buy my lavender, fresh lavender, sweet blooming lavender—who'll buy?" A cheerful pleasant refrain; but in fact he drones it out in a melancholy way.



"WHO'LL BUY MY LAVENDER?"

There are lavender sachets and lavender "faggots" besides. The flowers for sachets are ground and mixed with a proportion of the fragrant gum of benzoin. The faggots are cut when the flowers are fully expanded, and the spikes are slowly dried before tying. These, like the bunches, are designed for the linen press.

Hitchin has grown lavender for more than three centuries. The largest farm lies on the west side of the town hard by the house where George Chapman lived, the translator of Homer, the friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Will himself may have walked and talked in the fields azure. "Here's flowers for you," says he, "hot lavender, mint, savoury marjoram." Spenser speaks of "the wholesome sage and lavender still grey." The Abbess Hildegard, who lived near Bingen on the Rhine, mentions it in the remote twelfth century. The "palsy drops" of the old herbalists were a lavender essence, which still has a place in the pharmacopœia, as a stimulant for wearied nerves. You would not think that in Araby the Blest they had "coughs and spasms." It seems they do, and lavender is the remedy.

Alarmist reports were on foot a year or two ago that lavender culture was dying. The daily newspapers were hard put to it for something scaring. The experts and authorities promptly crushed them and proved not only that the average was not decreasing, but that the output in that year had been larger than ever. "Our Special Correspondent," however, did service in pointing out that foreign oil was sometimes sold as English. In a census of scents a few years ago lavender water came out at the top, with an immense majority. Many a perfume besides, perhaps with a high-sounding name, owes the chief part of its charm to Sweet Lavender.

ON DOGS THAT GO INTO SOCIETY

By JOHN J. WALLER

"EVERYTHING is perfect that comes from the hand of the Creator," wrote Jean Jacques Rousseau, cynic and sceptic though he was; but a certain class of his *fin-de-siècle* countrymen, and particularly of his countrywomen, are doing all they can to belie the famous writer by the peculiar efforts they are making to beautify and bedeck God's handiwork, and by imposing upon certain of the four-footed beasts quasi-human habits which ill become them, and, in the end, simply tend to make them look ridiculous. I refer to the craze, just now raging in Paris, for creating a class of so-called "fashionable dogs"—an aristocratic canine society made up of *chiens du monde* as distinguished, not only from the common curs of the street, but from the well-fed, well-kept, naturally clothed companions of the *bourgeoisie* and professional and business people. It is not enough to possess an animal of pure breed and faultless manners; he must be of blue-blooded canine stock, perfumed and pampered with luxuries and dressed *à la dernière mode de Paris* in costumes to suit the weather, the particular season of the year, and even in accordance with the etiquette of certain social functions which he may be called upon to attend. To meet the requirements of this new state of society which has arisen in the fashionable world of dogs the "Canine Costumier"—or in plain English the Dogs' Tailor and Dressmaker—has become an absolute necessity, and one of the leading ladies of the "movement" assures me that very shortly these aristocratic pets are also to have their Directory—giving their names and addresses, their pedigrees, distinguishing qualities and reception days!

Any English visitor to Paris wishing to convince himself of the absolute correctness of these statements and to verify the details which follow has but to step into the Galerie d'Orleans at the Palais Royal. There he will find displayed in two windows of the "Tailleurs pour chiens" an extraordinary collection of ornaments and costumes which go to form the outfit of the up-to-date society dog of "la Ville lumière"! For some years past the ancient glories of the magnificent Palais Royal have been gradually passing away. In the earlier days of the Republic it was the home of almost all the fashionable jewellers of Paris, the arcades literally blazed with diamonds and precious gems, and the person in search of a handsome present invariably turned his steps that way. Now the place is dreary and deserted, almost all the jewellers have moved to the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix, a few dealers in mock diamonds remain, and the most striking feature of the once famous Galerie d'Orleans is the tailor for dogs! *Sic transit gloria mundi*, and the indulgence of fads and fancies takes the place of deeds of charity and chivalry in these days when gold is a god and the love of luxury a prevailing passion.

Probably no city in the world possesses so many dogs as Paris. Walk the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne in a morning and you will find such a crowd of canine pets as you could meet nowhere else. Every lady who pretends to any position at all owns one or more, and upon them she spends as much money as would keep a family of poor people. Philanthropists and moral philosophers complain that toy dogs are taking up attentions which should be bestowed upon children, and those who have the future of the country at heart sigh at the spectacle and tremble when they think of the decreasing population. It is useless to preach to these people. They simply reply that they might do worse things with their wealth and that they ought to be rather complimented than otherwise for putting so much money into circulation.

Leaving these social and economic considerations aside, let me detail for you some of the features of this extraordinary craze for dressing-up society dogs. A few years ago the classic wrap in blue or brown cloth, hemmed and braided and bearing the arms or the initials of the owner, was regarded as a piece of extravagance, but this is looked upon as a very commonplace covering in aristocratic canine society to day. Now, in the shops of the Galerie d'Orleans, you will find complete trousseaux for dogs of all sizes and all classes—*toilettes de reception*, mantles for cold days and waterproofs for rainy days; dust-coats for excursions, plaids for railway journeys, and grey linen suits for the seaside. And the imagination of these people who are so anxious to make the life of dear little doggie a really happy one does not stop here. This year they have gone one step further in rendering the sublime handiwork of the Creator ridiculous by providing their pets with sets of fine linen. No society dog which really respects itself would think of possessing less than a dozen undergarments of lawn if it be in good health or of silk or surah if it should be subject to colds or nervous complaints! Then if the "poor darling" should be troubled with watery eyes, a dozen embroidered cambric handkerchiefs become an absolute necessity. And this is not all. His delicate little feet must be kept dry by boots, made to measure, of leather or india-rubber to suit his particular temperament.

But, says my reader, surely these are exaggerated cases and such foolishness cannot have taken any great extension. I made particular inquiries upon this point and found that the dogs' tailors in Paris can now count upon something like 5000 or 6000 regular customers from whom they receive orders for "garments" of one sort or another several times a year. One of the tailors took me into his confidence so far as to say: "For the most part our clients belong to the higher classes of society—people who can afford to pay high prices and who pay ready cash. The business is, therefore, a very profitable one, because the materials used do not cost very much and we sell them at a large profit. For instance, I recently had a very remunerative order from the daughter of a diplomat in Paris. She was about to be married, and I made a set of gala-clothes for her dogs to match the liveries of the lackeys in her father's household. As the bride entered the residence after the ceremony, her three dogs were awaiting her at the top of the grand staircase dressed in these costumes with bouquets of orange blossoms attached to their collars and held in a silken leash by one of the footmen. The effect was marvellous! Then again the daughter of a rich banker, recently married, had another idea. I made, to measure, for each of her dogs—she had half a dozen—regular bridesmaids' costumes of white faille embroidered with lace and garlanded with orange-blossoms, whilst on their feet they wore small slippers of white satin, also specially made to measure!"

These details naturally excited one's curiosity to the utmost and I was led to ask for a complete description of the "trousseau" of a really select society dog. First of all, I was informed, the collar has been changed from a mere steel or leather circle of servitude into a purely decorative article. That most in vogue just now is in the shape of a man's collar made of white celluloid with a bow in red celluloid fixed in front, whilst a little silver or gold Swiss bell is attached to take the place of a pin. Then on the left "ankle," in the case of a really fashionable lady-dog, a gold bracelet, ornamented with coloured stones (in some cases real emeralds and rubies are used) must be worn. This also may have a gold or a silver bell attached to it.

Now comes the trousseau proper. This is composed of undergarments for night and day in lawn or silk for summer and fine flannel for winter. Then there are the pocket-handkerchiefs, in linen embroidered with lace, which are placed in a pocket on the left side of the over-mantle and bearing the arms or the initials of the owner. The boots and shoes are of various patterns and materials—kid, calf-skin, patent leather or india-rubber. The latter find most favour, and they are laced or buttoned *au choix*. Bow-wow has his boots put on when he goes out, and they are taken off for him at the door as he comes in, so that he does not dirty the carpets or the staircase after his promenade in the Bois.

As to costumes your well-bred lady of the canine aristocracy is furnished with a morning gown for the house made of muslin or surah for the hot summer months and of flannel for the winter. The *costume de ville* is made of all sorts of materials to suit the weather and the occasion, and just now it is adorned with a fashionable collet and Medicis collar. The robe may be trimmed in colours to match those of the dress of the dog's mistress. Then we have the seaside costume made of white piqué or of other light stuffs, and completed with a small sailor's hat to shield the delicate eyes of "*tou-tou*" from the glare of the sun. One fanciful Parisienne has determined to complete the costume during her visit to Trouville this summer by having a small parasol made of red silk which will be held upright in a ferrule fixed in position upon the dog's back. This will also serve as an *en-tout-cas* in case of showery weather, to keep the glossy hair of the "precious beauty" dry.

Could the ingenuity of woman with nothing better to occupy herself find anything more to ameliorate the condition of the canine race? Scarcely, you say. But we have not yet quite completed our survey of the creature comforts of the Parisian society dog. Let us not forget the toilet requisites, for these include quite a collection of combs, fine and coarse, of brushes, of fancy soaps, and of perfume bottles. Then there is doggie's cot, upon the arrangement of which just as much care and luxury are bestowed. The most favoured form at this moment is the Chinese pavilion upholstered in silk and covered in its exterior with white skin. Little windows are fixed in the walls for the double purpose of affording amusement for the spoiled inhabitant as well as giving him the fresh air necessary for his well-being. The price of these luxurious little habitations for the "mashers" of modern dog society ranges from six to twenty pounds. As to the complete trousseau—upon what the tailor called a "modest scale"—the following figures were quoted:

	£	s.	d.
Collar with imitation stones	0	10	6
Bracelet " "	0	7	6
Half-dozen undergarments	2	10	0
Half-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs	0	5	0
Two double pairs of boots (four feet)	1	0	0
One morning costume	0	12	6
One walking "	1	10	0
One travelling "	1	0	0
One seaside "	1	0	0
One costume de ceremonie	2	10	0
One winter coat with fur collar	1	12	6
	£12	18	0

Add to this seven or eight pounds for a cot and you have at once a bill of twenty pounds. And this the tailor assured me was a very ordinary sum to spend upon a dog's outfit in Paris. Many ladies will pay as much as this for the collar and bracelet alone, ordering gold to be used and inlaying it with real stones. These luxuries in the way of jewellery have naturally greatly increased the number of dog-stealers who now and then make a splendid "haul" when they take a guardian unawares and run off with a fashionably-dressed society pet. One's sympathies in this case are almost irresistibly on the side of the thief.

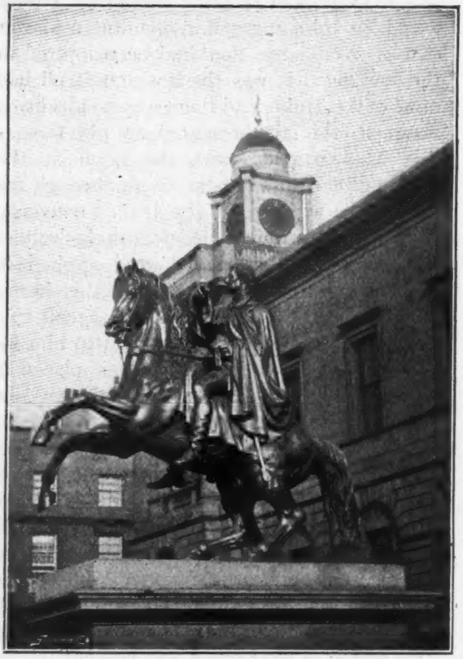
REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE SIR JOHN STEELL, R.S.A., SCULPTOR TO HER MAJESTY

SIR JOHN STEELL'S studio, No. 9 Randolph Place, Edinburgh, lay exactly half way between our house and our school, and as he was an old family friend he sent a message one day to let us know that we might call and see him at work any time we happened to be passing. The consequence of this injudicious invitation was, that we visited him in No. 9 about four times a week, preferring greatly, as may be supposed, to remain and listen to his endless stories than to return and learn our own tiresome lessons.

What a place of fearful pleasure must a studio ever be to children, with its dead models so lifelike in their action, and living models so deathlike in their repose! How the uncertain light of the winter afternoon falls feebly to reveal but half the horrors in this hall of the frozen dead, rendering us as breathless as the marble around, while nothing breaks the stillness but the throb of our own hearts! Although the light is almost gone, and we have safely passed the dead man's head, yet this one face, twisted, pale, deformed, is more distinctly seen when behind, and no darkness makes it invisible. We remember hearing that something had gone wrong with the plaster during the operation of casting, and the thought of the mould being wrenched by force off the dead man's face sends us forward in terror-stricken haste, while muscular hands sometimes wanting a finger stretch themselves out to catch us as we hurry past. We have reached the centre of the hall, and the way is almost choked up by the miscellaneous crowd of silent white figures that seem to press forward in wild disorder to block the way. An inverted body with only one leg offers but a slender protection against the hungry skeleton grinning in ghastly affability, and quite unruffled by the noiseless wind that blows Alexander's heavy drapery into such chilly disorder, and excites Bucephalus till he rears threateningly above our heads, poised ever ready to drop and crush us to the ground among the mutilated human remains that lie heaped up in every corner, covered thick with the dust and decay of years. What a blessed relief it is to gain Sir John's cheery room, where he stands hard at work under a blazing jet of gas, to climb with each other's help on to his high stool, and accept from him the dab of clay that he doubtless gives in the hope of keeping us quiet! He was an old man even when we first saw him, and, like all old people, his interests seemed to cling more tenaciously, with every advancing year, round those he had loved in olden times, or, to put it in his own words, he liked to dwell on the days of his struggling youth, when he would have bartered all his possessions for a piece of putty.

The evening of this first visit to his studio found Sir John engaged in mending a plaster cast of Wellington that had been injured in the packing. It was the last one Steell had done of the Duke, and there was no idealising about it, for it represented an old face as thin as a hatchet, with the bone at the bridge of the nose almost visible through the skin. We wondered if the Duke's conversation when being modelled was exclusively of the people he had killed, and applied to Steell for information regarding this hero's feelings on the day of a battle. Steell told us that when Wellington first sat to him for his statue (the one on horseback placed in front of the Register-house, Edinburgh), he had done everything in his power to lead the Duke to talk of warlike things, and thus if possible to call forth characteristic expression for the artist to seize. All his efforts, however, were in vain, for Wellington seemed, from the total lack of interest in his face, never to have heard of either Waterloo or Talavera. At last Steell lost patience somewhat and said, "As I am going to make this statue of your grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say—the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields cheering on your men to deeds of valour by word and action?" "Bah!" said the Duke in evident scorn; "if you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach with a telescope in my hand." This recumbent position, however, in no way suited Steell's plans, and he told the Duke he must submit to be modelled as he ought to have been seen on the morning of such a day.

From the moment it was settled that the statue was to be an equestrian one, Sir John turned his attention to the examination of his friends' studs, in order to select a horse worthy of descending to posterity as the bearer of such a hero. After much discussion, he finally chose a beautiful white arab called "Hamdauneh," a gift from the Shah of Persia to Sir John McNeill of Colonsay when he was our ambassador in the Court of that potentate. Hamdauneh, though perfectly quiet when ridden, greatly objected to the long hours that he was kept standing while Steell modelled him, and the groom in attendance was often driven to his wits' end to know how to keep the high-spirited



(J. G. Tunny, photographer, Edinburgh)

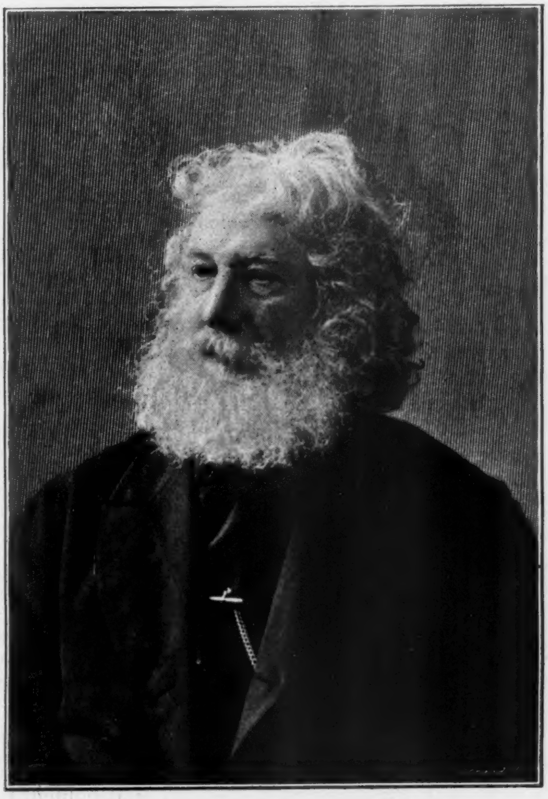
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON MOUNTED ON "HAMDAUNEH"

animal quiet enough for the desired likeness to be taken. He has frequently been heard to say, so long as thirty years after his trials with Hamdauneh, that he had far more work over the "Dook's precious statue than ever Steell had had, for it was easy enough to make clay stand like a living horse, but to make a living horse stand like clay was another matter!" Hamdauneh died long ago on lonely Colonsay, but we are very familiar with his spotless white coat and large dark eyes, for a full-length portrait of him hangs at this moment above the writer's head. Hamdauneh's master, Sir John McNeill, lived at this time in Granton House, and he introduced one of his guests, Miss Florence Nightingale, to Steell in the hope that she would agree to sit to him for her bust. This rather tedious operation was successfully accomplished during her visit to the McNeills, and Steell had the satisfaction of reproducing on marble that wonderful combination of power and gentleness which are the distinguishing features both of her character and face. It would be impossible to imagine so diffident and retiring a man as this great sculptor, but his eyes used to glow with the pride of success when he spoke of what he called the one great compliment of his life. It happened that, some time after the completion of Miss Nightingale's bust, a Highland regiment distinguished by its recent sufferings in the Crimean campaign came to Edinburgh Castle, and one of the officers, hearing that Miss Nightingale's bust was still in Steell's studio, asked if he might bring down a detachment of his men to see it. Sir John gave a willing consent, and next day a squad of soldiers marched into his big hall and were drawn up in line, no one knowing for what reason they had been mustered in so strange a place. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the ranks were broken, the rear men came bursting to the front, and all order was abandoned, as with cries of "Miss Nightingale, Miss Nightingale!" her former patients surrounded the bust and cheered till the very roof rang again.

Granton House in those days must have been, from Steell's account, a good centre for celebrities, but none that he met there interested him more or amused him so much as "Christopher North." Professor Wilson and Sir John McNeill were brothers-in-law, Steell had modelled them both, and he thought that the world might be sought in vain to find two men so absolutely unlike—Sir John McNeill able, cautious, eminently practical and to be relied upon; Professor Wilson brilliant, but without method, certain to be witty, but certain in nothing else. The story about "Christopher" that delighted us the most as children was the trick that was once played by him on De Quincey. Wilson was often greatly taken up by things that did not seem to others of very great moment, and on one occasion, whilst at Elleray, he was entirely engrossed and absorbed in the arranging of a new meat-safe, which was hung up on pulleys from a tree in the garden. One morning he persuaded De Quincey, who happened to be visiting Elleray at the time, to come out with him, and began as usual to expatiate on the merits of his invention, while De Quincey, profoundly buried in something doubtless more intellectual, did not appear even to hear that the Professor was speaking.

When they got to the meat-safe, Wilson, unable to make him listen to his explanations, opened the door, and giving the absent-minded philosopher a push (he was a very small man) sent him into it bodily and turned the key; then pulling the ropes he swung De Quincey high up among the branches like a bird in a cage, greatly to his wrath and the Professor's delight.

One morning Steell went down to call on "Christopher North" at his house in Gloucester Place, No. 6, and on entering his well-stocked library found him, with mane blown back, raging round the room like a roaring lion, while on the floor, in singular contrast to this furious philosopher, sat De Quincey deeply absorbed in a book. Steell noticed with amusement that De Quincey was in a strangely undressed condition, for his feet were thrust bare into his slippers, and he appeared to be without a shirt, the want of which he concealed by buttoning his coat tight up to his throat. Embarking at once on the business that necessitated so early a visit, Steell, having concluded, was about to take leave when the door opened, and "Christopher North's" daughter (Jane Emily, afterwards the wife of the author of "Lays of Scottish Cavaliers") entered, remarking that she had heard a terrible noise, and would be glad to know what it was all about. Wilson at once accused her of having "sorted away" his money. She denied having seen or touched it, and a vigorous search instantly commenced round the room, where everything movable (including De Quincey) was lifted, shaken, and turned upside down, in the hope of displacing the lost property, but all without the desired success. At last, in despair, his daughter turned to the bookcase, and asked her father what he had been reading on the previous night. Wilson mentioned the name of the volume, the book indicated was drawn from the shelf, and there, marking the place, was a thick bundle of notes, and a dozen or so of gold pieces lying on the shelf behind; in fact, all his college fees that had been paid to him the night before. He was apparently in the habit of stuffing his money in behind the books, and then forgetting about it, or of marking his place with anything he happened to have in his hand, from a piece of bread and butter to a packet of unpaid bills. Steell was very much amused by the whole scene, particularly when Professor Wilson whispered in his ear, as they were on their way to the front door, that De Quincey had evidently taken root, as he had come for a week, and had already stayed nearly a year; a curious guest, getting up just as the rest of



(J. Moffat, photographer, Edinburgh)

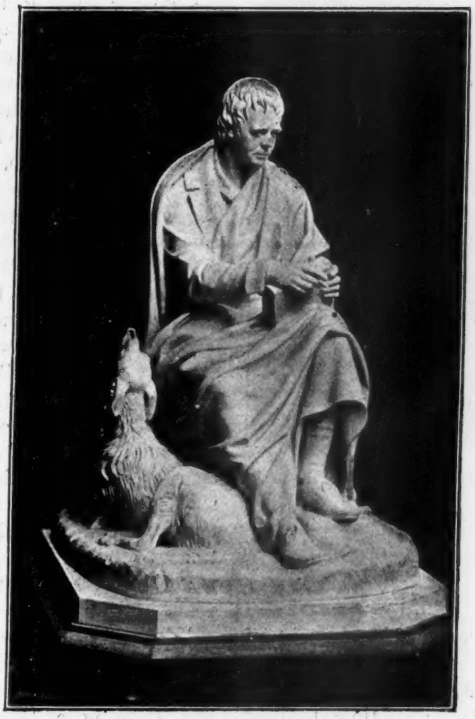
SIR JOHN STEELL, R.S.A.

the household were preparing to go to bed, and in his dyspeptic condition so anxious to secure a digestible dinner, that he insisted on having a personal and daily interview with the cook. The dinner hour, too, Wilson added, "has to be changed from five o'clock P.M. to three o'clock A.M., if we want our guest to shine at the table in the full force of his brilliancy."

During the time that Steell was modelling Lord Colonsay (an elder brother of Sir John McNeill), a dinner-party was given by their uncle, Mr. Malcolm McNeill, which was afterwards known by those who had been present at it as "Uncle Malcolm's dinner." Mr. McNeill must have been a curious character from all accounts, and though really a kind man, was given to be somewhat hasty, having what people call a "peculiar" temper (which, generally speaking, means a peculiarly bad temper). On the night of this especial dinner-party something must have occurred during the day to make him irritable, as everything seemed to have the power of annoying him. At the beginning of the meal he wore so forbidding a look that nobody dared to speak to him, until at last a son-in-law of De Quincey's, who was seated near him, tried to induce him to join the genial talk of his guests by asking him if he had had a comfortable journey from the North. Mr. McNeill, who had come from his own house in Islay, took no notice of the remark except to growl, "Due wast, sir," and relapsed into gloomy silence. When the second course came, the finishing-stroke was put to his patience by the arrival of the potatoes abominably boiled, blue in colour, and as hard as stones, and the company assembled, who had watched the storm brewing in the thundery looks of Mr. Malcolm, were not surprised when he turned towards the little Buttons, who was holding the unfortunate dish, and roared to him, in a voice choking with passion, "Go downstairs, sir, and tell the cook she's a jade, sir." The boy, whose only language was Gaelic, hardly waited to hear his master's command, but fled from the room, without in the least understanding what had been said to him, and took very good care to stay away as long as he could, while the conversation, which had ceased before, in everybody's intense eagerness to hear Mr. McNeill's polite message to the cook, once more became general. At last the necessities of another course compelled the boy to enter once more his master's dreaded presence, and hoping that he would escape notice, he busied himself as much as possible at the end of the table farthest from Mr. McNeill. Hardly, however, had he time to remove a single plate before his master's eye was upon him, and he called furiously down the length of the table, "Well, sir, what did you tell the cook she was, sir?" The boy stood for a moment without answering, as he in vain tried to put some meaning into the rhythm of the words still sounding in his ears. At this hesitation, however, Mr. McNeill became, if possible, angrier, and again forcibly repeated his question, "I ask you, sir, what did you tell the cook she was, sir?" Upon which the trembling boy, driven to say something, replied, while the table was hushed to listen: "I told her, sir, that you said she was dead, sir." If Steell could have modelled Mr. McNeill's face at this rendering of his message, he would, doubtless, have added yet more to his fame as a skilful portrayer of the deepest emotions of the human mind.

Among the many people high in rank or literary fame that Steell had modelled, there was none he so delighted to speak of, or whose memory he cherished so dearly, as that of Sir Walter Scott. He never alluded to him without expressions of the sincerest love and admiration, dwelling with more pleasure on the honest wholesome mindedness of his character than on the many gifts of his prolific brain. When he was going to model Sir Walter's bust he received an invitation to go to Abbotsford, which was accepted with eagerness; Steell, of course, apart from considerations of personal pleasure, being delighted to obtain so advantageous an opportunity of studying his subject's face. On the morning after his arrival, as they were seated at breakfast, Scott asked his daughter Anne if they were to dine alone that day, and if so, what was there for dinner. Miss Scott reminded her father that they had invited three or four guests, and that in honour of the occasion she hoped to be able to provide a roast of beef for the table. At this latter piece of information Sir Walter expressed much satisfaction in the anticipated change of diet from perpetual mutton, mutton, mutton—there being no time of year in the lowlands of Scotland when that article of consumption is out of season, whereas beef was a luxury that had to be ordered and sent for days before, and therefore could not so often be indulged in. When their meal was over, Sir Walter asked Steell if "he felt himself that morning under a fit of the clevers," in which case he would be delighted to sit for him, but if he were inclined to idleness, he would be glad to take him to see some of the sights of the place. Steell expressing his desire for a walk, the two started out to admire the views and enjoy the freshness of the morning hours. As they were going round the house the conversation turned upon the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and Sir Walter was just telling Steell how he had secured for himself some of the quaintly-cut stone lintels from that building to place above his own doorways, when suddenly Maida, Scott's staghound, came bounding out of the courtyard with his teeth firmly fastened into a huge sirloin of beef, and ran like lightning across the fields towards the river, far beyond hopes of capture. Scott looked after his departing dinner, and as Steell used to say, instead of swearing as most men would have done, or instantly repairing to the kitchen to get rid of his wrath on the cook for the negligence of allowing such a thing to happen, he merely shook his head and said:

O Maida, Maida, you glutton,
You have taken the beef,
And left us but—the mutton.



(G. W. Wilson, photographer, Aberdeen)

STATUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

(By Sir John Steell)

Steell was greatly struck during this visit with Sir Walter's fondness for animals, and when the time came to place his statue within the monument erected in Princes Street to his memory, he resolved to allow Maida to share that honour with his master. But the beef-stealer had died long before, and so a staghound, belonging to a brother of "Christopher North," Jura by name, who bore a stainless character for honesty, represents to posterity a more infamous if a more famous dog.

During the last years of Steell's life he was occupied in modelling a medallion of Scott from a cast that had been taken after Sir Walter's death, and often while sitting with him he would ask one of us to hold up this strangely-shaped head, that he might bring out with accuracy those points wherein his skull differed so curiously from other men's. In those last years Steell had sadly failed and was very breathless; when first we knew him he had to help us children on to his high stool, but latterly any help needed was given very much the other way. When he was modelling Burns's medallion (now placed in Westminster Abbey) we came upon him unheard one afternoon. He was leaning on his easel absorbed in a book, and we, who had grown up as much as he, alas, had grown down, were able to see over his shoulder what he was reading. It was a copy of Burns opened at the poem "To Mary in Heaven," and he was saying to himself, "If I could but catch the wrapt

(J. Moffat, photographer, Edinburgh)

BURNS WRITING "TO MARY IN HEAVEN"

(By Sir John Steell)

look that he would have as he thought of her at rest!" When he turned round and saw that we were standing beside him, he said, "You've just come in time to hear something from the Scotchman's Bible," and turning the leaves he repeated, for he hardly glanced at the book, the "Address to the Unco' Good," then laying it down he said, "that was written by a man a hundred years ahead of his generation."

Steell's singularly gifted and poetic mind made him keenly appreciative of the beautiful, whether it came to him through the avenue of the ear or the eye. He was more free in his discussion of Burns than of men he had known personally, for he used to say, "We ought to speak of those who have recently left us with hushed voices." Yet no one listening to his warm praises of others, or his generous judgments where blame might have been found, would have thought this necessary.

The day on which Steell read to us the "Address to the Unco' Good" was the single occasion when we saw him working in the marble. People said that he made very bad bargains for himself in his purchase of that article. This may or may not be true, but on the slab before him, from which he was slowly freeing the features of Burns, he was dismayed to see appearing right across the forehead a thin blue line. Fortunately with the deeper cutting this discoloured vein vanished, and left in spotless purity the likeness of the man whom Steell was wont to call Scotland's greatest theologian.

Steell was very fond of medallion work, and had in his studio a wonderful cast, from a relief by Donatello, so exceedingly finely done that, looked at from the side, the modelling was hardly perceptible. When standing before it once as a child, he took my hand in his, and drawing the fingers gently down the panel asked if I felt the inequalities of the surface. It seemed to me almost quite level, and I said so. "Ah," murmured Steell, "even a child's sensitive finger-ends are not delicate enough to *feel* such modelling." Then he drew me back until the Madonna and Child with a cloud of airy cherubs rose from the surface I had that moment thought so flat, and he bade me notice how wonderful must be the proportion to produce so much effect from so little material. Steell's studio in the last few years of his life was very quiet, but in the old days he had, of course, many visitors, and the remarks made by them upon his works often greatly amused him. One day he was showing a lady with kindly patience round his hall, explaining how Alexander and Bucephalus was almost his first work (though the last to appear in public) and that he had modelled it when quite a lad, drawing her attention to the little boy fishing patiently day and night, lifelike even to the detail of never catching anything. She followed his directing finger with but indifferent attention, until suddenly arrested to petrified contemplation by a figure that had come nearer to the satisfying of Steell's ideal than many of his other works. It represented a beautiful female figure leaning forward on one arm in the hopeless abandonment of grief. Her graceful form, so strangely hard to the touch, while so soft in every line to the eye, was dimly defined through the simple flowing lines of her dress. Steell was very much flattered and pleased that this statue, which had cost him so much thought, was apparently highly appreciated, but when the lady looked up and, touching a piece of marble lace on the dress, said she had never seen anything so exquisitely beautiful, and asked if it were Brussels or Venetian, his pride received a shock. It was difficult for Steell to admit after this question that the lace was the only part of the statue that he had not modelled; as its success depended merely on accurately measuring a pattern, he had left it to the skill of the studio-boy. There are few people who have not felt the difficulty of expressing intelligent praise if obliged to say something, and as Steell said, when telling about it afterwards, the lace was very well done, and his the fault for imagining she would prefer form to finery.

Sir John's style of modelling resembled Chantrey's more than any other sculptor in its simplicity and breadth. His fancy figures followed the classical type, and are curiously different from the modern French school with its lightness of touch on the hair and roughness of texture on the skin. Steell hardly lived, however, to see the new method, as about the time of its appearance the gradual failure of his strength caused his visits to become rarer and rarer, till at last he could not leave his house in Greenhill Gardens, and the day soon came when he could not even leave his room. Occasionally, when he was not too breathless to speak, we were allowed to see him, a beautiful old man, with snow-white hair, rolled in his dressing-gown and propped up with pillows. He often had to stop between his words to wait until he had recovered breath, and suffering as he did from this oppression, he must have passed many weary days and nights before the end came, in spite of all that the devoted nursing of his daughter could do to ease for him the burden of his years.

At the time of Steell's death he must have had many mourners, as the public remembered that his creative brain and gifted hand could work for them no longer, but those who had the privilege of knowing and loving him felt, apart from the pain of his personal loss, that his death removed another link from the chain that bound them to the great and good of a generation that has passed away.

LITTLE WHITE SHOES

Winifred's new white shoes,
Standing with toes turned out,
Were just what a Fairy Queen would choose
To wear at a ball or rout.
Little white shoes for little pink feet,
Pink as the heart of a rose;
Once there was nothing on earth more sweet
Than Winifred's ten pink toes.

Winifred's dear white shoes!
Though they be worn and old,
There is one, I know, who would still refuse
To sell for their weight in gold.
Little white shoes, it was surely meant
Your path should be strewn with flowers;
Little pink feet, you were only lent
Awhile to this world of ours.

Winifred's wee white shoes,
When it was time to start,
Left—lest the way we might chance to lose—
Their footprints upon the heart.
Little white shoes, you would find it dreary
If you had far to roam;
Little pink feet, you would soon be weary
Going the long way home.

Winifred's birthday shoes!
Those that the angels stole,
Fearing the stony path would bruise
Each delicate spotless sole.
Little white shoes, that are far from sorrow,
Turmoil and pain and care;
Little pink feet, that a year to-morrow
Climbed up the Golden Stair.

A. L. Harris.

ST. PANCRAS STATION

IN AND OUT OF ST. PANCRAS

By JOHN PENDLETON

FIRST PAPER

IN his novel "Endymion" Lord Beaconsfield aroused discussion by his serio-comic assertion that England, possessing a powerful middle-class, accustomed to fogs, required grave statesmen. A railway undertaking, like a kingdom, should be conducted without levity, yet the early career of the Midland Company was prolific in humorous incident, and staid shareholders were for years in doubt whether it would settle into a prosperous carrying concern. It seemed to be flavoured with the rough-and-ready methods of George Stephenson, who was wont to boast that he had dined off a red herring in a hedge bottom, and "hated fine waistcoats and fang-dangs."

Frolic and Rivalry.

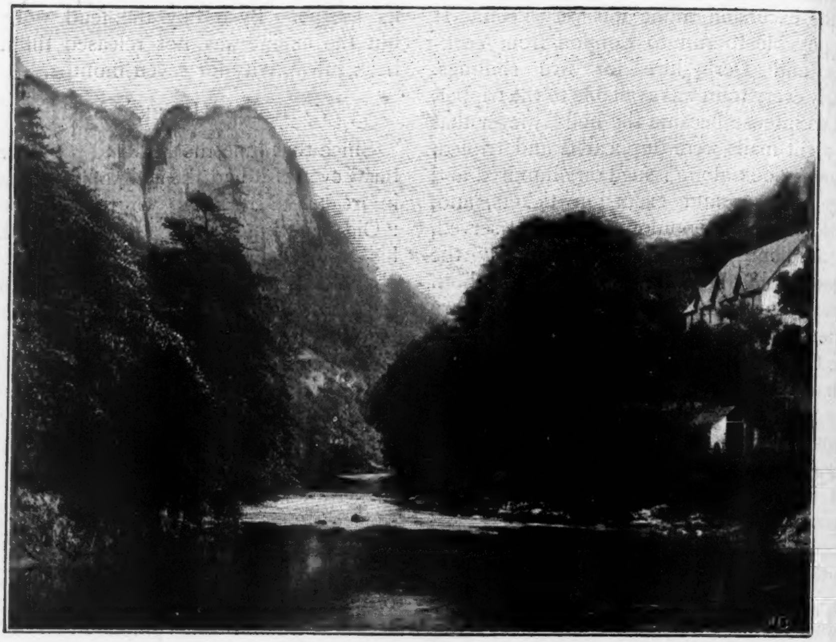
The Nottingham section of the line was opened in 1839, and the hilarity on the track was amazing. The passengers started amid the sound of bells and the blowing of horns, and cheered and sang on their journey. A year later, when the first train ran from Leeds, the excitement was even greater, and on the arrival of the passengers at Derby they were entertained to luncheon, to the strains of music, on the station platform! In 1841 there was further festivity, for in that year Thomas Cook ran his first excursion train from Leicester to Loughborough. The passengers were "treated as conquering heroes," a band of music preceded them to the railway station, and the inhabitants of the town turned out to greet them at their destination. In 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, "all the nations of the civilised world were represented in one fair temple of peace," but the general concord did not extend to railway enterprise. The fight between the Midland and the Great Northern for the excursion traffic was very keen. It was possible to run to London from Yorkshire and Derbyshire for five shillings. Nearly every train was available to the tripper, and so intense became the holiday fever that the night mails were duplicated and tripled. Thomas Cook alone issued one hundred and sixty-five thousand excursion tickets, and, considering the populous country it served, the Midland Company had probably the largest business. Anyhow the rivalry, both in passenger and goods traffic, became very acute, and out of it arose a curious incident. The Great Northern ran one of their engines with a train-load of passengers into Nottingham Station. A hint of this unwarrantable intrusion was given to several Midland drivers. They quickly manned their engines, and while the trespassing locomotive was uncoupled for watering, they charged it, and completely hemmed it in. The Great Northern driver pluckily tried to force his way out of the trap, but in vain. His engine, to his own chagrin and that of the passengers, was taken prisoner. Nor was this the climax of its ignominy. The locomotive was pushed into a disused goods shed, and the rails were torn up to prevent its escape. By-and-by the feud wore out, but the engine was not released till it had been in captivity for seven months.

A BIG UNDERTAKING.

Since that time the Midland has been too busy, even if it had the inclination, to indulge in freaks. Mr. Price, who was known as "Old Lightning," because of the rapidity of his utterance, occasionally confused the shareholders with torrents of words during his chairmanship, and there have been one or two exciting scenes, originating in drastic changes of policy, at the half-yearly meetings, but the company's tendency is generally towards dignity. It is acknowledged to be the pioneer of many reforms in travelling, and is notable for the solidity of its permanent way, the strength, comfort and luxury of its rolling stock, the safety of its journeying, the boldness of its extensions, the expansion of its traffic, and the courtesy of its servants.

The Midland is a company that—unlike many other systems—dispenses with district superintendents and district goods managers. The whole business of the undertaking is

INTERIOR OF ST. PANCRAS STATION



THE HIGH TOR, MATLOCK

controlled at Derby. The railway practically runs through the head of Mr. G. H. Turner, the general manager, and inasmuch as there are fourteen hundred miles of it, utilising a capital of over one hundred millions sterling, and producing a revenue of ten millions yearly, his brain is usually busy. If, as some philosophers assert, the truest happiness is to be found in the infinite variety of life, Mr. Turner must be a happy man. He has a thousand duties, and even on a journey cannot be idle. "The substance of all important communications," he says, "are read to me either in my office or when I am travelling. I always take one shorthand clerk with me in the train, and often three; indeed, a considerable portion of my work is done in the railway carriage." And the work, multifarious and incessant as it is, agrees with him. Indefatigable and urbane, he thinks no task too great to tackle, no detail too trivial to deserve careful attention.

James Allport, who was a diplomatist with a vein of dry humour, introduced the Pullman car, abolished second-class fares, and gave the third-class passenger greater comfort and facility of travel. George Turner has given the third-class passenger an infinitely more comfortable compartment to sit in, and introduced the third-class dining-car on the Scotch and Manchester tracks. Influential and obscure get the same consideration from him, and the Midland has a good name with trader, passenger and employé.

An Express Ride.

There are two ways of starting a train. At Victoria Station, in Manchester, one of the busiest stations in the world, you dive into subterranean ways, emerge upon crowded platforms, and feel a sense of relief on getting beyond the shouting, banging and the hideous din that a dozen engines make. At the Central Station, in the same city, the mode of despatch is quieter. The London train on the Midland side invariably gets away punctually without a riot. The porters are considerate, the guard attentive, and the driver does not think that he has been engaged by the company simply to blow a steam-whistle.

The Manchester, Derby and London express, with its latest types of third and first class dining-cars and compartment coaches, is a model of comfort. It is fitted with broad, low seats and easy chairs, the ceilings are lofty, and the old system of slide-window ventilation has been superseded by an adroit method of letting in fresh air by touching a tiny brass lever on the upper side window.

"This is really a fine coach," remarked a passenger to me last summer, as I travelled to St. Pancras in a first-class smoking compartment, laconically lettered "Smokers." No one ventured to deny the assertion. It certainly was one of the most luxurious coaches the Midland has turned out, and it was so daintily springed that you might have been riding in your own brougham, that is, if you are fortunate enough to possess one. It must be admitted that the heavy, swagging Pullman car that did dinner-providing duty on this line a year or two ago was somewhat of a torture, but the new express, even on the steep gradient from Peak Forest to Monsal Dale, rode so easily without jerk or vibration that travelling was a pleasure.

The express sped from Marple to Derby without a stop, but through the low window one got delightful views of limestone crag, trailing foliage, and rippling brook in Miller's Dale, and Bakewell, with its flower-bedecked station, looked like one of Turner's—the other Turner's—pictures in the summer haze. Out of the darkness of the tunnel beneath Haddon Hall the train pelted, through Rowsley, bordered in the distance by Chatsworth park and moorland height, and on beneath the High Tor, through Matlock Vale, towards Ambergate, where the woodland was flecked with the amber of the cowslip and the blue of the wild hyacinth.

At Derby there are few flowers by the line side. The town, once so proud that a titled lady at the county ball scornfully asserted, "Trade never mixes with us ladies," now throbs with industry, and thrives on trade. It has renewed its vitality, and doubled in size, with work. It is a maker of iron and steel. It is, on the rough acres that border the Midland track, a huge shop in which thousands of men toil, constructing engines and carriages, and producing everything that is necessary to railway working.

Beyond, through the Leicestershire hunting country, the main line is as level as a billiard board. Perhaps, with the exception of the long run of the Great Northern from Grantham to King's Cross, or the track of the North

CHATSWORTH (ROWSLEY STATION)

Western from Crewe to Euston, there is no line in England so carefully laid, or so smooth to traverse, as the steel road from Derby to St. Pancras. The additional steel tracks recently built indicate how rapidly the traffic from the North to the Metropolis has grown. South of the Trent, and particularly between Wellingbro' and the terminus, the main line has been widened and amplified at enormous cost, so urgent was the need. Now the company has another task in front of it, the construction of an additional tunnel at Hampstead, with the object of solving the problem that is perplexing all the railway companies in London—how to get the people from the suburbs into the City.

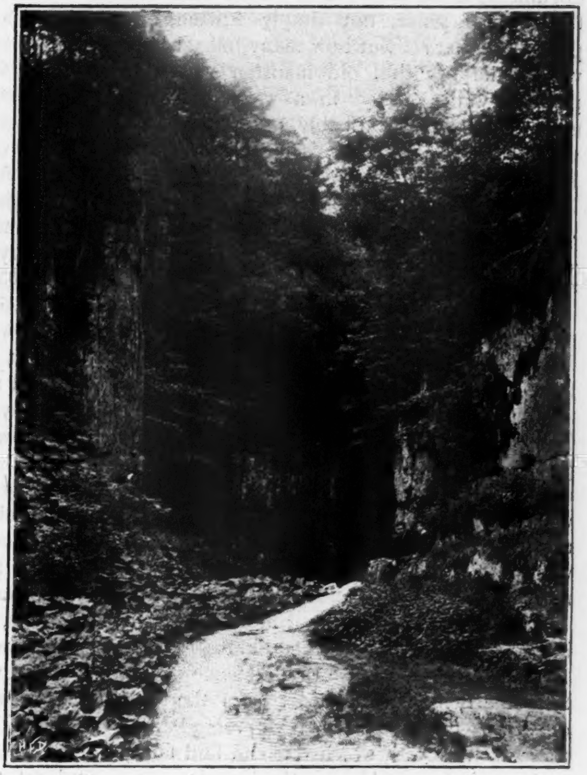
UNDERGROUND ST. PANCRAS.

The Midland Company was obliged, in self-defence, to force its way into St. Pancras. Its traffic sent on other lines was so frequently blocked, that customers were in despair and the directors desperate. In one year no fewer than a thousand passenger trains and two thousand goods trains were delayed between Hitchin and King's Cross, and such was the congestion through Rugby that a procession of coal-laden trains, five miles in length, waited impotently for a clear track ahead. At any price the Midland resolved to run into London on their own line, and did it in 1868 at the cost of nine millions sterling.

The mother city of the world, the vigorous heart of our great empire, with its millions of people and ceaseless effort, is in many ways remarkable; but the London through which you pass day by day to toil or recreation scarcely exceeds in interest the less-known labyrinths beneath it. Underground London does not consist merely of the smoky avenues through which the Metropolitan Railway Company sends its stumpy engines and thronged trains. Far below the busy streets, out of hearing of the rumble, clatter and slide of traffic, are miles of subterranean ways, vast cellars, and enormous stores of wealth. Engineering has been as busy underground as above it, to utilise every inch of space to the needs of crowded life; and the stately façade of St. Pancras Hotel and Station, graceful in itself, gives no idea of the maze of ways, the wondrous appliances, and the gigantic hoards of merchandise beneath.

St. Pancras, the son of Cledonius, and

DRYBURGH ABBEY



THE LOVERS' LEAP BUXTON

a Phrygian, was unfortunately beheaded because he was a Christian; but even were he alive now, and could go through the mysterious railway district that bears his name, he would be equally likely to lose his head, not with persecution, but with bewilderment. St. Pancras Station, which has an area of eighteen thousand square yards, resembles, in the opinion of one writer, an iceberg, because the greatest part of it is under the surface. When the excavation necessary for its foundation was made, the cavity behind the hoarding in Euston Road filled curious sightseers with amazement. The diversion of the Fleet Sewer, one of the arteries of London drainage, from its old sodden brickway into a huge iron tunnel, was a feat that the Metropolitan tried in vain to achieve, but the Midland accomplished, and the building of the ship, in Longfellow's poem, was a child's task compared to the complicated and perilous work that was done at St. Pancras. Not only had the Midland to deal with a fœtid river in the depths of the costly land they had acquired, and to fling their main line across the Regent's Canal north, to conveniently serve Camden Road and Kentish Town, but they were obliged to take the Metropolitan into account. In the deep trench beneath the terrace of the Midland Grand Hotel they constructed a tunnel for the use of the Underground Railway, and on the lowest level, under the station, the Midland branch line sweeps, crossing west to east to join the noisy and smoky "Underground" track.

ECHOES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By SOPHIA BEALE

THE success of M. Sardou's "Robespierre" at the Lyceum will probably herald a great fashion for all relics of the Revolutionary period. And, surely, as regards costume there are few more picturesque fashions than those in vogue in Paris from 1789 to 1810.

But it is not in the matter of clothes only, that the Terror and Directory were amusing, as well as tragic periods—comedy and tragedy then went hand in hand. Who amongst the visitors to the Hotel Carnavalet, Madame de Sévigné's home for twenty years, has not revelled in the quaint historical documents there to be found—documents in the general sense, not simply written or printed matter? But how many folks have visited the beautiful old mansion with its panelled walls, painted in a warm French grey? Vastly few, probably, of the myriads who swarm to Napoleon's tomb and the Bon Marché; and yet the mere building with Mansard's façade, its sixteenth-century gateway, and its rich sculptures by Jean Goujon, is well worth an hour or two spared from shopping.

Interesting at the present moment, are a portrait of Robespierre at the age of twenty-four painted by Boilly in 1783, and contemporary pictures of the various *fêtes* held in the Champs de Mars and the Place de la Concorde. It was eminently a serious period, that of the Terror, apart from the daily use of the guillotine; the men and women were terribly in earnest; they could not brook abuses, political or social; they wished to reform everything from the State religion to the ornamentation of a tea cup. They composed a *Credo* and hung up charts in the schools bearing the phrase, "The French people recognise the existence of the Supreme Being;" and apart from the tone of patronage addressed to the Supreme Being, there is little with which one can find fault, so far as it goes. Here is the Creed:

"I believe in a Supreme Being who has made Man equal and free; who has made them to love one another, not to hate; who is honoured by Virtue, not by Fanaticism; and to whom the best side of Religion is Reason and Truth.

"I believe in the Unity and Indivisibility of the Republic; the Happiness of the People; and in their attachment to the Constitution; and I believe that Man, in order to keep his Rights, need only do his Duty.

"I believe in the Destruction of Tyrants and Rebels; the Regeneration of Morals; the Propagation of all Virtues; and the Eternal Triumph of Liberty."

Of course the form of this is a travesty of the Christian Creed; but as to most of the sentiments, who would call them in question now, a hundred years since the document was drawn up?

Then there was the bill, addressed to the true *sans-culottes*, giving the twenty-five precepts of Reason, and the Rule of Life for all good Frenchmen, stuck up on the walls with the *Credo*. Here is another of the precepts, a mixture doubtless of patronising egotism and solid truth: "Admire the Creator, He is everywhere, observe the law; after thy country, love thy parents." Numberless are the pictures and engravings, "To the glory of the Supreme Being," by Poisson, Chevret, Alix and Boissier. Numberless also are the visiting cards, watches, medals, fans, buttons, rings, plates, dishes, glasses, furniture, every object great and small, decorated with the emblems of the Revolution. What an enthusiasm it all was! Patriotism—*Vive la Nation; Je suis invincible;* and they proved it at the frontier, with little preparation, and no help. The men and women of those days could have done nothing, and gone nowhere, without being reminded of the "One and Indivisible." A coffee cup was decorated with a landscape flowing with the typical milk and honey, and "*ça ira*, 1791." A chocolate pot bears a Phrygian cap surrounded by a nimbus; and mark you, these things were not only used by the fashionable Parisians, but they were made in common earthenware and purchased by the peasants.

There was of course a certain amount of what we should now call profanity in some of the caricatures; but the precursors of the Revolution had instructed the people in this, and set the fashion; and in the counter-caricatures, issued by the Royalist party, the profane is equally apparent. After all, those men were very like ourselves; their fads and their enthusiasms were no less silly, and no more logical. They went to the theatre to see performances given in aid of the widows and orphans, made so by their own executionary zeal. They screamed and howled; but they went off to the frontier and were pitted against tremendous odds, defeating large armies led by their own compatriots, treasonably united with their enemies.

Is not the following the ancestral creed of some of our Vigilance Societies? "The committee of Public Instruction, considering that good morals are the basis of a Republican Government, orders that the authorities of the National Library should not lend books to young persons which would be likely to compromise their morality." Yet are we not still a long way from passing such a resolution, even in this year of grace, 1899?

Many of the objects enumerated above were exhibited in 1889, in the Salle des Etats of the Tuileries; an exhibition of all things pertaining to the First Revolution, and forming a supplement to the great show in the Champ de Mars. Portraits of Robespierre abounded, mostly from private collections; also various relics and *bibelots* either belonging to the tyrant, or illustrating scenes in his life. Perhaps the most curious of the engravings is the one from M. Herluison's collection, a modern print from the original plate engraved by Hercy, representing Robespierre guillotining the executioner, after having guillotined all the French nation. It was seized by Courtois at Robespierre's house, and cost its author his life.

How different was the spirit of the Second Republic, which invented an umbrella to surmount a gun of the National Guard, to protect the "Sons of the Fatherland, and Defenders of our Liberties" from sun and rain. Is that the origin of the lines upon the Black Watch?

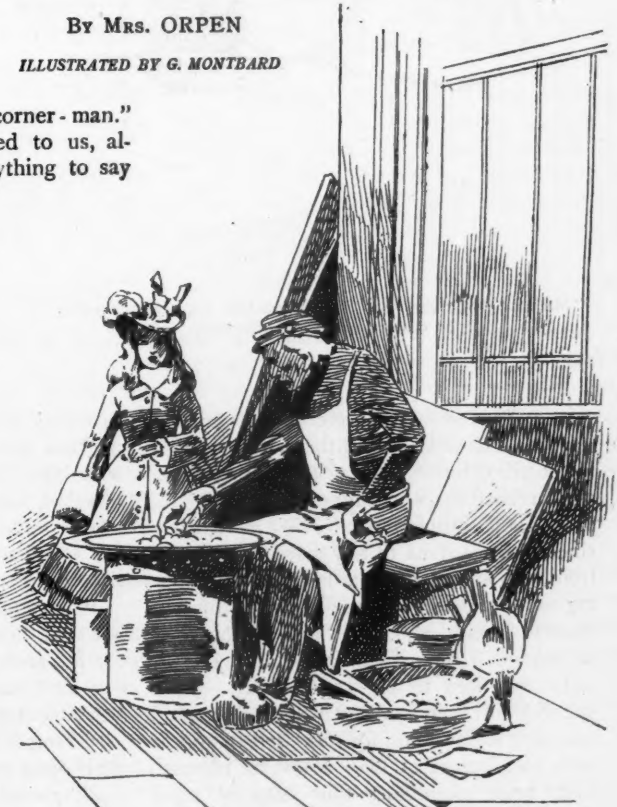
> Wha saw the Forty Second,
> Wha saw them gang awa,
> Wha saw the Forty Second,
> Marching past Broomie Law?
> Some of them had shoes and stockings,
> And some of them had none ava,
> And some of them had umbrellas,
> For to keep the rain awa.

HOW JEAN BOSSY MISSED HIS CHANCE

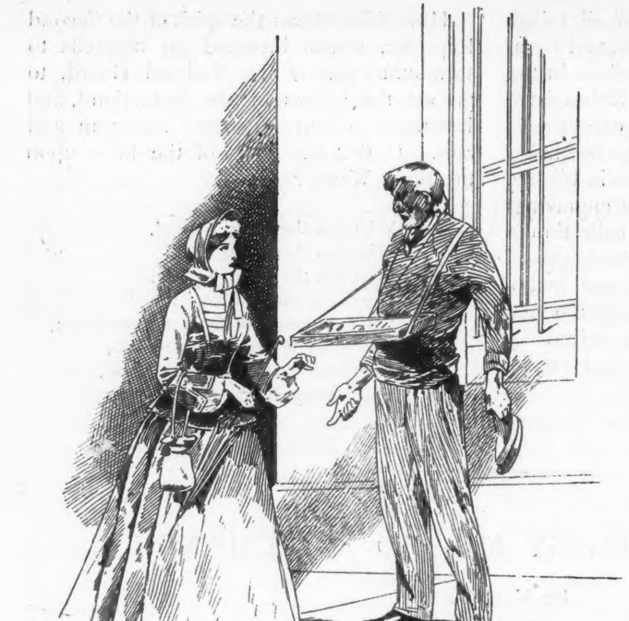
By Mrs. ORPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD

JEAN BOSSY was our "corner-man." We felt that he belonged to us, although he never had anything to say to Madame Lecour's *pension*, nor indeed to any of us, except to bid us good morning right cordially, as we passed him on our way to the chocolate-coloured 'buses drawn by the brown horses. He used to sit at the corner of the Rue de la Paix in a streak of sunshine that invaded that lonesome street from the angle of the Rue des Batignolles. When the sunshine became too hot he would move down a bit to where the chestnut-trees opposite the Mairie cast a shadow over the water-buckets that were kept for the refreshment of the brown horses, and would sit there talking to the intermittent drivers and conductors. But no matter where he sat, we always felt he belonged to us, and we used to buy of his small wares according to the



"In November it was chestnuts, hot and roasted"



"Madame Jacob was the first to bring this acquaintance within the closer lines of real friendship"

season. In November it was chestnuts, hot and roasted. The small Louisa, the English child of the boarding-house, had once expressed a desire for chestnuts, which appealed to her youthful and still untutored palate. We all rejoiced, since it enabled us to buy many sous' worth from Jean without afterwards wastefully throwing our purchases away. We used to give them to Louisa, who sometimes had as many as four small bags of semi-cold clammy chestnuts presented to her in one day. What she did with them was a marvel. She could not have eaten them, for she used to appear hale and hungry at *table d'hôte*, an impossibility after consuming four bags of tepid chestnuts.

Jean also sold oranges, bad ones, two for one sou. These likewise we bought in due season and presented to Louisa, who accepted them with expressions of gratitude and politeness, and survived. She must have interred them in the garden surreptitiously by night. He also sold matches, a perennial crop ever in season. These we did not present to the long-suffering Louisa, but consumed ourselves.

Jean was a brown-skinned, lanky man, Vendéan by birth, who, after thirty years of street life in Paris, spoke with the strong accent of rural France. How hard it is to uproot the first crop of pronunciation that is planted in the childish mind! We all had a bowing acquaintance with Jean Bossy, as I have said, some of us for a good long while; but it was Madame Jacob who was the first to bring this acquaintance within the closer lines of real friendship. Madame Jacob was herself eminently friendly. She was small, a great matter when one descends from one's sphere and invades the life of another grade of society. She seemed to fit anywhere without intruding, she was so very small and inappreciable herself. Madame Belhomme, on the other hand, was so extremely voluminous that had she stopped to talk with Jean all the 'bus drivers would have inquired of him who his "countess" was. Madame Jacob, however, was so insignificant that the 'bus drivers didn't even notice her, while she, on her side, had long noticed Jean, and had had her keen black eye upon him.

"My good man, you have a cold to-day," she said, fumbling after her sous in payment for the stodgy chestnuts.

"Eh! madame, what will you? with the veritable dog of a wind which blows."

"*Tiens!* but I bring a drop of syrup to ameliorate your throat," said the kind little soul, giving him two sous instead of one, and hurrying off to the boarding-house to fetch her syrup.

This was the beginning of their friendship, Jean Bossy lodged in the cellar under the charcoal-man's shop, among the stacks of faggots and resinous kindling-wood. He had an old sack there full of hay, upon which he slept at night. In the evening he sat with the charbonnier and his black-capped wife. He didn't need a home at any time of the day, for he lived on the pavement.

Madame Jacob was the widow of one of Napoleon's officers. She spoke of her late husband with an affection that was largely modified by awe. He had been a major in the Engineers and had made the campaign of Russia. It was his duty to blow up the Kremlin, but fortunately he had failed in accomplishing it. He just managed to get home so badly invalided as to escape Leipzig and the Hundred Days. He was, of course, fiercely Buonapartist, and had commanded his wife to adopt the same views. She, who obeyed him in all things, was politically docile. Madame therefore called herself "Buonapartist."

It was fitting that she should pick up a friendship with old Jean Bossy, who was Vendéan, that is to say, Royalist, or more precisely, Legitimist, to the heart's core.

"My good Jean, this cough gives me concern. Have you no friends, no family to shelter you in such weather? Where are your people?"

"Dead, madame, dead long years ago."

"Have you no children? The men of La Vendée were brave fathers of families. How is it?"

"What will you, madame? I am not father of a family. I never had a wife. I once had a great chance. But I failed to take advantage of it. We Vendéans were never quick enough to seize the luck of the moment. We were always looking backwards along the road for our King, when others were gathering up duchies and ducats from the hands of the new Emperor."

"*Chut!* no slander of the Emperor. Remember, I am Buonapartist. My late husband made the campaign of Russia," said Madame Jacob, dutifully recalling the orders of her former commanding officer.

"Ah! madame, but he was a great soldier. If only he had restored his King, the Buonapartes might have ranked as high as the Rochejacquelins, though of newer title and creation."

Madame Jacob smiled.

"You forget. The Buonapartes made titles and dukes of their own. They do so even to-day."

"Bah! The Buonapartes of to-day are not even soldiers, and are afraid of the Marseillaise," said Jean with contempt.

"You other Vendéans don't love the sound of the Marseillaise, *par example*," replied Madame Jacob.

"Very true, madame. We Vendéans have had no chance. Just like me. I had one chance, but couldn't take it, though it was for love and fortune."

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed she, "I knew it. You have loved, then? Why was it not with success? You were a brave garçon, Jean, I know it," said Madame Jacob, desirous of drawing out his story, whatever it was.

"Madame is most kind. Yes, I had a chance once. I rejected it and Clothilde too. She was a sweet girl, was Clothilde, but we had no luck, see you. She also was Vendéan. It follows the race now."

"Tell me."

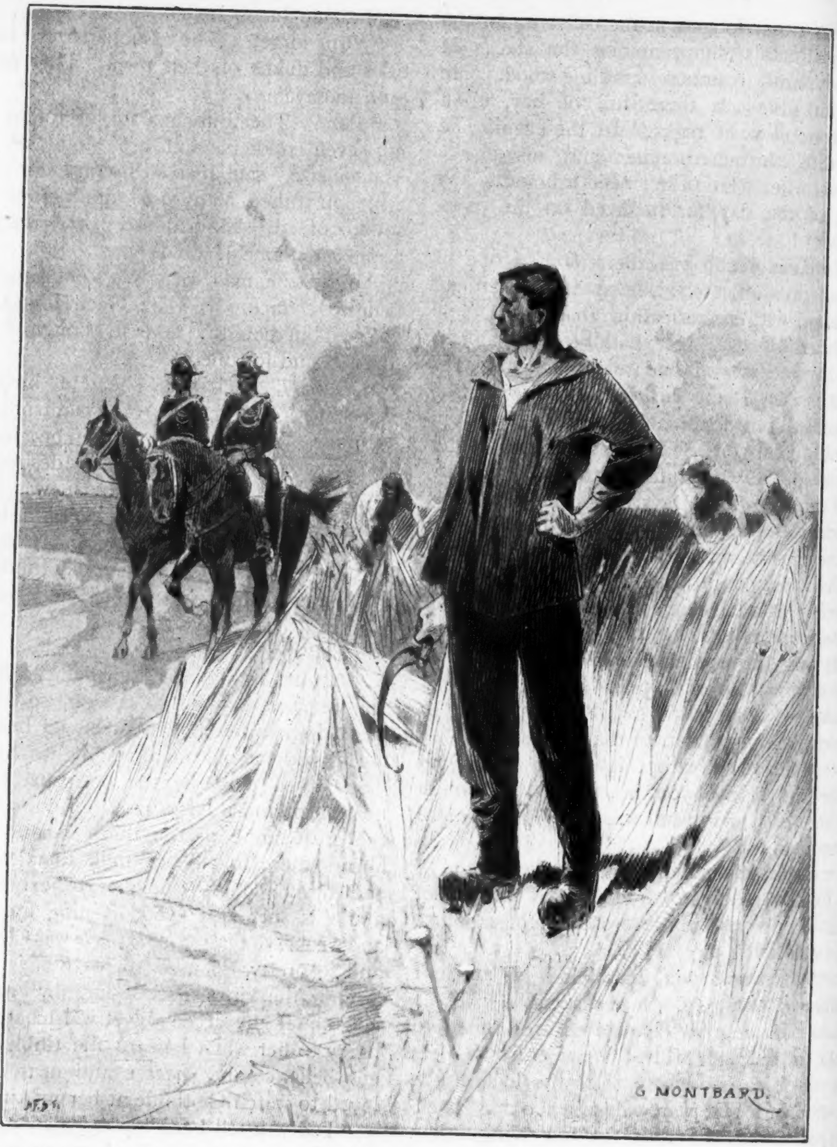
"About Clothilde? Eh, madame, willingly. She was pretty—oh! so *espiègle*, so shy, so provoking, so teasing, so sweet, so bewildering!" said the old man, smiling to himself. "She lived close by the bon-papa in the next farm, and used to milk her cows beside the great stone of the thorn bush. I was always there to see her milk them, though she never could remember to expect me, and was surprised every evening for weeks and weeks, so teasing, so *espiègle* was Clothilde, and so pretty. I used to leave my digging around the vines, and, hiding my grubbing-hoe under my green velvet waistcoat, would hurry to her when I heard the tinkle of the cow-bells coming nearer and nearer, for I loved to watch Clothilde at her milking."

"Did you tell her?" asked madame.

"What was the use? I was a poor lad. I had nothing but my two hands, and Clothilde was the daughter of a man with five cows. Eh! madame, but you see she was far above me! Still, she liked to have me come to the milking, although she seemed to forget to expect me every time!"

"How did it end?"

"As you might guess. I went away, and Clothilde—*eh bien!*—she married the good man Goujon. He also had five cows, you see, madame. It was quite simple."



"'It was the harvest time, and there worked among us a man tall and large and strong'"

"And your one chance? What was it?"

"I missed it because I was Vendéan," replied Jean with an indescribable air of triumph.

"I should like to know about it?"

"You observe, madame, I am Royalist," began Jean.

"And I am Buonapartist," interrupted Madame Jacob.

"Without doubt. There is a party for every one in France now. We have all kinds," said the old man bitterly. "We are no longer merely French."

"Well, and then?" asked Madame Jacob.

"Well, in 1830, madame, you will have heard that there was a Revolution."

"Surely," she said with some amusement.

"We have the habitude of revolutions now. Our King, Charles X., was driven into exile, and the Duke of Orléans usurped the throne. A heroic woman made one stand for France and her ancient kings. The Duchesse de Berri raised the white flag of France in La Vendée. I hadn't time to join her before her defeat. Then began the proscriptions. It was the harvest time, and there worked among us a man tall and large and strong, who came in his blouse and sabots. But one saw from the way he walked that he had not learned to shuffle in them when he was a little fellow. To walk in sabots, madame, is an art like another. One needs long practice. This fine large man had never practised. Sometimes he stumbled. Sometimes he stamped smartly like a drill-sergeant. We saw what it was. He was one of the proscribed. He was hiding from the police of the Orléans dynasty. We did not know who he was, but we were his friends. He was a good comrade. He talked of an evening by the cabaret door, and told stories. He had seen the world, and many a time as the blue gens-d'armes passed by, hunting for fugitives, I saw his keen eye flash and his lips curl in contempt. He kept on steady with his work, but his hands were young to the sickle. Red blisters came on the palms. I pointed them out one evening, and said: 'Eh! monsieur, one sees well'; and he laughed, and said I was 'loyal Vendéan, and he had nothing to fear.' It was true. We became great friends. I told him about Clothilde. She was not married then, you'll understand. I could tell him how I loved her, though I never could tell her. The tongue at twenty-five serves one badly in love, madame. Every day I talked to him of Clothilde, and how it would be the heaven of my life if I could but marry her. He understood. He was ardent and warm-hearted. He said he could make our happiness. He would accomplish it. He was impulsive, enthusiastic, else he had not been a proscript hiding among the harvesters of La Vendée during all that weary summer. He said I should not only have my Clothilde, but a fortune of fairyland as well. A hundred thousand francs!"

"*Mon Dieu!* who was he?" exclaimed Madame Jacob.

"The General Clouet, chief of the Vendéans. I had but to name him to the police and get the reward—and Clothilde. That was my chance."

"Did you take it?" asked Madame Jacob, breathless.

"Madame," said the old man, "I am a Vendéan. We are loyal. We never betray either king or country for money or titles. We are loyal also to friends. The General Clouet was safe in our harvest-fields. I said—did I not?—that Clothilde married the bonhomme Goujon. I never returned home. I came to Paris. I have lived here ever since."

"Jean, my friend, you are a hero," said Madame Jacob, shaking him by the hand.

"Pardon, madame mistakes. I am only Vendéan."

"It is the same thing," said Madame Jacob impulsively.

"Ah! in that case I adopt the expression of madame," said the old man, with a queer smile.

We were all the friends of Jean Bossy after Madame Jacob told us his story. The Commandant was particularly so. He would bestir himself to obtain a small pension from the Emperor. Virtue must not go unrewarded. The gallant old fellow should be lodged in some charitable institution, there to end his days in peace and comfort. All these projects were well on towards success when the Commandant interviewed him concerning some minor details.

"*Nein! nein!*" said Jean, shaking his head. "Monsieur is kind and most amiable. I am much beholden to him for his consideration. But a pension! What's the use? I am old, Clothilde is dead long ago, the young days never come again. A pension serves to nothing. I have a little bed insured in a *maison de charité* just to die in. That suffices. My gratitude to monsieur is none the less great, however."

"But Jean, my brave old friend, think again. You will get more feeble; the winters will be severe for you. A comfortable home is something for the last days."

"Look, monsieur! For more than thirty years my home has been the pavement of Paris. At my age one changes little, and one expatriates oneself not easily. I should stifle in a comfortable home, monsieur."

"Loyal and proud—a true Vendéan," said the Commandant, smiling. "You would have taken a pension from your king."

"Ah, my king!" said the old man, raising his shabby hat from his straggling grey locks. "Monsieur, we had two beliefs down in La Vendée: the king in France and God in heaven. They have tried hard to drive both into exile. *Hélas!* the attempt has succeeded with the king. We turn for consolation to our God."

"Jean, such men as you make one regret the march of civilisation."

"*Hein*, monsieur?" said Jean inquiringly.

"There was much that was beautiful in the old days," said the Commandant.

"Eh! but that is true, monsieur," said the old man eagerly, feeling that now he grasped the meaning of monsieur. "Believe me, these people of to-day have no notion how beautiful the world used to be. It was so different in the old days down in La Vendée, when the sun was setting over the distant marshes, and the sound of tinkling cow-bells told that Clothilde was coming to the milking. The sun never shines so bright now, and the air is no longer so sweet as it used to be when I was young."

A NEW LIGHT ON CHEESE

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

THIS is the age of illumination. The searchlight of science is throwing its piercing rays into every nook and corner, revealing in clear outline forms hitherto wrapt in mysterious dimness, exposing to our gaze the causes of phenomena which, hitherto hidden, we had but faintly guessed at, and laying bare in their real person many objects which the half light of superstition had veiled in romantic guise. In a word, it is effectually banishing illusion. But though a strong light on any scene chases away the mysteries and leaves little to the imagination, it yet makes amends to the picturesque by touching with a glow the common things around, so that, illumined by its rays, they lose much of their sordid character, and stand out glorified and enriched. Thus science, while taking away with the one hand the fancifulness involved in half-knowledge, with the other hand gives unexpected interest and romance to plain matters.

And one of the unromantic objects on which the searchlight of science has been most lately turned is the ordinary familiar cheese. At first sight it might be imagined that this could not promise much that was interesting, yet nevertheless, in the new light now thrown upon it, it is lifted out of the commonplace.

During the past five or six years the researches carried on by Professor Lloyd in this country, by Dr. Weigmann at Kiel, by Dr. Von Freudenreich at Berne, and by others have opened up a new and suggestive field of speculation, and one that cannot fail to be interesting to the public generally, while to the farmer and cheese-factor it must prove of deepest importance, and lead probably to vital economic changes in our cheese produce. Within the last few years there has been an enormous advance in the elucidation of the problems of the dairy, an advance which is almost entirely due to our recognition of the vast microbe world, and to our increasing insight into the life histories of its infinitesimal members and the mighty part they play.

The more we learn of these minute germs—tiniest members of the vegetable world—the more our wonder grows to see to how great an extent they enter into and modify our everyday life.

It is in the further development of our knowledge in this direction that, as might be anticipated, lies the new point of view from which we now survey cheese, for it is asserted as an established and somewhat startling fact that bacteria are an essential factor in the due ripening of cheese; that is to say, if all germs be excluded by boiling, or by any other means, from the milk used in cheese-making, the result cannot be a proper cheese, however correct the making, and however favourable the external conditions. But the scientist does not stop here, nor limit the part the bacteria play to this *rôle*, all important though it is, for he goes on to state that all kinds and varieties of cheese, all the infinite gradations of flavour known to us even in the same variety, are simply the work and due to the influence of these wonder-working germs. If this be true, if bacteria in some way or another stand in so close a relation to the due maturing of cheese from the curd, then their exact position in the matter is a subject of the greatest importance, and the questions that naturally arise at once are: What bacteria have been found at work, and what changes are brought about in their growth and development?

The rough outlines of cheese-making are probably familiar to every one. Fresh milk is taken and curdled with rennet. The curd is then broken up and the liquid whey drawn off; the breaking up of the curd, its straining, and the subjection of it to pressure are processes repeated several times until eventually the curd has become of the necessary consistency and solidity. It is then set aside, usually for some considerable time, to ripen, and during this time great changes are subtly taking place in its substance, so that the curd, which at first was an uneatable solid, becomes gradually transformed into a palatable cheese. Suitable external conditions, chief among which is a proper temperature, are, of course, necessary to bring this ripening of the curd to a successful issue, but the real reason of the transformation is the presence of myriads of bacteria, which find in the curd a luxurious dwelling-place, where they can live and multiply. That in so living they must abstract food-stuffs from the curd around and give out in turn new substances is merely the natural course of their life, but it makes all the difference between curd and cheese. Before, however, we consider their work it is necessary to ascertain how they come to be present there.

It is not difficult to imagine their source. Bacteria are practically omnipresent in this world of ours; it is indeed rather the difficulty to imagine where they are not. The fodder, pasture, and bedding of the cows simply teem with them, the atmosphere and the general surroundings add their quota, so the milk when first carried away from the cows and placed in the cheese-pans has already, if we may so term it, a rich bacteriological flora. There are bacteria of all sorts, good and evil, helpful and injurious, and according as the one or the other predominates, so does the milk make a good or bad start towards its ultimate goal of cheese production. Dr. Weigmann has made a special study of the nature of these bacteria, and has been rewarded with some curious facts. They can apparently be classified into diverse groups, each group possessing peculiar powers of its own. Thus one group produces the characteristic smell and taste we are accustomed to associate with cheese in general; another group in its development stamps the cheese with the special smell and taste of its distinctive variety, whatever that may be; while yet a third group gives neither flavour nor character, but is still extremely important, in that it acts upon the albumen of the milk, or, in one word, peptonises it. As for the evil bacteria—those undesirable guests which yearly work such havoc among cheeses, and which, while often due to bad management and dirt, may yet unaccountably make their appearance even in the best dairies—their development is the cause of tainted, poor, and useless cheese, and to their presence must be attributed the large quantity of inferior cheese put annually upon the market. The enormous influence wielded by these bacteria can be best estimated by remembering that cheese made one day on a farm may be of a certain flavour and quality, while on another day cheese made by just the same methods and of milk from the same dairy may be of quite another flavour and quality, even though not all the most careful chemical tests in the world can reveal the slightest difference in the milk. The whole variation lies in the one fact that the bacteria present were not identically of the same kinds on both occasions.

But, further, though the start is a great deal, yet it is not everything. We know that in different parts of the country different kinds of cheese are made by different methods of manufacture: thus we speak of Cheshire, Gloucester, or Stilton cheese, and it is popularly supposed that it is simply the variety in the making that gives the variety in the cheese, since the milk is not obviously different. But though this belief is perfectly true, yet its truth lies in a deeper reason than that hitherto suspected, for the special kind of cheese does not result from the mere superficial way of treating the milk, as one builds up different edifices by varying the arrangement of bricks and mortar, but because the bacteria in the milk are affected differently. Thus one method will favour the growth and development of some of the bacterial groups, while a second method, which necessitates perhaps a greater temperature, and allows a less amount of water to remain in the curd, will check the former growth and stimulate the development of others retarded previously. So the point to be emphasised is this—that the whole result depends on which groups of bacteria are predominant in the curd and which are absent or suppressed in the treatment. The chemical composition of the milk has very little influence upon the quality of the cheese made from it; it is its bacteriological constitution which is the determining factor in character, flavour, quality, and aroma.

The well-known "local" influence must also, it seems, be attributed to "local" bacteria. It is a curious fact that certain districts produce certain flavoured cheeses, and that those cheeses cannot be produced except in their respective localities. It is now explained that there are specific forms of bacteria indigenous to those districts and not found elsewhere, and it is the presence of these in the milk that gives the local flavour, and various experiments have been made to ascertain if it is possible to cultivate these local bacteria and then transport them into districts producing inferior cheese. For instance, a certain cheese-fungus has its home in Normandy, and probably in Normandy alone, and to its aid we are indebted for a special kind of cheese. Cultures of this germ were obtained and sent into Holstein, and artificially introduced into milk set aside for cheese-making. The result was not altogether satisfactory, for though at times the cheese had a good Normandy flavour, at other times it reverted, apparently without reason, into that of the local Holstein. Herr Hofelmeyer, the experimenter, speaks feelingly of the disappointing and unaccountable relapses brought about by the subtle influence of the bacteria of the place, an influence which hitherto has resisted the successful working of imported species.

It may be noticed in passing that the organisms bringing about every form of cheese-ripening are not necessarily all bacteria, though always belonging to the great group of the fungi. Thus the distinctive flavours of Rochfort, Gorgonzola, Camembert, and Stilton are induced by a blue mould, a fungus designated *Penicilium glaucum*, a common enough variety found often on old boots, crusts, jams, &c., which ramifies in the cheese and produces the striking blue veins and patches. So the condition of, say, a Stilton, is familiarly gauged by the prevalence of these veins—that is, the typical good Stilton flavour is only present after the fungus has permeated through the whole cheese, and in its growth and search for nutriment influenced the constitution of the curd.

This new knowledge of the influence of bacteria on cheese now brought to our notice leads us to look for an attractive future in cheese-making. For just as at the present time we are able to procure cultures of bacteria to promote the best-flavoured ripening of cream for butter-making, so we may hope in the near future to be able to obtain cultures of bacteria for use in cheese-making, cultures which will overcome tainted curd, which will induce ripening in the best directions, and give any desired flavour and aroma. Then it will be possible to make cheeses hitherto considered peculiar to one district in any other district by the introduction of special cultures, and a locality which has hitherto produced only second-rate or less popular cheese will be able to be changed into one producing the very best by importing bacteria into it from a more highly-favoured district. Thus infinite possibilities open themselves before cheese-makers, a vision of any kind of cheese "made on the premises," all of the most desired flavour, nothing inferior or poor, and the millennium of cheese-eaters may almost be considered within sight, a millennium in which only the finest is offered and the best consumed.

AUTUMN

Now the last sheaves are garnered in the barns,
The fields all bare, the gleaners all gone home.
Ripe apples fall from overladen trees,
And boys and girls go nutting in the woods,
That wear a braver pomp than summer's green.
The squirrel buries deep his winter hoard,
The swallows gather on the red farm-roofs.
The ploughmen toil across the fallow lands,
And flails are loud on every threshing-floor,
The kindly earth has yielded up her fruits,
Troubled and swollen, the river twirls among
The withered reeds, and ghostly in the moon
Look all the misty fields and dim wood-sides,
And all the distant outlines of the hills.

Mary A. M. Marks.

THE CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

By BLANCHE ATKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR

"I WAS a fool! there's no doubt at all about it. I was a fool ever to be persuaded to mix myself up with public affairs. I shall write a letter of resignation, and get rid of all the annoyance."

So saying, George Leigh rose from his easy chair before the fire, went to the writing-table, and wrote a letter in which he resigned his seat on the School Board.

He had occupied the post of chairman for almost a year. Deputation after deputation of the citizens of St. Ethelburga had waited upon him, urging him to do them the favour of being Chairman of the Board, before he would consent. Perhaps his vanity (for not even philosophers are free from that masculine vice) was tickled by their flattery. Perhaps his good nature made it impossible longer to resist the importunities of his fellow-townsmen. He was a scholar, and more or less of a recluse, and therefore had never made an enemy of any party or sect. It was well known that he never went to either church or chapel, so he would be impartial. He had unlimited leisure, ample means, a good social standing, and as he had been living surrounded by books for the last twenty years, it stood to reason that he must have accumulated vast stores of knowledge. Then he had neither wife nor child to distract his attention from public matters. It was clear that George Leigh was the only man in St. Ethelburga fit to be Chairman of the School Board.

Only one person advised him to refuse the honour. The housekeeper who presided over his old-fashioned house, and humoured all his fancies, expressed herself strongly against such a step.

"It's too great a change—at your time of life, sir," she said firmly. "You'll never take to it when you've always disliked meetings and so on. Besides, they want a practical person. Book-knowledge won't be much use!"

"You're quite mistaken, Mary," said her master; and the housekeeper's doubts of his capability and her scornful allusion to his age and acquirements decided him to accept the offer. "You are quite mistaken in thinking that book-knowledge is no use in practical affairs," he repeated.

And the result showed that George Leigh, when he chose, could be as practical as any one. For the first few months all went well. His colleagues on the Board were seven men and one woman. They represented fairly enough the mixed views (religious and political) of the inhabitants of St. Ethelburga.

One of the most energetic and regular members was the Rev. Lorrimer St. John, the High Church parson, who declared himself to be an independent member and a hater of sectarianism. There was also the Rev. Mark Binns, a timid but stubbornly inflexible little man, who represented the "Nonconformist conscience." There was jovial Father Brady, popular, so well assured of the validity and superiority of his spiritual inheritance that he could afford to accept a compromise on the matter of religious instruction. And there was young Robert Rome, the Congregationalist minister, whom every one liked, but whose zeal often outran his discretion, and caused him very soon to be looked upon with a feeling of dread by the peace-loving Chairman of the Board.

Noteworthy also was the lady member of the Board, Miss Theophila Grey, whose conscientious usefulness no one could question, though her invariable determination to have a logical reason given for every decision arrived at sometimes irritated less methodically-minded members.

Over the assembly thus composed George Leigh presided with exact impartiality, and buckled to his work with more energy than any one had expected of him. Rather to his own surprise he found that the business interested him. This vast educational machine, devised by statesmen and regulated in minute details by Act of Parliament, yet left much scope for individual effort and character; for individual whims and foibles also, he presently discovered. Alas! not many months had passed before there came "a little rift within the lute." It arose about the appointment of a new teacher. To his extreme annoyance the Chairman recognised the disagreeable fact that each one of the reverend gentlemen above mentioned cared absolutely nothing for the interests of the schools, compared with the interests of his own particular religious denomination. And so it came to pass that more and more acrimony crept into the discussions of the Board. The Chairman himself had been accused of Indifferentism—nay, of Atheism—because he struggled to keep theological questions out of the debates. Miss Theophila Grey had openly said that a man should not be always wiffle-waffling to this side and that, and that she could not see why the Chairman did not *say* he was a Unitarian, as he undoubtedly was.

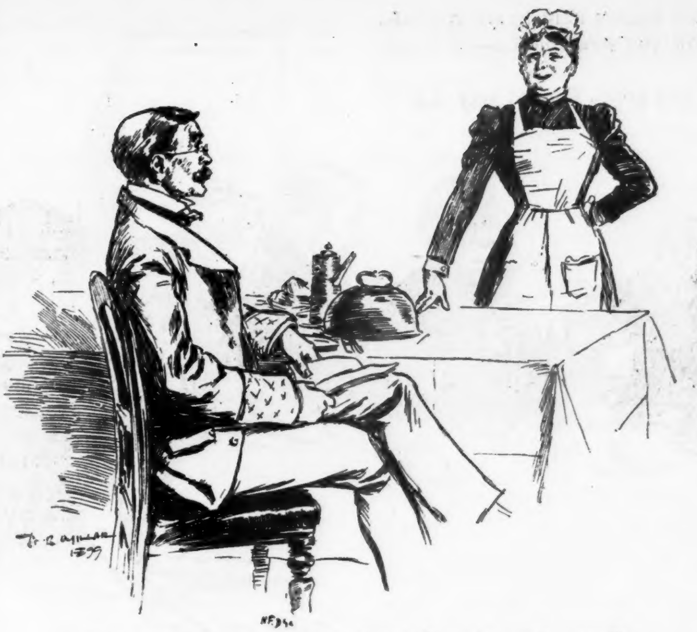
To which Mr. George Leigh answered that it was no concern of anybody's what he was, and that he couldn't see why they could not manage their schools without squabbling about things no two parties were agreed upon.

In short, the Board-room became an arena for theological baiting of first one, then another, until the disgusted Chairman, sitting in his well-stocked library, among the books he had neglected of late, came to the conclusion that he had been a fool to meddle with such a stupid business, and wrote his letter of resignation.

"They won't ask me to stay," he said to himself, smiling rather grimly, as he sat down once more before the fire. "I please no one. They would rather have a good bigot, I believe, than a man who has no creed. It's an extraordinary thing how vital these trifles seem to be, and to men and women of sense too! Why, I verily believe that young Rome would go to the stake to-morrow as calmly as any one of those poor deluded martyrs in the old days."

Glancing round the bookshelves, his eye rested on the glittering binding of his favourite Gibbon. "Haven't I often shown you how all these creeds were made," the historian seemed to say, "and how they rooted themselves in the follies and foibles of well-intentioned but ignorant men? Why did you expect that theologians of the nineteenth century would be a bit wiser, or less easily deluded, than those of the first?"

"I was a fool to expect it," the Chairman said to himself; and taking down a volume of Gibbon, he was soon lost in enjoyment of the author's brilliant satire and elegant diction.



"The housekeeper expressed herself strongly against such a step"

As he sat, warm and comfortable in body, enlightened in mind, there drew near to his house through the wet, cold night a hunchbacked lad, Timothy Wyke. He looked no more than eight years of age, but was thirteen—just beyond the jurisdiction of the School Board. Tim had been a great anxiety to the Board, for he was afflicted with parents of the most degraded type, and to save the boy from being dragged down to their level was the more difficult problem, because he refused to leave them.

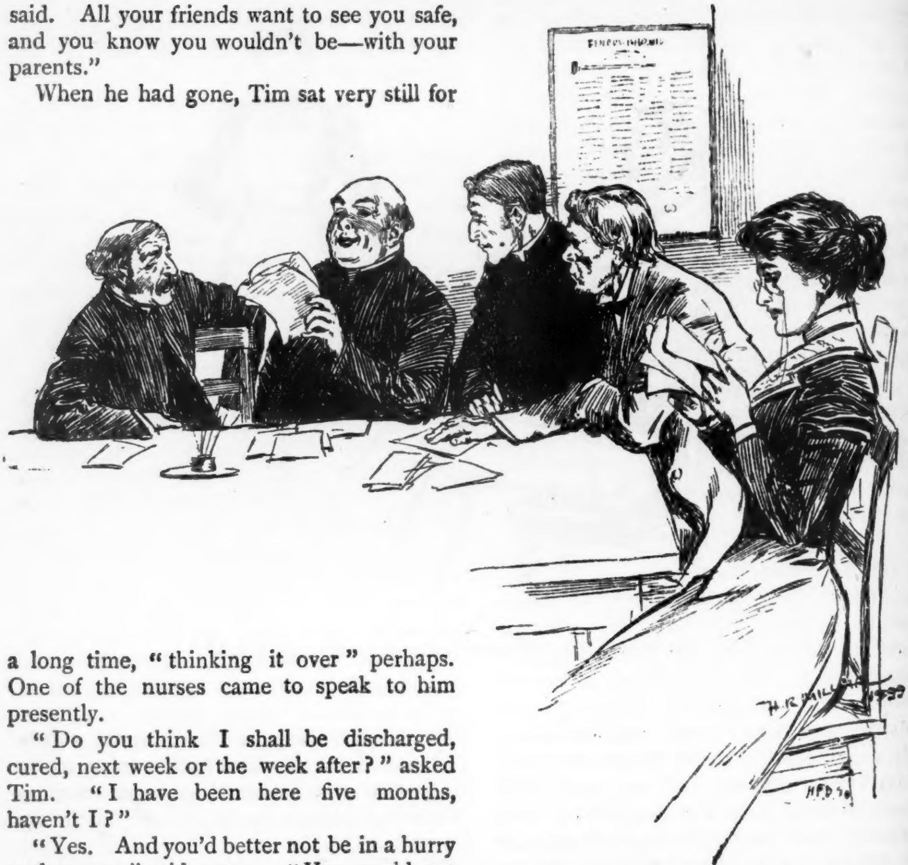
A few months before this time, however, the father and mother, both drunk, had treated the poor lad so brutally that they were sent to gaol for six months, and Tim was taken to the hospital, where he slowly recovered, and had the happiest time he had ever known. All the kind-hearted people of St. Ethelburga made a pet of him for a few weeks, and but for the knowledge of his parents' fate, Tim would have had nothing to desire. The doctors and nurses said that it was a wonder the boy lived; and more than one declared that it would be better for him to die than to go back to his father and mother. But somehow or other Tim did not die. In the hospital a lady visitor had taught him wood-carving as he lay in bed, and he announced his intention of earning a living by the sale of the things he made.

The Rev. Robert Rome was the lad's chief friend. "You know, sir," said Tim, smiling wistfully, "it's a good thing to have a hunchback. People is sorry for you, and gives you more when you're begging than they does to other chaps. I don't want to beg again. But I'll go about the street, and call at the big 'ouses, and sell the things; and when I say I've done 'em all myself, they'll sell for more nor they're worth. You'll see!"

Mr. Rome shook his head. "But it will be no use, even if you sell the things, Tim. You know you can't get enough to keep yourself. You had much better let us try to get you into that institution I told you of, where you'll be taken care of."

"But then who would take care of my father and mother, please, sir?" said Tim gravely.

"You can't be allowed ever to live with them again," said the young minister, rising. "Good-bye, my lad! Think over what I've said. All your friends want to see you safe, and you know you wouldn't be—with your parents."



"They represented fairly enough the mixed views of the inhabitants of St. Ethelburga"

When he had gone, Tim sat very still for a long time, "thinking it over" perhaps. One of the nurses came to speak to him presently.

"Do you think I shall be discharged, cured, next week or the week after?" asked Tim. "I have been here five months, haven't I?"

"Yes. And you'd better not be in a hurry to leave us," said nurse. "You could get your discharge in a week, I daresay. But you had better stay here."

Indeed the nurse who had been so kind to Tim, and the doctors and visitors, and all who were interested in him, were vexed with the boy's sudden determination to get well and to leave the hospital.

Mr. Rome spoke to him again very plainly. "It is useless for you to go back to the old life with your father and mother, Tim. They will drink every penny you earn, and beat you into the bargain."

"My mother was awful sorry about hurting me, afterwards, sir! And there's no one but me to give them a helping hand when they come out," said Tim.

"It's folly—sheer folly! And you ought to let your friends decide for you," said the young man angrily.

But he could not stay to argue with Tim, for he was on the way to a School Board meeting. The next time he visited the hospital he was told that Tim had been discharged.

The boy had made up his mind. His parents would be "out" in a fortnight, and he wanted to get a little store of money before they came. He knew they would come back to St. Ethelburga. Hawthorn Lane, the poorest part of the town, where they had lived in a room which was partly underground, was the best place for him to go to. There were always some rooms to let there. The old neighbours knew Tim, and were sorry for him, and a woman let him sleep in her kitchen until he found a room vacant. In the daytime he took his carvings in a basket, and went round the town selling them, and in the course of his journeyings came to Mr. Leigh's door.

Mary, the housekeeper, answered his knock.

She had heard about the boy, and had been to see him in the hospital at her master's request; and the sight of his thin white face and small figure touched her heart.

"Please, ma'am, I've got some carved things to sell—my own work," began Timothy.

"Good gracious! why it's little Tim! Come in, and I'll tell the master," said Mary, for she had heard him speak about getting the boy into an institution.

"It's Timothy Wyke, please, sir!" Mary said, as she opened the library door and pushed Tim and his basket in front of her.

The Chairman of the School Board looked up impatiently. He had never had much to do with children, and he shrank painfully from ugliness and distress. "Timothy Wyke!" he exclaimed. "What have I to do with Timothy Wyke?"

"You forget, sir. It's the boy who was in the hospital so long; you sent me to see him. And you said you meant to get him into an institution."

"Yes, yes. I remember! Well, Timothy, I'm glad you are better, and I'll speak about the matter to the governors of the institution tomorrow. Is that all?"

The lad's face quivered. "No, sir. Please, sir, I'm not going to the hinstitution;—and I want to sell some of these 'ere carvings. They are my own work, please, sir."

"Not going to the institution? Then what are you going to do? You don't think you will be allowed to live with those—("brutes" he was about to say, but a look in the lad's big brown eyes checked him) — those people who injured you so terribly? It would be madness!"

"It's my own father and mother, please, sir, and they'll be out soon now; and—and—they haven't got no one else but me. And I'm not going to beg, please, sir. I only want to sell——"

Mr. Leigh shook his head as he said, kindly but firmly, "I shall not encourage you to do anything which would help you to lead the old life with parents who have shown themselves unfit to be trusted. Take him to the kitchen and give him some supper, Mary. To-morrow I shall see about the institution."

There were tears running down the boy's patient, worn face now. "Please, sir—" he began with a little sob.

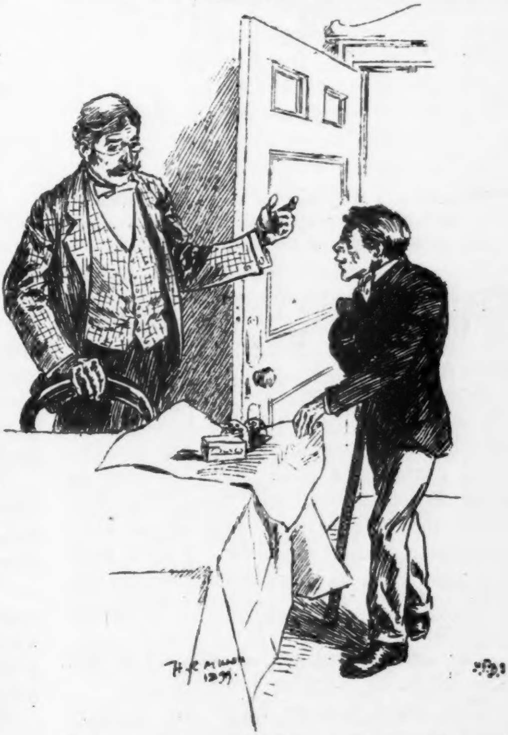
"Take him away, Mary! Take him away!" exclaimed the student of Gibbon, for the sight of the child's tears made him uncomfortable.

Mary opened the door and Tim vanished; but she stayed behind to say: "Don't you think, sir, that perhaps the lad is right? They are his own parents, and they may have mended, and if——"

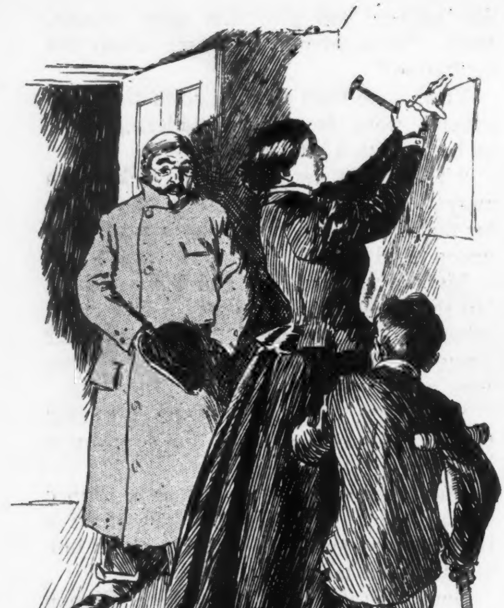
"Nonsense! nonsense!" he answered sharply. "Shut the door! I'm sure you've left the front door open."

Mary had not, but Tim had, as he slipped out again into the cold wet night, afraid of being caught and sent to "that there hinstitution they talk about."

Somehow after this interruption Gibbon had lost his relish, and George Leigh turned instead to a volume on Poor Law Adminis-



"'I want to sell some of these 'ere carvings. They are my own work, please, sir'"



"Mounted on a chair was his housekeeper, hammer in hand, nailing up coloured Christmas illustrations on the dingy walls"

tration which steeled his heart and wiped out the image of Tim's white face and pleading eyes.

When Mary came in with his bedroom candle she told him that the boy had run away before she could give him any supper.

"I daresay the little rascal had had as much as he wanted," said the philosopher. "Tell the policeman to find out at once where he is and let me know. I shall have him removed from those abominable parents of his. Buy his rubbish, indeed! the money to go in drink for them!"

The letter of resignation meanwhile had been left in his portfolio and forgotten.

That night George Leigh had a sharp attack of gout, and for three days he did not leave his room. The fourth day was Christmas Eve. He had just eaten his abstemious lunch, when Mary announced that the policeman wanted to see him.

"It's about Timothy Wyke," said the man. "I got your instructions to find him, sir, and wish to say as how he is living in Hawthorn Lane, No. 13. The boy has rented a room close by the place where they lived before, and Mr. and Mrs. Wyke is coming back to-day, sir, bad luck to them. And unless the boy is looked after, it's my belief as they'll just treat him again as they did before. . . . I saw him last night, and I said, 'Timothy,' says I, 'you can't know what's for your own good, or you'd go to the gentlemen who want to put you in an institution,' I said, 'and just leave those blackguards to go to the devil in their own way,' I said. Them was my very words. And Tim just looked up at me quite quiet like from his carving, and he says, 'It's my own father and mother, anyway, and they've no one but me.' But I hope you'll see to it, sir, for I wouldn't trust them, not a day."

"Yes. I'll certainly see to it! Good-day. Thank you," said Mr. Leigh, and the constable was rewarded and dismissed.

"I do believe that foolish woman—Mary—was crying!" the philosopher said to himself as he blew his nose vigorously and stood at the window watching the sturdy policeman disappear. "Hawthorn Lane! that is the alley at the back. Not a hundred yards away!"

George Leigh's old house was in a part of the town which had been country when he was born, but was now the poorest district, given up to squalid courts and alleys built some years ago by a speculator and allowed to fall into rapid dilapidation.

He was still standing at the window when Mary knocked and came in. "I am going out, sir, to do a few errands. Will you be wanting anything?"

"No. Stay as long as you like; I suppose you will want to look at the shops, and the decorations, and all that sort of thing," he said cheerfully, and Mary retired.

Five minutes later her master crept cautiously, lest the other servant should hear him, into the hall, put on his top-coat, and let himself out. It was already growing dusk, though not much past three, and when he reached Hawthorn Lane the narrow alley was dismal and grimy. He soon found No. 13, stumbled down two or three steps, and knocked.

Some one said, "Come in!"

He opened the door, stood still, and stared. Mounted on a chair was his housekeeper, hammer in hand, nailing up coloured Christmas illustrations on the dingy walls, while Tim, his face aglow with pride and joy, was handing her sprays of holly and ivy!

A bright fire was blazing cheerily; a little round table was covered with a white cloth, and tea-things were set out. On a dresser the amazed visitor noted a loaf of bread, cake, jam, oranges, and various small grocery parcels. The kettle was on the hob, an earthenware teapot standing before the fire. Mary had her back to the door, and did not hear Tim's exclamation of fear when he recognised Mr. Leigh.

"Now, that'll do," she said, stepping down from the chair. "I'll just put a bit of green stuff to hide those ugly stains on the other side, and then I must be making up the bed. Good gracious! the master," she cried, as she turned and faced him.

"What does it all mean, Mary?" asked the bewildered Chairman. "Are you encouraging the boy in his absurd——"

"Oh! please—please—" Tim cried, clasping his hands, and gazing in an agony of entreaty at the stern face of the newcomer. "Don't call it 'absurd,' please, sir. They've all given in—even Mr. Rome; and they say we're to have another chance!"

"Yes," said Mary, "Tim has been to all the gentlemen on the Board, and they say he ought to be helped in a good work. And the chaplain of the gaol has been written to, and Mr. St. John has gone himself to Maytown to meet them when they come out and bring them here. And Father Brady sent in the groceries; and Mr. Binns got up a collection and sent a bit of furniture; and Miss Theophila Grey has been here herself and brought the pictures, and the holly, to make the place look a bit cheerful like, and a lot of things; and—oh, here's Mr. Rome, with a quilt for the bed! He's been begging one thing from this person, and another from that. And the cake and the oranges and jam I bought myself, sir; nothing came out of the house——"

Young Rome, staggering under a big bundle, interrupted Mary's tale. "It's getting late; they'll be here directly; so we'd better clear off, Mr. Leigh, don't you think? It will be best to let the boy manage in his own way. Good-night, young 'un! A merry Christmas to you!" The hunchbacked boy touched the young minister's hand with his lips, but did not speak.

"I'll just make up the bed and be off too," said Mary. "Here, Tim, help me with the blanket!"

George Leigh followed the minister into the dark alley.

"It is poor Tim's way of killing the fatted calf for his Prodigals," said Robert Rome with a short sigh. "I hope they won't go back to their husks and swine. But, any how, the boy had to have his way this time, and, with God's help, he'll save them yet!"

"It's a forlorn hope," said the Chairman, shaking his head as they parted at the corner of the gloomy and unsavoury alley. The lamps had just been lighted, and a gleam fell upon the younger man's eager, spiritual face. "A forlorn hope saved the world," he said with a strangely radiant look.

That evening George Leigh sat once more meditating before the fire in his warm, well-lighted library. Once and again he thought of the room in Hawthorn Lane, and wondered how it would all end.

"They are fine fellows, after all," he said to himself, "St. John, and Binns, and Brady, and Miss Grey, and young Rome—the whole set of them. They're a vast deal better than their creeds, and put to shame a creedless philosopher like myself. The world could spare me and my kind better than it could spare them—as long as sin and as long as love remain, at all events . . . . Yes, they are fine fellows . . . . I don't see why I can't work with them a bit longer . . . . I was a fool to resign." Suddenly he remembered that the letter had never been posted. He went to his desk. There it lay in the portfolio. He took it up and threw it into the fire. "Let them wrangle!" he said to himself. "When it comes to deeds, they are wiser than I am."

THIRSTY LONDON

By J. DEANE HILTON

THAT the capital of a country like England, with its humid climate and its myriad streams, should ever be in actual want of water seems on the face of it incredible. The rainfall in these islands is doubtless greater than in any other part of Europe; yet London, throned on the banks of the Thames and the Lea, has more than once in recent years been dangerously near a water famine.

Few people have any definite conception of the mighty volume of water that is poured daily into London to be absorbed as by a colossal sponge. The demand for greater quantities of water has increased with the advance of civilisation. Were the requirements of to-day restricted to the purposes of drinking, cooking, and washing, the present supply would be more than adequate. But think for one moment of the numberless uses to which water is put in a great modern city. There are hundreds of factories scattered over London, with great engines whose insatiable thirst cannot remain for an hour unslaked. There are thousands of water-carts to be filled, the lakes in all the parks to be supplied, the public baths to be frequently replenished, the railway engines by the thousand to be fed; then add to this the immense quantity required to fill the tanks and water barrels of ships leaving the port of London, and the tons of water sent hissing on the fires which blaze up somewhere in London every day.

These manifold uses for water render any comparison between London and ancient Rome of no value. The water supplied to Rome in A.D. 100 exceeded by a third the quantity we have in London to-day. Taking into consideration the enormous disparity in the population of the two cities, the Roman was very well off in the matter of water. The water was brought by aqueducts over distances ranging from thirty to sixty miles, and rolled into the Eternal City in the magnificent quantity of three hundred million gallons a day. All this for little Rome! It exceeds the ideal supply dreamed of by optimistic county councillors, and makes our present London service of two hundred million gallons a day, or thereabouts, look contemptible by comparison.

We read that in the time of Frontinus the Roman aqueducts together exceeded 255 miles in length, the water being distributed over the city through 13,594 iron pipes. When we remember that the Roman had no steam-engines, and very few of the thousand-and-one requirements of the modern Londoner, the contemplation of his luxurious supply arouses feelings of envy. A large proportion of the water must have been used in the public baths, and in that matter, the habit of frequent washing, the Roman was very much in advance of the Londoner. His supply was constant in the unrestricted, not the figurative, meaning of the word. His life was not made a burden to him by thoughts of microbes in the cistern, or defective ball and cock arrangements, or the insolence of autocratic turncocks. Probably a good deal of the water went in what our modern London companies would call culpable waste. The happy Roman citizen had no water-rates to pay. He was not liable to be startled on sleepy afternoons by the double knock of the rate collector with his blue forms and his ink-bottle. But if a rate had been levied, I doubt if the Roman would have paid for an alleged constant supply when he only received a feeble dribble. A good deal of civilisation is necessary to make a man as complaisant as that.

The London supply has been below the requirements of the city for many hundred years. At the time of the Norman Conquest the citizens were able to get all they wanted from the Thames on the southern side, and on the north side from the streams which ran down from the hills, such as the Fleet, which had its source at Hampstead. This little river was called the Fleet Ditch because of its filthy condition. Then there was Wallbrook, which ran through London Wall, and Langbourne, which ran where busy Fenchurch Street now stands, and found its way to the Thames by Sherborne Lane.

To the westward there was the Oldborn, or Holborn—strange that the *h* should have survived in London—which ran from Holborn Bars, and contributed to the volume of the Fleet. There were several wells also in the old London of those days—Holywell, Clerkenwell, and Clement's Well. As time went on, the Fleet, as may easily be imagined, became too foul for use. We pass on to the time of Edward I., in whose reign the first reservoir was made, in the year 1285, when water was brought from Paddington and stored in a great reservoir in West Cheap. Between the early part of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth century a great many conduits were built over wells and springs—one was in Lamb's Conduit Fields. While the seventeenth century was yet in its teens a great and beneficial scheme was successfully carried out. Every one knows the story of brave Hugh Myddelton, who suffered for being wiser than a stupid generation—others enjoyed the "potentiality of wealth" that he created. The philanthropic goldsmith undertook to bring water from Hertfordshire to London by means of an artificial river. He had actually brought the water as far as Enfield when his money gave out. James I., who was a far shrewder man than he usually gets credit for, came to Myddelton's assistance, but on terms that were highly favourable to his royal self. After six years of work the plan was completed, and the great reservoir was opened at Islington on Michaelmas Day 1613.

There is no doubt that the London water left much to be desired in the matter of purity until quite recent times. Dr. Smollett, writing about the year 1770, gives us some notion of its quality in the last century. He puts the description into the mouth of his most lovable character, dear old Matthew Bramble, who always seemed to me to be the prototype of Mr. Pickwick, who, it will be remembered, by-the-bye, wrote on the sources of the Hampstead ponds. It is quite possible that Dickens was unconsciously influenced by the old romance which delighted him so in boyhood.

Matthew Bramble wrote as follows to his friend Dr. Lewis: "If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement, or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. The concrete is composed of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons used in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrifying carcases of beasts and men, and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers within the bills of mortality. This is the agreeable potation extolled by the Londoners as the finest water in the universe."

Smollett had lived for many years in London, and, of course, knew something about the water, though I believe he did not drink very much of it; but we must make some allowance for his habitual vigour of expression, also for the pessimism, born of gout, of the old Welshman through whom he speaks. We may doubt if things were ever quite so bad as he would have us believe. But in an age when hygiene was not studied, it is highly probable that little care was exercised by the authorities to keep the water pure.

Coming down to the year 1828 we find that thirty millions of gallons, or 4,517,000 cubic feet, of water were supplied daily to 177,000 London tenants. The growth of the metropolis in the succeeding seventy odd years has been prodigious, and fresh sources of supply have had to be tapped from time to time. But the activity of the water companies has not kept pace with the increase of population. The present sources are proving insufficient, or the means of utilising these sources is inefficient; at any rate various schemes of vast extent and almost incalculable cost for bringing more water to London are being mooted. In 1894 the astounding total of 192,000,000 gallons a day was reached by the combined water companies of London. This was supplied to the five and a-half million inhabitants at the rate of, say, thirty-two gallons a head for all purposes. These figures represent an enormous volume of water, though small when compared with the mighty river that flowed into old Rome. We can only deal with the figures roughly; the supply fluctuates to a considerable extent at different times in the year, it is therefore not possible to be mathematically accurate. Allowing for a slight increase since the last return, and taking in other sources of which no official return is made, and to which I shall refer a little later, we may pretty safely put the present London water supply at about 200,000,000 gallons a day. Let us try for a moment to realise what these figures mean.

With 200,000,000 gallons of water we could fill a lake a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and five feet deep. The water in it would weigh nearly a million tons. This lake would stretch from the Bank of England right away to Clement Danes Church, yet it would be emptied in a single day to assuage the thirst of London. Or suppose we could freeze all this water, we could build up a great block of ice a thousand feet long, a thousand feet wide, and thirty-two feet high. If we allow for the expansion by freezing, the block would of course be still bigger. Sixty-five of the largest ironclads in the British Navy could float in the water we use every day in London. When we come to compare our supply with the mighty torrent of Niagara, we belittle it. The water goes thundering over the falls at the rate of two million tons a minute, or four hundred and twenty million gallons. Our whole daily supply would be whirled over long before the second-hand of a watch had travelled once round the dial. And could we divert the magnificent torrent for only three hours we could supply London with water for a whole year at the present rate. Niagara is a big thing.

Now from whence is this enormous quantity of water obtained? In the first place, from eight companies: The New River Company, East London Company, Chelsea, Lambeth, Southwark and Vauxhall, West Middlesex, Kent Water Works, and the Grand Junction Water Works Company. All these companies, with the exception of the Kent Water Works, are fed almost entirely by the Thames and the Lea. The Thames basin, down to the intake of the water companies, covers an area of about 3542½ square miles, with an average annual rainfall of 27 inches. The drainage of the Lea above the lowest intake is 460 square miles. The area of the Kent Water Water Works is 110 square miles. From the wells in the chalk area on the south of the Thames, it is possible to obtain a daily average of twenty-seven and a-half million gallons. Before the water can reach the consumers it has to be pumped into reservoirs by machinery erected at enormous cost. An elaborate process of filtration is also necessary before the water is fit for use.

Father Thames always has been, and is now, the main source of the London supply. Six companies are permitted to draw from the river and pump into their reservoirs an aggregate quantity of one hundred and thirty million gallons daily. It is estimated that this represents one-eleventh of the river's average flow. The Lea, the tributary of the Thames, furnishes the New River Company with 22,500,000 gallons a day, and the East London Company with 33,000,000 gallons a day. Besides these sources we have wells, artesian and dug-out. The word "artesian" is from Artois, a province in the north of France. The Chinese have long used artesian wells; in Austria they have existed for hundreds of years. There is one at Greville, near Paris, which goes down 1800 feet. At the present time there are more than 500 scattered over London—the fountains in Trafalgar Square are supplied by one which goes down nearly 400 feet; the Bank of England and several Government offices are also supplied in that way. Most of the breweries are provided with artesian wells, as are many manufacturing firms; one firm of mineral water manufacturers draws over 2,000,000 gallons a day from private wells. The water companies, too, have wells of their own to augment the supply they draw from the rivers. It will thus be seen how futile it would be to attempt an exact estimate of the total amount of water consumed in London.

The wells have had some effect upon the level of the water basin. A report presented to a Royal Commission dealt with 172 chalk wells within and outside London on both sides of the Thames, from which about 10,000,000 gallons a day had been obtained. The Commissioners said that the water-level bed had been materially lowered since deep wells had been sunk in many parts of the metropolis. The fall was variously estimated at from twelve to eighteen inches.

With regard to the future water supply of London experts are as divided in opinion as politicians and theologians. Some declare that the Thames and the Lea will yield sufficient for the next fifty years at least. Others advise deep borings, a thousand feet or so, and talk confidently of an immense subterranean lake of inexhaustible capacity. Others, again, say, Leave the rivers alone, and go to Wales for water. Some experts say that the soft water from the Welsh mountain lakes will cause rickets and lead-poisonings, unless we go in for iron pipes; other experts assure us that there is no such danger. Various schemes for bringing water to London by aqueducts have been proposed. The suggested sources are wide apart—the Cumberland lakes, the Severn, Dartmoor, and two different parts of Wales. The cost of constructing an aqueduct from any one of these places would be prodigious. Who shall predict what will come to pass? Parliament, the County Council, and the water companies must be left to fight the matter out among themselves. It will be interesting to watch the struggle. But while the battle is raging the horse may die of thirst: for certain ill-natured pessimists are prophesying more droughts in the near future.

While these tremendous schemes are under discussion it is just possible that Londoners will be obliged to sink wells in their back-gardens, and a golden age will dawn for the water-diviners. The divining-rod, like the long-discredited ghost, can no longer be looked upon as altogether a vulgar superstition It does not do to be sceptical about anything in these days, when nothing is certain and everything is possible. It will be strange if this age of enlightenment should confirm the superstitions of the old world. A water-diviner cannot yet recover his fee in a court of justice; nor are we able to account on scientific grounds for what is called "the gift of divination"; but that water may be found by means of the rod seems possible.

The commonest form of rod is a small branch cut from a hazel shrub or tree, from one foot to a foot and a half in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter. But now doubts are being thrown upon the virtue of the hazel rod; some water-finders use a rod of aluminium, while others use no rod at all, alleging that they experience a peculiar feeling in the hands when they pass over the water. Lord Kelvin, whose opinion is of course to be treated with every respect, has expressed disbelief in the rod; but whether he rejects the whole theory of water-divination, I am unable to say. The subject cannot be fully discussed within the limits of this paper. The following personal testimony is, however, worth quoting. A friend of mine, Mr. W——, of Sussex, whose position and character preclude the least suspicion of deception, has the "sacred gift," which he does not exercise for gain. He thus describes the mode of operating: "The rod is held firmly between the finger and thumb in both hands in a horizontal position in front of the body. In my own case, when holding the twig, when I come near where the water is the twig begins to revolve, and I cannot stop it: it actually twists itself between my hands." This looks as if there were some virtue in the rod, *pace* Lord Kelvin. Mr. W—— continues: "By the diviner and his twig water has been found in great abundance in the most unlikely places, where people would not dream of looking for water unless they made up their minds to sink the well until they came upon water." He gives instances of water being found at the exact depth given by the diviner in places where water-experts would not think of boring.

The virtue of the divining-rod for the discovery, not only of water, but the precious metals, has been believed in since ancient times. Whether the faith obtains amongst savage races I know not. The following instance of water-finding is interesting. A relative of mine, a recorded minister in the Society of Friends, travelled extensively in Asia and Africa when his years numbered fourscore. I have heard him relate that once when travelling by bullock-waggon across an arid district in South Africa he came upon a strange sight. A native woman, surrounded by her little children, was drawing water from the reluctant earth in this manner: she had thrust a long hollow reed deep into the soil, and was sucking vigourously, taking in the water through one corner of her mouth, and expelling it through the other into an earthen vessel. By this method she procured all the water the family wanted for drinking and cooking—washing was probably not considered a necessity. This primitive kind of force-pump could, of course, only be worked at the cost of great physical exhaustion. But how did she know where to probe? Do the witch-doctors number water-divination among their other accomplishments?

SUNDAY READINGS FOR AUGUST

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

DEATH AND GROWTH

"And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly and multiplied."—Exod. i. 6, 7.

THESE remarkable words occur in a short section linking the books of Genesis and Exodus. The writer recapitulates the list of the immigrants into Egypt, and then, as it were, having got them there, he clears the stage for a new set of actors. These few words are all that he cares to tell of a period of centuries. He notes but two processes—silent dropping away, and silent growth. Leaves fall, and stems wither, and their places are empty; but, at the same time, one by one, tender green spikelets pierce the mould, and new growths wave luxuriant in the breeze and the sunshine.

That twofold process is ever at work. The very structure of the sentences here seem to reproduce the one fate and the varying times at which it befell. "Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation"—the clauses are like the threefold falls of earth on a coffin. They went one by one till, at last, all had gone. The stealthy assaults on single lives and the final complete victory of death are strikingly suggested. As the white crests of the breakers in mid-ocean disappear, as if some force acting from beneath had pulled them under, and the blue sea runs over the spot which they had occupied for a moment, so men disappear on the great sea of Time. As some strong swimmer is dragged under by sharks, so man after man is twitched down till, at last, "all that generation" have gone under.

But another process goes on simultaneously. In nature, spring and autumn are widely apart. It is far from May's buds and nests to December's "bare ruined choirs." But the impressive fact, which we are often too careless to note, is the cotemporaneousness of the two seasons in human experience. The world, looked at from one side, seems a charnel house and "the place of a skull," while, from the other side, it is full of budding life and glad growth. In many a house there are a coffin upstairs and a cradle downstairs. The children play in the churchyard. One end of the web is being run down while the other is being woven.

> Every moment dies a man;
> Every moment one is born.

But through the twofold process God's purpose marches unhindered to completion. The great vizier who seemed to be Israel's only protector is gone, the truculent brothers who had sold him for a slave are gone, and the whole generation is swept away. What then? They were the instruments of God's purposes for a while. Are His purposes dead because the instruments are laid aside? The homely proverb says that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and that is especially true when God casts the net.

We should keep both halves of the process clear before us, and not let either blind us to the other. The contemplation of mortality may easily become morbid, and lead us to clothe all things with too sober a colouring. The ignoring of it is but too natural, and robs life of dignity, gravity, and strenuousness. Our hearts may be faint when the pressure of man's mortality—our own or that of our dear ones, or that of valuable workers—weighs on us; but we shall do well to remember how abundant increase and waxing exceeding mighty was going on side by side with the dying out of "that generation."

Such thoughts should stimulate us to service. Our little task should be in the same line of direction with God's "increasing purpose," which runs unbroken "through the ages." Our individual lives are but like tiny pools on the shores of some fiord or loch that runs far inland; but the great tidal wave that rolls away out over the broad Atlantic tells on them, and both the ebb and the flow help to make even their shallow waters wholesome.

The contemplation of this double process should make us content to do insignificant and unfinished work. Joseph might have thought, as he lay dying, that he had not done much to further his people's possession of Canaan, by bringing them down to Egypt. But he had helped forward the realisation of God's designs some small distance, and that is enough for any man. Many hands are laid on the ropes to draw the triumphal car, and one after another they are stiffened in death and loosen their hold; but the car goes on. "One soweth and another reapeth," and the result is that divided labour is multiplied gladness. We receive unfinished tasks from our predecessors, and hand on unfinished tasks to those who come after.

This double process should lift our thoughts to Him that lives for ever. Moses dies, Joshua catches the torch from his dying hand, because God said: "As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee." Therefore, we can turn away from thoughts of the darkness that has sucked down so much, which our own hearts or Christ's church seem to need so sorely, and turn to the Christ who "became dead and is alive for evermore." "Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation;" but Jesus lives, and therefore His people "grow and multiply," and His servants' work is blessed, and at last all their generations shall be united in the harvest festival, "when he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

SECOND SUNDAY

COMMONPLACE AND CRISIS

"When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened, and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble."—Prov. iv. 12.

The well-worn metaphor likening life to a path has many felicities. It suggests continual change, progress in a definite direction, the linking of all our days to one another, and a final goal. "The way" spoken of in the context is "the way of wisdom," both as being that which wisdom points out, and that in which wisdom accompanies us. "When thou goest"—that pictures the monotonous tramp, tramp, tramp along the path, the humdrum "one foot up, and another down" which makes up the greater part of every life. "When thou runnest"—that pictures the brief bursts of more than usual energy, or the crises that are suddenly sprung on us. Both are provided against if we walk in the path of wisdom.

That "if" carries a stringent condition, which assumes an even more imperative necessity and opens an even fuller blessing, when read in the light of Christ's Incarnation, than it did to the teacher of wisdom, who wrote these early chapters of Proverbs. To his vision there rose the august and serene figure of the queenly Wisdom, which is more than a personification, albeit somewhat less than a person. But the ancient sage's visions can only become realities when the Wisdom, which he saw shimmering through darkness, takes to itself a human form, and the Word becomes flesh and dwells among us. With that heightening of the conception of Wisdom, the conception of the path of wisdom is also heightened, and it becomes the path in which Jesus walked, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps. What will walking in that path be then? We may put the answer in three sentences. We must let Christ, "the wisdom of God," choose our path, making His ours and ours His. We must walk where and as He walked, treading carefully in his footprints, as men on an ice-slope do in the guide's. We must keep company with Him on the road. Doing these things, we shall walk in the path of wisdom, and have a right to expect the fulfilment of these promises to ourselves.

The bulk of our lives is of the kind described by the first clause. For many miles of road there is nothing exciting to vary the grind. Everything is as it was yesterday, and as it will probably be to-morrow. "The trivial round" makes up the larger part of every life. By far the greater proportion of the wine is water, and the percentage of spirit is very small. If Jesus Christ is not to help us in the monotonous stretches, what is His help worth? Unless the trivial is His field, His field is restricted indeed. We all know the deadening influence of habit, the sense of weariness and almost of disgust, at the repetition day after day of the same tasks. The only way of preventing the common from becoming commonplace, and the familiar from becoming contemptible, is to link all to Jesus Christ, and to do all for Him and in company with Him. Then the rough places will be made plain, the mountains of difficulty be brought low, and the valleys of the commonplace be exalted. "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet," sang Habakkuk—the very embodiment of buoyant, graceful, swift movement. If we will walk with Christ towards Christ, we may have such ease of light motion, instead of the dull plodding along the dull road of uneventful life.

In another aspect, too, this promise is fulfilled, for though wisdom's way is narrow, it is broad enough for the lovers of wisdom. A sober man goes in a straight line, it is the drunkard who staggers over the breadth of the road. The limits which enjoining Love lays down, and obeying Love accepts, are not restraints. Our steps are not straitened, but we "walk at liberty," when we keep Christ's precepts.

"When thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble." Crises do come, calling for the putting forth of all our powers to do or suffer. The spurts are short, but they exhaust. We live years in moments of supreme agony or bliss. The runner is apt to trip, and the greater the speed the more the danger of a stumble, and the more disastrous its consequences. But Jesus will make us fit to face great difficulties, or great sorrows, or anything that may storm down on us out of the dark. If we will attend to the conditions and walk in wisdom's way, the prophetic promise will be fulfilled to us, and He will lead us "through the depths, as an horse in the wilderness," that we "stumble not." A strong hand on the rein will hold up the trembling creature's head as it goes sliding over the smooth, slippery rock-surfaces, and it will safely reach and rest in the valley. He "is able to keep" the weakest "from stumbling."

"They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint," said the same prophet. But he set another great word before these two, saying "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." We must soar by devout contemplation, by aspiration, and setting our minds on things above, and then we shall walk with buoyancy along the commonplace road, and be more than equal to the moments of crisis and effort.

THIRD SUNDAY

DYING LAMPS

"Our lamps are going out."—Matt. xxv. 8. (R.V.).

THE rendering of the Revised Version is to be preferred to that of the Authorised, as more accurate and far more vivid. The sleeping five hastily looked to their lamps when they woke, and saw them flickering and dying down. A note of alarm as well as of surprise is audible in their startled exclamation. Their discovery and their dread were alike too late, and as they went on their hopeless search for what they might once have had in abundance, the last faint glimmer ceased, and they had to grope their way in the dark, with their lightless lamps hanging useless in their slack hands, while near at hand the torches of the bridal procession, in which they might have had a part, flashed through the night. The issue of the process of extinction does not concern us now; the process itself does.

The uniform usage of Scripture determines the meaning of the oil, which always signifies the influence of the Spirit of God communicated to men. What, then, is meant by the lamp? Biblical usage seems to answer that question as clearly as the other, and to interpret the lamp as the Christian life of the individual, sustained by the Spirit of God.

That life may gradually die out. All spiritual emotions, and the life of which they are the manifestation, die unless nourished. They have no guarantee of perpetuity except on plain conditions. We may live, and our life may die. We may trust, and our trust may tremble into unbelief. We may obey, and our obedience may be broken by mutinous risings of self-will. We may walk in paths of righteousness, and our feet may falter and turn aside. The lamp may be "kindled and (therefore) shining," but it will be but "for a season," unless it is fed from the source from which it was lit.

The process is slow. The flame of a lamp does not go out at once. The white part lessens, and the imperfectly consumed blue portion encroaches on it, then the flame flickers, and, as it were, shudders itself off the wick, and leaves a charred, red line, which soon breaks up into points, and these twinkle out one after another, and then all is blackness and the lamp has gone out. So slowly may the light in the soul die away. The process of extinction may be long protracted, like the reluctant close of a summer's day, like the slow dropping of the blood from a fatal wound.

That extinction of the light is brought about by simply doing nothing. The five foolish maidens did not stray into forbidden paths. They merely slept. True the other five also slept, and, if we were studying the parable as a whole, there would be much to say as to the difference between the slumbers of the two groups; but for our present purpose, it is enough to note that nothing is alleged against the hapless five, except negligence deepening into slumber, and the consequent failure to provide oil. They did not wish their lamps to go out, nor out of set purpose omit to provide for their keeping alight. They were simply negligent, and that was fatal. The spiritual life is sustained by communications from the Divine Spirit, and these will be imperceptibly lessened, and may be altogether intercepted, unless diligent attention is given to keep the channels open, by which they are poured into the spirit. Water pipes are sometimes choked by a matted mass of trifles. Simple torpor has more shipwrecks of professing Christians to answer for than positive wickedness has. We have only to do what a great many of us are doing—that is, nothing—in order to quench the light in our lamps. The only way to ensure its continuance is to keep close to Jesus Christ, in faith, love, communion and obedience. If we hold up our emptiness to Him, He will fill it with His fulness, and the light that seems to be flickering to extinction will flame up again. He "will not quench the dimly burning wick," but, as the priests walked all through the night to tend the golden lamps of the Temple, so He who walks amidst the seven candlesticks will see that each little lamp is fed according to its capacity and need.

The process may be going on and the lamp-bearer be quite ignorant of it. A sleeping woman could not tell if her lamp was alight. A drowsy Christian does not know that his is nearly out. To be unconscious of approximation to such a condition is one of the signs that it is ours. A frost-bitten limb is quite comfortable; it tingles only when life is coming back. No one was more surprised than these five witless women, when they opened their sleepy eyes and saw the true state of affairs. It is wise for all of us to ask, Is it I? and to make sure that our loins are girt about and our lamps burning.

FOURTH SUNDAY

WHEN THE OIL FLOWS

"She said unto her son, 'Bring me yet a vessel.' And he said unto her, 'There is not a vessel more,' and the oil stayed."—2 Kings iv. 6.

THE strange story from which the above words are taken is like most of Elisha's miracles, in having no grave or lofty purpose or lesson, and being wrought simply to extricate some one from a trivial, transient difficulty.

A poor widow came to the prophet as a sort of deliverer general, with her pitiful tale of how she was left penniless with two children, whom a harsh creditor was about to take as slaves, as he had the legal right to do. Elisha had to contrive, as well as to execute, a way for her paying off her debt, and he determined to work a miracle for her. Her home was bare of everything but one pot of oil, her only possession. He bade her borrow vessels from all her neighbours, as many as she could, and then she was to shut herself into the house with her boys, and pour out into the medley of jars and dishes of all sorts and sizes which she had got together. She believed the prophet and did as she was bidden, her two boys delighted, no doubt, with their work, bringing vessels empty, and gazing, open-eyed, as the golden stream came from the inexhaustible jar, and carrying them away full. When the last of them was filled, "the oil stayed," but enough had flowed to fetch as much as more than paid the debt.

It is a singular story, very unlike most Biblical miracles. But we may venture to find in it a symbol, which was not intended, of the conditions under which the Oil of the Holy Spirit's influences is poured into the spirits of Christians. We must bring vessels, if we would not check the flow.

We must bring the vessel of Desire. God can give many things without our wishing them, but not His best gift of Himself. He cannot make us wise if we do not wish instruction, nor holy if we have no desire for holiness. He cannot save a man from his sins, if the man holds on to them with both hands, as a shell-fish will do with its claws, when we try to drag it from its chink in the rock.

God, indeed, is always giving, and long before any desires of ours went up to Him, His love was pouring down on us, just as sunbeams rushed from the sun, before the planets had been completely shaped out of the nebulous haze surrounding them, which intercepted the light. But while He is ever giving, our capacity determines the measure of our reception, and a principal element in determining our capacity is our desire. We can have as much of God as we can take, and we can take as much as we desire. Wherever the coast-line opens into a bay, the sea runs in and fills it.

But the desire that receives must be more than a feeble, fleeting wish. Lazily wishing and strenuously desiring are different; the former obtains nothing, the latter, everything. Desire must be steadfast, too. If the widow's boys had held their vessels under the jar with unsteady hands, or shifted them from side to side, much oil would have been spilled. The steadfast longing is the answered longing; but the unstable man is not to "think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."

There is but one region where, and one object of desire in regard to which, we can be certain that we shall have what we wish, and as much as we wish. Surely it is wise to turn from this world of vain longing, in which satisfied desires are rare, and are almost as disappointing as balked ones, to "Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and will never fail to satisfy the desires of them that fear Him.

Another vessel which we must bring is Expectancy. Confident anticipation that our desire will be fulfilled is warranted in the Christian life and nowhere else. We set the limit to our possession of God by our expectation. That is what Jesus meant by His often repeated word: "According to thy faith, be it unto thee," and by His promise: "Believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Many of us have expectations less than our desires, and all of us have desires less than the possibilities of God's gift. Some of us would be very much astonished if the things that we pray for were given to us. If we expect little we shall get little. If we dig the trench wide and deep, the water will flow in and fill it. The widow's cups were of a definite capacity, and when they were filled, they were filled, and there an end. But the more that is put into our spirits, the more they can take in. Our hearts are elastic, and are widened by desire, expectance and fruition. The enlarging process is endless, and since the gift is infinite, and the capacity of the recipient is capable of indefinite increase, immortal life is sure.

We must bring the vessel of Obedience. "If any man wills to do His will he shall know of the teaching." Wishes and expectation must be sustained by conduct, or they will be vain. We may contradict and stifle desires by inconsistent living, and thereby may make it impossible that anticipations should be fulfilled. A vessel full of baser liquors has no room for the oil. If we "quench the Holy Spirit" by our unworthy lives, He cannot enter our spirits.

He can but listen at the gate,
And hear the household jar within.

RAIN IN THE CITY

THOUGH all the pavements stream with wet,
The rows of lime-trees will not let
  The rain besmirch our way;
Their soft green lights and shadows green
Make magical what else had been
  Dry asphalte hard and grey.

So, in the city of human years
Though sorrow dash our path with tears,
  We, too, between the showers,
Shall see the Tree of Life o'erhead
Green shadows 'neath our footsteps shed,
  Soft lights and mirrored flowers.

G. D. C.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

ON beach or pier, among the pines on the hill-top or the foxgloves of a sunken lane, by the loch-side or under a lonely rowan on the moor, "The Solitary Summer"[*] will be found a pleasant book for holiday reading,—if, indeed, you feel any necessity for reading in the holidays. I am not disposed to add to the amiable futilities of editors and correspondents who volunteer suggestions as to how, when, and where one ought to spend a holiday; though I acknowledge, of course, that some satisfaction may be derived from two very innocent sources of pleasure—that of giving advice, and that of disregarding it. Each of us, I suppose, has his own notion of holiday enjoyment, and probably it would not be easy to choose a subject which would afford more spacious and breezier latitude for difference of tastes and variety of opinions than this of holiday-making. So, too, I take it, none of us intends to be influenced by what any one may say as to whether we should or should not read. For my own part, I prefer to have a volume or two available for a wet day—one of those methodical soaking days when the rain comes down steadily for hours together, and a long sigh of satiation and well-being comes from the swaying acres of wheat and barley and oats, and the high elms shake themselves in stray gusts of air, like great Newfoundlands that have just come out of a pool, and the ducks, weary of the mill-pond, waddle up the guttering sides of the sandy lane in quest of the enchanted waters which they fancy must have broken bounds somewhere in the mysterious regions inland.

On giving attention to the matter, however, I am somewhat surprised to see what kind of book attracts me most in these conditions. Here is a novel of Rolf Boldrewood's,[*] for example; but though I remember with a rare feeling of the delight in the romantic the vivid pages of "Robbery under Arms," and though there is magic in the thought of the blue lake of Taka-tapu, and the tangled forests of Waipa plain, and the pink terraces over which the fountain of Otuka-puarangi pours its azure falls, I cannot settle down to "War to the Knife." I can see, too, that "Rupert, by the Grace of God,"[†] is a stirring narrative of love and conspiracy, sieges and stricken fields and heroic adventure; but to-day, somehow, I am not in the mood for Charles, or Rupert, or the Ironsides of the great man with the wart on his brow. Even the second volume of the new edition of "Præterita"[‡] is not what I want, keenly interested as I am in all Mr. Ruskin's books, and brimfull of personal attraction as this book is in particular. Oddly enough, my attention is at once arrested by "The Cathedral Builders,"[§] with its little known story of the great masonic guild of the Comacine Masters, and its numerous and very beautiful illustrations. One has often chanced on vague references to the brotherhood or brotherhoods of master-builders who were said to have travelled from land to land, leaving imperishable monuments of their poetic genius in quaintly gabled mediæval cities, on green lawns by some winding river, in forest deeps, on the ridges of wooded hills. Here we have the story told at considerable length, as it has been pieced together from ancient records and from the sculptured evidence of church and minster, bridge and palace and fort. The Comacine Masters appear to derive their architectural tradition from the great builders of ancient Rome, and to have modified it under various influences of time, place, and nationality. There appears also to be reason to believe that modern Freemasonry, which is not credited with any particular gift for making "poems in stone" or any special enthusiasm for old abbeys, crypts, or towers, sprang from some emblematic or figurative adaptation of the ritual and nomenclature of the venerable guild whose history adds another association to the Lake of Como. But "The Cathedral Builders" weighs too heavily in the hand from prolonged reading, even on a wet afternoon in the holidays.

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[*] "The Solitary Summer." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 6s.

[*] "'War to the Knife' or Tangata Maori." By Rolf Boldrewood, author of "Robbery under Arms," &c. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 6s.

[†] "Rupert, by the Grace of God." By Dora Greenwell McChesney. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 6s.

[‡] Præterita," vol. ii. By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. George Allen. 5s. net.

[§] "The Cathedral Builders The Story of a Great Masonic Guild." By Leader Scott, hon. member of the "Accademia delle Belle Arti," Florence, author of "The Renaissance of Art in Italy," &c. With 83 illustrations. Sampson Low, Marston and Company. 21s.

When there is no rain, I must confess that I find so many things better worth attending to, that there is not much time for opening books. There are all the common country sights and sounds to be observed—trifling, ordinary things which meet the eyes and ears of country folk so often that at last they cease to be aware of them. There are the wild flowers, ferns, shrubs, grasses, birds, insects, and furry creatures of the deep sandy lanes to perceive and to welcome. There are wonderfully subtle and lovely variations of light and shade to note—as, perchance, how the dull silvery grey oats, swaying in the light breeze, set flocks of sheep racing down the hillside—the sheep that little Bo Peep lost, I fancy, for suddenly as you look the flock disappears, and there is nothing to see but oats. Then, take a footpath right through the field, and observe how under the silverish grey of the surface there is a brilliant growth of the freshest green, and here the skylark drops, or a partridge springs up with a whirr and a rush. The wheat grows higher and thicker—so high that the children go hidden in it. And here if you follow the straight diagonal track from stile to stile, you will raise little clouds of marauding sparrows, whose presence you would never have otherwise suspected. Away they scurry to the cover of hedge and tree—and we have thousands of noble trees, though few of the oaks that I have seen would afford a trustworthy refuge for a fugitive, tramp or king—but before you reach the farther stile they will again be busy looting. A bewildering fact it is to me that a bird can find its nest in the trackless and indistinguishable monotony of these vast expanses of tall grain. There are too many poppies and cornflowers and dog-daisies for any of these to serve as a signpost. If we mortals were dwarfed to the stature of birds these acres of wheat would be a hideous forest in whose mazes we should never find our own hearths. Then, too, there are the people one meets in one's wanderings. Sturdy, rosy-cheeked youngsters of six or seven or eight, with a small three-year-old sister or brother, driving the cows for a couple of hours' grazing in the evening pasture. Little three-year-old "whacks" the loitering mother of milk with a feeble hazel wand, and the slow bulk of heavy benignity looks round with large soft eyes at the small mortal, and smiling inwardly with a sleepy acceptance of the oddity of life, moos gently and lurches along the lane. The children look at you frankly, and touch cap or drop curtsey as you pass, dear little bunnies from the clean wholesome burrow of English earth. Question the babes, and you will be astonished to hear what distances many of them go to school, summer and winter. No wonder they are sturdy on their feet, and that the blood runs red and pure under their brown skins. The men are hearty and companionable, especially the older men. One old shepherd whom I first spied coming down the selvage of a pine-wood looked like old Pan himself, fallen on evil days in this twilight of the gods. Flesh and bones, skin and hair, colour and motion seemed all to have been derived from wood and field. His face wore the very smile of wise placidity and good humour that is noticeable in the dimpling undulations of good acres. Motherly and comely are the old women: homely in phrase, but shrewd in experience, they are less frugal of speech than the men, and in a quarter of an hour you feel yourself in spirit a frequenter of the settle beside the fire *inside* the spacious old chimney, for hereabouts there are still chimneys which have been added to the end of the house, as a sort of afterthought apparently, and in some of them a small diamond-paned window gives you an unexpected outlook. Nor are their confidences merely domestic; now and again you will meet some wrinkled but cheery chronicle of seventy or eighty who will startle you with reminiscences of change. This clump of pine-wood, which you thought of as reaching back to the immemorial forests of woad-stained islanders, was in her girlhood a tangled stronghold of oak and beech; but the stout oak and the huge beeches were doomed to the axe and saw. For the most part, however, it is the trivial fond record of the daily life which they are most willing to speak of, and which you are most curious to hear.

One of the immediate benefits of a holiday change is the depolarisation of the mind from the habits and estimates of city life, the acquisition of a new and less artificial point of view of the world outside our own ringfence of interests. Among my favourite downs, where the smock-frock with its dandy embroidery may still be seen, the needle points to a north which is by no means the north of bookland. It puts one out of countenance to discover for how very little the printing press seems to count less than thirty miles from London. The Parson or Lady Bountiful has probably introduced a reading-room, which is not without its advantages in winter, but the new poet has never been heard of, nor has the rumour of the celebrated novelist rippled so far from the golden cross that gleams above the cloud of smoke and dust over Ludgate Hill and Paternoster Row. Artists visit us, and we marvel at their childish and unintelligible way of making a livelihood. The daily papers reach us by next morning's post. It is chastening and salutary to have the testimony of these children of Adam that the pursuits which so engross us, the little successes by which we are so inordinately exhilarated, the bustle and pressure which leave us such scant leisure to possess our souls, are after all but a single phase of existence; and that as we decline beyond the fatal age of forty there are yet green places of refuge where we may, in quiet and content, linger on till fifty or sixty, and where, if the testimony of headstones may be trusted, the extreme hoariness and decrepitude of seventy and eighty may be attained, perhaps not without happiness of a kind. It is good to be reminded, by people who do very well without them, that books are not an end in themselves, but merely a means for the enlargement and enrichment of life—that, indeed, in most cases reading is a negation of living, and a very poor substitute for it.

However, all this is somewhat beside the mark, except in so far as it is the result of my own Solitary Summer, which, by the way, has not been so protracted as that of Elizabeth and her babes and the Man of Wrath: it is only in a German Garden, within an easy forest drive from the amber shores of the Baltic, that a summer can be spread (by the elemental gold-beaters) over five months. Of course the proposal to spend the summer free from visitors and even callers, to lie fallow to the sun and the four winds, to "get to the very dregs of life," was laughed at as fantastically impracticable; but Elizabeth has managed to make a very pretty romance out of her experiences. One reads chapter after chapter with unflagging zest and a spice of envy. She, too, has her books, but she reads them with due regard to place and time,—Thoreau on the grass, down by the reedy pool in a dip in the rye-fields; Boswell in the cushioned snugness of the library, when the lamps are lit and the curtains drawn; Goethe in the garden of an afternoon; Walt Whitman in the evening when everything is tired and quiet and one can best listen "to what that lonely and beautiful spirit has to tell of night, sleep, death, and the stars;" Keats in the pine forest, and Spenser on the Baltic shore. Elizabeth professes to be a German, but that is manifestly out of pure graciousness to the Man of Wrath. What true-born German woman could laugh at Goethe, and above all things at that part of the "Sorrows of Werther" where Werther first meets Lotte, and where after a thunderstorm they both go to the window, "and she is so touched by the beauties of nature that she lays her hand on his and murmurs, 'Klopstock!'"—a magical word which so carries her lover away that he flings himself on her hand and kisses it with tears of rapture? And surely, too, it is an unaccustomed English eye which perceives with such kindly shrewdness and patient good sense, the quaint, traditional, wrong-headed usages, beliefs, and superstitions of the village folk to whom Elizabeth would gladly be of practical service. The incidental glimpses she gives of peasant life are singularly curious and suggestive. Custom is tyrannical enough among our own rustic poor, but I hardly think it can anywhere show such phases of primitive ignorance and stupidity as it does a little way outside this German Garden. I wonder what ancient sentiment is at the root of one striking custom which it is pleasant to linger over?—

> The people here love to make their burying-grounds in the heart of a wood if they can, and they are often a long way away from the church to which they belong, because, while every hamlet has its burying-ground, three or four hamlets have to share a church. . . . Some of these little cemeteries are not even anywhere near a village, and you come upon them unexpectedly in your drives through the woods—bits of fenced-in forest, the old gates dropping off their hinges, the paths green from long disuse, the unchecked trees casting black, impenetrable shadows across the poor, meek, pathetic graves. . . . The deserted little forest burying-grounds interest and touch me because they are so solitary, and humble, and neglected, and forgotten, and because so many long years have passed since tears were shed over the newly-made graves. Nobody cries now for the husband, or father, or brother buried there.

In September the Army Manœuvres broke in on the Solitary Summer with an *Einquartierung* or billeting of soldiers and horses, and the apparition of a Herr Lieutenant to whom Elizabeth was really not as kind as she might have been. Still, one forgives her for the amusing bit of comedy with which that youthful and bewildered warrior enables her to bring her charming record to a close.

Atolls and coral reefs, tropical lagoons and cocoa-nut palms are also pleasant matters to read of in these hot days under the trees; and when you have finished your "Solitary Summer" you cannot do better than turn to "Funafuti; or Three Months on a Coral Island."* Mrs. Edgeworth David writes with a piquancy and a witty gaiety which, one imagines, must have made her a delightful companion to the little band of scientists who sailed to this small fringe of coral in the Ellice Group of islands a couple of years ago to get at the true theory of atoll formation. Darwin's notion was that an atoll was the rock fortress of the coral tribes, built on a foundering island and growing upward as gradually as the island subsided. This explanation has been called in question during the last twenty years, so that the most convincing course seemed to be to ascertain from actual boring the real construction of an atoll. Funafuti is at first sight pictorially disappointing. It is on too large a scale to present the ring of reef and the glassy lagoon of the ideal tropical Paradise. On the other hand, its true formation imposes on the imagination in a curiously eerie way. Conjure up the mighty waters of the Southern Ocean, and peer down through their abyss. Twelve thousand feet below one descries a conical mountain, thirty miles long by twenty-eight broad, rising in gentle slope for nearly two miles, growing steeper and steeper for a quarter of a mile, and finally shooting up precipitously for seven hundred and fifty feet. At this height it is crowned by the rugged walls of the coral fortress—but Mrs. Edgeworth David shall give in her own words her first impression of the lagoon:

> We saw what was apparently the open ocean with several islands near, and several more looking like grey clouds on the horizon. I thought one of those islands must be Funafuti, and that we should soon steer for a narrow opening leading into the still waters of a tiny lagoon round which would lie a green ring of palm-trees. . . . So I ventured to ask the skipper when we should get in. 'Get in where?' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'into the lagoon, of course. I'm just pining to reach that small enclosure of perfectly smooth water, where all the gorgeous coral gardens grow.' He looked at me pityingly and then said, 'You're in it now.' In it now! This enormous piece of the ocean a lagoon! Those scattered misty grey islands so far away from us and each other, do they comprise the garland of green?

Life on Funafuti—the fragments on the top of the submerged mountain cone—is idyllic beyond expectation, but I cannot attempt to reproduce it here. The holiday reader must read for himself the amusing account of it which makes these chapters a delectable pendant to "The Solitary Summer."

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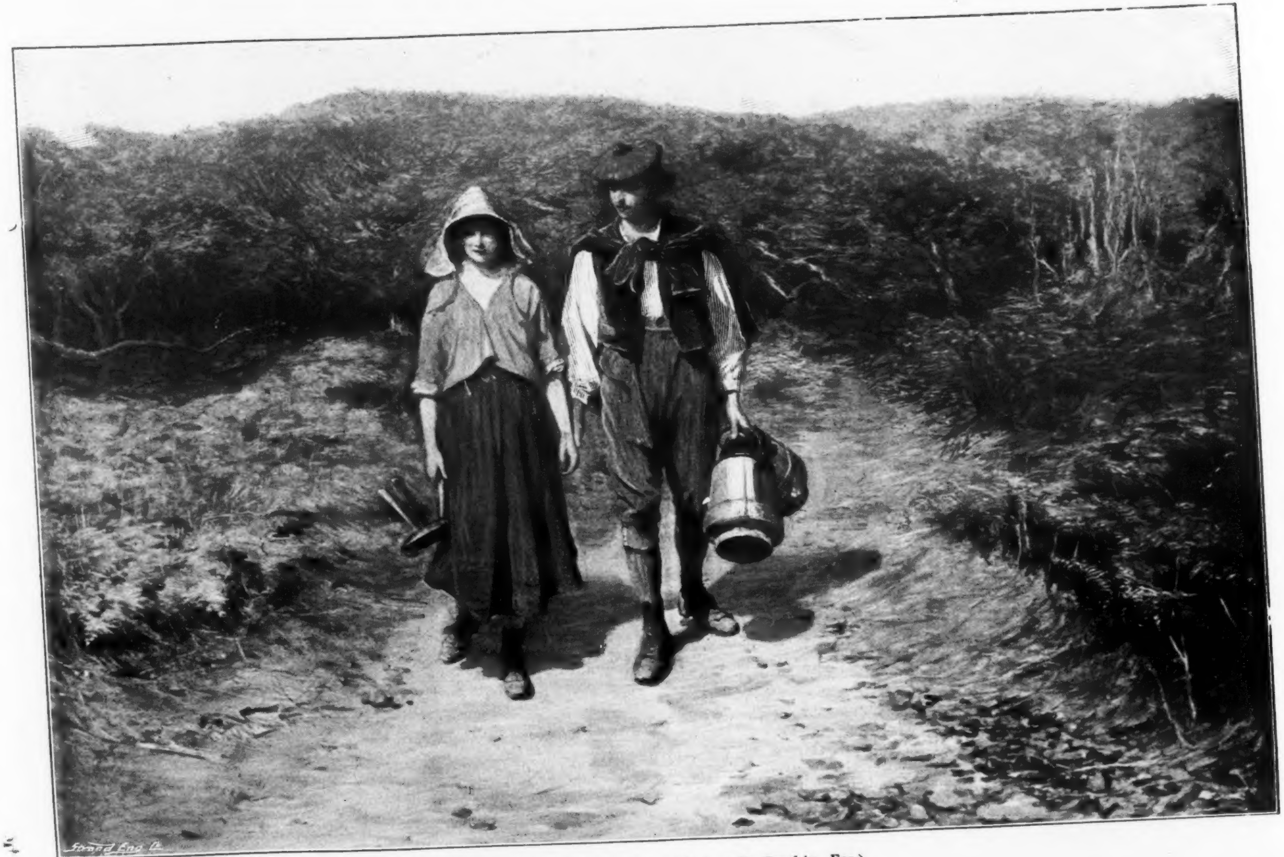
* "Funafuti; or Thee Months on a Coral Island: an Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition." By Mrs. Edgeworth David. With portraits, map, and illustrations. John Murray. 12s.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"TO THE FIELDS HE CARRIED HER MILKING PAIL"

By John Pettie, R.A.

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY NEIL MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "JOHN SPLENDID," "THE LOST PIBROCH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XXV

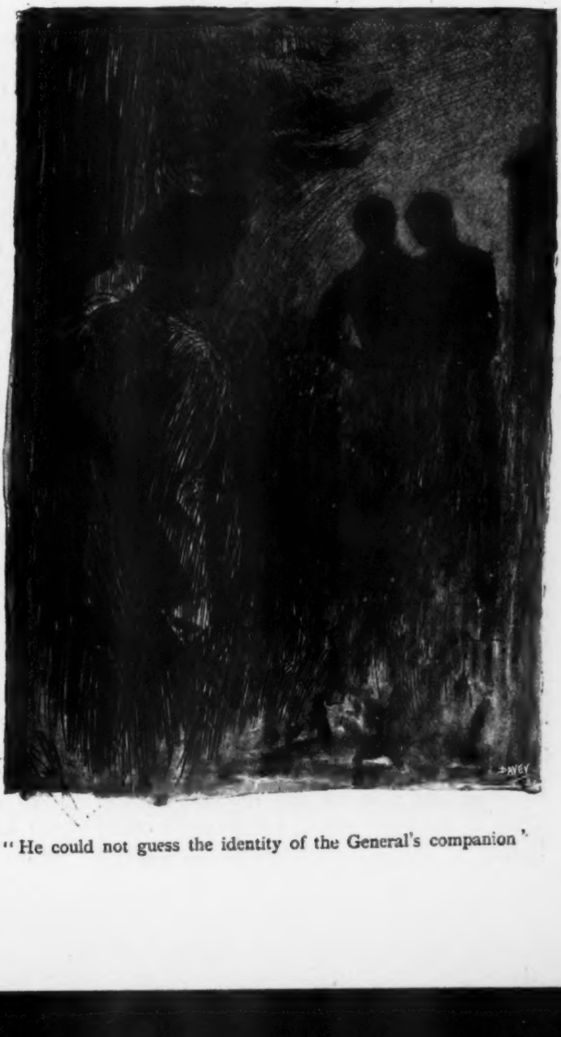
THE EAVESDROPPER

THERE was no moon, but the night hung thick with stars, and the evening was a rare dusk where bush and tree stood half-revealed, things sinister, concealing the terrific elements of dreams. Over the hills came Gilian, a passionate pilgrim of the night. The steeps, the gullies, the hazel thickets he trod were scarcely real for him, he passed them as if in a swoon, he felt himself supreme, able to step from ben to ben, inspired by the one exaltation that puts man above all toils, fears, weariness, doubts, brother of the April eagle, cousin-german of the remote and soaring star.

He approached the house of Maam by a rough sheep-path along the side of the burn, leaped from boulder to boulder to keep the lights of the house in view, brushed eagerly through the bracken, ran masterfully in the flats. When he came close to the house, caution was necessary lest late harvesters should discover him. He went round on the outside of the orchard hedge, behind the milk-house wall, and stood in the concealment of a little alder planting. The house was lit in several windows, it struck—thought he—warm upon a neck and flashed back in a melting eye within; his heart drummed furiously.

In the farmyard the workers were preparing to depart for the night from their long day of toil. All but the last of the horses had been stabled; the shepherds were returning from the fanks: two women, the weariness of their bodies apparent in their attitudes even in the dusk, stood for a little in the yard, then with arms round each other's waists went towards the cot-house, singing softly as they went. The General's voice in Gaelic rose over all but the river's murmur, as he called across the wattle gate to a herd-boy bearing in peat for the night and morning fires. And the night was all wrapt in an odour of bog myrtle and flowers.

That outer world, for once, had no interest



"He could not guess the identity of the General's companion"

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* Copyright 1898 in the United States of America by Neil Munro.

for Gilian; his eyes were on the windows, and though the interior of Maam was utterly unknown to him from actual sight, he was fancying it in every detail. He knew the upper room where Nan slept; he had watched the light come to it and disappear, every night since she had returned, though he could not guess how in that eminent flame she was reading the memorials, the letters, the diaries of her lost lowland life and weeping for her solitude.

The light was not there now; it was too early in the evening, so she must be in the room whose two windows shone on the grass between the house and the barn. He could see them plainly as he stood in the planting, and he busied himself, forgetting all the outside interests of the house, in picturing its interior. Nan, he told himself, sat sewing or reading within, still the tall lady of his day-dreams, for he had not yet seen her since her return.

And then he heard her harpsichord, its unfamiliar music amazing him by its relation to some world he did not know, the world from which she had just returned. She was playing the prelude of the simplest song that ever had been taught in an Edinburgh academy, yet these ears accustomed only to rough men's voices, the song of birds, now and then a harsh fiddle grating for its life about the country-side, or the pipe of the hills, imbued the thin and lonely symphony with associations of life genteel, wide, rich, warm, white-handed. Never seemed Miss Nan so far removed as then from him, the home-staying dreamer. Up rose his startled judgment and called him fool!

But hark! her voice came in and joined the harpsichord—surely this time he was not mistaken? Her voice! it was certainly her voice! He held his breath to listen for fear he should lose the softest note as it came from her lips. How he was well repaid for his nights of traverse on the hills, his watching, his disappointment! The night held breath to listen to the song, not the song that had been sung in the *Jean*, but another, the song of a child no more, but of a woman, full of passion, antique love and sorrow, of the unsatisfied and yearning years.

The music ceased; the night for a space swooned into a numb and desolate silence. Then in the field behind, a corn-crake called harshly; a shepherd whistled on his dogs; a cart rumbled over the cobbles, making for the shed. The sound of the river as it came to him among the alder-trees seemed the sound the wave makes in the ears of the sinking and exhausted swimmer.

Gilian turned over in his pocket a lucky flint arrowhead, and wished for a glimpse of Nan.

He had no sooner done so than her shadow showed upon the blind, hurried and nervous as in some affright.

His heart leaped; he made a step forward as if he would storm that citadel of his fancy, but he checked himself on a saner thought that he was imbuing the shadow with fears that were not there. He drew a deep breath and turned his lucky arrowhead again. For a second or two there was no response. Then another shadow came upon the blinds—a man's, striding for a little back and forward, as if in perturbation. Who could it be? the trembling outsider asked himself. Not the father; there was no queue to the shadow, and a vague suggestion of the General's voice had come but a moment before from another part of the steading. Not the uncle? This was no long, bent, bearded apparition, but the figure of youth. Gilian promptly fancied himself the substance of the shadow in that envied light and presence, seeing the glow of fire and candle in Nan's eyes as she turned to the accepted lover. "Nan, Nan!" he exclaimed, as he hoarsely whispered to himself, "I love you! I love you!"

A faint breath from a new point came through the trees, the dryads sighing for all this pitiful illusion. It struck chill upon his face; he shivered, and prepared to set off for home across the hill. A last reluctant glance was thrown at the window, and he had turned towards the milk-house wall when a sound of opening doors arrested him. Now he could not escape unobserved; he withdrew into the shadow of the trees again.

The General and another came out and stood midway between the house and the planting. There they spoke in constrained words that did not at first reach him. Against the grey dun of the sky he could separate their figures, but he could not guess the identity of the General's companion.

In a second or two they moved nearer and he was an unwilling listener, though a keenly interested one.

"Come, come," said the General, in a tone of some annoyance, "you had me out to hear your explanation, and now I'm to be kept chittering in the night air till you range your inside for words."

The other murmured something in a voice that did not intelligently reach the planting.

"Ay, you did, did you?" said the General in reply, very dryly, and then he paused. "I'll warrant you found a tartar," he said in a little.

The other answered softly in a word or two.

There was another pause, and then the General laughed, not with much geniality. "That was all the news you brought me out here for?" said he. "Come, come, the lady can look after herself so far as that goes. Either that or she's not her mother's child. And yet—and yet, I would not be saying. Edinburgh and all their low-country notions make some difference; I see them in her. This is not the girl I sent off south on a mail-gig—just like a parcel. Curse the practice that we must be risking the things of our affection among strangers!"

There was no more than the brief and muffled answer, like that of a man ashamed.

"I've seen that before," said the General stiffly. "It's not uncommon at the age, but it's unusual to take the old gentleman into the garden at night without his bonnet to tell him so little as that."

The answer, still muffled to the listener in the planting, poured forth quickly.

"Highland," said the General, "queer Highlands! And it must be now or never with us, must it? Well, young gentleman, you have nerve at least," and he quoted a Gaelic proverb. He put his hand on the shoulder of the other and leaned to whisper. Gilian could make the action out against the sky. Then "Good-night" and the father's footsteps went back to the door and the unknown proceeded down the glen.

On an impulse irresistible, Gilian followed at a discreet distance, keeping on the verges of the grass beside the road, so that his footsteps might not betray him. All the night was tenantless but for themselves and some birds that called dolefully in the woods. The river, broadened by the burns on either hand that joined it, grew soon to a rapid and tumultuous current washing round the rushy bends, and the Dhu Loch when they came to it had a ripple on its shore, so that they were at the bridge and yet the one who led was not aware that he was followed. He leaned upon the crenelated parapet and hummed a strain of song as Gilian came up to him with a swinging step, now on the footway.

Young Islay started at this approach without warning, but he was not afraid. He peered in Gilian's face when he had come up to him.

"Oh, you!" said he. "I got quite a start, I thought at first it was Drimmindorran's ghost." This, laughingly, of a shade with a reputation for haunting these evening solitudes.

"You're late on the road?" he went on curiously.

"No later than yourself," answered Gilian, vaguely grieving to find that this was the substance of his shadow on the blind and the audience for Miss Nan's entertainment.

"Oh! I was—I was on a visit," said Young Islay. He went closer up to Gilian and added eagerly, as one glad to unbosom, "Man! did you ever hear—did you ever hear Miss Nan sing?"

"Long ago," said Gilian; "it's an old story."

"Lucky man!" said Young Islay enviously, "to be here so long to listen when I was far away."

"She was away herself a good deal," said Gilian, "but when we heard her we quite appreciated our opportunities, I assure you."

"Did you, faith?" said Young Islay, with a jealous tone. "You seem," he went on, "to have made very little use of them. I wonder where the eyes of you could be. I never saw her, really, till an hour or two ago. I never heard her sing before, but yet, some way——" He hesitated in embarrassment.

Gilian made no answer. He felt it the most natural thing in the world that any one seeing and hearing Nan should appreciate herself and her singing. There was no harm in that.

The night was solemn with the continual cry of the owls that abound in the woody shoulder of Duntorvil; a sweet balmy influence loaded the air, stars gathered in patches between drifts of cloud. For some distance the young men walked together, silent, till Young Islay spoke.

"I've been away seeing the world," said he hurriedly, like a man at a confession, "not altogether with my father's wish, who would sooner I stayed at home and farmed Drimlee; moving from garrison to garrison, giving my mind no hearth to stay at for more than a night at a time, and I've been missing the chance of my life. I went up the way there an hour or two since, Young Islay, a soldier, coarse, ashamed of sentiment, and now I go down another man altogether. I would not say it to any one but yourself; you're a sort of sentimental person in a wholesale way; you'll understand. Eh, what? You'll understand!" He threw out his chest; breathed fully. "I'm a new man I'm telling you. Man! I wonder where the eyes of you fellows were?"

Even yet Gilian did not grudge Young Islay the elation that was so manifest.

"You understand, we did not see much of her in these parts lately, much more than yourself. I have not seen her myself since she returned. Has she changed much?"

"Much!" exclaimed Young Islay, laughing. "My son! she is not the girl I knew at all. When I went in there—into the room up there you know, I was—I was—baffled to know her. I think I expected to see the same girl I had—I had—you mind, brought the boat out to, the same loose hair, the same—you know, I never expected to see a princess in Maam. A princess, mind you, and she looked all the more that because her uncle met me at the stair-foot as I was going in. A sour old scamp yon! He was teasing out his beard, and, 'A nice piece there,' said he, nodding at the door, 'and I'm sure her father would be glad to have her off his hands.' I laughed and——"

"I would have struck him on the jaw," said Gilian with great heat.

"Oh!" said Young Islay, astonishment in his voice. He said no more for a little. Then, "I was not very well pleased myself with the remark when I went into the room and saw the lady it referred to. You're not—you're not chief in that quarter are you?"

"Chief!" repeated Gilian. "You're ahead of me even in seeing the lady."

"Oh well, that's all right," said Young Islay, seemingly relieved. "Look here; I'm gone, that's the long and the short of it! I'm seeing a week or two of hard work before me convincing her ladyship that a young ensign in a marching regiment is maybe worth her smiling on."

Gilian turned cold with apprehension. This indeed was a revelation of love-making in garrison fashion.

"You don't know the girl at all," he said.

"So much the better," said Young Islay; "that means that she does not know me, and that's all the better start for me, perhaps. It's a great advantage, for I've noticed that they're all the most interested—the sex of them—in a novelty. I have a better chance than the best man in these parts, that has been under her eye all the time I was away. I'll have stiff work, perhaps, but I want her, and between ourselves, and not to make a brag of it, I'll have her. You'll not breathe that," he added, turning in apprehension, stopping opposite Gilian and putting his hand on his coat lapel. "I am wrong to mention it at all even to you, but I must out with what I feel to somebody. The thing is dirling in my blood. Listen, do you hear that?" He threw out his chest again, held his breath, and Gilian could almost swear he heard his heart throb with feeling.

"Does she want you? That's the question, I suppose," said Gilian weakly.

"That is not the question at all, it's do I want her? There must be a beginning somewhere. Look at me; I'm strong, young, not very ugly (at least they tell me), I'm the grandson of Long Islay, who has a name for gallantry; the girl has no lover—Has she?" he asked eagerly, suddenly dropping his confidence.

"Not that I'm aware of," said Gilian.

"Well, there you are! What more is to be said? In these things one has but to wish and win—at least that's been my training and my conviction. Here she's lonely—I could see it in her; the company of her father is not likely to be long for her, and her uncle Jamie is not what you would call a cheerful spark. Upon my soul I believe I could get her if I was a hunchback. . . . Mind I'm not lightlying the lady; I could not do that in this mood, but I'm fair taken with her; she beats all ever I saw. You know the feeling? No, you don't; you're too throng at book notions. God! God! God! I'm all ashake!"

He looked at Gilian, trying in the dark to make out how he was taking this, to make sure he was not laughing at him. Gilian, on the contrary, was feeling very solemn. He felt that this was a dangerously effective mood for a lover, and he knew the lad before him would always bring it to actual wooing if it got that length. He had no answer, and Young Islay again believed him the abstracted dreamer.

"I have this advantage," he went on, unable to resist. "She likes soldiers; she said as much; it was in her mother and in her; she likes action, she likes spirit. She has them herself in faith! she almost boxed my ears when—when—but I could swear she was rather tickled at my impudence."

"Your impudence!" repeated Gilian, "were you in that mood?"

"Oh, well, you know—I had the boldness to——"

"To what?" said Gilian, apprehending he could not tell what.

"Just a trifle," said Young Islay, shrewdly affecting indifference. "A soldier's compliment; we are too ready with them in barrack-yards, you know." And he sighed as he remembered the red ripe lips, the warm breath on his face, and the tingling influence of the skin he touched under the kerchief-souffle.

They walked on in silence again for a while. The night grew dark with gathering clouds. Lights far out at sea showed the trailing fishers; a flaring torch told of a trawler's evening fortune made already. And soon they were at the Duke's lodge and Gilian's way up Glen Aray lay before him. He was pausing to say good-night, confused, troubled by what he had heard, feeling he must confess his own regard for the girl and not let this comparative stranger so buoyantly outdo him in admiration.

"Now," said he, hesitating, "what would you think I was in Glen Shira myself for?"

"Eh?" said Young Islay, scarcely hearing, and he hummed the refrain of the lady's song.

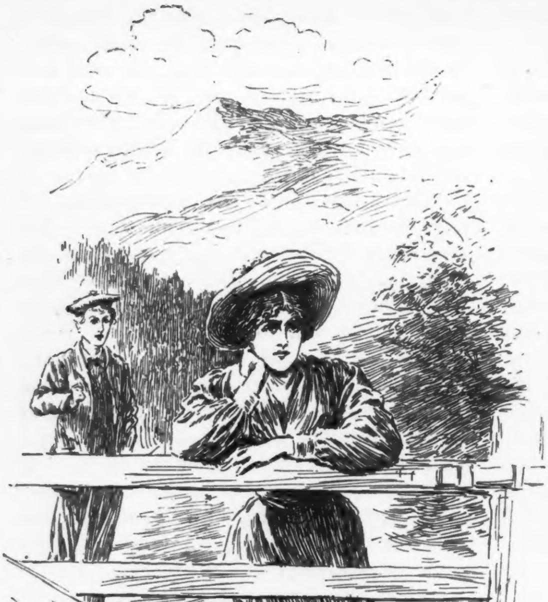
"In Glen Shira; what was I doing there?" repeated Gilian. He wanted no answer. "It was on the odd chance that I might see Miss Nan. We are not altogether without some taste in these parts, though wanting the advantage of travel and garrison gallantry. I was in the garden when you were inside. I heard her singing, and I think I got closer on herself and her song than you did."

"My dear Gilian," said Young Islay, "I once fought you for less than that." He laughed as he said it. "If you mean," he went on, "that you are in love with Miss Nan, that's nothing to wonder at, the miracle would be for you to be indifferent. We're in the same hunt, are we then? Well, luck to the winner! I can say no fairer than that. Only you'll have to look sharp, my boy, for I'm not going to lose any time, I assure you. If you're going to do all your courtship of yon lady from outside her window, you'll not make much progress, I'm thinking. Good-night; good-night!" He went off laughing, and when he had gone away a few yards Gilian, walking slowly homewards, heard him break whistling into the air that Nan had sung in the parlour of Maam.

CHAPTER XXVI

AGAIN IN THE GARDEN

ONLY for a single sleepless night was Gilian dashed by this evidence that the world was not made up of Miss Nan and himself alone. Depressions weighed on him as briefly as the keener joys elated, and in a day or two his apprehension of Young Islay had worn to a thin gossamer, and he was as ardent a lover as any one could be with what still was no more than a young lady of the imagination. And diligently he sought a meeting. It used to be the wonder of Mr. Spencer of the Inn, beholding this cobweb-headed youth continually coming through the Arches and hanging expectant about the town-head, often the only figure there in these hot silent days to give life to the empty scene. There is a stone at Old Islay's corner that yet one may see worn with the feet of Gilian, so often he stood there turning on his heel, lending a gaze to the street where Nan might be, and another behind to the long road over the bridge whence she must sometime come. Years after he would stop again upon the blue slab and recall with a pensive pleasure those old hours of expectation.



"Leaning upon the bars as if she were a weary prisoner"

For days he loitered in vain, the wonder of the Inn and its frequenters. Nan never appeared. To her father a letter had come; the Duke had come up on the back of it; there had been long discourse and a dram of claret wine in the parlour; the General came out when His Grace's cantering horse had ceased its merry hollow sound upon the dry road to Dhu Loch, and breathed fully like one relieved from an oppression. Later Old Islay had come up, crabbed and snuffy, to glower on Nan as he passed into the house behind her father, and come out anon smiling and even joco with her, mentioning her by her Christian name like the closest friend of the family. Then for reasons inscrutable her father would have her constant in his sight, though it was only, as it seemed, to pleasure an averted eye.

By-and-by Gilian turned his lucky flint one morning in a fortunate inspiration, and had no sooner done so than he remembered a very plausible excuse for going to a farm at the very head of Glen Shira. He started forth with the certainty, somehow, that he should meet the lady at last.

He had transacted his business and was on his way to the foot of the glen when he came upon her at Boshang Gate. Her back was to him; she was looking out to sea, leaning upon the bars as if she were a weary prisoner.

She turned at the sound of his footstep, a stranger utterly to his eyes and imagination, but not to his instinct, her hair bound, her apparel mature and decorous, her demeanour womanly. And he had been looking all the while for a little girl grown tall, with no external difference but that!

She took an impulsive step towards him as he hesitated with his hand dubious between his side and his bonnet, a pleasant, even an eager smile upon her face.

"You are quite sure you are you?" she said, holding out her hand before he had time to say a word. "For I was standing there thinking of you, a little white-faced fellow in a kilt, and here comes your elderly wraith at my back like one of Black Duncan's ghosts!"

"I would be the more certain it was myself," he answered, "if you had not been so different from what I expected."

"Oh! then you had not forgotten me altogether?" she said, waiting her answer, a mere beginner in coquetry emboldened to practice by the slightly rustic awkwardness of the lad.

"Not—not altogether," said he, unhappily accepting the common locution of the town, that means always more than it says.

A spark of humour flashed to merriment in her eyes and died to a demure ember again before he noticed it. "Here's John Heilan'man," she said to herself, and she recalled, not to his credit in the comparison, the effrontery of Young Islay.

The situation was a little awkward, for he held her hand too long, taking all the pleasure he could from a sudden conviction that in all the times he had seen Glen Shira it had never seemed fully furnished and habitable till now. This creature, so much the mistress of herself, so sweet and dainty and cheerful, made up for all its solitude; she was the one thing (he felt) wanting to make complete the landscape.

Her blush and a feeble effort to disengage her hand brought him to himself.

"I am pleased to see you back," said he shyly, as he released her. "I had not forgotten—oh! no, I had not forgotten you. It would be easy to convince you of that, I think, but in all my recollection of Miss Nan I had more of the girl in the den of the *Jean* in my mind than the Edinburgh lady."

"You'll be meaning that I am old and—and pretty no longer," said she. "Upon my word you are honestly outspoken in these parts nowadays." She pouted, with lines of annoyance upon her brow, which seriously disturbed him, and so obviously that she was compelled to laugh.

Not a word could he find to say to raillery which was quite new to him, and so for the sake of both of them as they stood at the gate Miss Nan had to ply an odd one-sided conversation till he found himself at his ease. By-and-by his shyness forsook him.

The sun was declining; the odours of the traffic of peace blew from the land; one large and ruddy star lit over Strone. The fishers raised their sails, and as their prows beat the sea they chanted the choruses of the wave.

A recollection of all this having happened before seized them together; she looked at him with a smile upon her lips, and he was master of her thought before she had expressed it.

"I know exactly what you are thinking of," he said.

"It was the odd thing about you that you often did," she replied. "It's a mercy you do not know it always, John Heilan'man," she thought.

"You are remembering the evening we walked in the Duke's garden," he said. "It looks but yesterday, and I was a child, and now I'm as old—as old as the hills. He looked vaguely with half-shut eyes upon the looming round of Cowal, where Sithean Sluaidhe was tipped with brass. "As old as the hills," he went on, eager to display himself, and also to show he appreciated her advantages. "Do you know I begin to find them irksome? They close in and make a world so narrow here! I envy you the years you have been away. In that time you have grown, mind and body, like a tree. I stunt, if not in body, at least in mind, here in the glens."

She looked at him covertly with her face still half averted, and found him now more interesting than she had expected, touched with something of romance and mystery, his eyes with that unfathomed quality that to some women makes a strange appeal.

"One sees much among strangers," she confessed. "I thought you had been out of here long ago. You remember when I left for Edinburgh they talked of the army for you?"

"The army," he said, wincing imperceptibly. "Oh! that was the Paymaster's old notion. Once I almost fell in with it, and as odd a thing as you could imagine put an end to the scheme. Do you know what it was?" He glanced at her with a keen scrutiny.

"No, tell me," she said.

"It was the very day we were here last, when the county corps moved off to Stirling. I was in the rear of them very much a soldier indeed, shouldering a switch, feeling myself a Major-General at the very least, when a girl sitting on the gate there, waving a tiny shoe, caught my eye, drew me back from the troops I was following, and extinguished my martial glory as if it were a flambeau thrown in the sea. I think that was the very last of the army for me."

"I don't understand it," she said.

"Nor I," he confessed frankly; "only there's the fact! All I know is that you cut me off from every idea of the army then and there. I forgot all about it, and it had been possessing my mind for a week before, night and day."

"I think I remember now that I told you, did I not, that you were not likely to be a soldier because you could pretend it too well ever to be the thing in actuality."

"I remember that too. *Dhe!* how the whole thing comes back! I wonder——"

"Well!" she pressed.

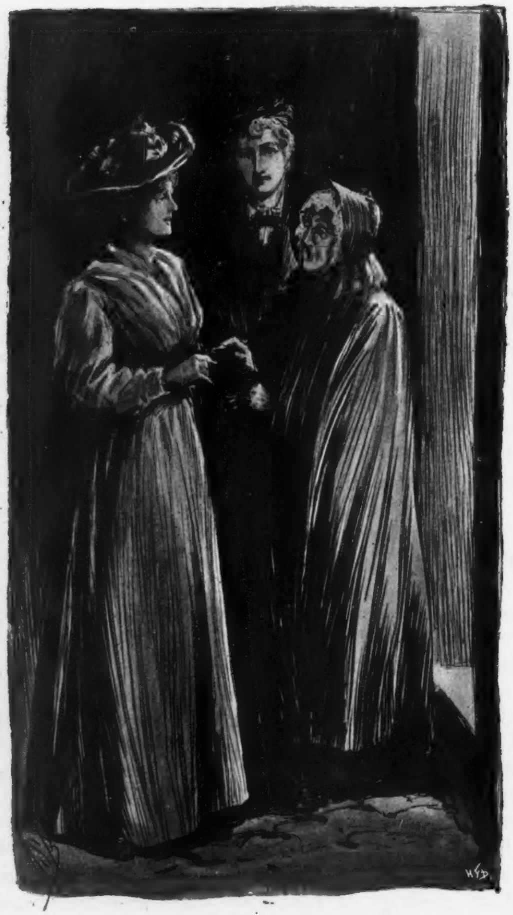
"I wonder if we walked in the Duke's garden again, if we could restore the very feelings of that time—the innocence and ignorance of it?"

"I don't know that I want to do so," said she laughing.

"Might we not—" He paused, afraid of his own temerity.

"Try it, you were going to say," she continued. "You see I have a little of your own gift. I'm willing. I am going to the town, and we might as well go through the grounds as not."

Something in his manner attracted her; even his simple deference, though she was saying "John Heilan'man, John Heilan'man!" to herself most of the time and amused if not contemptuous. He was but a farmer—little more indeed than a shepherd, yet something in his air and all his speech showed something superior to his circumstances. He was a god-send to her dreariness in this place Edinburgh and the noisy world had made her fretful of, and she was in the mood for escapade.



"'What a tall lady you have grown!'"

They walked into the policies. They were no way changed. Still the flowers grew thick on the dykes; the tall trees swayed their boughs: still the same, and yet for Gilian there was, in that faint tinge of yellow in the leaves, some sorrow he had not guessed in the day they were trying to recall.

"It is all just as it was," said she. "All just as it was; there are the very flowers I plucked," and she bent and plucked them again.

"We can never pluck our flowers twice," said he. "The flowers you gathered then are ghosts."

"Not a bit," said she. "Here they are re-born," and she went as before from bush to bush and bank to bank, humming a strain of sailor song.

They went under the trees on which he had fancied his heron's nest, and they looked at each other laughing.

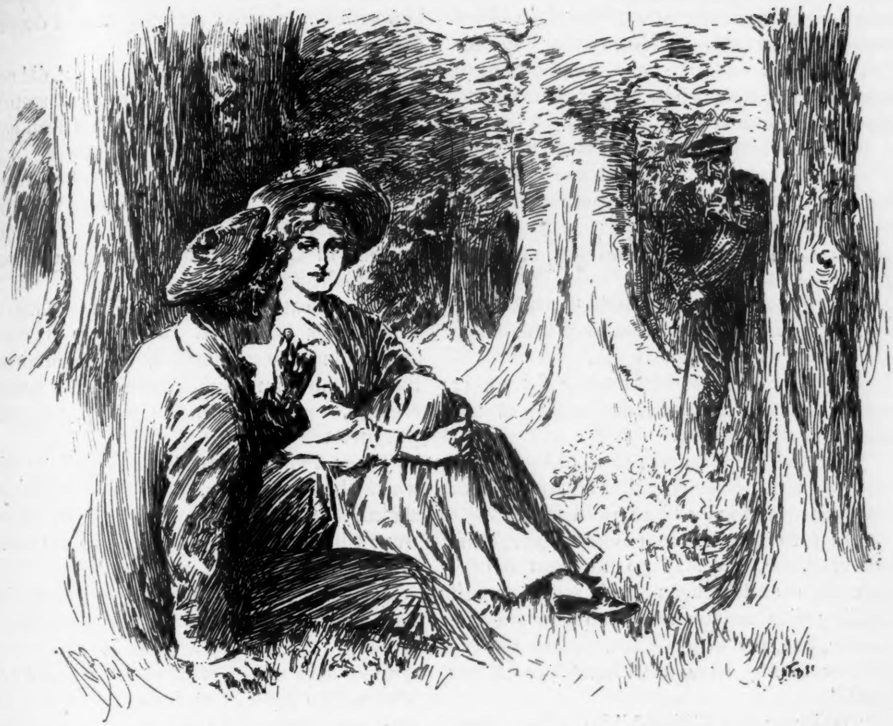
"Wasn't I a young fool?" he asked. "I was full of dream and conceit in those days."

"And now?" she asked, burying her face in the flowers and eyeing him wonderingly.

"Oh now," said he, "I have lost every illusion."

"Or changed them for others, perhaps."

He started at the suggestion. "I suppose you are right, after all," he said. "I'm still in a measure the child of fancy. This countryside moves me—I could tenant it with a thousand tales; never a wood or thicket in it but is full of song. I love it all, and yet it is my torture. When I was a child the Paymaster once got me on the bridge crying my eyes out over the screech of a curlew—that has been me all through life—I must be wondering at the hidden meanings of things. The wind in the winter trees, the gossip of the rivers, the trail of clouds, waves washing the shore at night—all these



"In lanes of greenwood he would peer in questioning and silent"

things have a tremendous importance to me. And I must laugh to see my neighbours making a to-do about a mercantile bargain. Well, I suppose it is the old Highlands in me, as Miss Mary says."

"I have felt a little of it in a song," said Nan.

"You could scarce do otherwise to sing them as you do," he answered. "I never heard you yet but you had the magic key for every garden of fancy. One note, one phrase of yours comes up over and over again that seems to me filled with the longings of a thousand years."

He turned on her suddenly a face strenuous, eyes filled with passion.

"I wish! I wish!" said he, all fervent, "I wish I could fathom the woman within."

"Here she's on the surface," said Nan, a little impatiently, arranging her flowers. And then she looked him straight in the eyes. "Ladyfield seems a poor academy," she said, "if it taught you but to speculate on things unfathomable. I always preferred the doer to the dreamer. The mind of man is a far more interesting thing than the song of the river I'm thinking, or the trailing of mist. And woman——" she laughed and paused.

"Well?" He eyed her robust and wholesome figure.

"Should I expose my sex, John Heilan'-man, or should I not?" she reflected with an amused look in her face yet. "Never bother to look below the surface for us," she said. "We are better pleased, and you will speed the quicker to take us for what we seem. What matters of us is—as it is with men too—plain enough on the surface. Dear, dear! what nonsense to be on! You are far too much of the mist and mountain for me. As if I had not plenty of them up in Maam! Oh! I grow sick of them!" She began to walk faster, forgetting his company in the sudden remembrance of her troubles; and he strode awkwardly at her heels, not very dignified, like a menial overlooked. "They hang about the place like a menace," said she. "No wonder mother died! If she was like me she must have been heart-broken when father left her to face these solitudes."

"It is so, it is so," confessed the lad. "But they would not be wearisome with love. With love in that valley it would smile like an Indian plain."

"How do *you* ken?" said she, stopping suddenly at this.

"It would make habitable and even pleasant," said he, "a dwelling where age and bitterness had their abode."

"Faith, you're not so blate as I thought you!" she said, setting aside the last of her affected shy simplicity.

"Blate!" he repeated, "I would not have thought that was my failing. Am I not cracking away to you like an old wife?"

"Just to hide the blateness of you," she answered. "You may go to great depths with hills and heughs and mists — and possibly with women too when you get the chance, but, my dear Gilian, you're terribly shallow to any woman with an eye in her head."

"Did you say Gilian?" he asked, stopping and looking at her with a high colour.

"Did I?" she repeated, biting her lips. "What a liberty!"

"No, no," he cried——

"I thought myself young enough to venture it; but, of course, if you object——"

He looked at her helplessly, realising that she was making fun of him, and she laughed. All her assurance was back to her, she knew the young gentleman was one she could twist round her little finger.

"Well, well," she went on after a silence, "you seem poorly provided for with small talk. In Edinburgh, now, a young man with your chances would be making love to me by this time."

He stared at her aghast. "But, but——"

"But I would not permit it, of course not! We were brought up very particularly in Miss Simpson's, I can assure you." This with a prim tightening of her lips and a severity that any other than our dreamer would have understood. To Nan there came a delight in this play with an intelligence she knew so keen, though different from her own. It was with a holiday feeling she laughed and shone, mischievously eyeing him and trying him with badinage as they penetrated deeper into the policies.

They reached the Lady's Linn, but did not repeat old history to the extent of seating themselves on the banks, though Gilian half suggested it in a momentary boldness.

"No, no," said she. "We were taught better than that in Miss Simpson's. And fancy the risks of rheumatism! You told me one of Gillesbeg Aotram's stories here; what was it again?"

He repeated the tale of the King of Knapdale's Daughter. She listened attentively, sometimes amused at his earnestness, that sat on him gaukily, sometimes serious enough, touched with the poetry he could put into the narrative.

"It is a kind of gruesome fable," she said when he was done, and she shuddered slightly. "The other brother was Death, wasn't he? When you told it to me last I did not understand."

They walked on through the intersecting paths whose maze had so bewildered them before: "After all, it is not a bit like what it was," said she. "I thought it would take a wizard to get out of here, and now I can see over the bushes and the sea is in sight all the time."

"Just so," he answered, "but you could see over no bushes in those days, and more's the pity that you can see over them now, in the Duke's garden as well as in life, for it's only one more dream spoiled, my dear Nan."

"Oh! there is not much blateness there! You are coming on, John Hielan'man." But this was to herself.

"Then to you this is just the same as when we lost our way?"

"The same and not all the same," he admitted. "I can make it exactly the same if I forget to look at you, for that means new sensations I never knew then. I cannot forget the place has been here night and day, summer and winter, rain and sun, since we last were in it, and time makes no difference; it is the same place. But it is not the same in some other way, some sad way I cannot explain."

The night was full of the fragrance of flowers and the foreign trees. There was no breath of wind. They were shades in some garden of dream compelled to stand and ponder eternally in an eternal night of numerous beneficent stars. No sound manifested except the lady's breathing, that to another than the dreamer would have told an old and wholesome Panic story, for her bosom heaved, that breath was sweeter than the flowers. And the dryads, no whit older as they swung among the trees, still all childless, must have laughed at this revelation of an age of dream. Than that sound of maiden interest, and the far-off murmur of the streams that fell seaward from the woody hills, there was at first no other rumour to the ear.

"Listen," said Gilian again, and he turned an anxious ear towards that grey grassy sea. And his hand grasped possessingly the lady's arm.

"Faith, and you are *not* blate," said she whimsically, but indifferent to remove herself from a grasp so innocent.

She listened. The far bounds of the lawn were lost in gloom, in its midst stood up vague in the dusk a great druidic stone. And at last she could distinguish faintly, far-away, as by some new sense, a murmur of the twilight universe, the never-ending moan of this travailing nature. A moment, then her senses lost it, and Gilian yet stood in his rapt attention. She withdrew her arm gently.

"Hush, hush!" he said. "Do you not fancy you hear a discourse?"

"I do," she answered, a little impatiently, but not without a kindly sense of laughter as at a child. "Bees and midges, late things like ourselves. You are not going to tell me they are your fairies."

"They are, of course they are," he protested laughing. "At least a second ago I could have sworn they were the same that gave me my dread when the Cornal met us. Even yet"—his humour came back—"even yet I fear to interrupt their convocations. Let us go round by the other path."

"What, and waste ten minutes more!" she cried. "Follow me, follow me!"

And she sped swiftly over the trimmed grass, bruising the odours of the night below her dainty feet. He followed, chagrined, ashamed of himself, very much awake and practical, realising how stupid if not idiotic all his conversation must seem to her. Where was the mutual exchange of sentiments on books, poetry, life? He had thrown away his opportunity. He overtook her in a few steps, and tore the leaves from his story book again to please or to deceive the Philistine.

"I thought we could bring it all back again—that was the object of my rhapsody, and you seem to have kept good memory of the past."

They were under the lamps of the lodge gates. She eyed him shrewdly.

"And you do not believe these things yourself? So? I have my own notions about that. Do you know I begin to think you must be a poet. Have you ever written anything?"

He found himself extremely warm. Her question for the first time suggested his own possibilities. No, he had never made poetry, he confessed, though he had often felt it as good as some of the poetry he had read in Miss Maclean's books that were still the favourites of his leisure hours.

"It'll be in that like other things," she said with some sense of her own cruelty. "You must be dreaming it when you might be making it."

"I never had the inspiration——"

"What, you say that to a lady who has been talking fair to you!" she pointed out.

"But now, of course——"

"Just the weather, Gilian," she hastened to interject. "A bonny night with stars, the scent of flowers, a misty garden—I could find some inspiration in them myself for poetry, and I make no pretence at it."

"There was a little more," he said meaningly; "but no matter, that may wait," and he proceeded immediately to the making of a poem as he went, the subject a night of stars and a maiden. They had got into the dark upper end of the town overhung by the avenue trees, the lands were spotted with the lemon lights of the evening candles, choruses came from the New Inns where fishermen from Cowal met to spend a shilling or two in the illusion of joy. Mr. Spencer saw them as he passed and was suffused by a kindly glow of uncommon romance. He saw, as he thought, a pair made for each other because they were of an age and of a size (as if that meant much); what should they be but lovers coming from the gardens of Duke John in such a night and the very heavens twinkling with the courtship of the stars? He looked and sighed. Far off in the south was an old tale of his own; the lady upstairs eternally whining because she must be banished to the wilds away from her roaring native city was not in it. "Lucky lad!" said he to himself. "He is not so shy as we thought him." They came for a moment under the influence of the swinging lamp above his door, then passed into the dusk. He went into his public room, and "Mary," he cried to a maid, "a little drop of the French for Sergeant Cameron and me. You will allow me, Sergeant? I feel a little need of an evening brace." And he drank, for the sake of bygone dusks, with his customer.

Nan and Gilian now walked on the pavement, a discreet distance apart. She stopped at the mantua-maker's door. He lingered on the parting, eager to prolong it. The street was deserted, from the Sergeant More's came the sound of song; some fallen leaves ran crisp along the stones, blown by an air of wind. He had her by the hand, still loth to leave, when suddenly the door of the mantua-maker's opened and out came a little woman, who, plunging from the splendour of two penny dips into the outer mirk, ran into his arms before she noticed his presence. She drew back with an apology uttered in Gaelic in her hurried perturbation. It was Miss Mary.

"Auntie," he said, no more.

She glanced at his companion and started as if in fear, shivered, put out a hand and bade her welcome home.

"Dear me, Miss Nan," said she, "amn't I proud to see you back? What a tall lady you have grown, and so like — so like——" she stopped embarrassed. Her hand had gone with an excess of kindness upon the girl's arm ere she remembered all that lay between the heyday of another Nan than this and now. Of Gilian she seemed to take no notice, which much surprised him with a sense of chill of something wanting.

At last they parted, and he went up with Miss Mary to the Paymaster's house.

CHAPTER XXVII

ALARM!

Nan's uncle, moving with hopeless and dragging steps about the sides of Maam hill, ruminating constantly on nature's caprice with sheep and crop, man's injustice, the poverty of barns, the discomforts of seasons, nourishing his sour self on reflections upon all life's dolours, would be coming after that for days upon the girl and Gilian gathering berries or on some such childish diversion in the woods behind the river. A gaunt, bowed man in the decline of years, with a grey tangle of beard—a fashion deemed untidy where the razor was on every other man's face — he looked like a satyr of the trees, when he first came to the view of Gilian. He saw those young ones from remote vistas of the trees, or from above them in cliffs as they plucked the boughs. In lanes of greenwood he would peer in questioning and silent, and there he was certain to find them as close as lovers, though, had he known it, there was never word of love, and though Gilian was still, for the sake of a worn-out feud with the house of the Paymaster, no visitor to Maam, that saturnine uncle would say nothing. For a little he would look, they uncomfortable, then he would smile most grim, a satyr, as Gilian told himself, more than ever.

He came upon them often. Now it would be at the berries, now among the bulrushes of Dhu Loch. They strayed like children. Often, I say, for Gilian had no sooner hurried through his work in these days than he was off in the afternoon, and, on some pretence, would meet the girl on a tryst of her own making. She was indifferent—I have no excuse for her, and she's my poor heroine—about his wasted hours so long as she had her days illumined by some flicker of life and youth. He never knew how often it was from weeping over a letter from Edinburgh, or a song familiar elsewhere, upon the harpsichord, she would come out to meet him. All she wanted was the adventure, though she did not understand this herself. If no one else in a bonnet came to Maam—and Young Islay was for reasons away in the Lowlands—this dreamer of the wild, with the unreadable but eloquent face and the mysterious moods, would do very well. I will not deny that there might even be affection in her trysts. So far as she knew they were no different from trysts made by real lovers elsewhere since the start of time, for lovers have ever been meeting in the woods of these glens without saying to each other why.

Gilian went little to town in that weather, he was getting credit with Miss Mary, if not with her brothers, for a new interest in his profession. Nor did Nan. Her father did not let her go much without himself, he had his own reasons for keeping her from hearing the gossip of the streets.

A week or two passed. The corn, in the badger's moon, yellowed and hung; silent days of heat haze, all breathless, came on the country; the stubble fields filled at evening with great flights of birds moving south. A spirit like Nan's, that must ever be in motion, could not but irk to share such a doleful season; she went more than ever about the house of Maam sighing for lost companions, and a future not to be guessed at. Only she would cheer up when she had her duties done for the afternoon and could run out to the hillside to meet Gilian if he were there.

She was thus running, actually with a song on her lips, one day, when she ran into the arms of her uncle as he came round the corner of the barn.

"Where away?" said he shortly, putting her before him, with his hands upon her shoulders.

She reddened, but answered readily, for there was nothing clandestine in her meetings on the bare hillside with Gilian.

"The berries again," she said. "Some of the people from Glen Aray are coming over."

"Some of the people," he repeated ironically, "that means one particular gentleman. My lassie, there's an end coming to that."

He drew a large-jointed coarse hand through his scraggy beard and chuckled to himself.

"Are you aware of that?" he went on. "An end coming to it. Oh! I see things; I'm no fool: I could have told your father long ago, but he's putting an end to it in his own way, and for his own reasons."

"I have no idea what you mean," she said, surprised at the portentous tone. She was not a bit afraid of him, though he was so little in sympathy with her youth, so apparently in antagonism to her.

"What would you say to a man?" he asked cunningly.

"It would depend, uncle," she said readily and cheerfully, though a sudden apprehension smote her at the heart. "It would depend on what he said to me first."

The old man grinned callously as the only person in the secret.

"Suppose he said: 'Come away home, wife, I've paid a bonny penny for ye'?"

"Perhaps I would say, if I was in very good humour at the time, 'You've got a bonny wife for your bonny penny.' More likely I would be throwing something at him, for I have my uncle Jamie's temper they say, but I'm nobody's wife, and for want of the asking I'm not likely to be."

"Well, we'll see," said the uncle oracularly. Then abruptly, "Have you heard that your father's got an appointment?"

"I—I heard just a hint of it; of course he has not told me all about it yet," she answered with a readiness that surprised herself when she reflected on it later, for the news now so unexpectedly given her in the momentary irritation of the old man was news indeed, and though she was unwilling to let him see that it was so, a tremendous oppression seized her; now she was to be lonely indeed. Half uttering her thoughts she said, "I'll sooner go with him than stay here and——"

"Oh, there's no going yonder," said the uncle. "Sierra Leone is not a healthy clime for men, let alone for women. That's where the man comes in. He could hardly leave you alone to stravaige about the hills there with all sorts of people from Glen Aray."

"The white man's grave!" said she appalled.

"Ay!" said he, "but he's no ordinary white man; he's of the stock of Drimlee."

"And—and—he has found a man for me," she said bitterly. "Could I not be left to find one for myself?"

Her uncle laughed his hoarse rude laugh again, and still combed his tangled beard.

"Not to his fancy," he answered. "It's not every one who would suit." He smiled grimly—a wicked elder man. "It's not every one would suit," he repeated—as if he was anxious to let the full significance of what he meant sink to her understanding. And he combed his rough beard with large-jointed knotted fingers, and looked from under his heavy eyebrows.

"Seeing the business is so commercial," said she, "I'm sure that between the two of you you will make a good bargain. I am not sure but I might be glad to be anywhere out of this if father's gone and I not with him." She said it with outer equanimity, and unable to face him a moment longer without betraying her shame and indignation, she left him and went to the corn-field where Black Duncan was working alone.

That dark mariner was a grieved sharer of her solitude to some extent in Maam. The loss of the *Jean* on Ealan Dubh had sundered him for ever from his life of voyaging. The distant ports in whose dusks wild beasts roared and spices filled the air were far back in another life for him; even the little trips to the Clyde were, in the regrets of memory, experiences most precious. Now he had to wear thick shoes on the hill of Maam or sweat like a common son of the shore in the harvest fields. At night upon his pillow in the barn loft he would lie and mourn for unreturning days and loud and clamorous experience. Or at morning ere he started the work of the day he would ascend the little tulloch behind the house and look far off at a patch of blue—the inner arm of the ocean.

Nan found him in one of his cranky moods, fretful at circumstances, and at her father that kept him there on the shore, and had no word of another ship to take the place of the *Jean*. Of late he had been worse than usual, for he had learned that the master was bound for abroad, and though he was a sure pensioner so long as Maam held together, it meant his eternal severance from the sea and ships.

Nan threw herself upon the grass beside him as he twisted hay-bands for the stacks, and said no more than "Good afternoon" for a little.

He gloomed at her, and hissed between his teeth a Skye pibroch. For a time he would have her believe he was paying no attention, but ever and anon he would let slip a glance of inquiry from the corner of his eyes. He was not too intent upon his own grievances to see that she was troubled with hers, but he knew her well enough to know that she must introduce them herself if they were to be introduced at all.

He changed his tune, let a little more affability come into his face, and it was an old air of her childhood on the *Jean* he had at his lips. As he whistled it he saw a little moisture at her eyes; she was recalling the old lost happiness of the days when she had gone about with that song at her lips. But he knew her better than to show that he perceived it.

"Have you heard that father's going away, Duncan?" she asked in a little.

"I have been hearing that for five years," said he shortly. He had not thought her worries would have been his own like this.

"Yes, but this time he goes."

"So they're telling me," said Black Duncan.

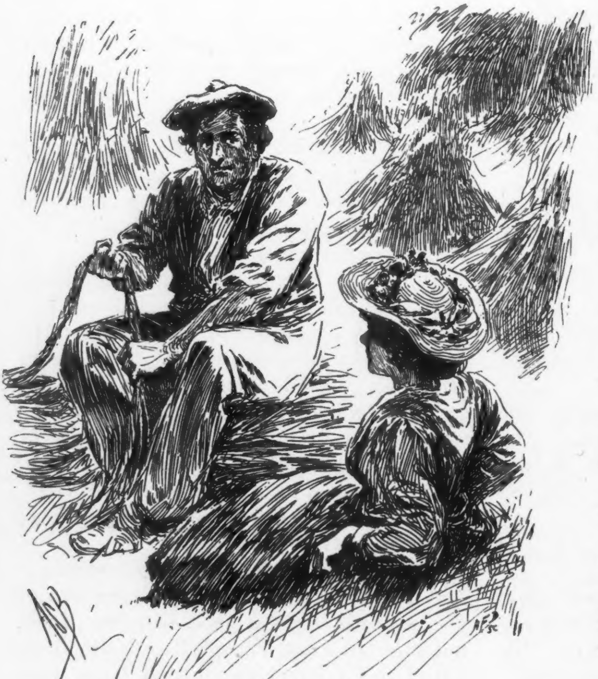
He busied himself more closely than ever with his occupation.

"Do you think he should be taking me?" she asked in a little.

He stopped his work immediately, and looked up startled.

"The worst curse!" said he in Gaelic. "He could not be doing that. He goes to the Gold Coast. Do not I know it—the white man's grave?"

"But this Glen Shira," said she, pretending merriment, "it's the white girl's grave for me,



"Nan threw herself on the grass beside him"

Duncan. Should not I be glad to be getting out of it?" And now her eyes were suffused with tears though her lips were smiling.

"I know, I know," said he, casting a glance up that lone valley that was so much their common grief. "And could we not be worse? I'm sure Black Duncan, reared in a bothy in Skye, who has been tossed by the sea, and been wet and dry in all airts of the world, would be a very ungrateful man if he was not pleased to be here safe and comfortable, on a steady bed at night, and not heeding the wind nor the storm no more than if he was a skart."

"Oh! you're glad enough to be here, then?" said she.

"Am I?" said he. And he sighed, so comical a sound from that hard shell-back that she could not but laugh in spite of the anxieties oppressing her.

"I'm not going with him," she proceeded.

"I know," said he. "At least I heard—I heard otherwise, and I wondered when you said it, thinking perhaps you had made him change his mind."

"Him" was always Black Duncan's term for the General, upon whom years of acquaintance had never taught him to look but as some one strange, unaccountable, far-off.

"You thought I had made him change—what do you mean?" she pressed, feeling herself on the verge of an explanation, but determined not to ask directly.

Black Duncan became cautious.

"You need not be asking me anything: I know nothing about it," said he shortly. "I am very busy—I—" He hissed at his work more strenuously than ever.

Then Nan knew he was not to be got at that way.

"Oh! well, never mind," said she; "tell me a story."

"I have no time just now," he answered.

Nan's uncle came round the corner of the dyke, no sound from his footsteps, his hands in his pockets, his brows lowering. He looked at the two of them and surmised the reason of Nan's discourse with Black Duncan.

"Women—" said he to himself vaguely. "Women—" said he, pausing for a phrase to express many commingled sentiments he had as to their unnecessity, their aggravation, and his suspicion of them. He did not find the right one. He lifted his hand, stroked again the scraggy beard, then made a gesture, a large animal gesture—still the satyr—to the sky. He turned and went down to the riverside. Mid-way he paused and stroked his beard again, and looked grimly up at where the maid and the man-servant were blue-black against the evening sky. He shrugged his shoulders. "Women," said he, "they make trouble. I wish—I wish—" He had no word to finish the sentence with, he but sighed and proceeded on his way.

Nan seemed to be lazily watching his figure as she sat in the grass, herself observed by Black Duncan. But she really saw him not.

"Ah, well! never mind the story, Duncan," she said at last; "I know you are tired and not in the mood for *sguelachd*, and if you like I will sing you my song."

"You randy!" he said to himself, "you are going to have it out of me, my dear." And he bent the more industriously to his task.

"Stop! stop!" he cried before she had got half-way through the old song of "The Rover." "Stop! stop!" said he. He threw the binding straws from him and faced the crimson west, with his back to her.

"Any port but that, my dear! If you are grieving because you think you are going abroad you need not be anything of the kind, my leddy. This is the place for you, about your father's door and him away where the fevers are—aye and the harbours too with diversion in every one of them."

"And Uncle Jamie's going to keep me, is he?" said she. "Lucky me! I was aye so fond of gaiety, you mind."

"Whoever it is that's to keep you it might be worse," said he.

"Then there's somebody."

"Somebody," he repeated, "the cleverest young——"

"Stop! stop!" she cried, rising suddenly to her feet; "do not dare to mention a name, spare me that."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Do you think I'm a stone, Duncan?"

"You would not be asking me that twice if I was younger myself," he said redly, looking at her fine figure, the blush like a sunset on her neck, the palpitation of her bosom, the flash and menace of her eyes.

“Well, well, well, go on, tell me more,” she cried when she had recovered herself. “What more is there?”

“You are the one that should know most,” said he.

“I know nothing at all,” she answered bitterly. “It seems that nowadays the lady is the last to be taken into confidence about her own marriage.”

“Are you telling me?” he asked incredulously.

“I'm swearing it down your throat,” she said. “If I had a friend in this country-side he would be pitying my shame that I must be bargained for like a beast at a fair and not have a word in the bargain.”

“My name's what my name may be,” said he, putting out an arm and addressing the world, “and you are my master's daughter; I would cut off that hand to save you a minute's vexation. What did Black Duncan know but that you had the picking of the gentleman yourself?—and you might have picked worse, though I tell you I did not care to hear about the money in it.”

“The money,” she exclaimed, turning pale to the lips, “then—then—then there's money in it?”

“He's a smart young fellow is——”

“No name, no name, or you are no friend of mine! Money, you say?”

“I could have picked no better for you myself.”

“Did you say money?”

“I thought once there might be something.”

“Money, money,” she repeated to herself.

“A tocher should not be all on one side,” said he, “and I know the gentleman would be glad to have you——”

“Perhaps the whole country-side knows more about it than I do; it could scarcely know less. I wondered why they were looking at me in the church on Sunday. Oh! I feel black burning shame—shame—shame!”

She put her hands to her face to hide her tears; she trembled in every part.

“They know; the cries are in, at least,” said Duncan.

“The cries! the cries!” she repeated. “Is my fate so near at hand as that?”

“You'll be a married woman before the General takes the road,” said he.

She took her hands from her face; her eyes froze and snapped, cold as ice, the very redness of her weeping cooling pale in her passion. She had no words to utter; she left him hurriedly, and ran fast into the house.

SEA-FLOWERS

EARTH has no vision more pure and sweet
Through all her zones of the day and night
Than this, where the land and ocean meet
In a tingling shiver of water and light;

And cooler than wind thro' shadowy leaves
The wave from the infinite west is rolled,
And the shoaling emerald dimples and heaves
In wells of freshness and ripples of gold;

And the children frolic, rosy and white
As apple-bloom tossed in a sunlit air,
Splash and plunge and scream with delight,
Merry and innocent, bonnie and bare!

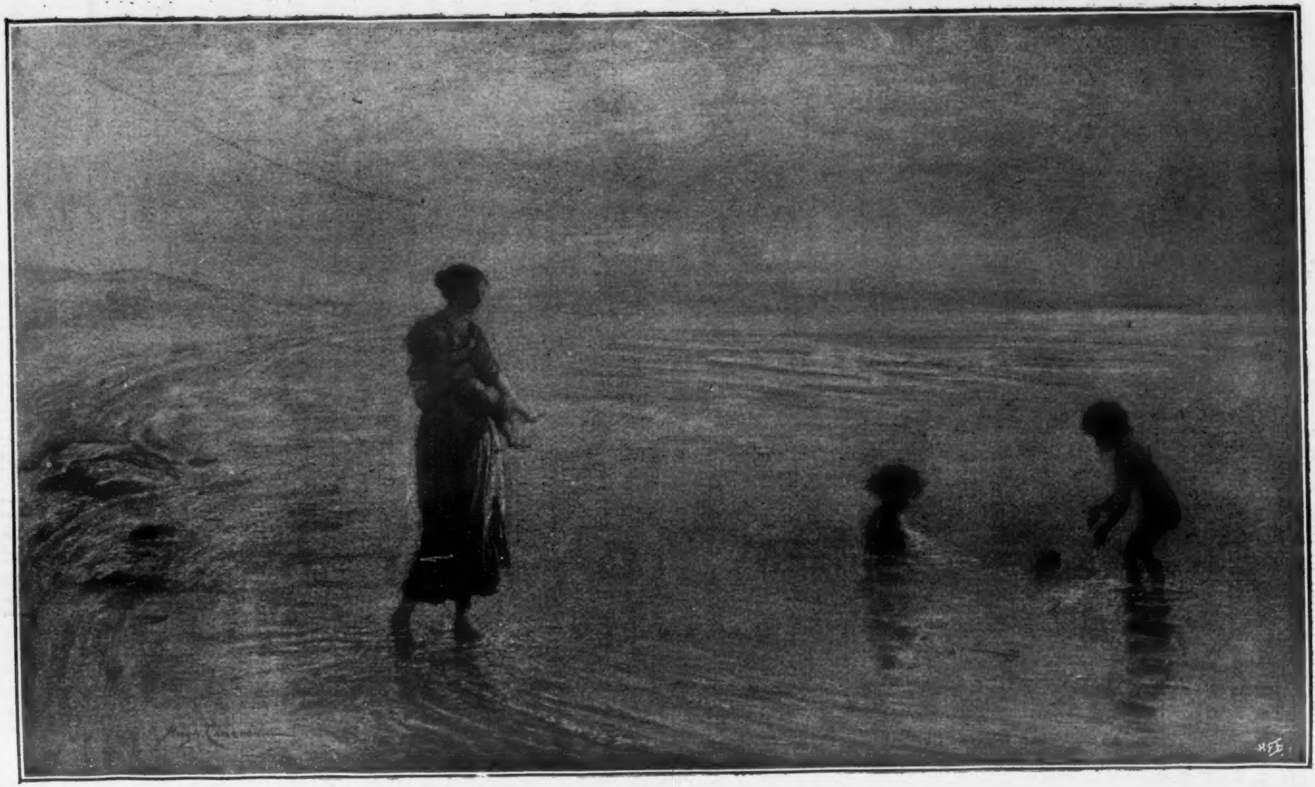
Some such vision was his, meseems,
Who, musing beside the summer waves,
First peopled the sea with fairy dreams
Of babes and maidens in coral caves.

In the glimmering deeps where the sea-flowers swayed
He saw their happy companies shine;
But, drowsing here in the cliff's dim shade,
Surely a sweeter fancy is mine!

For I think of a heavenly sea that shoals
In music and light on a starry shore;
Of a wave that purifies human souls
Of all that is earthly for evermore;

Purging the sorrow and cark and care,
The scars of loss and the dust of strife,
Till they turn to babes—as sweet and fair
As the blossom that gleams on the Tree of Life.

W. V. TAYLOR.


Hugh Cameron

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"And the children frolic, rosy and white"

AN EGYPTIAN HAREM

HOWEVER natural or commonplace a thing may be, we have only to surround it with an air of mystery and it is instantly invested with an irresistible charm, and a force of attraction that subdues even the most indifferent. Curiosity, that merciful characteristic, which enables us in our deepest sorrows to take an interest in the affairs of our neighbour, reaches great heights even when means of its gratification are at hand. But when there are difficulties in the way, if our cravings are satisfied in only slight degrees, if there is something still left in suspense—if tradition, taking advantage of the popular credulity, hints at horrors without unveiling them—this indeed is more than sufficient to awaken within the larger portion of mankind that master-passion of the world.

Life within the closed walls of a harem furnishes a good example of what is mysteriously commonplace, for here no newspapers reveal the domestic drama of the Seraglio, as at home they cast publicity on each lengthy lawsuit or breach of promise case; so that the imagination, unhampered by facts, may range at will over thoughts of women sewn up in sacks and built into walls, children bowstrung and disappearing in the Nile, or a husband here and there suffocated among cushions by half-a-dozen of his jealous wives. All these things may, for aught we know, go on in harems, but the one we visited presented no tragedy of any kind to the outward eye, although it could hardly fail to afford most abundant interest, to any human creature of Western nationality, from the single fact that nothing, from eating and walking to feeling and thinking, is done there as we do it.

This harem, in which we spent a couple of days, stood a few miles out of Cairo in the centre of a large wall-surrounded garden, planted with date-palms, olive-trees, orange groves with melon and gourd beds running among them.

The owner of this house, a wealthy Turk, was so courteous as to meet his guests at the village of Z——, about a mile from his residence, where he mounted us upon large white asses richly trapped in crimson and gold, each led by a slave, while he with his sons and retainers accompanied us on horseback, making in all a goodly company and suggestive of something out of the Old Testament. On arriving at the harem garden we were admitted into its paradise of shade and rest by a heavy doorway, and a venerable old potentate who had headed our procession on an ass, and at this juncture our bodyguard abandoned us, remaining without the walls, while we were left to make our way alone towards the group of women whom we saw approaching by the stone-flagged walk that led to the house. They were evidently the wives of our friend whose invitation to visit his harem had given us an opportunity of satisfying in a slight degree the interest we had long felt as to private life in Eastern countries.

These ladies were dressed in loose gowns of figured cotton, red and yellow shoes without heels, and scarfs of all colours. Some of the younger ones were handsome, being not much browner in the face than those of Spanish origin, while their marvellously erect figures gave them an appearance of great dignity. One of the ladies present, Mirza by name (a niece of the Turk's), who had been born in Constantinople, was much more highly educated than the others and able to talk French, and when preliminary greetings were over we followed her and our new friends through an archway into a square court, from whence we proceeded on a tour of inspection through many large rooms on the ground floor, all of which were empty except the innermost chamber. Here we found a fat old lady sitting on a low bench cutting onions into slices with a knife, and eating them, mouthful about, with a child. At her feet on the floor, sitting in the most perfectly graceful pose with her baby on her knee, was the beautiful Circassian wife of one of the Pasha's sons. The old lady told us, through Mirza, that her name was "Jessamine, the sweetness upon the walls of the home." This on the top of sliced onions was a little hard of understanding.

On seeing our interest in their customs they became very friendly, and allowed us to examine their ornaments, generally necklets made of gold zequins strung together, and bracelets worn much larger and heavier than it is ordinary to see in our country. Mirza, our interpreter, told us she was engaged to be married to her cousin Arten, her uncle's son, and showed us a ring that he had given her. It was a large dull red stone in the shape of a cartouche, worn by her on the first finger, and it bore the inscription written in Persian characters, "There is a flower in the garden of Arten, and her name is Mirza."

Some of the other jewels were intended to keep off the influence of demons and night monsters, as a remedy against disease, curses, sorcery, and vengeance. A young lady, daughter-in-law of the Pasha's, insisted on our retaining an amulet of hers as a present. It was a small piece of shiny ebony, shaped in the form of a first and second finger extended as if to bless, and its special property was to keep off the evil eye. We were sorry by accepting it to expose our friend to any risk in depriving her of the benefit of its protection, although glad to receive so curious an example of a superstition almost too absurd to believe possible. They are a strange mixture of credulity and devoutness, though one would have both to understand their language and live with them before being able to know how far these superstitions emanate from their convictions, or arise simply from long-descended habits.

In the same room where we found "Jessamine" eating onions, our friends exhibited to us the contents of a box that had come from Constantinople with Mirza ten years before. It was full of curiosities to them, because some of the things in it had belonged to one of the wives of Mirza's father, and she, we were told, had been half a European. It contained worn caps, gauze scarfs, and gold-embroidered dresses. The lady to whom all these treasures had belonged was a certain Princess A., who must have possessed a very remarkable individuality, as she succeeded in escaping from the conventional limits of her husband's house: the bravery of this step can only be appreciated by those who have seen something of the extraordinary restrictions among the upper classes in harem life.

Although we would like to have known many details of her story, even the simple facts are sufficiently interesting to bear repetition here. Princess A. was the only child of a Turk and an Austrian lady; she had passed her earliest years in considerable freedom; as her mother had been her father's only wife they did not live in a harem, but mixed unveiled in Constantinople society. Here, after her parents died, she met the Turkish officer to whom she betrothed herself, agreeing to marry him on the understanding that she was to be his only wife.

When the ceremony was over she was taken to his house, and very soon made the distressing discovery that he had several wives besides herself, Mirza's mother being among the number. This piece of deception, considering her liberal upbringing, naturally put an end to all respect and affection on her side, and she resolved to leave him if possible, and seek the protection of European friends for herself, and with their assistance try to recover some of her money, of which she had about £1500 a year. How Princess A. escaped from the harem Mirza was unable exactly to tell us, as she was not eight years old when that event took place; she remembers only the awed consternation and murmured unbelief as the news of the flight was whispered among them. She knew that the escape must have been made during the night, and that help must have been given from within as well as from without, as she believed it impossible for her to make her way unaided through the dozens of sleepers who would line the path between her and freedom. If the harem in Constantinople from which she fled contained anything like the amount of human beings that we found under the same roof with Mirza, her escape must have been a work of amazing enterprise. For here there were about forty women, at least two dozen men-servants, and more children than one could count; and it must be remembered that they don't sleep in rooms with a shut door, past which the quiet collected fugitive might slip and gain the garden without detection, but their wicker beds are placed everywhere—in doorless rooms, blocking the passages, in rows round the courtyard, as sentinels on the flat roof, and outposts in the garden. She would have to thread her way through this labyrinth of reclining humanity in the hot darkness of the house, and outside under the light of a moon that would throw a fearful glare on the sleepers in this garden full of senseless shades. She managed to escape, however, and nothing is left of her except the old camel's-hair box, the worn dresses, the faded scarfs, and her story, which will doubtless be handed down from generation to generation as a warning against rebellion in women. We were glad to learn from Mirza that the Princess A. recovered some of her money through English influence, and continued to live in unveiled freedom until her death, which took place a few years ago in Constantinople. She had felt and suffered more, we hope, than falls to the lot of most harem ladies from the unfortunate circumstance that she had been brought up to enjoy and expect too much. After hearing this tale of rebellion we marvelled at the expression of quiet pleasure apparent on the faces of those around us, for they seemed to be profoundly happy in performing the simplest and humblest laws of existence. The very reason of this placid contentment and indifference is one of the saddest features of their case, for their happiness under the circumstances in which they vegetate at the despotic will of others is in itself a degradation, and until the news is revealed to them that there are things in life beyond those which at present satisfy every desire of their hearts, there is little hope that they will have even the wish to aid in any movement for their emancipation that might be started by their fellow-women in Western countries who enjoy the liberty of body and mind that is withheld from them. They seem to be able alone to make no greater effort towards happiness than that which is required by the feeble exertion necessitated in eating, dressing, and sleeping.

We also in the drowsy warmth might have arrived at a state of similar apathy, but for the mental anxiety that must ever attend uncertainty as to meal-times. As hour after hour of the afternoon passed in conversation, sight-seeing, and undisturbed starvation, our joy may be imagined when shortly before sundown we were requested to condescend to wash our hands in preparation for the principal meal of the day. We entered a room with taps round the wall; this whole apartment was the bathhouse, for the water fell from the pipes straight to the floor, and the fashionable harem way of dressing for dinner was to remove all clothes, and sit, stand, or lie under a spout of running water. It was a lengthy business, as, in addition to their own ablutions, two or three dozen children had to be caught and scrubbed, though this operation after their capture was attended with less difficulty than at first would be supposed, for there is practically little trouble in dressing and undressing children that have nothing on. These preparations concluded, we followed our hostesses into a room on the opposite side of the court with a long low table down the middle. We seated ourselves round it on cushions, and each took possession of the flat piece of scone which supplied the place of a plate during the meal, those articles not being considered a necessary luxury. In the centre of the table stood a large bowl full of white soup, from which everybody ate, taking as many spoonfuls as they chose from the common tureen with the long-handled wooden ladles provided for each guest. When this was removed a large piece of meat boiled to rags took its place, and was speedily diminished under the violent treatment it received from us all, each one pulling a lump of meat from the joint with the fingers, and eating it off her own flat scone. We then had a curry of vegetables, followed by the Zagazig pudding, fruit and rice, called so from a native of that village having brought the receipt to the harem. Our meal was concluded by coffee, made in a corner of the room over red-hot charcoal in a copper pot, and poured thick into small glasses fitted in gold filagree cups. The lady who made this rather disagreeable beverage was the same who had removed the centre dishes during dinner: she was black as a coal and bore the delightfully descriptive name, translated to us, of Lily in the Desert. When we had washed our hands in the basin handed round for that purpose, everybody went to bed, some to the roof, others to the court, garden, or house. It was a very hot night with a glorious full moon, and we asked to have our beds placed outside at a short distance from the harem buildings, the stones of which seemed never to cool day or night. There was such a luxuriance of growth around; the very shadows were weighted with fruit, and looked in their immovable blackness as if glued to the ground. Uncountable varieties of insect life moved on the surface of the earth, fat beetles plodded ponderously along, a scorpion working its tail in rotatory motion disappeared behind a broken wall. Two praying mantises, with green podlike bodies, stood up with outstretched arms as if to pray, but, catching sight of each other, naturally fell to battle, and with such fury that one was instantly hurled headless on the hot ground.

We stretched ourselves on the wicker beds, resolved to close our eyes to these fascinating distractions, but were assailed by a whirl of midges, gnats, mosquitoes—goodness knows what—that attacked from below, above, in every conceivable direction, and angrily drove us to the house. We climbed to the roof of the building to other wicker beds, but the countless millions of ants creeping over the stonework, round the wicker beds, up their legs and ours, without respect of person, reduced us to a state of mind bordering upon distraction, and forced us to descend to the house and the commonplace expedient of sleeping in a room. The chamber which they kindly put at our disposal was a large room, and we slept till Lily in the Desert came to rouse us with the words, "There is no God but one God, and prayer is better than sleep." We awoke speedily to the painful consciousness that we were in for a bad day.

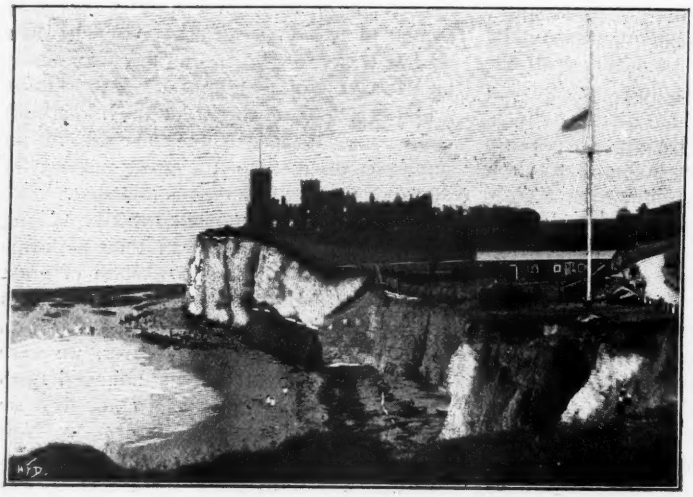
This means here, instead of rain and an easterly *haar*, the excessive heat that is brought by their *kamseen* wind. The sun blazed fiercely all day, and looked far away through the clouds of stinging hot sand and dust blown against, under, and through every possible hole and crevice in the shelters erected to protect man and beast.

Our kind hostesses, doubtless noticing the state of liquid stupefaction to which their *kamseen* wind had blown us, proposed that a story-teller should be brought. When awaiting his arrival Mirza asked if we had such people in England. We told her that the population at home consisted largely of story-tellers, but that they did it generally unconsciously, and never took it up as a regular profession in our country. The man on this occasion who recited for our amusement was one of their own servants: he sat cross-legged in a corner of the room, and commenced to gesticulate and roar in an unknown tongue, to the great interest of everybody present, ourselves included.

This story, which appeared to take as long in the recital of events as in their performance, reduced the man to a state of great exhaustion, and the sight of him made us ten times hotter than we had been before. As it came to an end, however, we were refreshed by the officially announced news that the Pasha our father had come to drive us back to regions of plates and forks, high collars, tight dresses, and bare-faced women. We were about to enter again that society where ceaseless change and progress are the order of the day. It can never from that reason offer anything very original in the way of a curiosity, so relentless is the tide that bears us along. How full of pity then must our gratitude be to those who afford us the incalculable interest of remaining always the same! As we left the harem garden we turned in the thick heat to look back on the house shrouded in flying sand and dust, a sombre spot full of childish human beings, their bodies allowed no liberty, the existence of their souls a disputed point, yet still retaining, because indestructable, through generations of coercion and injustice, that most rare of human virtues, contentment, and that most precious of divine attributes, love.

HOW I CAME TO BOMBARD LONDON

By the Rev. J. M. BACON



CLIFF AT KINGSGATE

ABOUT noon on a crisp winter's day, early in the sixties—well remembered by the writer — while a Ploughing Match was in progress in a large open field on high ground near Hungerford in Berkshire; while the harness of thirty or forty teams was jingling, and a large concourse of people in animated groups were busily discussing the performance of the competitors, suddenly a strange and loud report rang out in the frosty air, so sharply that all the field was brought to attention, and fell to wondering whence and of what nature the sound could be. The agricultural mind to the best of my belief did not at the time arrive at any reasonable solution, but in two or three days it was known throughout England that at that moment a meteor had burst, probably at a great altitude, having been heard over a great many counties, and as far north as Yorkshire.

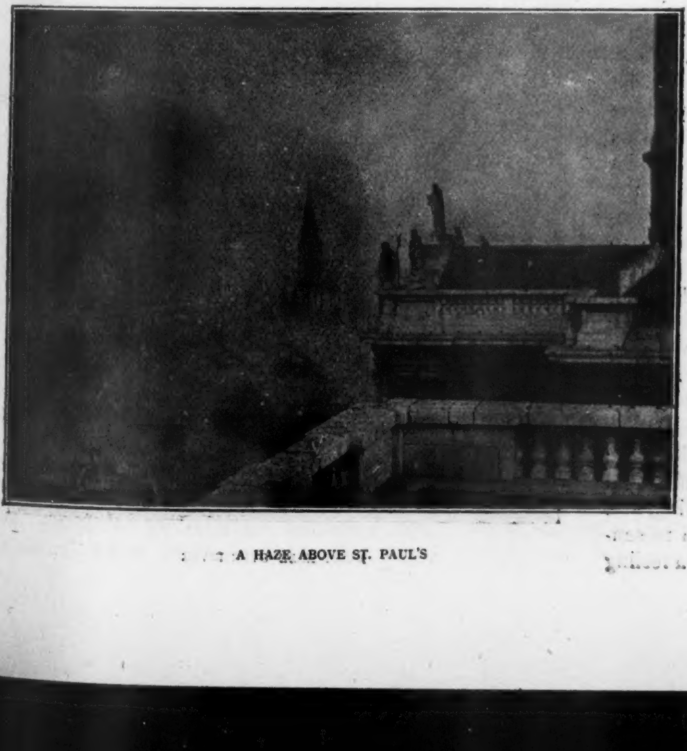
This was by no means an unprecedented occurrence, and it is calculated that meteorites will not unfrequently be raised to incandescence or burst at a height sometimes approximating to a hundred miles, the chief marvel in those cases where the report reaches the earth, being the fact that the air at the point of explosion must be extremely rare, and thus in the worst possible state for conveying sound. This undoubted fact may lead the way to a most interesting, not to say important inquiry, and may also throw some sidelight on a matter just now much under discussion—the constitution of our atmosphere. This may be sampled and analysed, tested chemically, photographically and also by the astronomer, as to its mode of refracting a beam of light. But a further question remains demanding, perhaps, equal attention—viz., its effect on the passage of sound.

A train has been heard from a balloon riding at an altitude of four miles above the line where the train is moving, but this is somewhat exceptional, and were the relative positions of the sound and the observer reversed, it might be quite another question whether the sound would then be heard at all. The difficulty of settling all such points lies in the fact that properly you have to carry your experiments away from earth. The guns of Waterloo were heard in England. This proves little, save that earth may have acted very powerfully as a conductor. Sitting below the high cliff at Kingsgate, the entire chalk stratum is felt to quiver and a deep rumbling heard if a carriage passes along the road one hundred yards from the cliff's edge above. We may turn to a bigger event, the biggest of its kind on record, and learn that earth or air may convey the sound of a terrestrial explosion to an extent that would have been judged past credence. For when on a Sunday afternoon in August 1883 the mountain of Krakatao broke into eruption, the sound after an interval of four hours reached a spot three thousand miles across the ocean! This stupendous fact, however, is sensational rather than instructive, and an attempt at a certain systematic investigation of the properties of air in conveying various sound signals, including such as may come from aloft, shall now be succinctly given.

The remarkable long-continued fine weather of last summer lent itself to ballooning exploits under conditions which rendered it comparatively easy to make experiments and to use even delicate instruments in the car with safety, and as a preliminary step a good deal of time was devoted by the writer to determining the penetration of sounds ascending from the earth. One of the earliest points of interest established being that during a spell of uniformly bright and fine weather, and on days that outwardly were extremely similar, there was occasionally a something in the air that caused a very marked difference in the travel of sound. This difference was not apparent to the eye, neither was it to be determined by such instruments as we are wont to trust to tell us all about the air and weather. Such instruments invariably formed part of our regular kit, and abundant records were always taken giving the reading of the barometer or more simply the varying pressure of the air, as also its temperature at all heights, and the amount of moisture it held at the time and place of each experiment.

THE ASCENT AT HENDON

But by these means alone it was impossible to foretell the acoustical conditions prevailing; nor was the camera any surer guide. As a matter of fact it is generally very doubtful what measure of success will attend the taking of photographs from even a little distance above the earth. A certain haze or glare not necessarily connected with moisture or any other easily determined condition of atmosphere, and quite unnoticeable from below, will more often than not mar every picture taken from aloft, although perfectly successful photographs may have been readily secured on the


A HAZE ABOVE ST. PAUL'S

THE START

ground. Yet (as the instances given will show) there was no law to be established connecting the fickleness of aerial photography and the waywardness of sounds carried through the free heaven. Many exposures were taken recording how when the air was clear below there would sometimes (even at half the height of St. Paul's) be haze above, or sometimes none at all; sometimes a haziness would manifest itself with moist air and again sometimes in the driest. Again there were occasions when it was possible to photograph the actual process of clearing, the cloud decaying into the haze and the haze thinning out into transparent air.

There is, however, another condition of the air that needed and still needs close investigation, a subtle, almost indefinable tension always present when thunderstorms are brewing, and made apparent enough to sensitive organisations by a feeling of languor or brow headache or general irritability of temper. It is commonly spoken of as "a feeling of thunder in the air" and at such times many animals will become restless, midges will bite, and mountain sheep will butt one another. Such a state of things had always seemed to render the air "opaque to sound," as Tyndall liked to put it, and the actual phenomenon of the thunder may have something to impart on this head.

First and foremost, nothing is more striking than the fact that that supreme and deafening uproar is, comparatively speaking, not heard very far. As to its carrying power it sinks into insignificance as compared with the bursting meteorite. It will commonly not speak across a quarter the distance that a cannon-shot does, and yet this latter report cannot awaken the grand reverberations of the thunder-clap. Clearly one great difference

MOIST HAZE OVER RIVER

in the two cases may lie in the condition of the air environing a lightning-flash, since, as I have pointed out, air has always shown itself inimical to the passage of sound whenever a feeling as of a thunderstorm was abroad.

If then this experience could be confirmed by further experiment, we might have a sufficient cause to explain, at least in part, the seemingly anomalous behaviour of the thunder-clap. The very conditions that quench its outward travel may suffice to cause those reverberations which are never heard from air at other times. It remains but to learn what we may about the actual surroundings of the thunder-pack. I have never heard of the balloonist enthusiastic enough to seek to penetrate within it for the sake of seeing what his instruments might record, though, at the same time, were there much real danger in such an attempt, we should surely ere now have heard of disaster during some of the innumerable ascents which have been made in every sort of summer weather.

However, there is every reason to believe that we know enough for practical purposes about the atmospheric conditions preceding and attending the actual thunderstorm. To begin with, the sharply defined and closely compacted cloud-heaps that hold the lightning charge are always of exceptional denseness and opacity, seeming indeed solid enough to throw back mighty echoes from their own hollows: but, besides that, the very electrical disturbance itself is thought to be always associated with great differences of heat and moisture existing in mingling volumes of air. Intense cold must be present somewhere, to account for the hail which so often falls; while the thunder-cloud generally comes up with a wind of its own blowing from some different quarter. So again the wavy path of the flash itself points to the air being in a state the reverse of homogeneous, and so betraying that sinuous course of least resistence which is characteristic of lightning photographs. Under these circumstances it is surmised that air may offer invisible obstacles to sound and sometimes cause echoes in the sky to be aroused by other means than those of thunder.

This is a theory which Professor Tyndall has enlarged on in many charming pages, and which he dwells on as though it were a well-loved discovery of which he had wholly convinced himself, and it has been my good fortune to hear a detailed account of particular experiments thought to be conclusive from more than one trained observer, who was present at the time of their being carried out. At the trials now to be described the observing party stood at the bottom of a sea-cliff while guns were being fired from the summit, 250 feet overhead. On the first occasion the Professor relates that the sea was smooth and clear of ships, the atmosphere without a cloud, and no object in sight which could possibly produce an echo, and yet from the perfectly transparent air the echoes came at first with a strength apparently little less than that of the direct sound, and then dying away. The experi-

HAZE CLEARING OFF OVER SUBURBS

INTENSELY CLEAR OVER OPEN COUNTRY

ments as we may suppose were many times repeated, and never in a single case was the rumbling sound absent, so that Professor Tyndall claimed positively to have established the fact that in all weathers there exist invisible "acoustic clouds" capable of returning echoes. But a more important statement is that in his own case the rumbling "followed so hot upon the direct sound as to present hardly a sensible breach of continuity between the sound and the echo." This statement should be remembered in connection with the aerial experiments presently to be recorded.

Of course an all-important element in any such trials is the nature of the source of sound itself. It has long ago been pointed out and has been insisted on in reports on recent disasters at sea, that the audibility of many forms of sound signals is a very uncertain matter, but that the Tonite cartridge, now very largely used round our coasts, is the most efficient as regards penetration as it is also the most portable and handy. It can be fired in three convenient ways—by electrical current, by simple time-fuse, or from the head of a rocket—and it has been discovered that the usual four-ounce charge is in proportion to its size the most telling. Twice the quantity does not give twice the efficiency, nor do two cartridges double the effect of one, possibly owing to some interference between the sound waves that emanate from each.

The action of this type of our great modern explosive which includes all forms of guncotton, should in a general way be understood. Its nature is entirely opposed to that of gunpowder, which is now accounted as but leisurely in its operation, dangerous to store in bulk, and liable to injury from wet. Guncotton, on the other hand, in its simple form, is so rapid in combustion that it may be fired in actual contact with gunpowder and yet fail to ignite the latter. A bag of it, quietly kindled, will merely burn with some vehemence, but without causing havoc, while the same amount compressed or only slightly confined, and aroused by the concussion of a sharply detonating compound, will develop power many times greater than that of an equal weight of gunpowder, and suffice to make a breach in a rampart.

It will now be easily understood how a battery of signal cartridges formed of this explosive was in all ways well suited to carry out a test experiment suggested by the facts discussed at the commencement of this paper and dealing with the travel of such

(From "Knowledge," by permission)

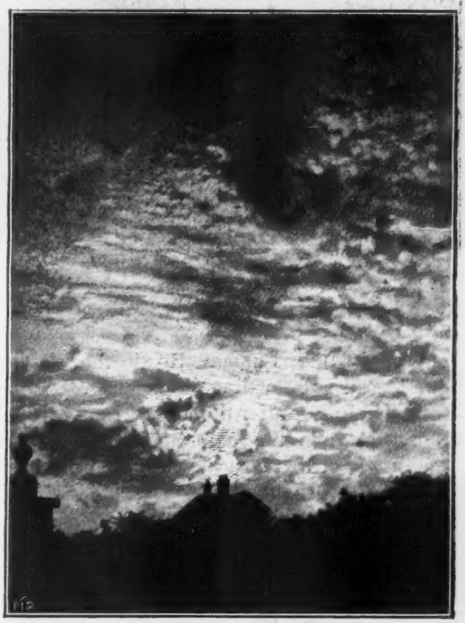
LIGHTNING-FLASH

sounds as come from out of the skies or only traverse the free air. A balloon ascent being arranged and the desired altitude attained, it became a simple matter to lower the cartridge to a safe distance below the car, by a double wire, and then fire it electrically. In this way there was no burning fuse as an element of danger. The combustion of the cotton-powder was so complete that no trace of smouldering ash or wad was left behind, and the wave of explosion spending itself freely in the air failed sensibly to reach the balloon. But over and above all the infinite smartness of the explosion rendered it the very report of all others best suited to the purpose in hand. It was a veritable bursting meteorite in miniature.

On the first occasion when the cartridges were taken aloft an accidental cause prevented their being fired, yet the attempt was not without interesting results. The balloon was watched throughout its course by many observers, aad not a few reported that they distinctly heard shots from the car, and though these statements may at first sight appear absurd, they are by no means to be put aside as without value, for the occasion was the Easter Bank Holiday, when there was much rifle practice and casual firing of shots going on over the country we traversed. Moreover there are many accounts on record tending to show that in certain conditions of atmosphere sound may appear as if reflected from higher strata. Here then it would seem that very possibly there was evidence of this same kind and that the ears of observers, expecting to hear sounds from the car, had been readily deceived.

A second experiment was entirely successful throughout. This time arrangements were made that would ensure some explosions taking place over London itself, and some also over open country; and shortly before sunset in the still heavy air of an April evening the balloon rose from Hendon and thence lazily made a "bee line" to Wimbledon at an altitude ranging from 2000 to 3000 feet. A dozen signals were fired, two ere Willesden was reached; another as a respectful salute to the quiet multitudes in Kensal Green; another in compliment to Earl's Court, at the moment when the Great Wheel (a tiny toy it looked) lay immediately below us, and so on over Putney Bridge and the outskirts of Battersea.

The event having been well advertised a host of observers were on the outlook, and many highly interesting and valuable reports came to hand in due course. A gentleman within doors at Notting Hill heard, as he thought, rifle practice on Wormwood Scrubs. A little later he supposed they must be volley-firing. Three minutes after, his casements rattled and he felt sure it was artillery; but the next report brought him to the window where he saw the balloon in the air. The attention of another observer was arrested by what seemed a cannon-shot, short and sharp, and apparently five miles off. Then came a second shot nearer, different in effect, and rumbling on like thunder. A similar difference in the reports was noticed by many. From one point they would always be heard as single bangs, from another always with reverberations, and this, no doubt, simply in consequence of some peculiarity in the observer's immediate environment. In some directions however sound was borne with peculiar intensity. As heard from Hampstead Heath one report, at least four miles off, was described as very startling. To a cyclist at Mortlake the explosions were as cannon sounding above the surrounding



THUNDER IN THE AIR

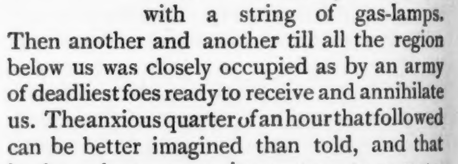
FORT AT GRAVESEND

traffic. In the Fulham Road the shots were heard, not startling in themselves but with a stunning after-thunder. In Chelsea the furniture in the rooms was shaken, and some thought that heavy waggons were being discharged in the streets.

These are samples of a vast number of independent communications received from many quarters, while from the balloon itself the observations made were quite distinct, and at the same time uniform in character. Each explosion occurring one hundred and twenty feet below the car rang crisp and sharp, followed by a dead silence always absolutely unbroken till more than sufficient interval had elapsed for echo to come from earth, when with startling suddenness a deafening roar arose echoing away among the distant house-tops, and booming on sometimes for twenty seconds like thunder slowly dying.

Very careful readings made with different instruments, and checked by different observers, were taken (1) of the interval of the return of the echo, (2) of the height the balloon had ascended, while the actual locality over which each cartridge was fired was also noted. At the time however these actual results were not examined or even commented on. The fact was that another matter began to exercise our attention. The wind which had been but slight at starting lulled considerably as the sun neared its setting, and just at the period when the growing chill in the air caused the balloon more and more to lose its buoyancy our rate of motion began to slacken and almost cease, while our spare ballast, now reduced to only two or three small bags, was being rapidly used up.

It seemed inevitable that we must come down on the house-tops, and indeed we were prepared to do so and accept such risk as ordinarily attaches to such a proceeding. But while surveying the probable quarter that we should thus invade—horrors of horrors!—a dim street was suddenly traced out with a string of gas-lamps. Then another and another till all the region below us was closely occupied as by an army of deadliest foes ready to receive and annihilate us. The anxious quarter of an hour that followed can be better imagined than told, and that in the end we were, quite contrary to expecta-



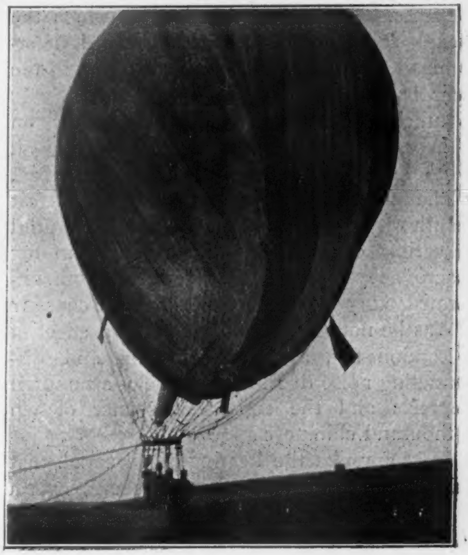
THE DESCENT OVER THE THAMES

tion, caught by a chance breeze and carried into safety is only a fresh instance of how utterly unaccountable the behaviour of the atmosphere may be.

On subsequently working out and interpreting the results we had obtained, it was at once clear that two important deductions had to be drawn. First, there can have been no aerial echoes, as in Professor Tyndall's experiments, and secondly the reports in their double journey had in all cases not travelled as quickly as the estimated speed of sound on the earth. In consequence of these unexpected records another ascent was carried out shortly afterwards from the Crystal Palace when the air was in a totally different condition, and the altitude reached considerably higher. On that day a strange thing happened. The afternoon was an universal drizzle and the Palace towers had their heads nearly shrouded in the low-lying clouds. On rising the balloon at once made for the west, and entering the cloud shortly reappeared above in glorious sunshine. So for near two hours; when once again descending through the clouds we found ourselves *still going west* but dead over the middle of the river *below the fort at Gravesend!* Our trail rope already in the water, and shipping close around us, as shown in the accompanying rapidly taken photographs. Clearly all unsuspected by the voyagers a wind was blowing above the cloud layer diametrically opposite to that on earth, but, as will be seen, causing no impediment to sound thereby.

The actual results obtained on the last occasion entirely confirmed those of the former experiment, and differed only in the fact that the reports were apparently heard over a much larger range of country, extending well into the neighbouring counties, and that the reverberations following them as heard from above were yet more prolonged than before, sometimes indeed still lingering on after an interval of thirty seconds!

It may at once be said that in these two series of results we have much that is important and instructive, beyond the mere retardation of the echo already referred to. The atmosphere can certainly not be regarded as always in such a state as Professor Tyndall pictured at the time of his special experiments thirty years ago. Unquestionably it is in the highest degree uncertain and capricious, and if this fact were but more generally recognised we should hear of fewer disasters such as that of the *Stella* or the *Mohegan*. Instead of laying down for the guidance of mariners that certain definite conditions and properties of atmosphere exist, it would be wiser and nearer the fact to point out that conditions are infinitely diverse and cannot with any confidence be predicted.



DESCENT AT DOVER

That the still moist cloud overlying the face of the country, greatly aided the aerial cannonade in our latest experiment, there can be no reasonable doubt soever; but to assume on the strength of certain isolated trials of a generation ago that all fogs aid sound, is to open the road to just such disasters as of late we have had occasion to lament, and happily among practical men it will be found that this fact is now pretty generally admitted. A bank of fog rolling up may be the cause of most perplexing results, as also will vortices or cross-currents of air of different densities such as may be expected constantly, say in the Channel, or as may be found any day above the London house-tops. We had had good proof of this. In one quarter the thundering signals overhead penetrated like cannon-shot, while hard by they were scarcely noticed, save by their echoes. Again the directions in which the explosions were heard farthest, were determined apparently by invisible avenues in the air far more than by drift of wind. Some authoritative statements based largely on theory have, it would seem, done duty all too long and must inevitably be modified. The late Professor—almost our latest authority—lays stress on the peculiarly fitful hearing of the Westminster clock in fog across Hyde Park. But could a more unsatisfactory ground for experiment be chosen? Was he not testing not so much the effect of London fog, as the fluctuating and distracting noise due to the traffic of a hundred streets and the aerial disturbance of ten thousand chimneys?

At any rate the hearing of an aerial, that is an unobstructed, source of sound over a district of the particular nature of London and the suburbs, has now been tested twice over at the hands of a multitude of witnesses. A further valuable trial, however, remains. Let the area be extended and the experiment repeated on a very much larger scale. Let a signal of vastly increased proportions—a true artificial meteorite—be fired at a yet greater height so as to be capable of being heard over, say, not twenty miles only but a hundred, and let it be within earshot of sea as well as land. Further, let the time of firing be kept strictly secret, and let observers state with accuracy what they hear, and when.

That such would prove a fruitful as well as interesting experiment there can be little doubt, and that it will be carried out in the immediate future I may venture somewhat confidently to predict.

A VILLAGE TALE

By E. A. HATCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

CHAPTER I

> Trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off, at last to all
> TENNYSON

DANIEL CAIRN, the blacksmith, might at almost any time throughout the day have been seen at his forge in Delton village. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, having an extremely fair complexion: no sign however of delicate health, for he was strong, with a well knit frame. The wide forehead betokened an intelligence far above the ordinary, keen blue eyes, hair inclined to stand up straight rather than lie down flat, a well curved nose and rather obstinate mouth; this was Daniel Cairn. He generally had bare arms to where the sleeves were rolled up, and wore an apron, never white owing to his trade, and not hinting at the uncleanliness which, it is supposed, often combines ungodliness; indeed his bump of reverence must have been highly developed. On Sundays and some week-days he conducted prayer-meetings in a small barn used by the few people who inclined to Calvinistic doctrines, and found too little nourishment for these opinions in the Congregational chapel which about a third of the villagers attended.

One evening, after carefully seeing that the last sparks were almost extinguished, the blacksmith went into an adjoining cottage where he lodged.

"Hullo, Jack!" he exclaimed in a cheery voice to the curly-headed little fellow who opened the door. "When are you going to get big enough to come and help me?"

His mother, at that moment pouring water from a kettle into the teapot, said:

"He's always telling me he wants to be a strong, big blacksmith."

Daniel drew a chair to the table, and began to fall to upon the bread, cheese, and pastry prepared on a neat white cloth. The child climbed up on his knee, saying:

"Blowing bellows is nice and so is shoeing hosses."

"Let Daniel rest; he's tired," the mother interposed.

"I'd need not to be," said he. "There's a good six miles' walk before me."

"How came you ever to set yourself up for a Calvinny preacher?" said Mrs Girdle. "Were there such in your days, granny?" she called into the ears of an old woman seated in an easy chair by the fire.

"Were there what?" asked the dame, and when it was repeated, answered, "I never heard tell of suchlike."

"Mother!" interrupted the boy in a horror-struck voice, "I heard a man say to father, the Calvinnys hated every one but themselves. It isn't true is it, Dan? you don't hate us, do you?" he added.

Across the young man's sensitive face a shadow quickly passed, noticed by the quick-eyed woman.

"Silly boy, don't repeat nonsense," she rebuked him sharply.

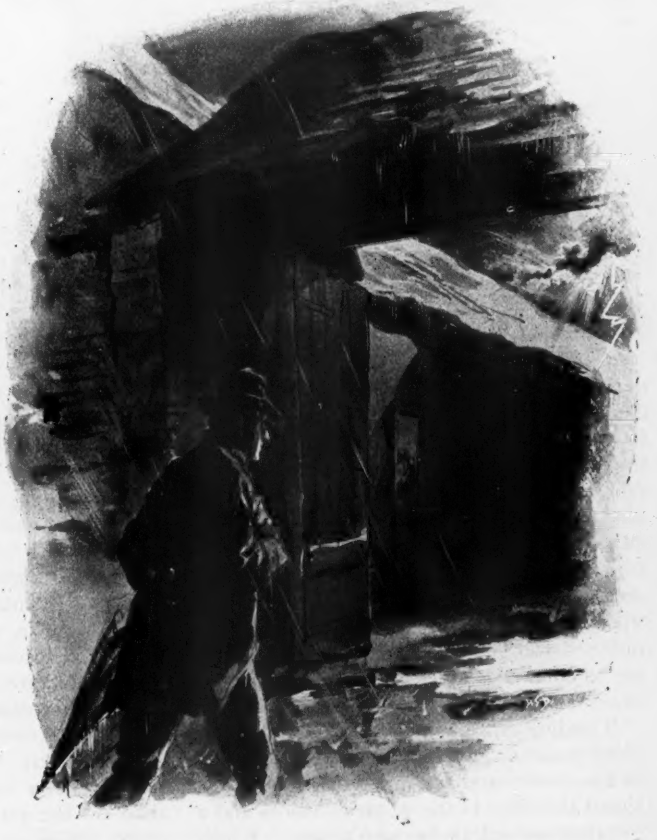
After this, conversation dropped and the old woman relapsed again into the dreamy silence of extreme age, from which she only woke at times.

By-and-by the young man went out at the porch, and turned to the right up a steep hill leading away from the village.

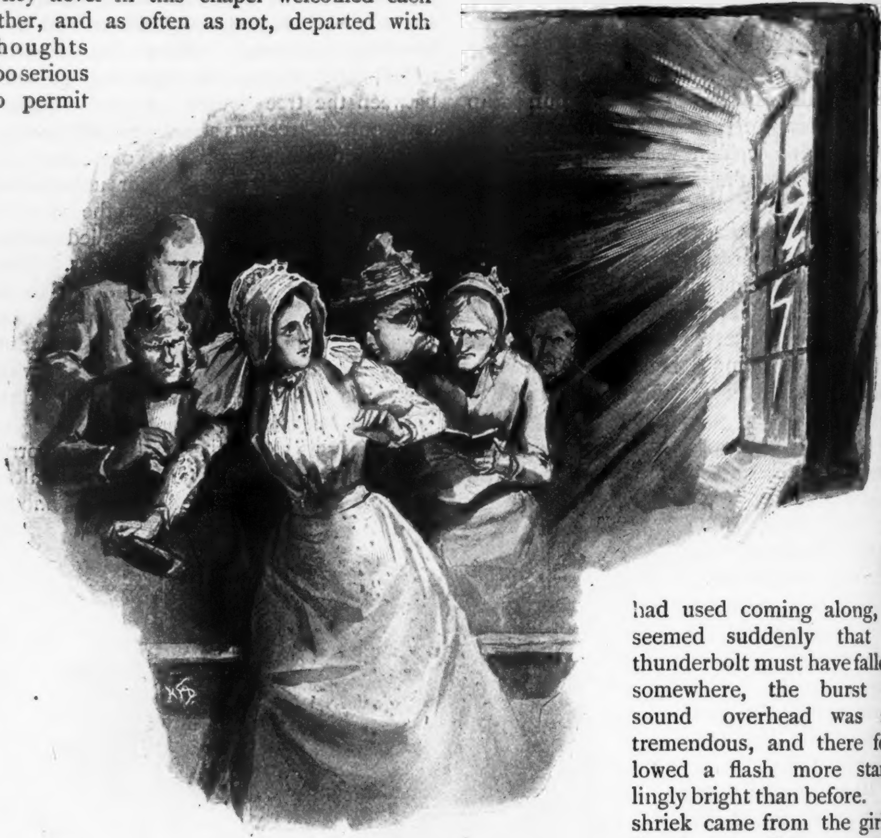
It was summer now, the birds were early singing their evensong, a heaviness was in the air, and dark clouds had risen in the west; but that mattered not to Daniel Cairn, who, with set brows, murmuring prayers for ignorant calumniators of the "elect," went on his way. Presently the rain came down in fast and heavy drops, and he put up the great umbrella he carried.

It had long been too misty for any of the distant hills to be seen, night had prematurely arrived, and darkness was all around as a brooding presence. Then the thunder rolled, and flashes of lightning gleamed between the tree boughs; a small distance away an oak-tree was struck and fell: still he murmured aloud, and his voice had no trembling in it. He prayed for unbelievers. "O Lord, Thou hast chosen the weak to confound the wise; Thou hast called us that we may show them Thy graciousness. They scoff at us, for we dare have nought to do with those destined to perdition;—and who may be saved, Thou in Thy wisdom knowest!" He continued his prayers while the storm still raged until the shelter of the barn was reached.

Placing his soaking umbrella in a corner of the shabby, bare room, he glanced along the stools, where knelt the scattered members.



"He continued his prayers while the storm still raged"



"A shriek came from the girl's lips"

They never in this chapel welcomed each other, and as often as not, departed with thoughts too serious to permit of the friendly handshakes usual among most denominations. A strange girl sat on one of the stools, and turned to look with a shuddering fear out of the side window at the pelting rain, shrinking backward at every vivid lightning-flash. Daniel noticed this action because all the others were weather-hardened men and women. Her youthful figure was slight and delicate, but her face appeared sad and worn when in repose; the eyebrows were faintly outlined over large almond-shaped lids seeming to come to pointed curves inwards; the nose was small and the lips slightly pouting.

Treading on to a dusty platform the Calvinist preacher gave out Ps. cvii; they sang it in a monotonous chant, varied only by an occasional shrillness in the women's voices and a growling accord in the men's bass. Whilst he prayed aloud in much the same words he had used coming along, it seemed suddenly that a thunderbolt must have fallen somewhere, the burst of sound overhead was so tremendous, and there followed a flash more startlingly bright than before. A shriek came from the girl's lips, but she did not appear harmed; and the stern-faced individuals present glanced coldly at her. With grave reproach in his gaze Daniel Cairn regarded her too from his makeshift pulpit; and as the conviction entered into his soul that she was *not* one of the chosen, the awfulness of their forbidding creed became for the first time plain to him. Must she, an innocent maiden, perish everlastingly? Earnest, appealing words rose to his lips as he spoke of judgment to come. They did not disturb the elder folks, who felt themselves secure, and the girl dreaded the present storm more than the pictured torments of an after-life.

After they came out, silently, by ones and twos, Daniel overtook the stranger.

"You were frightened," he said; "do you not know God makes the rain to fall alike on the just and the unjust? storms come while we are playing, working, or praying; but those who pray are safer."

"I tried to think so, but could not be certain," she answered in a trembling voice.

"But ye should 'a' trusted," said the man, who felt it his duty to correct the sinner according to his doctrines, but who in his heart could not feel surprised that a girl so frail and young had been afraid of the fury of the tempest, which had now subsided.

"What is your name?" he asked, after a silent reverie.

"Janet Moulton. I live at the cottage in Thatcham Lane with my uncle and aunt; I used to be with my grand-parents in Whitechapel when I was little."

How had such a fair flower grown in that sorry place of wickedness, the courts and slums of London? he wondered; and why that night had she come to the chapel barn?

Janet answered his thought as if guessing it.

"They were so cross to-day, I felt like running away, but came to the chapel instead."

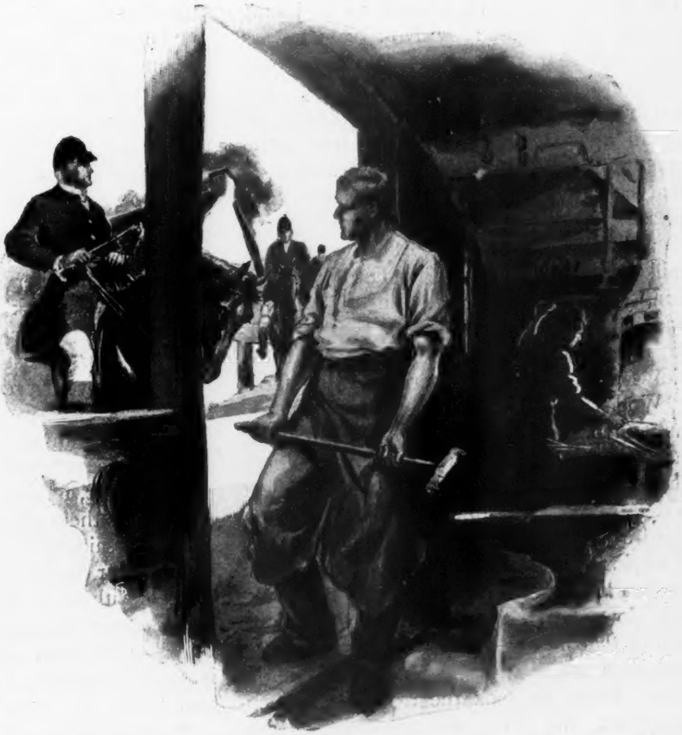
Truly her life must be dull in the dismal cottage; he had often heard about its crabbed inhabitants, of whose miserly eccentricities many stories were told.

The lane led out from the straight road; she went up it in the gathering dark; and he walked downhill, watching the rills of water that ran aimlessly beside the hedge in its ditches. A vague uncertainty of his faith possessed him: could it be that this girl was lost, and he saved?

Afterwards in the village things went on as before with him; and twice each week he generally conducted service in the barn. Their homeward way led in the same direction, it was not therefore strange they should often walk together when it had occurred to her to go to the chapel. At intervals a chance remark would give him some knowledge of the extreme loneliness of her lot with the two elder people. To his representations regarding the consolations of religion she listened with an air of some conviction, yet never marked with the same enthusiasm which the others showed.

These good people were in the habit of talking about their neighbours, when by moonlight they flitted in small groups towards their several homes. One evening a red-faced woman remarked with a loud sigh to another, "I would nat gie ye tuppence for that young 'ooman's chances of salvation."

To which a thin, feeble woman answered with equal irreverence, "Seems as if Dan'el Cairn 'ud give his own away for nothing. She's well favoured, and he likes her; 'tis



"The next day was Friday, and it brought a number of huntsmen down to the village smithy" the foolishness o' youth, and yet he's got a wonderfu' gift for preaching from the Epistles."

"Yes, we must put up wi' him, for there's none other to take his place!" continued the first speaker.

The next day was a Friday, and it brought a number of huntsmen down to the village smithy. As they clattered in their red coats along the wide road, women and children flocked to windows and doors to see them; the blacksmith came to the forge door, his bare arms showing readiness to undertake the work of shoeing. Some of the horses were put in his stables, and three or four gentlemen waited outside, gaily talking and chaffing each other. Daniel listened unconsciously, and one moment an angry flush overspread his fair skin, his eye gleamed with wrath; he clenched his hands till the knuckles cracked with a short sharp sound, causing the man nearest the door to turn round. But only observing that the blacksmith worked with astonishing vigour, he continued to flick a riding-whip to and fro. The words heard in answer to a joking remark were these: "Now you fellows have once seen pretty Janet Moulton you'll come with me fishing by the cottage. It's too bad."—This speech was accompanied by an injured air which the hearer could imagine.—"I found out myself fishing in that carp pond was good sport; the river pleased the rest of you well enough."

"But we all know, Sir Ralph, a glass of milk is so refreshing from the fair milkmaid's hands, and a chat with the miser most entertaining," a dark-haired youth broke in, at whom the tall Sir Ralph raised his riding-whip which the other skilfully dodged.

When the shoeing had ended, and the huntsmen had gone, Daniel stood thoughtfully watching the fading ashes in the forge fire. He evidently arrived at some kind of a determination so doing, for he bowed his head upon his hands, and his lips moved as if imploring guidance from Heaven. Then he went into the cottage, presently reappearing downstairs. Mrs. Girdle saw without asking that he was going out early; the tea was soon made and she poured him out a cup. When he took the road he so often traversed, the blue sky was flecked with wandering cirri, the hills were peacefully calm in their purple mistiness; oak and ash-trees bent their branches to a gentle wind, which now and then wafted honeysuckle or sweetbriar scents. Yet nature's beauty could not soothe away the keen doubts that stabbed the young man every time those laughing jokes occurred. Though whenever the girl's trustful, truthful disposition came freshly to his mind, he had hope that some power—even in his own great anxiety for her—should save her from temporal, yea, and from eternal dangers.

Thinking thus, and hurrying on, he had approached near a curiously large cottage; its reddish-brown, tiled roof took up the greater part of the building, tiny windows were jammed in between the wood beams athwart and across the wall. An empty barn stood next to the gate in the all but desolate yard, a pond was at the farther end, all green gloom, according with the gloom of the place. Outside a white pony wandered halterless. Janet came out at the door with oats for him and wisps of hay, a black shawl was thrown over her head to protect it from the still warm sun. She started at seeing Daniel Cairn.

"Oh don't come in," she said, as he was pushing open the gate; "my uncle and aunt are both ill-tempered to-night."

An inward voice suggested to the man, "Take her from them."

"Come in the lane, then, I wanted to speak to ye," he said. She obeyed wonderingly.

"Janet!"—his stern tone made her lift the long lids of her brown eyes to his face, seeing there a look that kept her silent—"What's this I hear o' sportsmen coming to the cottage? Dost thee listen to their flattering of your pretty face? 'Tis a shame if ye do."

Her only answer was a burst of tears. Her distress softened his indignant anger.

"My dear, forgive me, tell me it's nought ye care for them, for I love you! I——"

It was said, and she raised her head, a deep colour flushing her face; but her eyes met his without shrinking.

"I've never cared for any one that way—only"— her voice dropped lower—"to love is to be troubled, I read in a book once, and maybe it is true."

"Thou hast not forgotten what the Bible says, have ye?"

"No!" she answered.

"Then dost love me enough to marry me?" he continued; and her reply was

"Yes!"

So they walked the lane together, while the sun was setting in a fiery glow, where the harvest fields, cleared of the golden corn stooks, revealed the unbroken foliage of woodlands.

In the twilight Daniel turned homewards, a new gladness possessing him; and for days the forge blows rang so musically loud, that the villagers stopped as they passed to see the sparks fly, and listen as children always did to the clinking of the hammers.

CHAPTER II

"WAAL, Dan'el Cairn, if this isn't the suddenest, unexpectedest news you could 'a' brought me," Mrs. Girdle exclaimed, when she was quietly told that her lodger was soon to get married. Every one in Delton village would be surprised, for in a village nearer Janet's cottage lived the country folk who knew her.

One morning, then, a very small party walked two by two to the parish church; and when they came back along the muddy road, the nuptial knot had been tied. The rest of that November day was a holiday; after it was past the forge was alight as usual, and the blacksmith himself there; the only difference made was that he had found a small cottage to rent. Inside this cottage, the first morning of her coming there, the young wife was folding away, with a half-sigh, the best dress which her uncle and aunt had decided to give—a soft, brown material, that had matched well her auburn yellow hair and brown eyes, from whose depths just now the sad look seemed to have gone.

A tap sounded at the door while she was thus employed; she opened it to admit Mrs. Girdle and her little boy: a kind, bustling woman, she always carried a sunshiny air about with her.

"Mrs. Cairn"—the girl visibly started at the name, it was so new—"I've just looken in to tell ye how Dan'el likes the 'taties cooked."

It was a comical reason for a wedding call; Janet smiled, but Mrs. Girdle seriously continued,

"He never eats them only boiled, he always likes them smashed——"

A choking cry from the child, who, trying to loosen a red-striped scarf slung round his neck, had succeeded in making it really much tighter, interrupted her. While explaining the details of buttermilk, "which softens it," she released him with a reprimand.

"Don't scold him!" said Janet, finding a piece of cake left from yesterday to console the weeper. "I expect I was rather slow understanding you, and he didn't know what to do."

"Mischievous monkey!" murmured his mother, a gleam of pride in his curly-headed prettiness taking the place of vexation. "Ah! you'll know what bothers they are when you've children of your own!"

With a parting nod and "Good-morning," she left; and her thoughts ran somewhat thus—"She's good and pleasant-tempered, I believe, but is she downright ser'us enough for Dan'el? Perhaps both should 'a' looked before they leapt into the marriage state"—remembering which oracular saying to repeat to her husband, she re-entered the gate of her own front garden, and stopped to pick a few stray flowers for Jackie, telling him to "take them in to granny!"

The winter set in severely, the roads became frozen, and the people slipped and slid about as they went to and from their daily work.

On a certain Saturday night—the usual time for shopping—as Janet was entering the village store, two women coming out stayed to have a few words with her, and then pursued their way home together.

"Seems to me," said one, "Mrs. Cairn looks graver than ever she's got cause to be wi' a good husband, who never spends his money at the Red Lion, as mine does not neither."

Mrs. Girdle drew her shawl closer, and answered deliberately,

"I knows Dan'el Cairn, and it's my idea he kinder worries her by bothering about them Calvinny doctrines."

"She was one of 'em afore they were married," replied her companion.

"Yes, but you haven't seen, as I have, how he looks at her, when she's needling, wi' fearsomeness in his eyes. She's mighty quick to feel things, and that's what troubles her."

It was too late for them to stop talking any longer; this was, however, the truth they had spoken. Though both Daniel and Janet loved each other, still neither was happy. There appeared no reason for it except that which these neighbours named; and less reason when later a baby was born, most certainly its mother's delight and comfort, but seeming rather to add to the father's gloom. Let us stop to analyse the workings of a religious mind, tortured by doubts which no outward circumstances could set at rest. This man was not what one would term impulsive; yet he had acted upon an impulse which was the result of strong feeling and overswept for a time the convictions his whole creed was founded upon. Then came the reaction; "predestination" acknowledged as a fact made it a miserable pain to care for any being foredoomed, it might be, to an awful fate in the after-life. His own salvation was not more to him than hers.

By the doctrine of "election" and "predestination," the grace of God was lost as a universal, healing truth, and the consequence was an unendurable bitterness became a part of religion itself. But in outward affairs he prospered so well, that he was able to give up the tiny house and blacksmith's trade and take a farm some distance away from the village. It was a relief to Janet to escape from the neighbours' kindly meant consolations; they were in a way conscious of the pathos of a life made wretched, when youthfulness alone should stir the soul to gladness. All of them liked her too; she had shown herself helpful to any one in need since she had come there. Their new home was beside a river, the meadows stretched out on either side, forming rich pasturing ground for cattle. A broad road by the river's bank led to the farm, which had a flower garden round it, and pretty porch in front; a boathouse was near.

The sturdy boy ran about in the garden and fields, but was not allowed to go near the river, unless with his father or mother. Sometimes the three would go on the water together on fine evenings; and the boy learned to use an oar skilfully. He prattled gaily of all his childish fancies, and his mother liked to hear and answer them; his father waited only for signs of grace, never confiding his desires to the wife he had chosen.

They crossed a wooden bridge each Sabbath, getting thus into a lane which led to the meeting-barn. Walking back one evening, they watched dark, heavy clouds in the west, where the sun's fiery ball had gone down enveloped in darkest purple shadows. Both remembered their first meeting, Daniel, touched to tenderness, said gently,

"Janet girl, dost ever regret we came through that storm to know each other?"

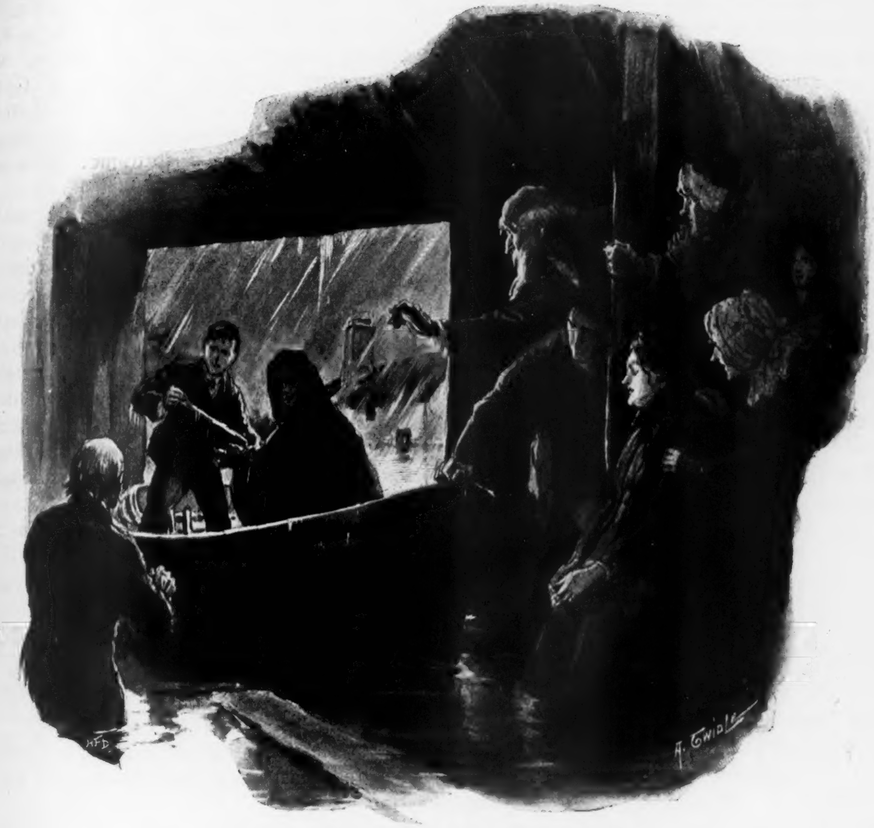
A wistful look was in her eyes; she answered slightfully,

"'Tis not I who would be like to, and you always were so good to me then."

At the old memories, a stifled sob caught her voice. His conscience smote him for thinking that future ill must be her destiny, because she never declared herself confident of having received such assurances of "election" as most members of the chapel believed had been given to them. When the boy, who had been a little in front, came back, his parents had become silent again.

After this night, continuous rain came down for weeks together; at this time, too, another child was born, and the doctor's visits stopped soon, for the country roads were unsafe to ride over. On another Sunday the rain was falling heavily, and although Janet pleaded, with a desire to change his purpose new to her, her husband would go to the barn. She ceased, exhausted, from persuasions that saddened him with the feeling of a wide gulf yawning between their separate natures; a stranger was nearer often to his religious sympathies. Was there no hope? no way by which the gulf could be spanned? He had, alas! proved his forebodings not unfounded; even this longing to keep him back was but another proof.

He forced his way through the blinding downpour, and by going along a narrow side lane reached the barn; two or three met him there, drawn by that sense beyond ordinary sense—the mystical drawing of the Holy Spirit. It would have been madness in mere worldly reason, it was only right to these people. Hark! as they prayed, what was that muttering accompaniment to their prayers? what was that rushing, rolling



"A strange crew had come to save them"

noise without? Their feet were suddenly lifted in a floating element—higher and higher the rising waters came round them—they stood on stools and on the preacher's platform; he only was without fear. Before him came a vision of glory—a dream that the heavens were opened, and as glorified spirits his wife and children met him in its serene air: he read, seeing it still, from the Book of the Revelation; and though the others shrieked in mortal terror at the nearer approach of death, he felt glad. But a wonder crossed him: why, for they were of the saved, those who had come that night, why did *they* fear death, and the blessed life beyond? Loud knockings at the door made him fancy the Saviour Himself had come to take His own. The door flew open, and joyous cries arose; then he became aware that a large boat rowed by a strange crew had come to save them in very deed from the hungry waters. A pale-faced woman, who clasped to her breast something moving and wailing, held with her other arm an oar, which she plied bravely; while a boy—his own—plied manfully two more. Each had been endowed with superhuman strength (aided too by the drift of the flooded river) to reach them; there was room in the boat for all, and they worked now to rest the tired arms of the two rescuers.

They found that it was only the lower part of Daniel Cairn's house was inundated, and the river was not coming higher, so all took refuge within. Janet explained how, knowing the barn to stand on low ground, fears for their safety nerved her to the attempt. The women made her rest, and tended her couch with loving hands; she was no longer as one cast out from everlasting salvation; in the presence of terrible danger, a wider notion of predestined glory had seized them. Only one among them had wished for glory; the question then remained, were the others doubtful still if they were yet fit to be brought into the presence of the Judge of all the earth. Perhaps it must be; life is but a trial time, and all alike must be tried ere they be condemned. Daniel rejoiced with his friends at deliverance, but his thanks and heartfelt praise, were brimming over with a deeper relief than they could understand.

Janet understood at last, she had never dared to ask the reason of his former gloom, and learnt it from him when they were together. The knowledge of his care and concern for her had been dim before, it was dim no longer.

"I have shadowed your life," he said, "fearing your future, and not thinking of the present. I believe now, that as God made us capable of goodness, truth and love, he meant us to be happy; I will speak to the Rector of the parish to-morrow, he is wiser than myself."

When the floods had subsided, the rest had returned to their several homes, and strove to repair for many a day their damaged buildings; but amid all other wrecks, peace for two hearts was secured. Here the sun shone on a different world for them, and beheld a changed home; the father's voice sounded cheerily, smiles were on the lips of the woman who stood in neat garb at the door, with a child in her arms, watching each evening for him to cross the new bridge made of floating logs.

A TOWN GARDEN

Back from the busy noises of the street
There lies a garden, sheltered, cool and sweet,
With saplings and a stream one side is bounded,
And with an old red wall the whole surrounded.

A little doorway in the wall, and then
You find this garden, not remote from men,
But just so far that when your work is over
A resting place you quickly may discover.

Here as your footsteps linger at their ease,
The breath of blossoms meets you on the breeze,
For sunshine here and cool refreshing showers
Alternate draw their fragrance from the flowers.

This garden is beloved by many a bird,
Whose pleasant music all day long is heard,
The redbreast and the wren of little inches,
The dusky sparrow and the coloured finches.

The tapping nuthatch, who has made his realm
The creviced branches of an old wych elm,
And fills the garden with his cheerful whistle;
The rival pipe of blackbird and of missel.

And then, as night draws slowly on, the hush
All suddenly is broken by a thrush,
His pent-up song in liquid cadence falling,
And "Pretty bird, sweet, pretty, pretty," calling.

While drowsy caws from nests upon the lime
Join in the quiet influence of the time—
Here then your heart may ease you of a burden.
When God made man He also made a garden.

D. G. B.

PHILAE, FROM THE SOUTH, BEFORE THE DAM WAS COMMENCED. THE INSCRIBED ROCK OF KONOSSO TO THE RIGHT

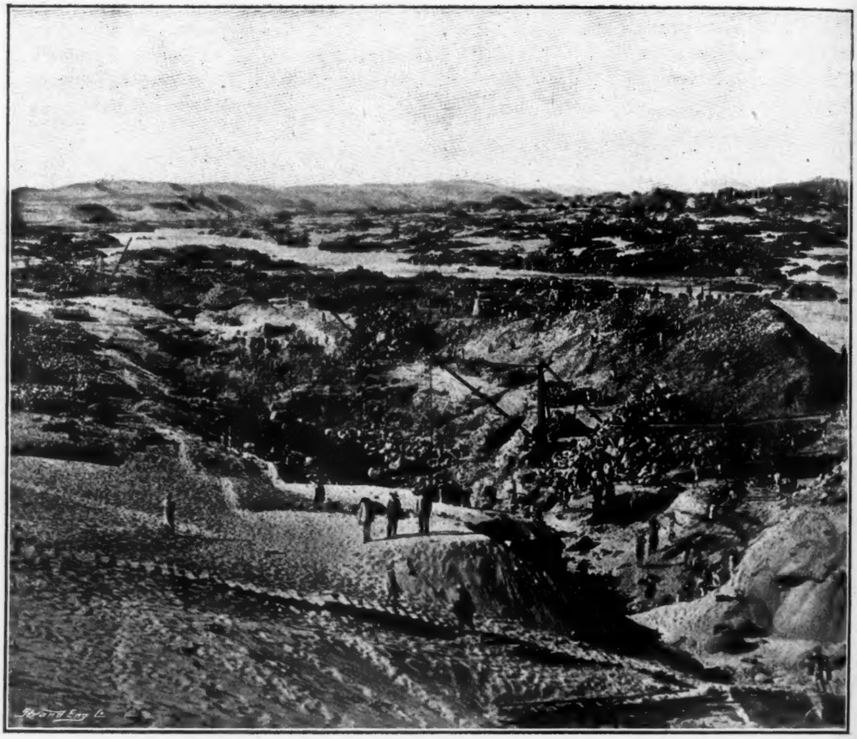
WATER FOR A THIRSTY LAND

By JOHN WARD, F.S.A.

YES, there will soon be a sheet of fresh water—much more than double the extent of Loch Lomond and much resembling it in shape—seen on the map of the Dark Continent. This will be above Assouan. There will also be another expanse of artificial reservoir, 200 miles lower down the Nile, vastly bigger than Loch Katrine which supplies Glasgow, but the new African waterworks will supply the wants of five millions of human beings and sustain innumerable cattle, and the augmented flood will also feed the soil for agricultural purposes along the Nile's banks for seven hundred miles. Millions of acres of desert will be thus rendered fit for cultivation. The history of the existing Nile reservoirs (and the new ones promised for seven years past) for the thirsty land of Egypt has been frequently told. These great works are now commenced in earnest, and to-day, after a ride across the desert to the south of Assouan, I found myself suddenly in the centre of a maze of railway lines, puffing locomotives, gigantic steam cranes, ranges of smiths' forges, the noisy voices of thousands of workmen, Arabs, Nubians, Britons, Savoyards, Greeks—a Babel of confused languages and nationalities. The sharp clink-clink of the tools of the quarrymen, continually piercing the granite, is rather musical than otherwise. These are preparing for the charges of nitro-glycerine. Great blasts, fired each day at noon, dislodge thousands of tons of granite with terrific explosions, which cause old earth to quiver and tremble. Added to this, the roar of the waters, the shrill screams of the locomotives—all constitute a pandemonium of noises which it is impossible to describe by words.

At first one thinks that it must be a dream, that Harland and Wolff's works, Crewe Station, Wolverhampton iron forges, the Aberdeen granite quarries may have got mixed, and all have been dropped down together. We are not dreaming! it is stern, noisy reality, but can this be old Egypt, the land of the lotus-eaters? Yes, it is indeed, for there is still the mighty Nile, rushing and roaring towards its cataract's first leap, with which the bold British engineers are about to grapple. They will utterly subdue its turbulence, once they fill up and divert the torrent's stream, and will crown their efforts with a granite viaduct one hundred and fifty feet high!

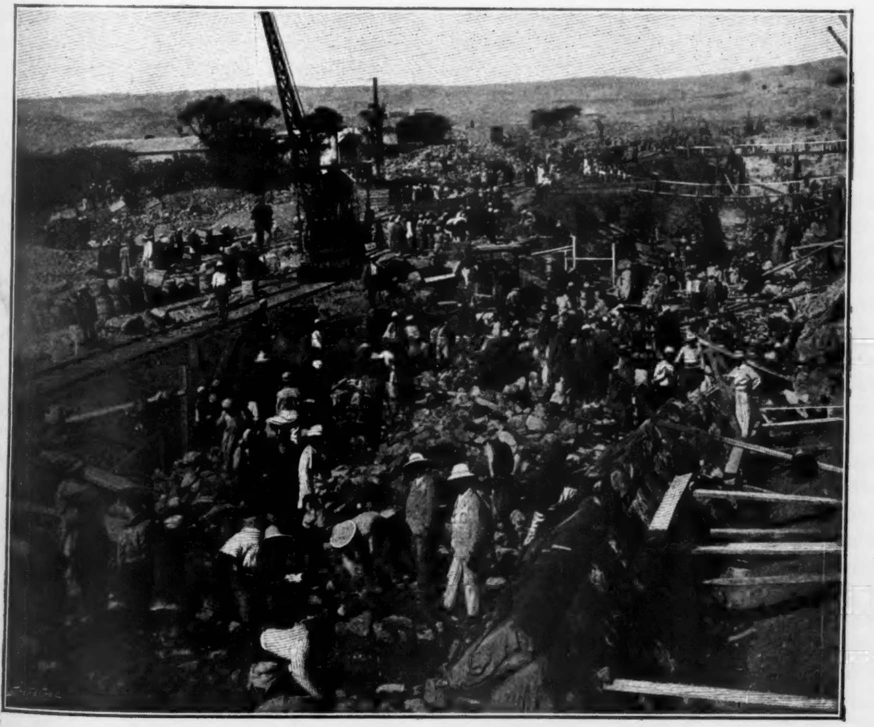
In the distance poor old beautiful Philae, with its temples and its palms, calmly



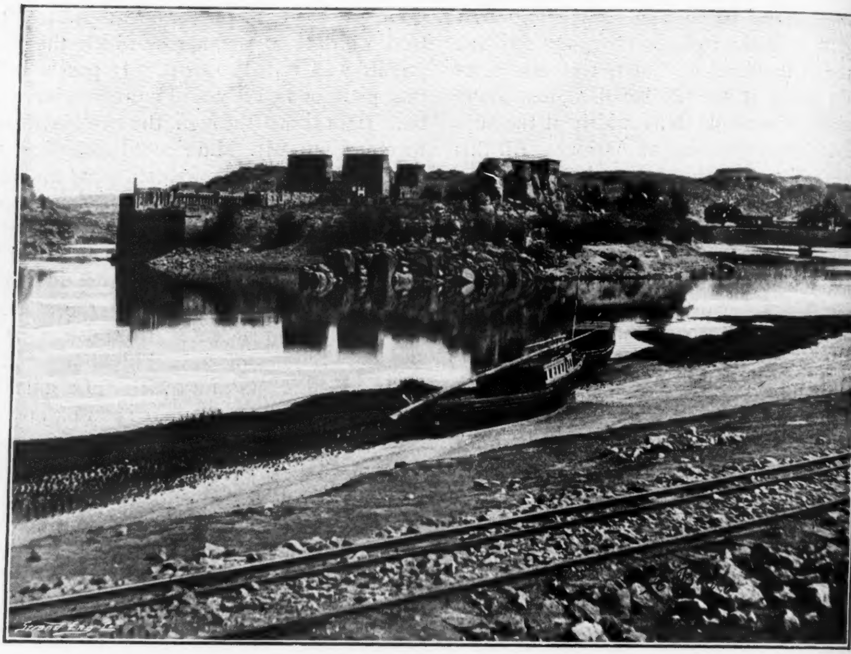
ASSOUAN RESERVOIR WORKS, WEST BANK, LOOKING NORTH

awaits its doom by drowning. Above all the din, the placid blue sky spreads its glorious vault, across which the vultures and the eagles soar in calm, confident security, already accustomed to the strange devilry of noises being carried on beneath. The hot sunshine pours down mercilessly, the rounded granite boulders, if we touch them, are so hot with the burning sunshine that they singe our skin, and would cook dough into hard bannocks were it spread upon their surface. The iron rails are hot enough to blister fingers incautiously laid on them. Yet the busy multitude of almost naked men—red, black, white or brown of skin — toil on unceasingly. Astonished camels stray into this weird camp of industry, unwillingly kneeling down to be unloaded. Neat Arab ponies, carrying British engineers who guide and rule this hive of industry, move along the banks. Brisk, cute donkeys trot with confidence, carrying us visitors along the narrow edges of the great granite trench, a mile long and 100 feet wide and deep, which already has been blasted out to give footing for the huge wall of Cyclopean masonry. This dyke will be 150 feet high in parts, 1950 metres in length, and will be pierced by 180 openings, every one provided with Stoney's patent sluices. (These sluices are similar to those in use at the Thames at Richmond, and now being fitted to the Clyde at Glasgow.) This wonderful wall will stem the Nile's highest flood, and hold up the water of "high Nile," whose summer level will extend back 140 miles into Nubia. All this great, almost superhuman undertaking has been carried on thus far in the past winter and spring by the energy of Messrs. John Aird and Co., the contractors for the entire reservoir scheme, which will double the cultivable land of Egypt when fully completed. When so much has been done in a few months we cannot doubt but the whole will be at full work within the allotted five years. No money need be paid by the Government of Egypt until the two reservoirs are finished and the Nile "held up" sixty feet above its present level, at the Philae dam, and many feet above the whole Nile width at the supplemental water storage at Assiout. All this and several new navigable canals will be provided. The cataracts now impede navigation for the greater part of the year; they will disappear. Instead there will be a canal and four locks, 200 feet long and 30 feet wide, giving constant passage for traffic up and down the Nile. And all this and more also will, no doubt, be done within the allotted time: then the efforts of Sir Benjamin Baker, Mr. John Aird, M.P., and their merry men will begin to receive their well-earned reward. Provided with orders from headquarters, we were conducted over the three or four miles of engineering operations by courteous British superintendents, and then taken across the turbulent Nile in their efficient, swift steam launch, to view, from the little colony of temporary Government offices, the cataract itself, the Bel-el-Kebir (or great gate) of the wild whirling rapids, across which the huge granite wall is to be built. It passes belief that piers of 150 feet and more can be safely built right down through the rushing, foamy torrent; but Mr. Maurice Fitzmaurice, the able Government superintendent, and Mr. Blue, the contractors' engineer, are quite confident that it can be and will be accomplished. A railway has been constructed for excavating and building the canal and locks for several miles and bringing the stone to fill up this "great gate" from the western bank. Millions of tons will be needed to obliterate this gap of a quarter of a mile.

We shelter from the fierce sun of noon in the shady bungalow where the engineers' staff work out their plans and calculations. It stands on the edge of the wildest portion of the famous cataract. After a hospitable rest in the shady room of the chief engineer, we wait outside surveying the scene so soon to be drowned out, and gaze down into the



ASSOUAN RESERVOIR WORKS, LOOKING WEST. THE MASONRY BEGUN



PHILAE FROM THE RAILWAY, LOOKING SOUTH

foaming noisy rapids beneath our feet. The tall, handsomely-dressed Sheik of the cataracts appears, emerging from the granite boulders. Two herculean, bronze-tinted, naked athletes follow him, and we secure their willing exhibition of their skill in natation. They plunge headlong into the wild, raging, white and olive-tinted billows. We hold our breath—have they miscalculated their power—are they not utterly lost—smashed up in fragments? But now we see their black woolly heads bobbing up now and then, like floats of cork. Lost only to sight—with a shout they emerge from beneath the foaming flood, far away down the sloping, boiling waves, and gaily swim, beating the water with both arms alternately, scarcely using the legs at all, except as cleeks to grip the billows as it seemed. The big, muscular fellows crawl up the slippery boulders and are at our feet in a few minutes, and with no lack of breath vociferating for their well-earned "baksheesh." Bewildered almost by the din of industry and the war of waters, we bade adieu to our friends, Mr. Maurice Fitzmaurice and Mr. de Courcy, and, mounting our donkeys, threaded the rails and trucks and puffing locomotives, along the river's brink, towards Shellal, the village opposite Philae. This part of the journey was along what will be covered, sixty feet over where we now are guiding our donkeys, by the summit level of the waters of the completed Great Reservoir. I had once lived near this in solitude, for weeks, in a native village of a few inhabitants. Now seven thousand workmen have caused a populous town and many shops to spring up all over the place. By the riverside our servants and our lunch awaited us. We had secured a strong felucca to shoot the cataracts withal, and made certain of an experienced crew, but crossed over first to the little island of Philae and persuaded the custodian to allow us to eat our last meal in the sacred temple of Isis. Here, with the protecting figures of Egyptian faith surrounding us on the painted and sculptured walls, we desecrated the shrine by converting it into a restaurant. We seemed nearly as wicked as those engineers who will smilingly sacrifice the beauties of nature and art to carry out the utilitarian spirit of an unbelieving age. Wandering

Strand Eng. Co.

THE BEL-EL-KEBIR

round the historic ruins, visiting the Nilometer (which will unfortunately be lost beneath the waves) —Pharaoh's Bed, the temple of Hathor the Egyptian Venus, the lovely colonnades of Nectanebo, and the Roman Triumphal Arch — we had time to take a lingering farewell of the pretty isle; then, as the sun got low, we took to our stout felucca and its stalwart crew, made one last circuit of the island, and boldly rushed the cataracts. It took all the strength of our eight oars to keep us free from rocks—seen and hidden. There is just enough danger to give zest to the two hours' descent of the Nile to Assouan. The excursion by water was delightfully exhilarating, and when we landed opposite the Isle of Elephantine, in perfectly balmy air, we felt that the refreshing cup of tea which awaited us in the shady hotel garden was all that was required to make our day one of the most delightful we had ever spent in Egypt. Admiration for modern engineering prowess had, I am afraid, made us forget, at least for a time, our regrets for the coming destruction of the island which we loved.

Some scientific notes were supplied us by the kindness of Sir Benjamin Baker and Mr. Aird, M.P., under whom the present works are being carried out. Mr. Willcocks, the greatest irrigation engineer of modern times, when in the Egyptian service some seven years ago, was the official who carried out the reconstruction of Mehemet Ali's Barrage near Cairo. French engineers had been employed on this great undertaking for upwards of twenty years, but so badly had their work been done, it would never hold water. The French ran away in 1882, and British engineers got the job of repairing or destroying the great Barrage. Willcocks took the work in hand, at the request of Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, who had undertaken to save the Barrage. It had been condemned by Sir John Fowler and other eminent engineers, and was about to be blown up as a useless incumbrance, at a cost of almost a million sterling. Willcocks for

THE TEMPLE OF HATHOR

ASSIOUT. LINE OF BARRAGE NOW IN PROGRESS, LOOKING WEST

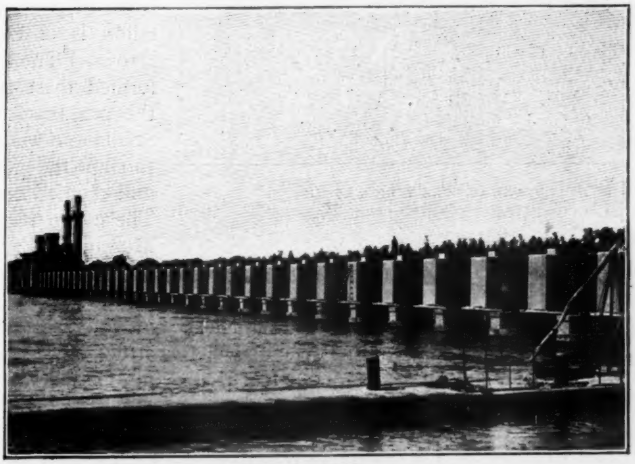
much less money, caulked, underpinned, and floored the bed of the river above and below the dam with concrete. This added so much (thirty-feet) to the Nile storage that it doubled the cultivable land in many parts of the Delta, and the taxes on this newly won soil have since paid, ten times over, the cost of the saving of the old Barrage. Mr. Willcocks was then sent to seek and to save Upper Egypt by similar dams, barrages or reservoirs. He worked as only he can work at such schemes. He provided plans for seven dams or weirs for the storing of the Nile flood which had hitherto been lost in the Mediterranean. Two of these reservoirs were selected by Sir Benjamin Baker's advice, but the French opposition to British efforts (to store the wasted waters for the regeneration of the country they had undertaken to save) made the great works apparently impossible, for the Caisse de la Dette refused all supplies.

Disraeli said that the unexpected always happens. Mr. John Aird, M.P., and a band of capitalists one day turned up in Cairo and offered to carry out the two reservoirs and a lot of canals, for nothing! if Sir Benjamin Baker's suggestions were carried out. Mr. Willcocks had left the Government service, hopeless that his beloved reservoirs would ever be made in his lifetime. Mr. Willcocks had wanted to raise the Nile dam one hundred and twenty feet—this Sir Benjamin Baker was told to reduce to sixty feet, to save the

ASSIOUT. STARTING MASONRY ON THE CONCRETE. WING WALL OF LOCK

Island of Philae! the destruction of which the archæologists and the Society of Antiquaries (and Sir Edward Poynter for the artists) had made great efforts to prevent. So Sir Benjamin Baker's scheme, now being carried out, will impound the waters only at sixty feet above the mean level. Willcocks' dam would have been an enormous one, and a greater benefit to Egypt; but the one now in progress is big enough to do a vast amount of good to the land, and will spare many monuments and tombs that the other would have swallowed up. The works for this gigantic new African Lake were what we went to see. I have been a visitor to Philae for many years past. Knowing that the lovely isle was doomed for destruction, I had lived in a little hut under the palm-trees' shade for many weeks, and made drawings and had photographs taken from every point of the temples and the island itself. For even the reduced level of sixty feet will imperil the very existence of the structures on it, and much of the island itself, being composed of Nile mud, will disappear altogether in the course of a few years. Mr. Petrie and his band of archæologists must bestir themselves during the next four seasons. Tourists, if they want to see the most picturesque collection of palm groves and temples ever gathered together within a few acres, must go there as soon as possible.

This was the state of affairs in March of this year. Sir Benjamin Baker and Mr. Aird have given me three months' later tidings of the progress made since. There are now 7000 men employed at the cataract, working night and day. The scene (by electric light when there is no moonshine) is wonderful indeed, and by day, when a photograph can be taken, the stupendous work is even better seen and appreciated. The deep trench in the granite rock, as wide as Regent Street, has been carried down to where safe foundation for the huge wall can be found. There are several "faults" in the bedding of syenite, and intrusive basalt dykes must be removed, cut out, so as to prevent leakage, and replaced by granite and cement where rotten or where the heat of bygone ages' eruptive agency has calcined or metamorphosed the surrounding masses of primary rock. The shady palms and the little village are gone, and the very stony terrace (where I have often joined in picnic parties in previous visits to the lonely spot) is transformed now into a yawning gorge which has been quarried out for the foundations of the great granite wall. The masonry has been begun, and will be carried high enough to be safe above the fierce Nile-flood of the coming autumn. Where I saw the big brawny Nubians plunge into the gap of the roaring caldron, "Bel-el-Kebir," below the engineers' bungalow, has now been filled up with huge blocks of granite, won from the new trench above, thrown in, in thousands of tons—tied together with steel wire rope — and the channel of the river has been already diverted. The building of this, the highest part of the great reservoir wall, will be carried on next year.


OLD BARRAGE BELOW CAIRO, DAMIETTA BRANCH

The subsidiary reservoir (formed by a weir to restrain and hold up the high Nile) low down the river, at Assiout, has also made great progress. There are now 11,500 men at work there, for there is little blasting to do, the wall is being built *on the Nile bed*, and more men can work, and there are

PHILAE. THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

double shifts, and brilliant electric light used every night.

The experience gained by Mr. Willcocks in the saving of the French Barrage (which is also built on the strata of ancient Nile mud) led Major Brown, R.E., Inspector-General of Irrigation, and Mr. W. J. Wilson, Chief Engineer of Reservoirs, to recommend the building of the Assiout Weir upon the muddy bed of the Nile itself, using iron piles driven into the bed of the river, and with aprons of cement above and below the weir, as Mr. Willcocks had done for the salvation of the old Barrage.

It was intended to use hard burnt brick, but the Government have recently determined to carry out all with stone. This is unfortunate for the workers, for the sun's heat is such at present that the stone has 160 degrees of warmth, and the poor fellows' hands are blistered with lifting and laying the burning blocks. Coffer-dams and huge cast-iron piles are being driven on the dry floor of the bed of old Nile, as shown by the photographs. Mr. Stephens is the energetic superintending engineer at this point, and is confident that all the wonderful works here will be accomplished before the promised time.

Great efforts are being made by night and by day to have the great weir built (at Assiout), before "high Nile" comes, with its resistless flood, to convert the whole surrounding country into a lake, with the town of "Siut," as the Arabs call it, safe below its sheltering banks, with water, at high level, extending for forty miles above the town. Of course the ancient hills, a couple of miles away, will be left high and dry. They are full of tombs, one of which contained the two model companies of soldiers—one black, with the same spears as used by the Soudanese a few years ago. Now the fighting men of the Soudan have been made into modern soldiers carrying Lee-Metford rifles, with which they did good work at the battle of Omdurman. The other model battalion is of negroes, armed with bows and arrows. The military man of 2500 B.C. who formed these two regiments (recruited from the peasants of his native country, and the Soudanese whom he had conquered) wished to show the gods how much he had done, and claimed eternal happiness as his reward. These two regiments are now in the Cairo Museum. Each soldier is about ten inches, carved in wood, and evidently they are all portraits.

To revert to our weir now being constructed at Assiout, it will "hold up" about ten feet of water, but still this is a great work, the Nile here being about half a mile wide. There will be one hundred and eleven arches or openings, each fifteen feet wide, all provided with ordinary sluices, always open below to allow the muddy Nile water free vent, for filtered water would lose its fertilising properties, and would soon silt-up the reservoir.

There will be a navigable canal alongside with gates, affording constant possibilities for transport up and down the river.

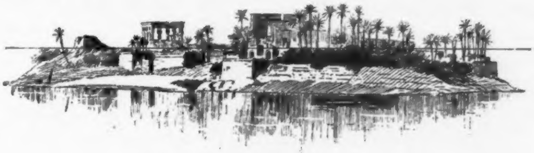
In three or four years it will have a wide placid sheet of water (extending back for forty miles), looking when completed much like the works of the old Barrage, planned by Mehemet Ali, below Cairo. The architectural "elevations" of the new Nile weirs and sluices have not yet been published, but no doubt the style of the roadway and the frontage of the existing Barrage (now, under British engineers, made to hold water and supply irrigation works all over the Delta) will be copied to some extent.

There will be no trouble about the money being forthcoming for all these new gigantic works. Egypt will practically pay nothing for them. After three years £166,000 per annum will be payable, for thirty years, to the contractors—in all five millions. But the increased water supply will bring in much more than double this annual sum. The contractors asked the British public to lend them in April last £400,000 at four per cent. for this enterprise, offering no security, only the faith of certain promises to pay which they would receive, from time to time, from the Government of Egypt, as the work went on. The applications for this contractors' loan within a few hours of its announcement, in London alone, amounted to eleven millions sterling!

Verily those who have so much spare cash to invest at four per cent. have now shown their faith in the permanence of the British guidance of Egypt, in the engineers who planned these wonderful works, and in the contractors who have, without any guarantee whatever, undertaken the greatest feat of irrigation skill that the world has ever seen, and in capitalists who can afford to spread the recoupment of five millions over thirty years.

Pity 'tis that poor Philae stopped the way and must, in great part, sink beneath the flood. As the poet Moore sang, "the towers of other days" may be visible "in the waters *around* them shining," but that will be poor consolation for the artist and the archæologist. The highest water level will be up to the floors of the temple of Isis. "Pharaoh's Bed"—the beautiful pavilion built for Augustus—will gradually crumble, for it is mainly built on a terrace of Nile mud. Thick slime will engulf the lovely colonnades of Nectanebo, the wall that supports them will gradually drop away; it is full of cracks already. The Nilometer steps and its ancient registers of the Nile's rising will be perennially under water, and no longer accessible. The lovely little temple of Hathor will be drowned out. The temple of Isis will be the only bit of dry ground left. The Roman arch of Diocletian's time will be no more seen. The sculptured rock of Konosso, with its stories of 4000 years ago, can only be viewed from a boat, and part of its inscriptions will be lost beneath the water. All the lovely date-palms will die.

But Egypt will gain, famine be impossible in the land, and there will be many (far more ancient) temples left in other parts of Egypt for archæologists to study and speculate about, though none so beautiful for the artist as poor lost Philae.



PHILAE, SHOWING HIGH WATER LEVEL

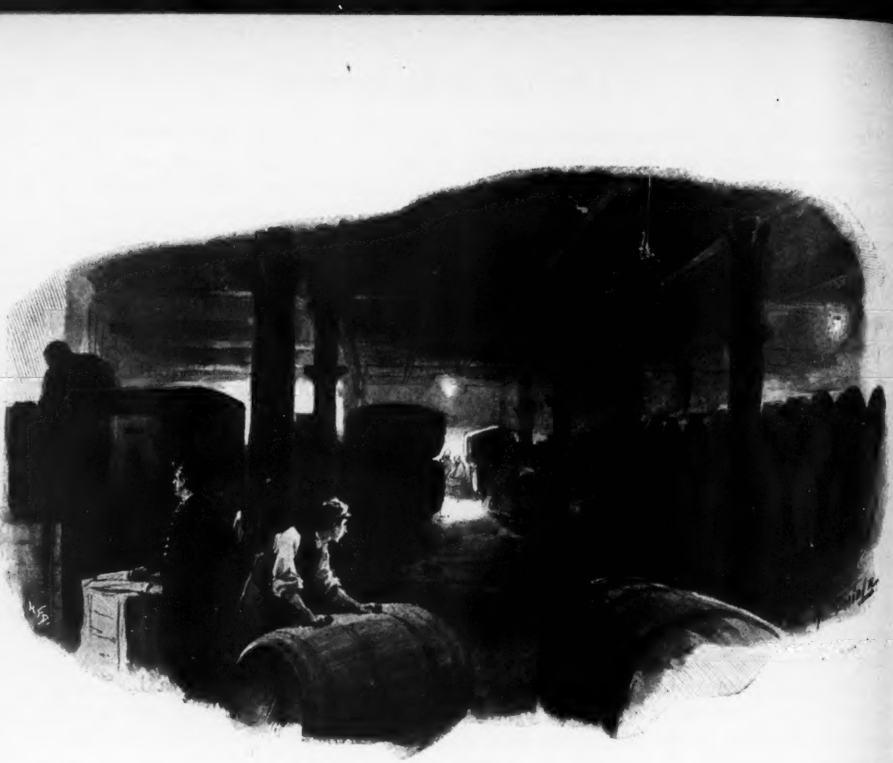
IN AND OUT OF ST. PANCRAS

By JOHN PENDLETON

CONCLUDING PAPER

London Journeying.

THE greater crowding of human life into London year by year perplexes the officer on duty amid the block of traffic in front of the Mansion House. It is rendering imperative the widening of the Strand and Fleet Street, and the cutting of a new thoroughfare from Holborn to St. Clement Danes, and it is also inexorably compelling people to underground travel. Subterranean tracks undermine church and bank, and dive beneath the river. Coal-fired or electric engines pull train-loads of business men far beneath roadway and pavement into the vortex of the City. The Metropolitan, which was intended for the use of hot-water loco-



IN THE CELLARS

motives, and built without a thought of ventilation, is still sulphurous, foggy, and indifferent to criticism, but there is something not unimpressive in its incessant movement, though one is inclined to protest against its aroma. It is an indispensable agent of industry and commerce. It enables the worker to get to his occupation and the merchant to his office, and it is the tireless feeder of the sixteen great railway termini and the crowd of smaller stations that sprinkle the five hundred miles of steel rails in London's area. Seven hundred thousand persons journey by train daily in London, and the Metropolitan does its best to serve them from point to point. In fact, it is so busy with mere conveyance, and makes such a pother about it, that passengers are well-nigh choked in transit. Now and again, experts recommend the adoption of electric traction or fan ventilation, but fresh air is still scarce on the underground track, and even the Midland, though often adroit in emergency, has been unable to make its junction with the Metropolitan a model breathing space. Above it, however, there is less chance of asphyxia.

THE CELLARS AND THE STATION.

The basement of St. Pancras, midway between the subterranean track and the floor of the passenger station, consists of a vast airy storehouse familiarly known as "The Cellars." Here, through archway after archway, you may see huge stacks of barrels. There are thousands upon thousands of casks of beer. Edgar Allan Poe's story of the gruesome ways of the Spanish wine cellar that led the epicure to the rare glass of Amontillado and his doom, sinks into insignificance as you note the pyramids of wood-bound ale. The brewing capacity of Burton-on-Trent appears to be absolutely unlimited, and one inclines to the belief that some wicked sprite has entered into compact with the agents to make the entire nation tipsy.

The St. Pancras Hotel, erected from Sir Gilbert Scott's design in Gothic, ranges along the Euston Road end of the terminus, and is undoubtedly one of the finest buildings in London, with its gracefully arched windows and slender towers, but its building did not require so much forethought and skill as the construction of the passenger station. The traveller, running into St. Pancras for the first time from the North, and ignorant of the work and journeying beneath it, would be inclined to doubt the assertion that the spacious terminus, seven hundred feet long and one hundred feet high, is practically all roof. The great wall girders, of enormous strength, spring from the lowest foundation, and the roof girders, bearing no fewer than two-and-a-half acres of glass, make a clear span of two hundred and forty feet, a span considerably greater than that of any other railway terminus in town, and light and graceful withal. Sometimes the wind howls and tears under the vast roof as though it would wreck it, but the extremities of the girders are so skilfully secured, anchor-plated, and tied, that Ariel flings the hurricane beneath and about the great span in vain.

THE NIGHTLY TUSSLE WITH GOODS.

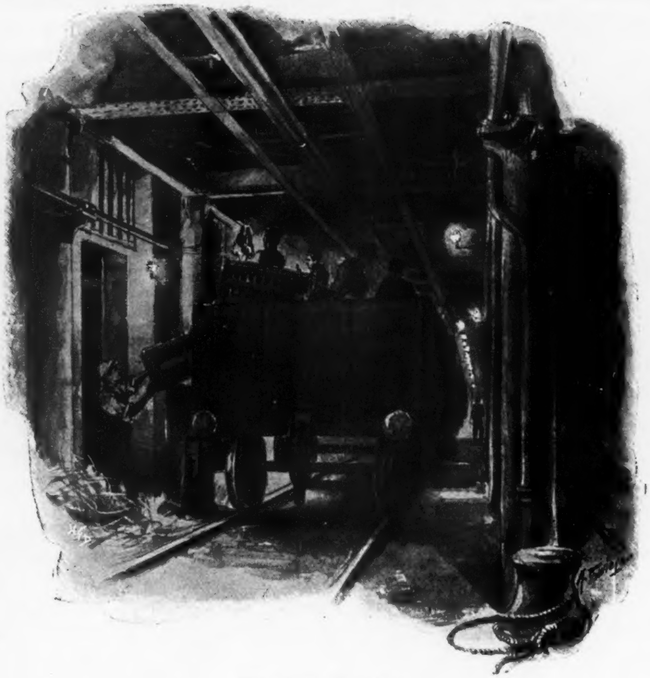
A railway manager watching a crowd of passengers detrain once remarked: "That is the sort of traffic I like to handle, it gives so little trouble"; but while the Midland Railway has its share of passenger traffic, carrying forty millions of passengers a year, it deals with a gigantic mass of goods—its general merchandise traffic bulking to over twenty million tons, and its mineral traffic to twelve million tons per year. At Manchester, Birmingham, and in other cities it has large depôts, but the best idea of its vast goods traffic may be obtained from a saunter through its huge shed at Somers Town, across the byway from the passenger station, and at St. Pancras goods station, both under the shrewd control of Mr. Blagbrough, the London agent.

The railway thief often finds goods traffic interesting and occasionally profitable, if he manages to escape the detective's grasp, but the honest person, with a tendency towards the picturesque, sees little that is attractive in a group of luggage trains, black tarpaulined, as they stand in the sidings on a wet day. Yet it is impossible to stroll through Somers Town, a depôt which occupies fifteen acres of ground, without realising that there is an attractive side even to goods traffic. There are six hundred stations on the Midland system, and you have not been in the great shed five minutes before you understand by what adroit management goods of the most heterogeneous description are forwarded to all these destinations.

The high-level platform, used for outward traffic, and approached by incline roadways, has an area of eight thousand square yards. It is bordered by an unloading road, fitted with cart weighbridges, and is capable of accommodating one hundred town vans.

(From a photograph by W. W. Winter, Derby)

MR. G. H. TURNER, GENERAL MANAGER MIDLAND RAILWAY



UNLOADING BOTTLES

Running out of it to join the sidings and main line on the eastern side are twenty-six sets of rails, with loading banks, and each loading bank bears a signboard indicating the destination of the goods, such as North Stafford, West of England, Bristol and Birmingham, Welsh, Scotch, Manchester, Liverpool and Lincoln.

There are platform weighing-machines and cranes handy, and as the trucks are shunted alongside the loading banks they are quickly and deftly filled with miscellaneous goods, from children's toys to patent medicine, garden tools, bedroom furniture, provisions, crates, bags and boxes, heaped with a thousand things that somebody north, east, or west considers necessary for use in the home, factory, or workshop.

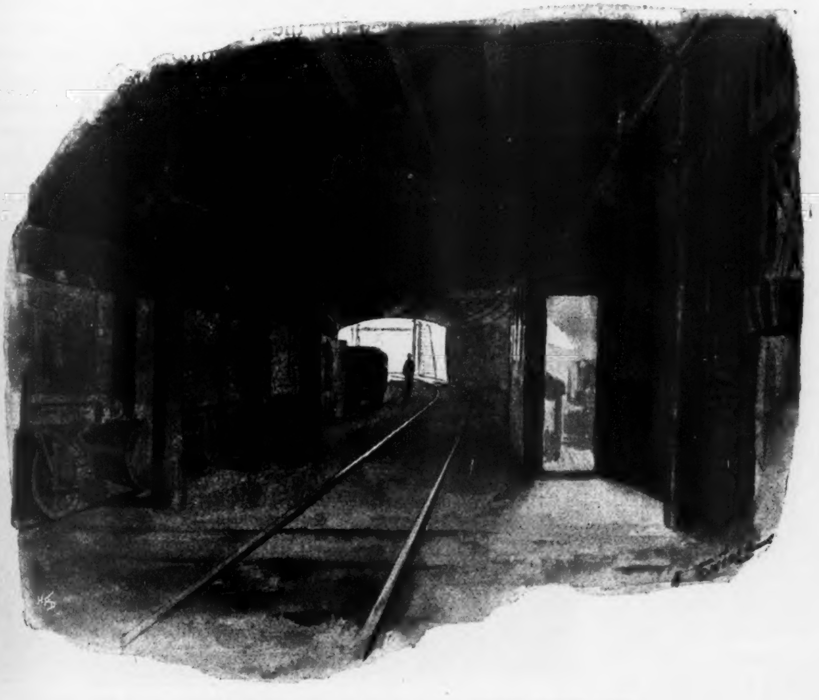
Between half past six and half-past eight o'clock at night the shed is in a whirl of effort. The laden vans arrive in the cartway at the rate of three a minute. There is the lift and swing of goods, the shout and bang of hasty toil, till the waggons are heaped high with merchandise, cloaked, and sent out to make up the respective trains that will speed in the darkness to every part of the land. The electric light accentuates the outline of every moving figure and the framework of every waggon. Here a perspiring driver guides his heavy cart through the maze of vehicles; there a train-load of bales of hops moves slowly out of the loading bank on its way to Burton; and yonder a train of closed vans filled with dead meat for some northern city.

THIRD-CLASS DINING-CAR

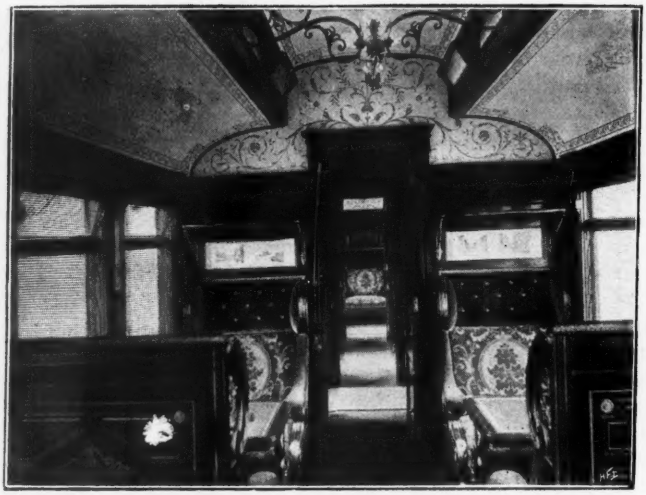
IN THE WAREHOUSE.

Some of the trucks are peculiar in shape, as though for the transit of gunpowder or of bullion; and you determine to make special inquiry about them when the official at your elbow says: "This is the lift, sir," and getting upon it, you are dropped through the floor into the low level, which reminds one of a huge cave, iron-pillared, iron-roofed, intersected with steel rails, sprinkled with levers, and dotted with capstans. It is a place in which the railway servants seemed to be doomed to the punishment of eternal shunting. Horses are not required, the waggons being moved this way or that as the ropes become taut round the hydraulic capstans. The low-level shed or yard seems to be an ingenious establishment for the cure of indolent men. In it you are obliged to assume the character of a dancing dervish. At nearly every step you are urged to "Look alive there!" and unless you prance off the rails that spread over the floor like a grid-iron, the chances are that you will fare worse than in a football scrimmage. There is neither politeness nor consideration in the deportment of waggons laden with timber, lime, cement drain pipes, bottles, potatoes, and soot! You are thankful to take refuge in another lift, with all your limbs intact, and ascend to the great warehouse, where merchants of all kinds store everything ready for emergency order and speedy transit. The cellars beneath St. Pancras are devoted to beer. The various levels of this warehouse are devoted to the storage of earthen and other ware; and one could not avoid thinking of the irony of fate on traversing the upper floor. Outside in the mighty city, after the day's work, or the search for employment, or the diplomacy of cadging, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people had not a place to lay their heads, yet here were ten thousand iron bedsteads wrapped in straw.

You learn a great deal about food supply, and the domestic wants of the nation in going through a goods depôt like St. Pancras. You are told that nothing is so bad for the



IN THE SUBTERRANEAN TRACK, SHOWING LIFT TO HIGHER LEVEL



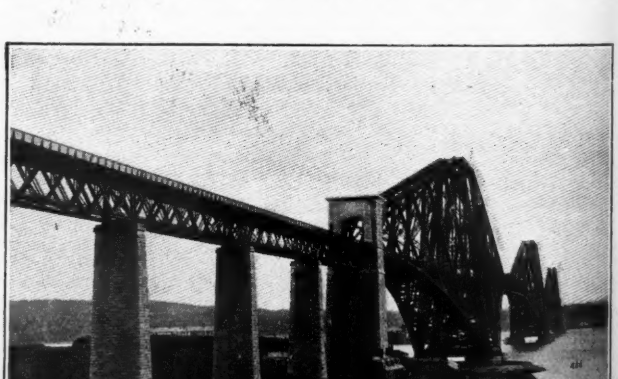
FIRST-CLASS DINING-CAR

Midland shareholder as a mild winter; yet, whatever the state of the weather, there seems to be, judging from the mighty supplies, an unlimited market for coal. There are train-loads of it either shunting, or in siding, or on main line, from Wellingbro' southward, and the London housewife has evidently changed her mind since the seventeenth century, when she petitioned Parliament against its use, saying, "This coal flies abroad, fouling the clothes that are a-drying on the hedges." It comes almost as a revelation, too, that the London milk vendor's musical cry of "Milk, oh! Milk, oh! All fresh from the farm," is not a fiction. Indeed, the milk from the Derbyshire and Leicestershire grass lands is in great demand in London households, being noted for its good keeping qualities. You see so many curious articles grouped here and there in this or that depôt that you are tempted to ask: "What is the most novel consignment of goods you have had at St. Pancras?" "A lion and a tiger," quietly says your guide. "What did you do with them?" you ask in astonishment. "Nothing," is the grim reply; "I suggested that they should be sent by passenger train!"

AWAY NORTH.

An hour in St. Pancras Station gives one material for study. On arrival or departure platform every phase of life, and many interesting developments of character, may be seen. One hundred and twenty passenger trains run in and out of St. Pancras daily, and of these thirty-four are expresses, serving Birmingham, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other cities.

Men are creatures of innumerable wants, but the Midland tries to satisfy them all, even to the provision of rugs for their shivering forms, pillows for their aching heads, and sumptuous hotels, like those at Liverpool and Bradford, when their journeying is done. The general manager, when he has solved the problem of how it is possible to



THE FORTH BRIDGE

utilise the time *en route*, will perhaps give the passengers ingenious opportunity of doing useful work and of cultivating their minds by train. The discovery of wireless telegraphy opens up many possibilities. The Midland, for instance, may decide to fit every fast train with transmitting apparatus, so that business men can send imperative messages from flying express. The night mail has already a late letter-box slung at its side. Possibly, in the near future, every long-distance train will be similarly equipped, and also contain a writing-room for the industrious, and a library for the restless who chafe at the unoccupied time between St. Pancras, Manchester, and Glasgow, and yet cannot afford to buy a six-shilling novel on every journey.

Meantime the enterprise of the Midland, by ordinary, special, or excursion train, achieves a great deal. It enables the passenger to get swiftly to town, to Bristol, Bournemouth, Swansea and the South, to the busy cities and picturesque dales of Yorkshire, to the rugged and lovely Derbyshire Peak, the manufacturing hives and ports of Lancashire, and the English Lakes; over the Settle and Carlisle track to Glasgow and the Clyde, through the Waverley country, by romantic ruins of Dryburgh, to Melrose and Edinburgh, and onward, over the Forth Bridge, to Aberdeen. In earning its six-and-a-half millions a year by merchandise and mineral carrying it works through smoky town and by pitbank: in earning its three-and-a-half millions a year from passenger traffic it serves crowded city and penetrates to some of the loveliest parts of the land. But, wherever it goes, it goes honourably. The policy of the Midland is a fair one. The company has been exceedingly fortunate in getting its track through a rich coalfield, but in the main its prosperity has been built on the consideration it shows to its customers and its servants. In fact, the great system which occupies sixty thousand hands is not only vigorously but scrupulously directed, and George Turner is steadily consolidating the work that James Allport initiated when he insisted that the third-class passenger should travel by any train, and wrote: "If there is one part of my public life on which I look back with more satisfaction than anything else, it is with reference to the boon we conferred on third-class travellers. When a rich man travels, or if he lies in bed all day, his capital remains undiminished, and perhaps his income flows in all the same; but when a poor man travels he has not only to pay his fare, but to sink his capital; and if he now consumes only five hours instead of ten in making a journey he has saved five hours of time for useful labour—useful to himself, his family and to society."

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

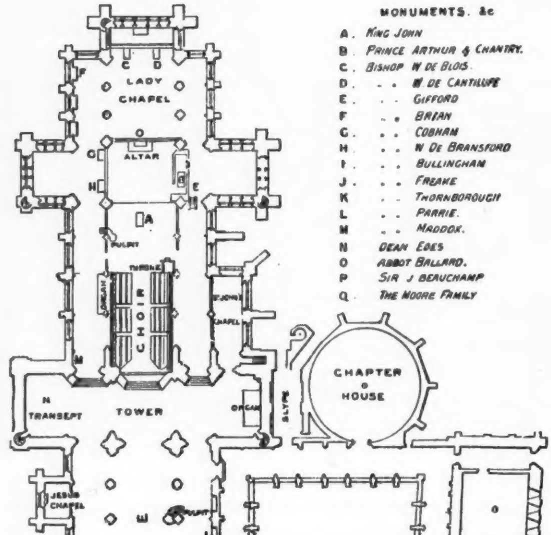
By the Rev. T. TEIGNMOUTH-SHORE, M.A., Canon of Worcester

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY FITTON

FIRST PAPER

THE best general view of Worcester Cathedral can be obtained by taking our stand in College Green. Here originally was the Castle of Worcester, a strong fortress commanding the passage of the Severn. As the ecclesiastical buildings represented the advance of Latin Christianity towards Wales, where what remained of the Ancient British Church found refuge, so the great castle standing beside it was the visible evidence of the advance of the English secular power in the same direction. Here many councils were held by English kings chiefly concerning the relations between England and Wales, the ultimate result being the complete annexation of the Principality after its heroic and protracted resistance.

The massive and picturesque gateway on the east side was the entrance to the castle;


MONUMENTS. &c
A. King John
B. Prince Arthur & Chantry.
C. Bishop W de Blois.
D. . . W. de Cantilupe
E. . . Gifford
F . . Brian
G. . . Cobham
H. . . W De Bransford
I. . . Bullingham
J. . . Freake
K . . Thornborough
L . . Parrie.
M . . Maddox.
N Dean Edes
O Abbot Ballard.
P Sir J Beauchamp
Q. The Moore Family
LADY CHAPEL
ALTAR
PULPIT
THRONE
CHOIR
ORGAN
ST JOHNS CHAPEL
CHAPTER HOUSE
SLYPE
N TRANSEPT
TOWER
JESUS CHAPEL
NAVE
PORCH
FONT
CLOISTERS
REFECTORY
LAVATORY

GROUND PLAN of WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

but on restoration to the monks (1218) by Henry III. of what is now College Green, this gateway became the entrance to the St. Mary's Gate. Early in the eighteenth century the name was changed to that which it now bears—Edgar Tower—from a mistaken idea that it had been originally erected by Edgar, whereas there is sufficient historical evidence to show that it was built by King John about 1204. In the spacious rooms of this tower over the gateway are preserved the diocesan records, which are of immense historical value. The most popularly interesting of them no doubt is the bond before marriage entered into by Fulk Sandells and John Rychardson for the marriage licence of "William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey of Stratford 28 Nov. 25 Eliz."

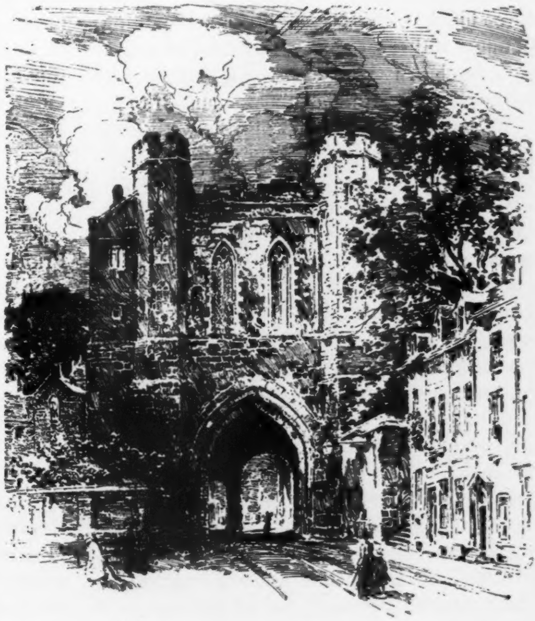
To the north of College Green, with its stately elms and the houses of the Canons, stands the Cathedral, the central point and most striking feature being the fine and highly decorated tower, 162 feet high, erected in 1734, which contains a peal of bells, all modern, the beautiful original bells of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries having been removed in 1868.

South of the east end of the Cathedral stood the Prior's house, of which the only traces left now are the stones which once composed it, piled up in a rugged heap, and the ruins of the Prior's private chapel in the garden of a Canon's house adjoining Edgar Tower. Where this house now is there stood originally the abode of the Eleemosynarius, and adjoining it and the Prior's house was the stately Guesten Hall, erected in 1320, and now represented by a fine ivy-covered ruin with long tracery windows of the fourteenth century, where in old days illustrious visitors were entertained with almost royal hospitality. This splendid hall was for some years used as the Deanery, the noble proportions of its interior being entirely destroyed by the division into several separate rooms; and when the Episcopal Palace, which is now the Deanery (a fine and historic building overlooking the Severn and on the north of the Cathedral), came into the hands of the Dean and Chapter in 1842, it was found impossible to restore the Guesten Hall to its original condition.

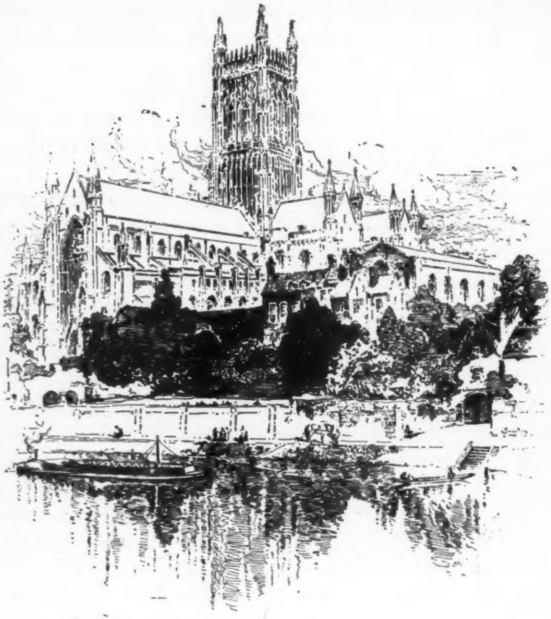
According to the most complete and strict arrangement of a Benedictine monastery, we find here that those in positions of authority had their residences located at the east end; and at the west overhanging the river Severn, where now are three of the canonical residences, were the dormitories of the monks, of which some massive remains are still to be seen. Between these two great groups of habitations were the places of meeting common to all—the Chapter-house where they assembled, the cloisters where they worked, and the refectory where they enjoyed in silence their frugal meals. The lower part of this latter building, one side of which faces College Green while the other forms the wall of the south cloister, is Norman work, supported by a crypt in which there are some splendidly massive Norman pillars and arching; the upper portion and windows are Decorated, and the interior has been admirably fitted up with modern light oakwork. It is now used as the schoolroom of the King's School, a foundation of Henry VIII., in connection with the Cathedral, and is certainly one of the finest, if not the finest, schoolroom in England. Below the high ground at the west end of the Cathedral, where are the ruins of the monks' dormitories above mentioned, flows the river Severn, across which but a few miles distant may be seen the charmingly varied outline of the fair Malvern Hills, from the highest summit of which in 1588 blazed the beacon fires which were to warn England of the approach of the Invincible Armada of Spain. Up that wide stream (still the famous home of the salmon and of the lamprey), which now flows so calmly and serenely in the sunshine bearing boats full of pleasure parties or large floating barges heavy with coal or mineral wealth for final shipment at Bristol, often came in days of old the ruthless Danes and other wild devastators to pillage and to destroy.

From College Green the cloisters are entered through a small gate which stands in an exquisite arch of the later decorated Norman style. These cloisters form as it were the connecting link between the various parts of the ancient monastic buildings. They are bounded on the north side by the nave of the Cathedral—which can be entered from them either by the *Miserrimus* door, originally the entrance used by the monks, or by the door facing the east cloister, which was the Prior's entrance, as it is close to the passage leading to the ground where stood in the old days the Prior's house. The south cloister is bounded by the wall of the old refectory, while westward stood in ancient days the dormitories, and on the east side is the Chapter-house. The cloisters being built of red sandstone have a peculiarly warm tone, and are lit with a wondrous glow when the summer sunshine pours in upon them in its golden glory.

Here, in the shallow recesses overlooking the cloister green, for many a century the old monks performed their daily work, copying MSS. and illuminating service books and works of devotion, many of which are preserved in the Cathedral library, the bright colours still unfaded and the burnished gold still undimmed. The cloisters being the scene of their devout and constant labours, their life soon came to be spoken of as the "cloistered life." On three sides of the cloisters the piers which separate each bay are pierced with large rectangular openings, so that from each corner a view can be obtained of what is taking place in every recess. These suggest the idea of affording facilities for the supervision by some superior of the work of the monks. The cloisters are open to the air, and would certainly be most uncomfortable if not absolutely impossible places for literary work; but originally



EDGAR TOWER AND ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE GREEN



VIEW FROM THE SEVERN

the now vacant stonework window frames were filled with stained glass—containing, amongst other subjects, representations of the miracles of St. Wulstan, and displays of the armorial bearings of the various Priors.

These monks were far from being the lazy indolent people that some ignorantly imagine them to have been. They were the men who, with immense self-sacrifice, devoted themselves to preserving for future generations, with minute care and prodigious labour, those great historical, legal, and theological works which are of priceless value, as well as the Holy Scriptures and the service books of the ancient Church. In those early ages, before the invention of printing, these cloisters were what printing offices are for us now. Their sacred associations and solemn stillness were indeed a striking contrast to the din and clatter of the machine-room of to-day; and yet an interesting link survives between the modern printing office and the ancient connection which existed between the Church and the infancy of the art of printing—in the use of the word "Chapel," which is still the technical designation of the body of compositors engaged in printing establishments. When printing first began to take the place of the laborious process of copying MSS., those engaged in the work were no doubt divided into groups which were located in the various chapels of Westminster Abbey, and so each man came to describe himself as attached to a certain "chapel," and the word survives to the present day. One of the most famous of those who worked here was Florence of Worcester, a man of varied learning and of great piety who lived at the close of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century. He has left a chronicle which commences with the Creation and ends with the date of his death, A.D. 1118: the latter part of this is of great historical value, dealing as it does with events largely within his own knowledge.

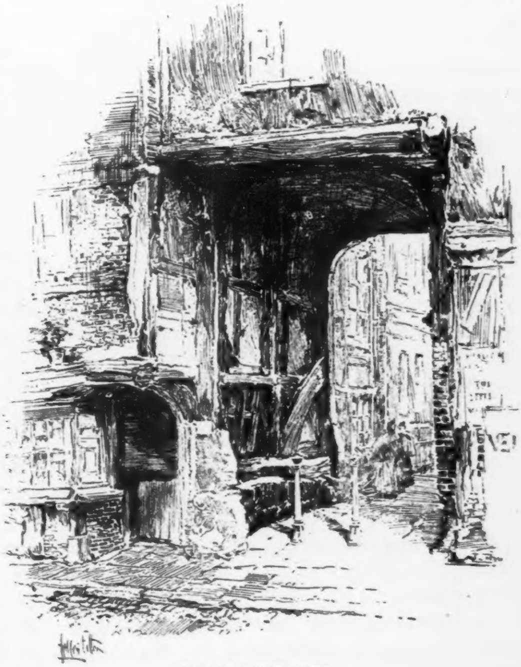
The vaulted roof of these cloisters is highly decorated, that of the north side being perhaps the richest in detail and the most striking in general effect. A series of angelic heads and figures carved upon the bosses lead up to the central presentment of the fact of the Incarnation. The Blessed Virgin, with the Holy Child in her arms, is depicted surrounded with the apocalyptic signs of the four Evangelists, and by the hierarchy of the heavenly host. In this side of the cloisters and close to the Prior's entrance is a very ancient and much mutilated monument which has been identified as the tomb of Alexander Nequam or Neckham, Abbot of Cirencester.

The only other grave in the cloisters of much interest is that beneath the famous *Miserrimus* stone. It is at the foot of the steps of the south-west entrance to the church; nameless, dateless—it bears only the one sad pregnant word "Miserrimus." It covers the remains of the Rev. Thomas Morris, who was one of the Cathedral clergy when William III. assumed the Crown of England, and his conscience forbidding him to transfer his allegiance to the new sovereign, he had to resign his office and relinquish his connection with the Cathedral. He continued to live near the church he loved so well, and to join as a private individual in its worship, and at last, in A.D. 1748, then eight-and-eighty years of age, he died, and by his own request was buried on this spot with that one word as his only epitaph. The genius of Wordsworth has thrown a romantic halo around the solitude and darkness of the grave in the well-known sonnet, which is, however, based rather upon poetic imaginations than upon historical fact.

> "Miserrimus!" and neither name nor date,
> Prayer, text, or symbol, graven on the stone;
> Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
> That solitary word to separate
> From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
> Of him who lies beneath. "Most wretched one!"
> Who chose his epitaph? Himself alone
> Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
> And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;
> Nor doubt that he marked also for his own,
> Close to these cloistral steps, a burial place,
> That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
> Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
> Softly! To save the contrite Jesus bled.

On entering the Chapter-house from the east cloister one is struck at once by the happy combination of strength with lightness in its construction. The lower part of the building, erected early in the twelfth century, is Norman. The series of shallow recesses running completely round the building indicates where the seats originally were which the monks occupied when they assembled daily to listen to the reading of a "chapter" of the rules of their Order. Hence probably the designation of the building as the Chapter-house. On some of these recesses there are still to be seen traces of coloured decoration. The upper portion of the building having been destroyed, it was rebuilt in the Perpendicular style, as it is now, in the early part of the fifteenth century. The roof is supported by a slight graceful central pillar from which spring a series of vaulting ribs; the use of alternate courses of dark and lighter toned stone in these ribs and in the intersecting arches producing an admirable effect. This is believed to be the earliest specimen in England of such a building in circular form with a central pillar, which, however, became the typical style for a Chapter-house, as is seen now in Westminster, Salisbury, and Lincoln. A Chapter-house is almost peculiar to England, and very rarely is anything at all corresponding to it to be found in connection with foreign cathedrals.

There are collected here some ancient documents and letters of peculiar interest. The most important of these perhaps is the Charter of St. Wulstan, who became Bishop in 1062. It records the fact of his having rebuilt the church and the monastery, and gives an endowment of land in Warwickshire to the fifty monks to which number he had increased the monastic body. The church which he built stood a little south of the old church erected by Oswald (961), which had been destroyed. Of this Norman church, completed in 1080, many portions still remain which show how massive and majestic must have been its style. These we shall notice in detail when describing the interior of the Cathedral. He died 1096, and was buried in the Cathedral, and in 1218 his remains were transferred from his tomb to the costly shrine erected near the high altar for their reception.



THE OLD LYCH GATE

Here also is a small document in Latin which is the last testament of King John, containing the expression of his desire to be buried in Worcester Cathedral between SS. Oswald and Wulstan.

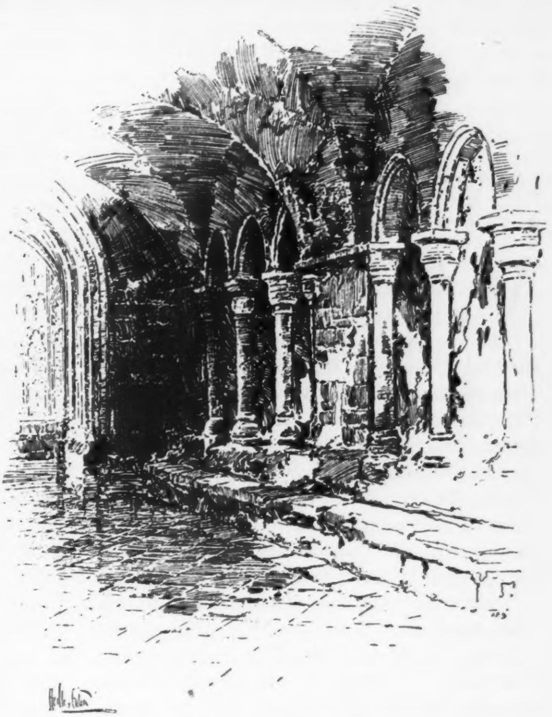
The oldest document in this interesting collection is a deed containing a grant of land by Uhtred Regulus Huicciorum, dated A.D. 770, which is signed by Offa King of the Mercians. What are now the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Gloucester was in the early part of the seventh century occupied by the tribe of the Huiccas.

Closely adjoining the Chapter-house is a narrow slype generally known as the Prior's Passage. It leads from the east cloister to the ground on which the Guesten Hall once stood, and to the site of the former Priory, now, as before mentioned, the garden of a Canon's residence. This is one of the most ancient surviving portions of the monastic buildings, being doubtless part of those erected by Wulstan. As in the thirteenth century this passage was called "*locutorium hospitum*," it is probable that it was used as a place for meeting and conversation by guests who visited the monastery. A stone bench, which runs along either side, is surmounted by simple arcading: the arches are pure Norman, so on the south side are the slender pillars supporting them; but on the north side, while the arching is identical with that of the south side, the pillars are quite different. They are certainly not Norman but of an earlier period, the mouldings of the capitals being annulated, which indicates a Saxon origin. It is probable that the Norman builders finding these pillars in the ruins of the former Saxon church, which occupied a position north of the present Cathedral, fitted them into the Norman arcading which they were then carrying out in this slype. If this be so, these pillars would be the oldest existing portion of the monastic buildings, and the one feature which survives connecting the ancient Saxon church with the splendid Cathedral erected by Wulstan and the present glorious structure as it remains to-day—enlarged and beautified by succeeding generations.

A spiral staircase at the extreme west end of the north cloister leads to the library of the Deans and Canons, which occupies the space over the south aisle of the nave. The nucleus of the present library existed soon after the Norman Conquest at all events. Bishop Carpenter (1444) and Bishop Prideaux (1641) were among the most eminent benefactors of the library; while Canon Hopkins (1676) did much towards repairing the damage and confusion which had resulted from the Puritan *régime*. The library contains about 4000 printed works and 260 MSS. Amongst these the most important and interesting are a copy of the Latin Vulgate—Old and New Testament, with St. Jerome's Epistle to Paul the Presbyter, printed in Venice, 1478; a "Confessio Amantis," printed by Caxton at Westminster, 1483; three admirable specimens of works printed by Wynkyn de Worde, dated respectively 1516, 1521, 1528; and an almost unique copy of the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI., printed at Worcester by Oswen, 1552. The most important MS. is a copy (the only one in England) of Vacarius' "Roman Law." There are only three other copies known to exist.

Entering the Cathedral from the cloisters by the *Miserrimus* door, we find ourselves close to the west end of the church. From the great western door of the nave the spectator can obtain a view of the entire length of the Cathedral—450 feet; the east window of the Lady Chapel being visible through the high open screen which separates the choir from the nave. The ridge line of the massive stone roof of the church (of the fourteenth century), with bosses and foliage and figures at the intersection of the groining, runs at the same elevation from west to east, adding thereby much to the stately and dignified appearance of the Cathedral. The architecture of the nave, which is paved with black and white marble, is much varied, but may be attributed generally to the fourteenth century. The two western bays, both north and south, are Transitional Norman, while the rest of the south side is Early Perpendicular and that of the north Decorated.

There is no glass of any value, all having been ruthlessly destroyed by the Puritan soldiers, who stabled their horses in the church, and committed unmentionable acts of sacrilege and desecration after the Battle of Worcester; and amongst the few inserted in later times there is not one remarkable for



THE SLYPE, SHOWING THE SAXON PILLARS

either design or execution. A large modern west window of very variegated colouring depicts the various "days" of the Creation, and in it, by a curious mistake, the lobster (or crab) is represented as having been created red! The nave pulpit, where the late evening sermon on Sundays is preached, is extremely elaborate and beautiful, being constructed of marble of various kinds. The panels surrounding it contain representations of various great preachings, commencing with the Sermon on the Mount, and also figures of illustrious church orators of early days. These are several monuments in the nave of more or less interest, including one with a bust of Bishop Gauden (who died 1662) holding a small volume in his hand supposed to represent the "Icon Basilike," of which he was reputed to be the author; also one to Thomas Lyttleton, Judge to the Court of Common Pleas in 1466; and in the north transept are the plain memorials of Bishop Stillingfleet and Fleetwood, and a most elaborate one to Bishop Hough (one of Roubiliac's finest works), in which the famous scene at Magdalen College, when Hough resisted the attempt of James II. to force a President on the college in defiance of the statutes, is portrayed in an admirably refined bas-relief.

In the north aisle of the nave is the small Jesus Chapel, which from 1750 until 1898 was merely like a gloomy recess. It has, however, been beautifully restored and enclosed by a stone screen of the style of the fifteenth century, on the central pinnacles over which is a historical group consisting of our Lord upon the cross, with St. Mary and St. John on either side. The altar and reredos are most elaborate: in the central panel of the latter is a figure of the Virgin with the Holy Child upon her knee, and on either side figures of the two great Bishops Oswald and Wulstan. In striking contrast to the altar and its surroundings, which are splendidly rich in general effect, filling the dim little chapel with a blaze of colour, is the curious old monument on the north side to Bishop Bullingham, which bears the following quaint inscription:

N. 1576 B.
Nicholaus Epus Wigorn
Here borne, here Bishop, buried here
A Bullingham by name and stocke
A man twise maried in Godes feare
Chief Pastor late of Lincoln Flocke
Whom Oxford trayned up in yowthe
Whom Cambrydge Doctor did create
A paynful preacher of the Truthe
He chayngd this liefe for happie state
18 Aprilis, 1576.

Some portions of the old Norman Cathedral are still visible in the nave, notably in the south aisle under the windows which overlook the cloisters, and in the east sides of the transepts, where there are two Late Norman arches of fine proportions, the one leading into St. John's Chapel, which adjoins the south aisle of the choir, from which it is separated by a beautiful oak screen.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

GOD AND HIS SAINTS

"He loved the people; all his saints are in Thy hand; and they sat down at Thy feet; every one shall receive of Thy words."—Deut. xxxiii. 3

WHOEVER was the author of this great song, he has, by dint of divine inspiration and his sympathy with the inmost spirit of the Old Covenant, anticipated some of the deepest thoughts of the New Covenant, in the words at the head of this paper. His invocations of blessing on the tribes have for their foundation the Revelation of God on Sinai. He begins with the fact with which the national existence began, and on the basis of that outlines in these words the elements of the relation between God and His "saints."

Divine Love is the starting-point of all. The word rendered "loved" is eloquent, both in its literal meaning and in its form. It is only employed in this place, but has cognates in allied languages, which mean *the bosom* and *a tender embrace*, and so it suggests the picture of that Divine Lover folding "the people" to His heart, as a mother might her child, and cherishing them in His bosom. The participial form is used here, implying that the act spoken of is continuous. That tender love is timeless, lifted above the distinctions of tenses, such as past, present or future, having no beginning and therefore no end, no growth and therefore no decay.

This ancient singer, who knew nothing about the Incarnation or the Cross, had risen to the height which the last of the Apostles reached in the last of his writings, and in his own dialect says with John, "We love Him because He first loved us." "He loved the people," therefore He delivered them and gave them His law, which it is life to know and do. If the question is asked, "Why does God thus love?" the only answer is, "Because He is God." His love, like all His acts, is self-originated, inseparable from His being, independent of anything in the creature, not drawn forth by it, but gushing up by its own inner impulse from the depths of Deity. The bed-rock of the universe is the spontaneous, unalterable, inexhaustible love of God.

From that root of all things springs guardian care of all who answer His love by theirs. The singer goes on, mixing up his pronouns in the usual fashion of Hebrew poetry, "All his saints are in Thy hand." A saint is one who responds to God's love by his own. The root idea of sanctity is not moral character, but relation to God, separation as belonging to Him, which will, of course, lead to purity of disposition and act. As surely as a magnet will draw every scrap of iron to itself out of a heap of miscellaneous filings, will God's love, responded to, draw to itself, and therefore out of the heap, those who feel its sweetness. If we feel that tender, timeless clasp and answer it by our love, we shall have broken with the world, and if we are true to ourselves, to Him and to the relation between us, the purity, which is generally taken as the essence of saintship, will be ours, in the measure of our surrender.

Then we shall be "in Thy hand." That means absolute security, for will He not close His fingers over His palm, to keep the soul that has laid itself there? It also means submission. Loyola enjoined on his black regiment to be "like a corpse or like a staff in a man's hand." If God's love into our hearts and lives we have received, we shall lay our wills in His hands, to be used as His instruments. We should be content to be guided as the steersman's hand turns the spokes of the wheel and directs the ship.

"They sat down at Thy feet; every one shall receive of Thy words." The picture sets before us a group of docile scholars, listening with open ears to the Teacher. But another rendering seems more probable, namely, "they follow at Thy feet;" then the picture is of the saints following the God whom they love, like sheep their shepherd. Religion is imitation of God; Christian morality is treading in Christ's footsteps. He does not say "Go," but "Come." He does not bid us to hew out a path for ourselves, but promises that, if we follow Him, we shall not walk in darkness.

The blessedness and the purity of our lives depend on recognising the love of God, and yielding and responding to it, which will issue in calm security, close communion and walking in His ways, where we shall hear with growing clearness His loving, commanding voice.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE CHRISTIAN'S WITNESSES TO CHARACTER

"Demetrius hath the witness of all men, and of the truth itself."—3 John, 12

WHAT a strange fate this Demetrius has had! He has narrowly escaped oblivion, and has attained universal and perennial remembrance. His name is known everywhere and in all ages, but nothing beyond the name. All else is swallowed up in darkness, and yet this one bright gleam shines through the obscuring oblivion—that he had "the witness of all men, and of the truth itself." Many a brilliant reputation and fame that fills the world might be well exchanged for such an epitaph. What if he should be our old acquaintance that roused the silversmiths of Ephesus against Paul? The name is so common that the conjecture must be confessed to be unsupported. Perhaps it appeals too much to mere sentiment, but it is tempting to think that "this Paul" had "persuaded" his chief opponent too that "they be no gods which are made with hands," and that he had left his craft and his shrines behind and become a Christian. Be that as it may, John's eulogium suggests the witnesses to character which a Christian should be able to call.

The first is common opinion. Something is wrong if a Christian cannot put the popular estimate of himself into the witness-box in his favour. Of course, there is a sense in which universal commendation is the heaviest condemnation, according to our Lord's dictum that it is a "woe" to be spoken well of by all. But it has also to be remembered that Christ's servants should have "a good report of them that are without." Most men know a good man when they see him. They may not like him, nor wish to resemble him, their recognition of his goodness may take the form of hate and detraction, but it is there. Christians should be more ambitious of winning that testimony than they often are. Nothing is more weakening and contemptible than itching for applause. Every strong man must habitually feel: "With me it is a very small thing to be judged of you." But still the judgment of the world is in some respects more accurate than that of our own consciences, and is, in a measure, and with many mistakes, an anticipation of the judgment of God, and therefore it is Christian duty to try to be "living epistles, known and read of all men," who will say when they read: "Well, he is a good man anyhow, whether I like him or not."

"The truth itself" is another witness. The Gospel witnesses for us, when we witness for it, and live according to it. A law broken testifies against the breaker: a law kept testifies for the keeper. If we are approximately realising the Christian ideal, and obeying the Christian precepts, embodying and following "the truth" in our lives, it will witness for us. But to secure that testimony there must be manifest self-surrender to its power. As Demetrius, if he were the silversmith, had to give up a lucrative occupation and to cast in his lot with the iconoclasts, we have each some form of self-surrender and self-denial imperative on us. If in great things and small our lives reflect the "perfect law of liberty," that law will not condemn but acquit us.

May we give a yet sacreder application to that witness of the truth? It is questionable whether that designation is ever employed in John's epistles, to mean only the body of teaching contained in the Gospel. One feels that there is always shimmering through the expression a reference to our Lord's claim that He is Himself the personal Truth. In a very deep and blessed sense, Jesus Himself is witness for His consistent follower. "He that judgeth me is the Lord." That judgment is no far-off future one, but is going on now. In reference to each action, at the moment when it is done, Christ registers His infallible determination of its good or evil. Being judge, He is also witness. He will speak by His voice within our hearts, which will whisper His "well done." That glow of calm blessedness which follows His approval, as certified to us by conscience, is testimony available, indeed, for ourselves alone, but precious beyond all other approbation, and not withheld from the faithful servant. We may well set light by the world's judgment and refer ourselves to Him. It is well to have the witness of men; it is heaven on earth, and will be the heaven of heaven, to have the witness of the Truth Himself.

THIRD SUNDAY

I. *GOING FORTH*

"They went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came."—Gen. xii. 5

The reference of these words is to Abram's act of faith in leaving Haran and setting out on his pilgrimage. It is a strange narrative of a journey which omits the journey altogether, with its weary marches, privations and perils, and notes but its beginning and its end. Are not these the main points in every life, its direction and its attainment? There are

"Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl."

Abram and his company had a clear aim. But does not the Epistle to the Hebrews magnify him precisely because he "went out, not knowing whither he went"? Both statements are true, for Abram had the same combination of knowledge and ignorance as we all have. He knew that he was to go to a land that he should afterwards inherit, and he knew that, in the first place, Canaan was to be his "objective point," but he did not know, till long after he had crossed the Euphrates and pitched his tent by Bethel, that it was the land. The ultimate goal was clear, and the first step towards it was plain, but how that first step was related to the goal was not plain, and all the steps between were unknown. He went forth with sealed orders, to go to a certain place, where he would have further instructions. So *we* should have clear in view the ultimate goal and also the next step to be taken towards it. We have to be sure that the mountain peak far ahead, with the sunshine bathing it, is not delusive cloud, but solid reality, and we have to make sure that God has bid us step out on the yard of path which we *can* see, and, having secured these two certainties, we are to cast ourselves into the obscurity before us, and to bear in our hearts the vision of the end, to cheer us amid the difficulties of the road.

Life is strenuous, fruitful and noble, in the measure in which its ultimate aim is kept clearly visible throughout it all. Nearer aims, prescribed by physical necessities, tastes, circumstances and the like, are clear enough, but a melancholy multitude of us have never reflected on the further question: "What then?" Suppose I have made my fortune, or won my wife, or established my position, or achieved a reputation, behind all these successes lies the larger question. These are not ends but means, and it is fatal to treat them as being the goal of our efforts, or the chief end of our being. There would be fewer wrecked lives, and fewer bitter and disappointed old men, if there were more young ones who, at starting, put clearly before themselves the question: "What am I living for? and what am I going to do, when I have secured the nearer aims necessarily prescribed to me?"

What that aim should be is not doubtful. The only worthy end befitting creatures with hearts, minds, consciences, and will like ours is God Himself. Abram's "Canaan" is usually regarded as an emblem of heaven, and that is correct, but the land of our inheritance is not wholly beyond the river, for God is the portion of our hearts. He is Heaven. To dwell with Him, to have all the current of our being running towards Him, to set Him before us in the strenuous hours of effort and in the quiet moments of repose, in the bright and in the dark days, are the conditions of blessedness, strength and peace.

That aim clearly apprehended and persistently pursued gives continuity to life, such as nothing else can do. How many of the things that drew us to themselves and were, for a while, the objects of desire and effort, have sunk below the horizon! The lives that are not directed to God as their chief end are like the voyages of old-time sailors, who had to creep from one headland to another, and steer for points, which one after another were reached, left behind and forgotten. There is only one aim so great, so far in advance that we can never reach, and therefore can never pass and drop it. Life then becomes a chain, not a heap of unrelated fragments. That aim made ours, stimulates effort to its highest point, and therefore secures blessedness. It emancipates from many bonds, and takes the poison out of the mosquito bites of small annoyances, and the stings of great sorrows. It gleams ever before a man, sufficiently attained to make him at rest, sufficiently unattained to give the joy of progress. The pilgrims, who had but one simple aim "to go to the land of Canaan," were delivered from the miseries of conflicting desires, and with simplicity of aim came concentration of force and calm of spirit.

FOURTH SUNDAY

II. *COMING IN*

"They went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came."—Gen. xii. 5

If life has a clear, definite aim, and especially if its aim is the highest, there will be detachment from and abandonment of many lower ones. Nothing worth doing is done, and nothing worth being is realised in ourselves, except on condition of resolutely ignoring much that attracts. "They went forth"; Haran must be given up if Canaan is to be reached. Artists are content to pay the price for mastery in their art, students think it no hardship to remain ignorant of much in order to know their own subject thoroughly; men of business feel it no sacrifice to give up culture, leisure, and sometimes still higher things, such as love and purity, to win wealth. And we shall not be Christians after Christ's heart unless we practise similar restriction. The stream that is to flow with impetus sufficient to scour its bed clear of obstructions must not be allowed to meander in side branches, but be banked up in one channel. Sometimes there must be actual surrender and outward withdrawal from lower aims which, by our weakness, have become rival aims. Always there must be subordination and detachment in heart and mind. The compass in an iron ship is disturbed by the iron, unless it has been adjusted; the golden apples arrest the runner, and there are clogs and weights in every life, which have to be laid aside if the race is to be won. The old pilgrim fashion is still the only way. We must do as Abram did, leave Haran and its idols behind us, and go forth, ready to dwell, if need be, in deserts, and as sojourners even when among cities, or we shall not reach the "land that is very far off." It is near us if we forsake self and the "things seen and temporal," but it recedes when we turn our hearts to these.

"Into the land of Canaan they came." No man honestly and rightly seeks God, and fails to find Him. No man has less goodness and Christ-likeness than he truly desires and earnestly pursues. Nearer aims are often missed, and it is well that they should be. We should thank God for disappointments, for hopes unfulfilled, or proving still greater disappointments when fulfilled. It is mercy that often makes the harvest from our sowing a scanty one, for so we are being taught to turn from the quest in which searching has no assurance of finding to that in which to seek is to find. "I have never said to any of the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain." We may not reach other lands which seem to us to be lands of promise, or when we do, may find that the land is "evil and naughty," but this land we shall reach, if we desire it, and if, desiring it, we go forth from this vain world. The Christian life is the only one which has no failures, no balked efforts, no frustrated aims, no brave settings out and defeated returnings. The literal meaning of one of the Old Testament words for *sin* is missing the mark, and that is true, for no man wins what he seeks, who seeks satisfaction elsewhere than in God. Like the rivers in Asiatic deserts, which are lost in the sand and never reach the sea, all lives, which flow towards anything but God, are dissipated and vain.

But the supreme realisation of an experience like Abram's is reserved for another life. No pilgrim Zionward perishes in the wilderness, or loses his way or fails to come to "the city of habitation." "They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." And when they appear there, they will think no more, just as this narrative says nothing, of the sandy, salt, waterless wildernesses, or the wearinesses, dangers and toils of the road. The experience of the happy travellers, who have found all which they sought and are at home for ever in the fatherland towards which they journeyed, will all be summed up in this, that "they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came."

THE STAR OF THE GIRDLE

By E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

THERE is only one star concerning which we have much direct knowledge. Our knowledge of all other stars depends upon what we can discover of their likeness to or difference from that one.

But the stars are set in families; or, to use the more technical expression, systems. And of these systems likewise we know very little save of one, and of others as we can discover that they resemble or differ from it.

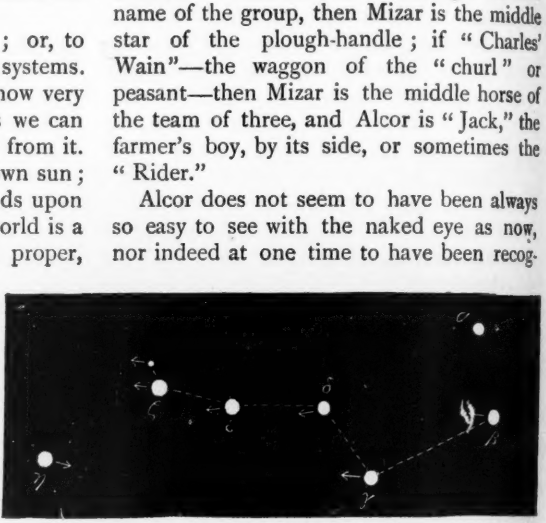
Our model star is of course our own sun; our model system that which depends upon it as ruler, and of which our own world is a member. For the rest—for stars proper, that is to say—they are so infinitely distant from us that we can learn scarcely anything of any one of them.

And yet we are continually finding out of this star and of that, subtle points of difference, tokens that these myriad lights, which even in our greatest telescopes each show themselves but as unmagnifiable points, are no mere machine-made replicas the one of the other, but each possesses a true individuality.

"Mizar," the Star of the "Girdle"—for that is the significance of its name—is not only one of those which have yielded to the powerful weapons of modern research some traits of personality, but even in the days before the telescope attracted notice as a star unlike the rest. It was to the unassisted sight of the old Arabian astronomers the one star with a companion, the one "double star." Close by its side there shone a minute point of light, sheltering itself as it were in the rays of its more brilliant primary, and called therefore "Alcor," "the near one."

Mizar was a sufficiently conspicuous star without this marked peculiarity. It is one of the brightest stars of that group of seven which, under a wide variety of names—"the Plough," "Charles' Wain," "the Bier and the Mourners," "the Great Bear"—have attracted the notice of farmers, shepherds and sailors from the earliest days; forming as they do the brightest and most striking constellation of all those which in these northern latitudes circle ceaselessly round the Pole, without ever passing below the horizon. If we take the "Plough" as the name of the group, then Mizar is the middle star of the plough-handle; if "Charles' Wain"—the waggon of the "churl" or peasant—then Mizar is the middle horse of the team of three, and Alcor is "Jack," the farmer's boy, by its side, or sometimes the "Rider."

Alcor does not seem to have been always so easy to see with the naked eye as now, nor indeed at one time to have been recognised at all. The Greek astronomers two thousand years ago do not seem to have perceived it, and the Arabs a thousand years later evidently found it a most difficult object, for they speak as if it was a test of the keenest sight. Their proverbs intimate this very clearly, and a telling astronomical variant of the saying so familiar to ourselves anent the strained-out gnat and swallowed camel is given in "He can see Alcor, but cannot see the full moon." How it was that they found so difficult what is to-day quite easy to ordinarily good sight is doubtful. Alcor may have been growing brighter through the centuries, or may have moved farther away from its overpowering companion, but we have at least no evidence that either supposition is correct; indeed the presumption is rather against both. Men's sight may, on the other hand, have improved in sensitiveness and definition, but that is a great assumption to make.



THE STARS OF THE "PLOUGH"

The arrows show the direction of the "proper motions" of the several stars ζ=Mizar White dot=Alcor

Perhaps the most likely explanation is that long acquaintance with the object and greater attention to it have made it seem more obvious than in the days when it was first detected. There are examples enough in the history of astronomy of such apparent change. Thus it is now some twenty years since Schiaparelli first discovered the canals of Mars. His discovery was ridiculed and discredited at first. Then a few astronomers, favoured by locality, or fine instruments, or special experience in the observation of the planet, began on rare occasions to recognise a few of them. Now the possessors even of comparatively small telescopes easily succeed in detecting multitudes.

Observation is a matter in which practice improves not only the individual observer, but the whole company as well. The standard becomes raised.

Mizar and Alcor do not form the only "double star" which we recognise without the telescope to-day; there are several others. But it is much the most familiar and conspicuous. It was therefore a most appropriate coincidence that Mizar was the first star to show itself as a telescopic double, having been discovered as such by Riccioli in 1650, the first fruits of a mighty harvest of similar discoveries which now are to be numbered by the thousand.

There is a subtle charm in double-star observation which it is difficult to explain to those who have not undertaken it, but which seldom fails to captivate those who give some time to this branch of astronomy. To find that a star which the observer has always before looked upon as single is really two stars, to be able to separate the one little disc of light into two, is itself to invest that object with an interest quite unfelt before. There is the sense of a quickened delicacy of perception, or the gratifying consciousness that the telescope is in more perfect adjustment or is being used with more skill, or that the atmospheric definition is specially good. All of these feelings give pleasure; and there is then the further interest of the comparison of the two shining points so close together. Often their colours are beautifully contrasted; sometimes the two stars are rivals as to brightness; sometimes one is the faintest possible needle-point of light, to be caught with difficulty amid the flashing glories which radiate from its more dazzling primary. And so these different double stars are seen to possess distinguishing characteristics; one is not like another, but they show every possible variety of beauty, of contrast, of relative brightness or position, of ease or difficulty of observation.

The Star of the Girdle being the first discovered of all double stars is necessarily a very easy one, but none the less is one of the most beautiful. Mizar itself is a star of the second magnitude; its companion is of the fourth—that is to say, it gives one-sixth of the light of Mizar. Both stars are therefore very bright, whilst, being 14½" apart, there is no difficulty at all in separating them. Mizar, therefore, makes an excellent object for a beginner in astronomy to start work upon, the more so as its neighbourhood to Alcor will give him a very easy and convincing lesson in the power and magnification of his telescope. With a low magnifying power Mizar and its companion will look much the same in the telescope that Mizar and Alcor do to the naked eye, but if the field of the telescope be big enough to take in, say, half the diameter of the moon at once, then with Mizar on one side of the field Alcor will be on the other, and it will be seen at once that it is, roughly, fifty times as far from Mizar as its companion is. Other fainter stars will be seen in the field, some being worth noting, but not in the present connection.

The real interest of double star work begins, however, when the observer commences to measure them. The work is delicate and has all the fascination which attaches to the use of refined instruments.

The filar micrometer, with which these observations are made, consists generally of two spider threads, moved by the turning of two delicate screws, whilst a third thread is fixed at right angles to the two first. The eye-piece and the entire system of threads can also be rotated, and the direction in which the fixed thread points can be read on a graduated circle. The circle is turned until the fixed thread passes through the centre of the images of the two stars or is parallel to that line. Then the two movable wires are brought, each by turning its own screw, the one to the centre of the first star, the other to that of the second. Each screw is furnished with a divided head, by which the fractions of a turn can be easily read. The screw-heads therefore furnish us with a means for determining the distance apart of the stars, and the circle gives us the "bearing" or position angle of the smaller star from the larger.

The work is one which calls for more skill and delicacy of hand and eye than would be supposed without actual experience. And here, as continually in the more delicate observations of astronomy, the curious element of "personal equation" makes itself felt. In other words, each observer has a habit or method in his work peculiar to himself. This is most evident in the observations of position angle, and especially so when the line joining the two stars makes a considerable angle with the horizontal or rather with the line passing through the observer's two eyes. It has been suggested therefore that photography may prove of great value here, for the sensitive plate is not subject to the same kind of influences that affect the observer, and a considerable number of very successful photographs of double stars have been taken.

The first photographs of double stars suitable for measurement were taken more than forty years ago by George Bond at the Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and were of Mizar, which was therefore not only the first double star to be observed in the telescope, but also the first to be successfully photographed.

The method in photographing a double star is as follows. The telescope must be driven by a very accurate clock, so that the image of the star remains invariable on the plate during the whole time necessary for the exposure on the fainter star. When one exposure has been made, the telescope is carefully covered, and the driving clock either stopped or disconnected for a short interval of time. Then the clock is brought into action again, and another exposure is made, and this is done several times. The plate when developed will show a number of images side by side, since the rotation of the earth will have moved the star forward on the plate every time the clock ceased to drive the instrument. The line passing through the successive images of the principal star is very accurately the east and west line, and therefore the position angle of the companion star from the east or west point can be measured with great precision.

Whether the astronomer makes his observations directly or by the help of the photographic plate, as he continues his work year after year, and accumulates observations of this star and that, his results will soon show him that some of these infinitesimal little lights are moving, slowly but unmistakably moving, round their primaries. Here, even more than in the detection of new or difficult doubles, lies the intense charm of double star work: the sense of watching the smooth, inexorable movements of the heavens, movements deep in space, far beyond the utmost effort of human imagination to appreciate their distance, but watched here, from our little speck of earth, by the student in his tower.

That motion is not always of the same kind. The general impression produced by a sight of a double star is that the components are really near to each other, and not only apparently near. That this is so is proved to us in those numerous cases in which the one star moves in a little orbit round the other; but it is possible that in some instances we may have two stars almost precisely in the same direction as seen from the earth, and yet one may be indefinitely farther from us than the other. This would give us an apparent double star as contrasted with a real one, and the relative motion of the two objects could not be orbital. Sooner or later the independent motions of the two stars would lead them away from each other, the stars would seem to separate, and the "double star" would cease to exist as such.

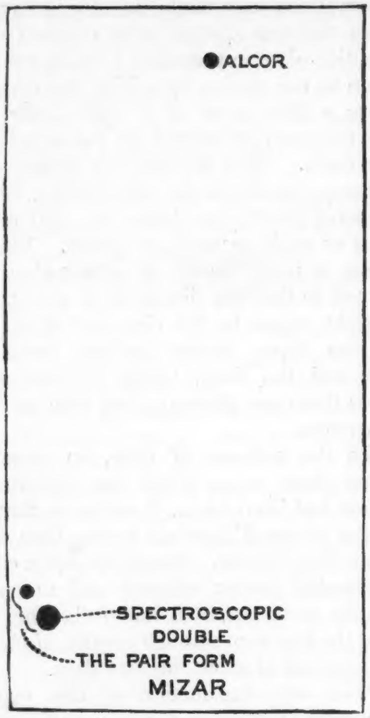
But the Star of the Girdle and its companion do not travel in either the one way or the other. Although nearly a century and a half (143 years) have elapsed since the first definite observation of the pair by Bradley, third Astronomer Royal, although it has been under constant micrometric observation by all the masters of the craft for nearly eighty years, there is yet no certain definite evidence that the companion star is in revolution round Mizar. The distance apart of the two stars has remained unchanged, the direction of the smaller from the larger practically so. Some writers have suggested the possibility of a vast orbit requiring twenty thousand years or more to complete, but this is but a vague guess. Side by side the two stars move year after year, and, so far as we can yet say, they neither circle round each other nor move in independent paths. But with an equal pace they move forward steadfastly in the same direction; whilst Alcor, fifty times more distant, moves with them too. So far as yet appears we are here brought face to face with a higher and more mysterious problem than that of a distant sun with a smaller sun as a dependent planet; it is the problem of the drift of stars.

And yet Mizar does afford us the example of a pair of suns revolving round their common centre of gravity. Though Alcor, though the telescopic companion, both move forward with Mizar like soldiers on the march, yet a more delicate instrument than the telescope has given evidence that Mizar itself is a "double star" of which the components are far closer together than any telescopic power could divide. Though we can weigh them, though we can determine their distance apart, though we can measure their rate of movement, though we can examine to some extent their separate constitution, yet even in our most powerful telescopes these two suns will to our sight be always one.

The discovery was effected at the same renowned observatory that gave us the first photographs of Mizar in connection with the "Henry Draper Memorial." The Drapers, father and son, were pioneers of photography in general and of astronomical photography in particular, the very first astronomical photograph ever taken being a daguerreotype of the moon by Dr. John Draper in 1840. After the death of the son, Dr. Henry Draper, his widow, in order fitly to preserve her husband's memory, presented his instruments to the Harvard College Observatory and provided ample funds for their use. Professor Pickering, the Director, in order to utilise the means thus placed at his disposal in the best way, revived a form of instrument which had fallen into some disuse. This was the observation of the spectra of stars by the simple means of putting a large prism before the object-glass of the telescope. Each star within the field of view was then no longer represented by a bright point, but by a narrow line of rainbow-tinted light. The extreme narrowness of this line was a drawback so long as the observations were made directly by eye, but when the star spectra were received on a sensitive plate any desired breadth could be given to the spectra by making the telescope move a little faster or a little slower than was necessary to correct for the rotation of the earth. With an ordinary photographic telescope so driven the star images, instead of being points, are drawn out into narrow lines or trails as they are called. When a prism is used before an object-glass and turned so that the direction of the trails is at right angles to the direction of the star spectra, those spectra become broadened out, and the lines, bright or dark, which cross them are photographed with exquisite sharpness.

In the autumn of 1889, on examining some plates upon which the spectrum of Mizar had been taken, it was seen that one of the principal lines was at one time single, at another double. So unexpected a change demanded further research and the photographs were repeated, and it became clear that the line went through a series of changes in a period of about fifty-two days.

The only explanation of this regularly recurring change—and it is a sufficient and satisfactory one—is that Mizar really consists of two suns, nearly equal in brightness and of the same general composition—for their spectra are evidently alike—which are revolving round their common centre of gravity. Under such circumstances the stars will at one time be so placed that both are moving at right angles to the line joining Mizar and ourselves, the one in one direction, the other in the reverse. At this moment neither star is approaching us, neither star is receding; and the lines in the two spectra exactly correspond in place. The spectrum therefore at such a time appears as essentially one as does the image of the star itself. But twenty-six days later the one star is approaching us in its orbit at its greatest speed, and the other moving as fast away. The pulsations of light from the approaching star are therefore slightly shortened, those from the other are in like manner lengthened; and as the waves of violet light are shorter than those of red, the whole of the spectrum from the approaching star, though still superposed upon that of the other, is shifted as compared with it a little to the violet. The dark lines in the



THE FOURFOLD STAR MIZAR

two spectra no longer fall in the same place, and are therefore seen no longer as single but as double lines.

The amount of separation is a delicate index of the speed with which the two stars are moving. Each is travelling with a speed of a little over fifty miles per second—say three times as fast as the earth in her orbit round the sun.

When the orbit of an ordinary double star is being determined, two of the elements which it is most important to fix are the eccentricity and amount of elliptical deviation from a circular form, and the inclination of the plane of the orbit to the line joining the star with ourselves. In this case we can as yet determine neither point. It is simplest to suppose the orbit practically circular, and that its plane lies nearly in the line of sight. If the latter be so, then the two suns are about 143 millions of miles apart—that is to say, about the distance that separates Mars from the sun. Each star must also be about twenty times our own sun in mass, and if the latest estimate of the distance of Mizar be correct, must radiate two hundred times the light.

Mizar, the Star of the Girdle, is therefore in a fourfold sense the first of all double stars. It was the first to be recognised as a double star with Alcor by the naked eye; it was the first to be seen with its companion as a double star in the telescope; it was the first again as a double star to be photographed on the sensitive plate; and finally, Mizar itself was the first star to be revealed as a "double" by the spectroscope.

The system of Mizar, consisting thus of four suns in intimate relation, is as different from our own as can well be conceived. In ours the sun rules as autocrat; he divides his authority with no other orb. All but a very insignificant fraction of the substance of the system is confined within his own volume. His planets revolve round him alone, and their mutual attractions only bring about slight "perturbations."

But the planets of Mizar, if such there be, owe a divided allegiance. Two rulers sway their motions, drawing them in no simple almost circular orbits, but in paths of the uttermost complexity; and drawing out their days and the summers of their years in strange irregularity.

But our sun not only reigns alone in his own realm; that realm is an insular one, and he reigns in "splendid isolation." No other potentate is near enough to claim a "hinterland" over his territory. The nearest—Alpha of the Centaur—lies twenty billions of miles away, and though the sun leads his subjects through space at a rate of probably three hundred millions of miles in the year, he leads them through an uninhabited wilderness, and ages will pass before he enters a region where another power has established "an effective occupation."

Not so the Girdle Star. The twin suns, that look so essentially one in our telescopes, and that are bound so inseparably together by the girdle of their mutual gravitation, are not alone in their journeys. Alcor and the companion of Mizar, each no doubt suns with dependent planets, monarchs over their own systems, form with the twin-stars Mizar a triple, or rather quadruple, alliance of luminaries moved by the same mysterious impulse, travelling on the same path towards the same unknown goal.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

THERE is something indefinably personal and pathetic about the death of a language. It has been for so many centuries so close to the hearts of men and women and little children that it seems to be alive and coloured with their inmost being. It has been the confidante of so many passionate secrets. All the tragedy of life at its best and at its worst, all the gaiety, delight, joy of existence have been confided to it. It records the experience of so many centuries that several of its words may still contain images dating from the primeval exodus and wanderings across the continents of the Glacial Epoch. The people who have spoken it have so stored it with their intense humanity, have filled it with such imperishable associations, that its words are often untranslatable, and indeed even unintelligible except to the native-born. Hence it is that we cannot truly appreciate the poetry of any language but our own; and that even in our own we do not always understand how it is that some simple cadence has a magical charm, or a haunting sweetness or sorrow, till we remember all the dead generations who have given the words their thrill and poignant music. And so, too, it happens that there is a very real truth in Maeterlinck's mystical saying: "I am disposed to believe that every language thinks always more than the man, even the man of genius, who employs it, and who is only its heart for the time being."

I observe that in his great work, "A Literary History of Ireland,"* Dr. Douglas Hyde gives it as his opinion that the fate of the Irish language will be decided within the next ten years. "There are probably," he says, "a hundred and fifty thousand households in Ireland at this moment where the parents speak Irish amongst themselves and the children answer them in English." There could assuredly be no more startling premonition of the extinction of a language; and though Dr. Hyde seems to think that if a current of popular feeling could be aroused this "oldest and most cultured vernacular in Europe, except Greek," might yet be preserved and burst forth into fresh life and literary vigour, I fear that there are other agencies at work which render that hope of "a current of popular feeling" a hollow dream of desire. Indeed, he himself furnishes the evidence for this conclusion. The old Irish names are being translated beyond recognition. In "Love" and "Hand" and "Rogers" who would suspect the trace of the Celtic "O'Gara," "O'Lavin," and "MacRury"? In Australia the priests find the greatest difficulty in persuading Irish parents to christen their boys "Patrick"; and even in Ireland the strong coercion of expediency has made itself felt. "God forbid," said a woman to the author, "that I should handicap my daughter in life by calling her Bridget." Ten years seem a short lease of survival, but whatever the interval may be, there appears to be as little chance of arresting the extinction of Irish as there is of reviving the speech of Cornwall. Scholars will continue to learn and read it; a few poets may continue for a few years to write it "for the love of old loves and lost times," but the doom which threatens it is the natural and inevitable doom which prints the raindrop on the rock and the fern frond on the coal.

And here I am reminded of the attitude taken by Mr. Stopford Brooke in his inspiriting address at the inaugural meeting of the

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* "A Literary History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

Irish Literary Society in London.* The Irish tongue, he recognised, was now less and less spoken, and he urged the necessity of getting the treasures of its numerous ancient MSS. and the legends which still cling to everygreen mound and ruin, every river, wood, and hill, every lake and well and grey stone on the wild land, "into fine form in the English tongue." Accurate translation of the best forms of heroic stories and poems—clear representations of the original, in which the translation should blend the erudition of the scholar with the tact of the artist, was what was first needed; then such a treatment by men of formative genius as Malory bestowed on the Arthurian tales; and next a fresh poetical handling of the delightful and romantic episodes of the great Irish cycles. In this fashion the ancient Irish literature would be set afloat on the world-wide ocean-stream of English speech and be known and loved wherever the English language was spoken. It is to the Irish element, the marvellous Celtic strain in our blood and in our literature, that we owe the elfin magic of our finest verse, the passionate love of Nature for her own sake, and in all probability the most exquisite of our rhythms and cadences, to say nothing of the fairy gift of rhyme. If, however, Mr. Brooke wisely impressed on Irishmen the need and use of accepting the inevitable, and colouring English speech with Celtic imagination and sentiment, Englishmen may well better the instruction by having recourse for themselves to the same sources of inspiration.

I see that Dr. Hyde has been rallied on writing seven hundred pages of what would have been an excellent history of Irish literature had there been an Irish literature to write about; but surely no one can have looked into "The Three Sorrows of Story-telling," or "The Silva Gadelica," or the Cuchullin Cycle, or "The Bards of the Gael and Gall," to mention nothing else, without perceiving that there are here fresh wells from the strata of a younger planet into which the wayfarer will gladly dip his pitcher.

It has long struck me as a curious inconsistency that while we take an absorbing interest in the ancient civilisations of the East, and read with avidity all that is written about the dynasties of the Nile Valley, the seats of the Accadians, the wars of the Hittites, we seem to be but slightly attracted by the historical record of these islands of ours. And yet it cannot be said that our own story is second to any in romance or in that glamour which invests the strange customs, the creed and speculations, the great battles of long ago. In his short study of Early Gaelic Literature, published a year or two ago, Dr. Douglas Hyde presented us with a fresh and striking picture of the civilisation of ancient Ireland. In the important work which he has just issued he has availed himself of the researches of the most accomplished scholars, native and continental, and has embodied the result in a volume which for many years to come will probably be the standard authority, at least in English. He has treated his subject with so liberal a largeness that in the earlier chapters the book may be regarded as not simply a Literary History of Ireland, but a History of Ireland; and indeed there are few histories of Ireland so scholarly and so engrossing. On the other hand, it is the Literary History of Ireland from the Gaelic side alone—the "Literary History of Irish Ireland," as he himself names it—and the limitation is perfectly justified by the plea, which will probably disgust a number of Scottish readers, that the works of Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Moore, and the celebrated Anglicised Irishmen of the last two centuries find their true and natural place in the history of English literature. It would be a pleasant task to follow Dr. Hyde through his survey, but my space will permit me to do no more than touch on one or two matters of interest.

One of the most imposing claims made on behalf of Irish literature may be aptly expressed in the words of M. Darmesteter: "It is the key which opens the Celtic world." Through the Irish sagas and historical romances the student of the past obtains a clear and surprising view of the Celtic race as it remained undisturbed in its most westerly stronghold while the Romans subdued the rest of the civilised world; as it survived the onslaught of Norseman, Norman, and Saxon, preserving through the centuries the chronicles of each generation;

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* "The Need and Use of Getting Irish Literature into the English Tongue. An Address by Stopford Brooke at the Inaugural Meeting of the Irish Literary Society established in London." T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

and from these annals and the romantic versions of what may have been originally historic, he may work out for himself many conclusions as to the feelings, modes of life, manners and habits of those mysterious tribes who occupied Northern Italy, Switzerland and Spain, parts of Germany, Belgium, Gaul, and the British Isles; "who burned Rome, plundered Greece, and colonised Asia Minor." It is, of course, inevitable that questions should be raised as to the historic trustworthiness of these ancient records. We see elsewhere how insidiously myth and fable eat the heart out of fact, how they overgrow it and strangle it with their exuberant vitality. Is there any reason to suppose that Ireland has been more fortunate in this respect than most other countries? Singularly enough, there seems to be. In the Annals of Ulster, which deal with Irish affairs from about the year 444, though the actual MS. dates only from the fifteenth century, there are eighteen records of eclipses and comets which have been verified to the day and hour by modern astronomers. Then Irish statements as to the lineage of kings (conjectured by some incredulous interpreters to be merely solar myths) are found to be confirmed by pedigrees recorded in Welsh records; and similar evidence places beyond dispute a long list of the abbots of Bangor—in this instance the collateral proof appearing in a Latin antiphonary "which has been a thousand years absent from the country where it was written." A very practical inducement to accuracy and punctiliousness in the work of the annalist and historiographer arose out of the tribal system, under which "no one possessed lawfully any portion of the soil inhabited by his tribe if he were not of the same race with his chief." And this eagerness for literal truth, one may conjecture, became an ingrained habit, so that even in the rhapsodical description of the Battle of Clontarf, with its marvellous glimpse of the fairy queen, and the wild screaming of "the Bocanachs and the Bananachs and the wild people of the glens and the goblins and the ancient birds" over the onset of the hosts, there occurs an incident which stamps the account with the veracity of an eye-witness. The battle, we are told, was fought on Good Friday, April 23, 1014, at sunrise, when the tide was full in, and at the close of the day the returning tide prevented the escape of the Danes from the Clontarf shore to the northern bank of the Liffey. Dr. Haughton, Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin, was asked to calculate the time of high water on the shore of Clontarf on the day given as the date of the great encounter. The result showed that in April sunrise ranges from 5.30 to 4.30, that on April 23, 1014, it was high tide about 5.30 A.M., and that the evening tide was full about 5.55 P.M.

Another point which strikes the reader of this volume is the splendid tradition of scholarship and artistic culture in Ireland. In the Isle of Saints, as M. Darmesteter expresses it, "the Renaissance began seven hundred years before it was known in Italy." When the knowledge of Greek, which Ireland had acquired through an early and direct commerce with the tri-lingual seaports of Gaul, so completely perished in the agony and darkness of the Middle Ages that even Gregory the Great was ignorant of it, "there was a wide range of Greek learning, not ecclesiastical merely, but chronological, astronomical, and philosophical, away at Durrow in the very centre of the Bog of Allen." In the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries students flocked from all quarters to the schools of Erin, and were welcomed with a princely liberality which not only provided free books and free instruction from Irish masters, but furnished a free board every day, and not improbably lodgment for the night, though this last is not specifically stated. And "this noble tradition of free education to strangers," Dr. Hyde observes, "lasted down to the establishment of the so-called 'National' schools in Ireland, for down to that time 'poor scholars' were freely supported by the people and helped in their studies." Notwithstanding all this learning and artistic and poetic splendour, it must be borne in mind that the old Celtic clan spirit and the ancient institutions and habits of the people were but slowly and gradually modified by Christianity. It was only in 590 that women were exempted from military service; monks were exempted about two centuries later, yet in 816 four hundred men were slain in a fight between rival monasteries, and as late as 908 many of the clergy perished in the great fight in which Cormac MacCulenain fell. The appreciation of this aspect of the Irish character is essential to the student of Irish history and Irish literature.

To confine ourselves to the literature, however, I have more than once in these pages referred to the treasures of song and legend and saga which we may hope will one day be thrown open to the English-speaking world. In his book Dr. Hyde gives an absorbing account of the Mythological, Red-Branch, and Ossianic cycles, and of much later work; but the great mass of Irish literature, I take it, is still in manuscript and untranslated. It seems, indeed, impossible to say what marvellous fairy legend, or heroic saga, or "sorrow of story-telling," or chant of cattle-spoil may yet be found in the Celtic archives, for even of the beautiful and pathetic story of Deirdre, which is known over all the lands of the Gael, and which has been edited by nearly every great Celtic scholar of the present century, Dr. Hyde himself has been fortunate enough to discover in the museum of Belfast "by far the amplest and most graphic version" yet known. We cannot, I suppose, expect an Iliad or a Nibelungenlied; and the drama appears to have been a form of fiction which the Irish never tried their hands at, though it has been conjectured that the dialogue between St. Patrick and Ossian may have been given a dramatic form in recitation. But there may be hidden away in dusty codices some unknown work of the class which was the delight of Irish genius—the *ursgeul* or romance. In any case it is to be hoped that Mr. Stopford Brooke's practical suggestions may be realised, and that we may speedily have in English speech the most beautiful creations of Irish genius. In the meanwhile Dr. Hyde, who has himself contributed so largely to our knowledge and enjoyment of Celtic work, has done a service not only to Ireland but to all lovers of literature which cannot be overpraised or overestimated.

Those who have so far read with any interest what I have written will be glad to know that in "The Cuchullin Saga"* Miss Hull has contributed very materially to the admirable work of revealing Irish literature. Here we have fourteen stories of the Red-Branch cycle, translated by various distinguished scholars, and an introduction which, though it may occasionally be a little unguarded in its generalisations, is luminous and suggestive. A map, illustrating the movements of Queen Meave's forces on the Táin Bó Cuailgne, comprehensive bibliographical notes prefixed to each story, and a chart of the legend lore connected with the whole Conachar-Cuchullin Saga, give the volume a technical value quite apart from its literary excellence. Among the stories are included the "Tragical Death of the Sons of Usnach," a summary (with extracts) of the Cattle-spoil, and the singularly fine conception of "The Phantom Chariot of Cuchullin."

"The Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson," as distinguished from the dramatic works, is the latest addition, and a welcome one, to Messrs. Macmillan's unrivalled Globe Series (3*s.* 6*d.*). Though the plays have been excluded from this edition, the lyrics which they contain are grouped together at the close of the volume, which, in addition to the index of poems and first lines, is furnished with a useful sectional index to "In Memoriam" and the Songs.

The Eversley Shakespeare (Macmillan, 5s.) with its valuable notes and scholarly introductions by Dr. C. H. Herford, has reached the seventh of the ten volumes of this edition. It includes "King Henry the Fifth," "King Henry the Eighth," "Titus Andronicus," and "Romeo and Juliet." With regard to "Titus Andronicus" Dr. Herford holds that the data for a conclusive case on the authorship are wholly wanting, but that in view of the strong external evidence a qualified acceptance appears to be the most critical course. Both in his notes and his introductions Dr. Herford seems to have attained the happy medium of including all that it is most important to know, without overburdening his pages with wearisome detail. Indeed, the Eversley seems to me the most perfect of all the companionable editions.

The first two volumes of the uniform edition of Mr. Kipling's prose works which is being issued by Messrs. Macmillan leave nothing to be desired in the matter of type, paper, and binding. The edition will be completed in ten volumes at 6*s*. each.

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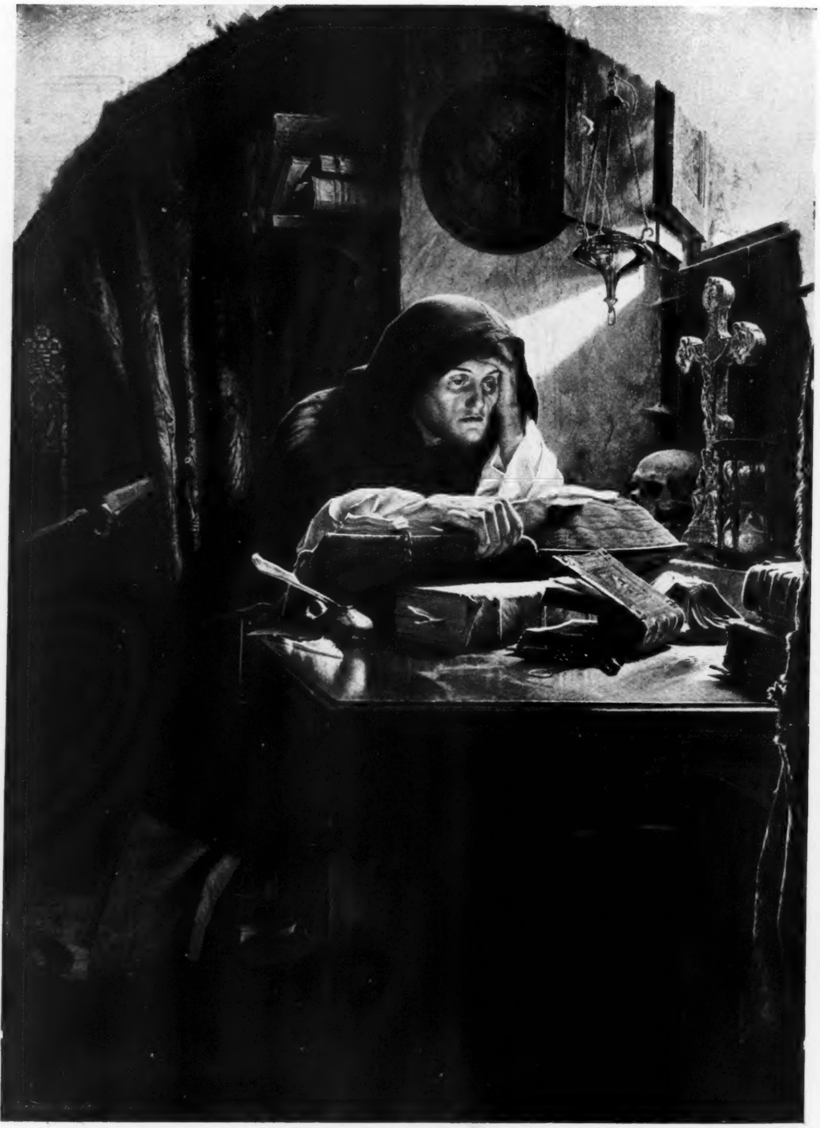

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LUTHER AT ERFURT

BY SIR NOEL PATON

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY NEIL MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "JOHN SPLENDID," "THE LOST PIBROCH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

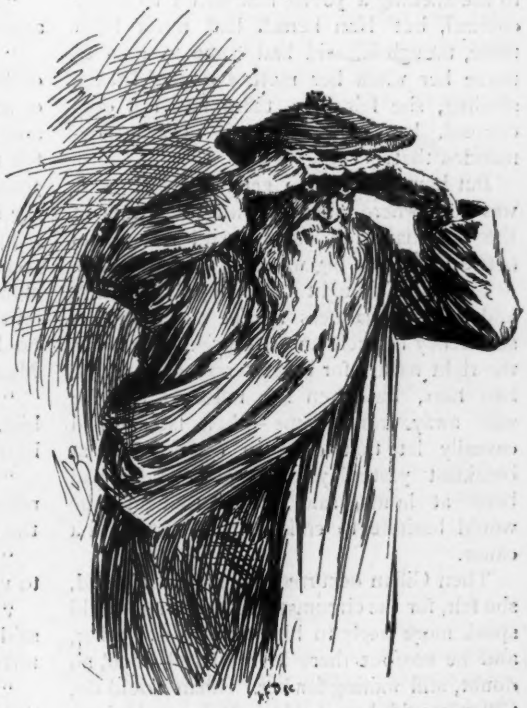
CHAPTER XXVIII

GILIAN'S OPPORTUNITY

HER father was at the door when she went in. Now for the first time she knew the reason for his change of manner lately, for that bustle about trivial affairs when she was near, that averted eye when she was fond and humorous. She went past him, unable to speak more than an indifferent word, and great was his relief at that, for he had been standing there bracing his courage to consult her on what she must be told of sooner or later. He looked after her as she sped upstairs. "I wonder how she'll take it?" he said to himself, greatly perplexed. "A father has some unco tasks to perform, and here's a father not very well fitted by nature for the management of a daughter." He took off his hat and dried a clammy brow that showed how much the duty postponed had been disturbing him. "It's for the best, but it's a vulgar business even then. If it was her uncle, now, he would wake her out of her sleep to tell her the news. Poor girl, poor girl! I wish she had her mother."

He went into the barn, where corn was piling up, the straw filling the gloomy gable-ends with rustling gold. Loud he stormed among some workers there; loud he stormed, for him a thing unusual; and they bent silent to their work and looked at one another knowingly, sensible that he was ashamed of himself.

Sitting dry-eyed on the edge of her bed, Nan reflected upon her next step. At a cast of her mind round all the countryside she could think of no woman to turn to in this trouble, and only with a woman could she share it. Her pride first, and then the fear of her father's anger, left her only certain limits in which to operate. Her pride would not let her even show curiosity in the identity of the man who was to be her doom, nor confess to another that she did not know his name. And the whole parish, if it was acquainted with her sale (as now she deemed it), must be her enemy. Against any other outrage than this she would have gone straight to her father. He that she loved and caressed, on whose knees sometimes even yet she sat, would not be deaf to any ordinary plea or protest of hers. She would need but to nestle in his arms, and loose and tie the antique queue, and perhaps steal a kiss willingly surrendered, and all would be



"Her uncle was scanning the hills"

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well. But this, all her instincts, all her knowledge of her father told her, was no ordinary decision of his. He had gone too far to draw back. The world knew it; he feared to face her because for once to please her he could not cancel what was done. There was no hope, she told herself, in that direction; even if there was she would not have gone there, for the sordid horror of this transaction put a gulf between them. Feverishly she turned over her lowland letters, and there she found but records of easy heart and gaiety; no sacrificing friends were offering themselves in the pages she had mourned over in her moods of evening loneliness. And again she brought her mind back to her own country, and sitting still dry-eyed, with a burning skin, upon her bed, reviewed her relatives and friends, weighing which would be most like to help her.

She almost laughed when she found she had reduced all at last to one eligible—Elasaid, her old Skye nurse, and the mother of Black Duncan, who was in what was called the last of the sheilings, by the lochs of Kames. Many a time her mother had gone to the sheiling a young matron for motherly counsel, but Nan herself had never been there, though Elasaid had come to Nan to nurse her when her mother died. In the sheiling, she felt sure, there was not only counsel, but concealment if occasion demanded that.

But how was she to get there, lost as it was somewhere miles beyond the corner of the Salachary hill, in the wild red moors between the two big waters?

First she thought of Young Islay—first and with a gladness at the sense of his sufficiency in such an enterprise. His was the right nature for knight-errantry in a case like hers, but then she reflected that he was away from home — her father had casually let that drop in conversation at breakfast yesterday; and even if he had been at home, said cooler thought, she would hesitate to enlist him in so sordid a cause.

Then Gilian occurred—less well adapted, she felt, for the circumstances; but she could speak more freely to him than to any other, and he was out there in the hazel-wood, no doubt, still waiting for her. Gilian would do, Gilian would have to do. If he could have seen how unimpassioned she was in coming to this conclusion he would have been grieved.

She went out at once, leisurely and with her thoughts constrained upon some unimportant matter, so that her face might not betray her tribulation when she met him.

In the low fields her uncle was scanning the hills with his hands arched above his eyes to shield them from the glare of the westering sun, groaning for the senselessness of sheep that must go roaming on high altitudes when they are wanted specially on the plains. She evaded his supercilious eyes by going round the hedges, and in ten minutes she came upon Gilian, waiting patiently for her to keep her own tryst. His first words showed her the way to a speedy explanation.

"Next week," said he, "we'll try Strongara; the place is as full of berries as the night is full of stars. Here they're not so ripe as on the other side."

"Next week the berries might be as numerous as that at the very door of Maam," said she, "and I none the better for them."

"What's the matter?" he cried, appalled at the omen of her face.

"My father is going abroad at once," she answered.

"Abroad?" he repeated. He had a branch of bramble in his hand, plucked for the crimson of its leafage. He drew it through his hands and the thorns bled the palms, but he never felt the pain. She was going too! She was going away from Maam! He might never see her again! These late days of tryst and happiness in the woods and on the hills were to be at an end, and he was again to be quite alone among his sheep with no voice to think on expectantly in slow-passing forenoons, and no light to shine like a friendly eye from Maam in evening dusks!

"Well," she said, looking curiously at him. "My father is going abroad, have you heard?"

"I have not," he answered; and she was relieved, for in that case he had not learned the full ignominy of her story.

"Can you not say so little as 'good luck' to us?" she asked in her lightest manner.

"You—you are going with him, then?" said Gilian, and he delighted in the sharp torture of the thorns that bled his hand.

"No," she answered, "it's worse than that, for I stay. You have not heard? Then you are the only one in the parish, I am sure, so ignorant of my poor business. They're—they're looking for a man for me. Is it not a pretty thing, Gilian?" She laughed with a bitterness that shocked him. "Is it not a pretty thing, Gilian?" she went on. "I'm wondering they did not lead me on a halter round the country and take the best offer at a fair! It was throwing away good chances to give me to the first offerer, was it not, Gilian?"

"Who is it?" he asked, every nerve jarring at the story.

"Do you think I would ask?" she said sharply. "It does not matter who it is; and it is the last thing I would like to know, for then I would know who knew my price in the market."

"Your father would never——"

"My father would not do but what he thought he must. He is poor, though I never thought him so poor as this; and I daresay he would like to see me settled before he goes. It is the black settling when I'm cried in the kirk before I'm courted."

"They can never marry you against your will," said Gilian in a dull, lifeless way, as if he had no great belief in what he laid forth.

"And that would be true," she said, "if I had a friend in the whole countryside. I have not one, except——"

He flushed and waited, and so did she expectantly, thinking he would make the fervent protest most lads would do under the same circumstances. But in the moment's pause he could not find the words for his profound feeling.

"Except old Elasaid, the nurse on the Kames moor," she continued.

"Oh, her!" said he lamely.

"There's no one else I could think of."

"Look at me," he cried; "look at me; am I not your true friend? I will do anything in the world for you." But he still went on torturing himself with his bramble branch, the most insensible of lovers.

She was amused and annoyed at his want of the commonest courage or tact. "John Hielan man! John Hielan'man!" she said inwardly, trying a little coquetry of the downcast eyes to tempt him. For now she was so desolate that she almost loved this gawky youth throbbing in sympathy with her tribulation.

"I believe you are my true friend, I believe you are my true friend, and there is no one else," she said, blushing now with no coquetry, and if he had not been a fool and his fate against him, he might at a hand's movement or a word have had her in his arms. The word to say was sounding loud and strong within him; he took her (only, alas! in fancy) to his breast, but what was she the wiser?

"And I can do nothing?" he said pitifully.

"Nothing!" said she; "you can do everything."

"Show me how, then," he said eagerly.

She had been gazing away from him with her eyes on Maam, that looked so sombre a home, and was certainly now so cruel a home, and she turned then, almost weeping, her breath rising and falling, audible to his ear, the sweetest of sounds.

"Will you take me away from here?" she asked in entreaty. "I must go away from here."

"I will take you anywhere you want," said he. He held out his hands in a gesture of sudden offering, and she felt a happiness as one who comes upon a familiar and kind face all unexpectedly in a strange country. Her face betrayed her gladness.

"I will take you, and who would be better pleased?" said Gilian.

She explained her intention briefly. She must leave Maam at the latest to-morrow night without being observed, and he must show her the way to Elasaid's sheiling.

"Ah! give me the right," he said, "and I would take you to the world's end." He put out his hands and nigh encircled her, but shyness sent him back to a calmer distance.

"John Hielan'man!" she repeated to herself, annoyed at this tardiness, but she outwardly showed no knowledge of it.

They planned what only half in fun she called their elopement. He was to come across to Maam in the early morning.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE ELOPEMENT

He had ideas of his own as to how this enterprise should be conducted, but on Nan's advice he had gone about it in the fashion of Marget Maclean's novels, even to the ladder. It was not a rope ladder, but a common one of wood that Black Duncan was accustomed to use for ascent to his sleep in the loft.

Gilian, apprised by Nan of its exact situation, crept breathlessly into the barn, left his lantern at the door, and felt around with searching fingers. The place was all silent but for the seaman's snores as he slept the sleep of a landsman upon his coarse pallet. Outside a cock crew; its sudden alarm brought the sweat to Gilian's brow; he clutched with blind instinct, found what he wanted, turned and hastened from the dusty barn.

The house of Maam was jet-black among its trees, no light peeped, even in Nan's room.

Carefully he put the ladder against the wall beneath her window, and as he did so he fancied he heard a movement above. He stood with his hand on one of the rungs, dubious, hesitating. For the first time a sense of the risks of the adventure swept into that mind of his, always the monopoly of imagination and the actor. He was ashamed to find himself half wishing she might not come. He tried to think it was all a dream, and he pinched his arm to try and waken himself. But the blank black walls of Maam confronted him; the river was crying in its reeds; it was a real adventure that must be gone on with.

He lit the lantern. Through the open door of it as he did so the flood of light revealed his face anxious and haggard, his eyes uncertain. He closed the lantern and looked around.

Through the myriad holes that pierced the tin, pin-points of fire lanced the night, streaming in all directions, throwing the front of the house at once into cold relief with a rasping, harled, lime surface. The bushes were big masses of shade; the trees, a little more remote, seemed to watch him with an irony that made him half ashamed. What an appalling night! Over him came the sentiments of the robber, the marauder, the murderer. As he held the lantern on his finger a faint wind swung it and its lances of light danced rhythmic through the gloom. He put it under his plaid, and prepared to give the signal whistle. For the life of him he could not give it utterance; his lips seemed to have frozen, not with fear, for he was calm in that way, but with some commingling of emotions where fear was not at all. When he gave breath to his hesitating lips, it went through inaudible.

What he might have done then may only be guessed, for the opening of the window overhead brought an end to his hesitation.

"Is it you?" said Nan's voice, just a little revealing her anxiety in its whisper. He could not see her now that his lantern was concealed, but he looked up and fancied her eyes were shining more lambent than his own lantern that smelled unpleasantly.

He wet his lips with his tongue. "The ladder is ready; it's up against your window, don't you see it?" he said, also whispering, but astounded at the volume of his voice.

"Tuts!" she exclaimed impatiently, "why don't you show a light? How can I see it without a light?"

"Dare I?" he asked, astonished.

"Dare! dare! Oh, dear!" she repeated. "Am I to do the daring and break my neck perhaps?"

Out flashed the lantern from beneath his plaid and he held it up to the window. Nan leant over and all his hesitation fled. He had never seen her more alluring. Her hair had become somehow unfastened, and without untidiness there lay a lock across her brow; all her blood was in her face, her eyes might indeed have been the flames he had fancied, for to the appeal of the lantern they flashed back from great and rolling depths of luminousness. Her lips, curled back and open in anxiety, seemed to have gathered up in sleep the wealth of a day of kissing. A screen of tartan that she had placed about her shoulders had slipped aside in her movement at the window and showed her neck, ivory pale and pulsing.

"Come along, come along!" he cried in an eager whisper, and he put up his arms, lantern and all, as if she were to jump. Something in his look made her pause.

"Do you really want to go?" he asked, and she was drawing her screen by instinct across her form. An observer, if there had been such, might well have been amused to see an elopement so conducted. There was still no sound in the night, except that the cock crew at intervals over in the cottars. The morning was heavy with dew; a scent of bog-myrtle drugged the air.

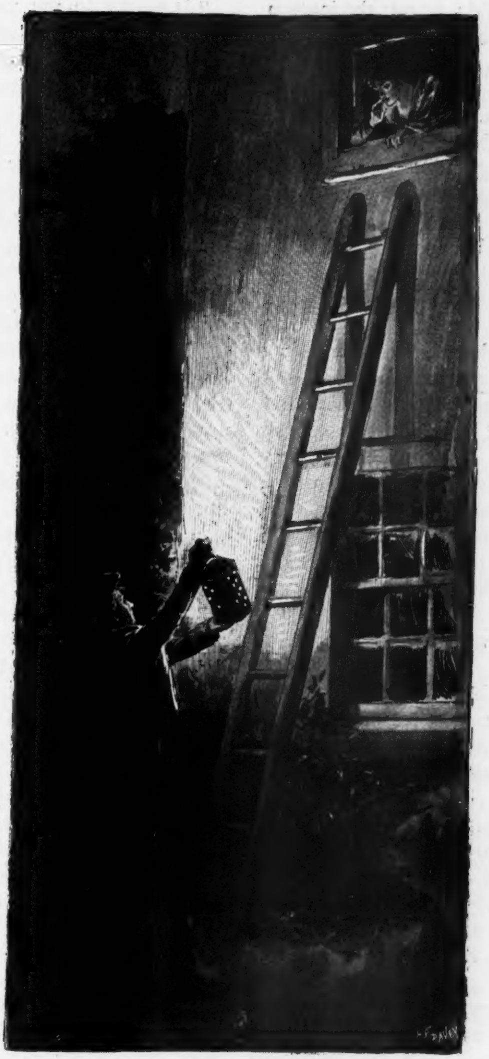
"Do I really want?" she repeated. "Mercy! what a question. It seems to me that yesterday would have been the best time to ask it. Are you rueing your bargain?" She looked at him with great dissatisfaction as he stood at the foot of the ladder, by no means a handsome cavalier, as he carried his plaid clumsily. He was made all the more eager by her coldness.

"Come, come!" he cried; "the house will be awake before you are ready, and I cannot be keeping this lantern lighted for fear some one sees it."

"We are safe for an hour yet, if we cared to waste the time," she said composedly, "and if you're sure you want it——"

"Want you, Nan," he corrected.

"That's a little more like it," she said to herself, and she dropped the customary bundle at his feet. He picked it up gingerly, as if it were a church relic; that it was a possession of hers, apparel apparently, made him feel a slight intoxication. No swithering now; he would carry out the adventure if it led to the end of the world! He hugged the bundle under his arm, as if it were a woman, and felt a fictional glow from the touch of it.


"Nan leant over and all his hesitation fled"

"Well?" said she impatiently, for he was no longer looking at her, no longer, indeed, conceding her so little as the light of the lantern, which he had placed on the ground, so that its light was dissipated around, while none of it reached the top of the ladder.

"Well?" she repeated sharply, for he had not answered.

He looked up with a start. "Are you not coming?" he said, with a tone to suggest that he was waiting impatiently.

She had the window wide open now; she leaned out on her arms ready to descend; the last rung of the ladder was a foot lower than the sill of the window; she looked in perplexity at her cavalier, for it was impossible to put much of grace into an emergence and a descent like this.

"I am just coming," she said, but still she made no other move, and he held up the lantern for her to see the better.

"Well, be careful!" he advised, and he thought how delightful it was to have the right to say so much.

"O Gilian!" she said helplessly, "you are far from gleg."

He gazed ludicrously uncomprehending at her, and in his sense of almost conjugal right to the girl failed to realise her delicacy.

"Go round to the barn and make sure that Duncan is not moving; he's the only one I fear," she said. "Leave the lantern."

He did as he was told; he put the lantern on the ground; he went round again to the barn, put his head in, and satisfied himself that his seaman was still musical aloft. Then he hurried back. He found the lantern swinging on Nan's finger, and her composed upon the ground, to which she had made a speedy descent when he had disappeared.

"Oh! I wanted to help you," said he.

"Did you?" said she, looking for a sign of the humorist, but he was as solemn as a sermon.

They might have been extremely sedate in Miss Simpson's school in Edinburgh, but at that moment Miss Nan would have forgiven some apparent appreciation of her cleverness in getting him out of the way while she came feet first through a window. They stood for a moment in expectancy, as if something was going to happen, she still holding the lantern, trembling a little, as it might be with the cold, he with her bundle under his arm pressed affectionately.

"And—and—do we just go on?" she asked suggestively.

"The quicker the better," said he, but he made no movement to depart, for his mind was in the house of Maam, and he felt the father's sorrow and alarm at an empty bed, a daughter gone.

She put out an arm, flushing in the dark as she did so, as if to place it on his neck, but drew back, and put the lantern fast behind her, lest her fervour had been noticed by the ironic and jealous night. He, she saw, could not notice; the thing was not in his mind.

"In the stories they just move off, then?" said she shyly. "There was the meeting, the meeting—no more, and they just went away?"

"And the sooner the better," said he, again leading the way at last, after taking the lantern from her, and "John Hielan'man, John Hielan'man!" she cried vexatiously within.

She followed, pouting her lips in the darkness. "It's quite different from what I expected," she said, whispering as they passed the front door and down by the burn.

"And with me too," he confessed. "I had it made up in my mind all otherwise. There should have been moonlight and a horse, and many other things."

"It seems to me you are not making so much as you might of what there is," she suggested. "Are you sure it is not a trouble to carry the lantern and the bundle too?"

"Oh! no, no!" he cried softly, but eagerly, every chivalric sentiment roused lest she should deprive him of the pleasure of doing all he could for her.

She sighed.

"Are you vexed you have come?" he asked, stopping and turning on her his yet wan face full of regret and of dubiety too.

"The thing is done," she answered abruptly, and they were stepping carefully over the burn that ran about its boulders in a dark spate, gurgling. "Are you sure you are not sorry yourself?"

"I am not a bit sorry," he said, "but—but——"

"Your buts are too late, Gilian," she went on firmly. "If you rued the enterprise now, I would go myself." But she relaxed some of the coldness of her mood as he shifted his lantern to the other hand and put a bashful but firm and supporting hand below her arm to secure her footing in the rough ascent. This was a little more like what she had expected, she told herself, though she missed something of warmth in the action. How could she tell that the hand that held her was trembling with passion, that her shawl fringe as it was blown across his face by the breeze was something he could have kissed rapturously?

And now they were well up the hillside. The house of Maam, the garden, the plantings, the noisy river, were down in the valley, all surrendered to the night. Their lantern swinging on the lad's finger threw a path of light before them, showing the short cropped grass, the rushy patches, or the gall they trod odorously, or the heather in its rare clumps. No sound came louder than the tumbling waters; their voices, as they spoke even yet guardedly as people will in enterprises the most solitary when their consciences are unresting, seemed strange and unfamiliar to each other.

Soon they were on the summit of the hill range and below them lay the two glens, and the first breath of the morning came behind from Strone where dawn threw a wan grey flag across the world. They plunged into the caldine-trees of Strongara, sped fast across Aray at Three Bridges, and the dawn was on Balantyre, where the farmtouns high and low lay like thatched forts, grey, cold, unwelcoming in the morning, with here and there a stream of peat reek from the *greasach* of the night's fires. They became, as it might be, children again as they hastened through the country. He lost all his diffident dubiety and was anew the bold adventurer, treading loverlike upon the very stars. A passion of affection was on him, he would take her unresisting hand and lead her as though she were his, really, and before them was their moated castle. And Nan forgot herself in the fresh zest of the dewy morning that now was setting the birds to their singing in the dens that hang above the banks of the Balantyre Burn.

A rosy flush came to the hills where on the upper edges spread the antlers of deer sniffing the wind, rejoicing in the magnificence of the fine highland country in its autumn time. Nan hummed and broke into a strain of the verse of Donacha Ban that chants the praise of day and deer-hunting; she charmed her comrade; he felt the passion of the possessor and stopped and turned upon her and made to kiss. She laughed temptingly, drew back, warding her lips with the screen that now she had arranged in a new and pleasing fashion on her shoulders so that she looked some Gaelic huntress of the wilds. "So, so, Gilian!" said she, "you have found that there might be more in the books than simply to take the girl away with not so much as 'have you a mouth?' when she stepped out at the window."

"What a fool I was!" he cried. "I was thinking of it all the time, but did not dare." But awakened to the actuality of what he now had dared, he was ashamed to go further.

Nan laughed. He looked odd indeed standing facing her with the lantern burning yet in his hand though the day was almost wide awake. He was a poet bearing his own light about the world extravagantly while the sun was shining for common mortals.

"Out with your light!" said she. And then she added: "If you dared not do it in the dark when you met me first, you cannot do it now," and he was dashed exceedingly. He puffed out the flame.

"That's aye me!" he said as they resumed their journey up the second hill of their morning escapade. "I am too often a day behind the fair. I was—I was—kissing you a score of times in fancy and all the time you were willing in the actual fact."

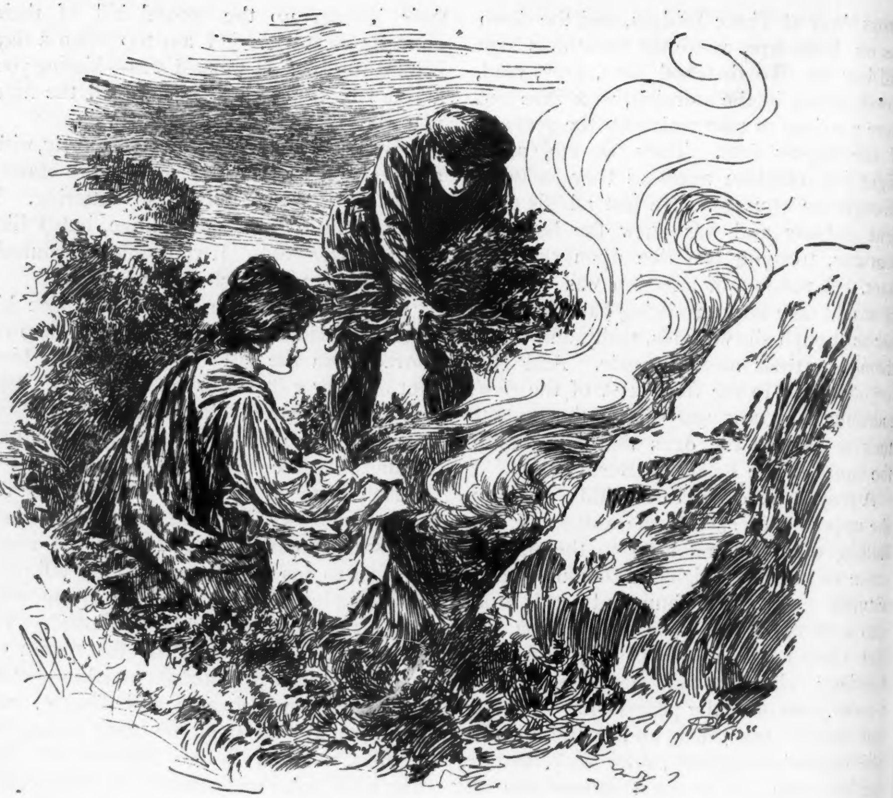
"Was I indeed?" she retorted shortly, with a movement to bring her shawl more closely round her. "Do not be so flattering. I like you little over-blate, Gilian, but I like you less over-bold. If you could see yourself you would know which suits you best."

He had no answer. He must face his brae with lacerated feelings, now a step removed from the girl who walked with him. But only for a little was he depressed. She saw she had vexed him, and soon she was humming again, and again they were children of illusion and content.

They reached the pass that led to the lochs, and now Gilian had to confess himself in a strange country, but he did not reveal the fact to his companion. They talked of their coming sojourn in these lovely wilds that her mother had known and loved. The sun would shine constantly for them; the lakes—the little and numerous lakes—would be fringed with dreams and delight, starshine would find them innocent among the heather, remitted to the days of old when they were happy and careless, when no trouble marred their sky. Only now and then, as they sped on their way, Gilian wished fervently he knew more of where he was going, and was certain that life in the wilds would be so pleasant and easy as they pictured it.

When they came at last upon the slope of Cruach-an-Lochain that revealed the great valley of the lakes, they stood raptured by the spectacle before them. Far off the great hollow among the hills was hazy and mysterious, but spread before them was the moor, tangled with grass and heather, all vacant in the morning dream. A tremor of wind was in the grass about their feet, a little mist tarried about the warm side of Ben Bhreac, caught among the juniper-bushes the hunters had put there for shelter. All over brooded calm, a land forgetful of its stormy elements, of the dripping nights, the hail-beat, shrewd frost and hurricane. They could not, the pair of them, flying from a world of anxieties, but stop and look at the spectacle, when they came on the face of the Cruach. For a little they did not speak.

"My God!" said Gilian at last, a lump



"Soon a cheerful blaze competed with the tardy morning chill"

somewhere at his throat. "It seems as if this place had been waiting on us tenantless since the start of time. Where have we been to be so long and so far away from it? *Mo chridhe, mo chridhe!*"

"Now that I see it," said she doubtfully, "it seems melancholy enough. I wish—" She hung upon her sentence, with a rueful gaze out of her eyes at the scene.

"Melancholy!" he repeated. "Of course, of course," he quickly came to her reflection, "what could it be but melancholy with all the past unrecoverable behind it? It must be brooding for its people gone. Empty, empty, but I see all the old peoples roaming in bands over it, the sun smiting them, the rain drenching, I cannot but be thinking of sheiling huts that spotted the levels, of bairns crying about the doors, of nights of *ceilidh* round peat fires dead and cold now, but yet with the smoke of them hanging somewhere round the universe."

He stopped and turned away from her, concealing his perturbation.

She shivered at the thought and partly from weariness and hunger, with a little sucking in of the breath his ear caught, and he turned, a different man.

"You are tired; will we rest before we go further?"

"Is it far?" she asked.

He reddened. He cast a fast glance round the country as if to look for some familiar landmark, but all was strange to him.

"I do not know," he confessed humbly. "I was never on the moor before."

"Mercy!" she said. "I thought there was never a lad from town but had fished here."

"But I was different," he replied. "The woods and waters about the door were enough for me. But we'll get to Elasaid's very soon, I'm sure, and find fire, food, and rest."

She bit her nether lip in annoyance at a courtier so ill-prepared for their adventure. She turned to look back to the familiar country they were leaving behind them, and for a moment wished she had never left it.

"I wish we could have them now," she said at last; the wish drawn from her by her weariness.

"And so we can," said he eagerly, with a delight at a reflection that sprung into his mind like a revelation. "We can go down to the water there and build a fire, and rest and eat. It will be like what I fancied, a real adventure of hunters, and I will be the valet, and you will be the—the queen."

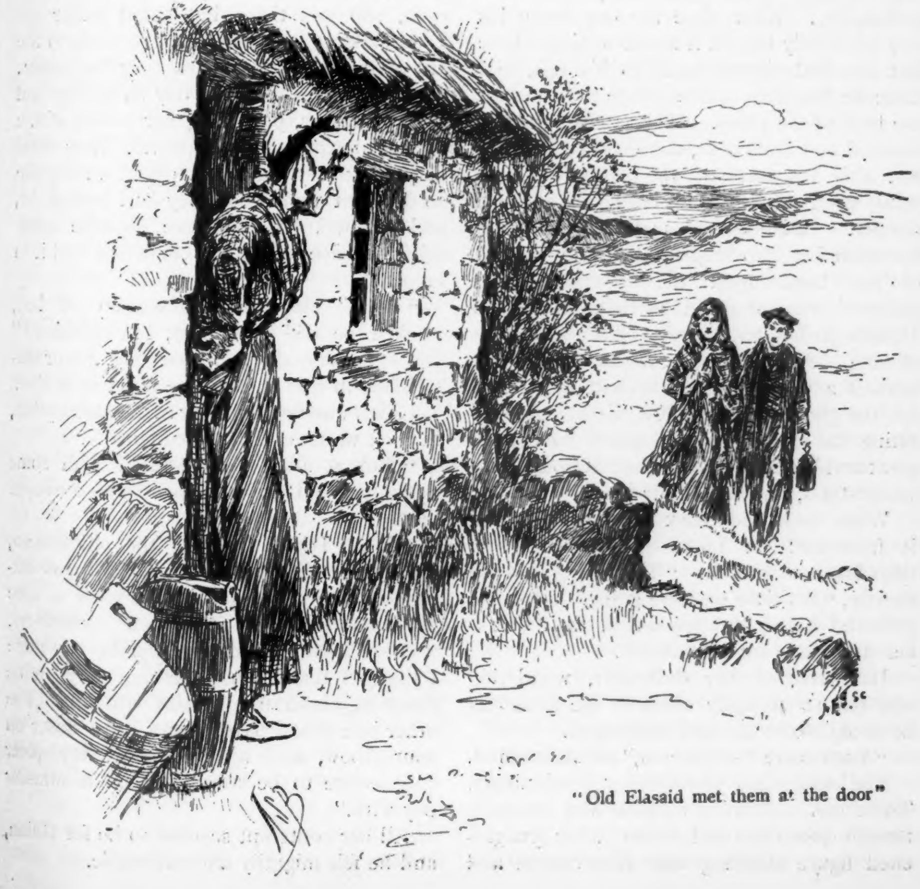
So they went down to the lake side. Heathery braes rose about it, reflected in its dark water; an islet overgrown with scrub lay in the middle of it, the very haunt of possible romance; Gilian straight inhabited the same with memories and exploits. Nan sat her down on the springy heather that swept its scents about her, she leaned a tired shoulder on it, and the bells of the ling blushed as they swayed against her cheek. Gilian put down his lantern, a ludicrous companion in broad sunshine, and was dashed by the sudden recollection that though he had talked of something to eat, he had really no means of providing it!

The girl observed his perturbation and shrewdly guessed the reason.

"Well?" she said maliciously, without a smile; "and where are we to get the food you so nicely spoke of?"

He stood stupefied, and so dolorous a spectacle that she could not but laugh.

"You have got none at all, but imagined our feast—as usual," she said, unfolding her bundle. "It was well I did not depend on your forethought, Gilian," and she took a flask of milk and some bread from within. He was



"Old Elasaid met them at the door"

as much vexed at the spoiling of his illusion about the contents of the bundle as at the discovery of his thoughtlessness. What he had been so fervently caressing against his side had been no more romantic than bread and cheese and some more substantial augmentation for the poor table of the old woman they were going to meet!

The side of the loch bristled with dry heather roots; he plucked them and placed them on the side of a boulder beside Nan, and set fire to them, and soon a cheerful blaze competed with the tardy morning chill. They sat beside it singularly uplifted by this domestic hearth among the wilds; he felt himself a sort of householder, and to share as he did the fare of the girl was a huge delight. Her single cup passed between them; at first he was shy to touch at all the object her lips had kissed; he showed the feeling in his face, and she laughed again.

He joined in the merriment, quite comprehending. Next time the cup came his way he boldly turned it about so that where last she had sipped came to his lips, and there he lingered—just a shade too long for the look of the thing. What at first she but blushed and smiled at, she frowned upon at last with a sparkle of the eye her Uncle Jamie used to call in the Gaelic the torch of temper. Gilian missed it; that touch of his lip upon her cup had recalled the warmth of her hand upon the flowers he had gathered when she had let them fall in the Duke's garden, but this was closer and more stirring. As he knelt on the heather he felt himself a worshipper of ancient days, and her the goddess of long-lost times. An uplifting was in his eyes; it would have been great and beautiful to any one that could have understood, but her it only vexed.

When he handed back the cup she tossed it from her. It broke—sad omen!—on their first hearthstone. "That'll do," said she shortly, "it's time we were going." And she gathered hastily the remains of their breakfast and made for a departure.

He surveyed her dubiously, wondering why she so abruptly checked the advances he could swear she had challenged.

"I am sorry I vexed you," he stammered.

She brought her brows down questioningly. There was something pleasant and tempting though queen-like and severe in her straightened figure standing over him curved and strong and full, her screen fallen to her waist, a strand of her hair blown about her cheek by a saucy wind.

"Vexed?" she queried, and then smiled indifferent. "What would I be vexed at? We are finished, are we not? Must we be burdening ourselves unnecessarily going on a road you neither know the length or nature of?"

And without a word more they proceeded towards the sheiling that was to be the end of their adventure.

CHAPTER XXX

AMONG THE HEATHER

Old Elasaid met them at the door. She was a woman with eyes profound and piercing under hanging brows, a woman grey even to the colour of her cheeks and the checks of the gown that hung loosely on her gaunt figure. It was with no sheiling welcome, no kind memory of the old nurse even, she met them, but stood under her lintel looking as it were through them to the airt of the country whence they had come. She passed the time of day as if they had been strangers, puckering her mouth with a sort of unexpressed disapproval. They stood before her very much put out at a reception so different from what they had looked for, and Gilian knew that there must be something decisive to say but could not find it in his head.

"Well," said the old woman at last, "this'll be the good man, I'm thinking?" But still she had that in her tone, a sour dissatisfaction that showed she had her doubts.

Gilian was not unhappy at the assumption, but felt warm, and Nan reddened.

"Not at all," she answered with some difficulty. "It is just a friend who convoyed me up."

"Well, I kent it," said the old woman, who spoke English to show she was displeased, and there was in her voice a tone of satisfaction with her own shrewdness. "When I saw you coming up the way there I thought there was something very unlike the thing about this person with you. The other one would have been a little closer on your elbow, and a lantern's a very queer contrivance to be stravaiging on a summer day with."

All her contempt seemed to be for Gilian, and he felt mightily uncomfortable.

"Tell me this," she went on, suddenly taking Nan by the arm and bending a most condemnatory face on her; "tell me this: did you run away from the other one?"

"Mercy on me!" cried the girl. "Is the story up here already?"

"Oh, we're not so far back," said the dame, who did not add that her son the seaman had told her the news on his last weekly visit.

"Then I'll need the less excuse for being here," said Nan, trying to find in the hard and unapproving visage any trace of the woman who in happier days used to be so kind a nurse.

"No excuse at all!" said old Elasaid. "If it's your father's wish your flying from, you need not come here." She stepped within the house, pulled out the wattle door and between it and the fir post stuck a disapproving face.

"Go away! go away!" she cried harshly, "I have no room for a baggage of that kind." Then she shut the door in their faces; they could hear the bar run to in the staples.

For a minute or two they stood aghast and silent, and Nan was plainly close on tears. But the humour of the thing struck her quick enough—sooner than Gilian saw it—and she broke into laughter, subdued so that it might not reach the woman righteous within, and her ear maybe at the door chink. It was not perhaps of the heartiest merriment, but it inspired her companion with respect for her spirit in a moment so trying. She was pale, partly with weariness, partly with distress at this unlooked-for reception; but her lips, red and luscious, smiled for his encouragement.

"Must we go back?" he asked, irresolute, as they made some slow steps away from the door.

"Back!" said Nan, her eyes flashing. "Am I mad? Are you speaking for yourself? If it must be back for you let me not be keeping you. After all you bargained for no more than to take me to old Elasaid's, and now that I'm here and there's none of the Elasaid I expected to meet me, I'll make the rest of my way somewhere myself." But her gaze upon that rolling and bleak moorland was far less confident than her words.

Gilian made no reply. He only looked at her reproaching for her words, and humbly took up step by her side as she walked quickly away from the scene of the cold reception.

They had gone some distance when Elasaid opened her door again and came out to look after them. She saw a most touching helplessness in the manner of their loose uncertain walk across the heather, with no fixed mind as to which direction was the best, stopping and debating, moving now a little to the east, now a little to the west, but always further into the region of the little lochs. She began to blame herself for her hastiness. She had expected that, face to face with her disapproval, the foolish young people would have gone back the way they came; but here they were going farther away than ever from the father in whose interest she had loyally refused her hospitality. She cried loudly after them with a short-breathed Gaelic halloo, too much like an animal's cry to attract their attention. Nan did not hear it at all; Gilian but dreamed it, as it were, and though he took it for the call of a moor-fowl, found it in his ready fancy alarmingly like the summons of an irate father. But now he dared betray no hesitancy; he did not even turn to look behind him.

Elasaid cried again, but still in vain. She concluded they were deliberately deaf to her, and "Let them go!" she said crabbedly, flaunting an eloquent arm to the winds, comforting herself with the thought that there was no other house in all that dreary country to give them the shelter she had denied.

The sun by this time was pouring into the moor from a sky without a speck of cloud. Compared with the brown and purple of the moor and the dull colour of Ben Bhreac—the mount away to the south-east—the heavens were uncommonly blue, paling gradual to their dip. In another hour than this distressed and perplexed one, our wanderers would have felt some jocund influence in a forenoon so benign and handsome.

And now, too, the country began to show more of its true character. Its little lochs—a great chain of them—dashed upon their vision in patches of blue or grey or yellow. The valley was speckled with the tarns. Gilian forgot the hazards of the enterprise and the discomforts to be faced; he had no time to think of what was to be done next for them in their flight, so full was he with the romance of those multitudinous lakelets lost in the empty and sunny wilds, some with isle, all with shelving heathery braes beside them, or golden bights where the little wave lapped. He turned to his companion with an ecstasy.

"Did you ask me if I rued it?" he said. "Give me no better than to stay here for ever—with you to share it."

She met his ardour with coolness. "I wish you had been so certain of that a little ago," she said; "you seem very much on the swither. Have you thought of what's to be done next? It is all very well to be putting our back to the angry Elasaid behind us there, but all the time I'm wondering what's to be the outcome."

He confessed himself at a loss. She eyed him without satisfaction. This young gentleman, who seemed so enchanting in circumstances where no readiness of purpose was needed, looked very inadequate in the actual stress of things, in the broad daylight, his flat bonnet far back on his brow, his face wan, his plaid awry. And there was something in his carriage of the ridiculous lantern that made her annoyed at herself for some reason.

She stopped, and they hung hesitating, with the lapwings crying about them, and no other sound in the air.

"I'm going back," said she, as if she meant it.

His face fell. This time there was no mistaking his distress.

"No, no, you cannot, Nan," he said. "We will get out of it somehow; you cannot return, and what of me? It would be ill to explain."

"We're neither whaup nor deer," said she, shrugging her shoulders, "to live here wild the rest of our days."

Gilian looked about him rather helplessly, and he started at the sight of a gable wall, with what in a sheiling might pass for a window in it, and he knew it for a relic of the old days, when the moor in its levels here would be spotted with happy summer homes, when the people of Lochow came from the shores below and gave their cattle the juicy grazing of these untamed pastures, themselves living the ancient life, with singing and spinning in the open, gathering at nights for song or dance and tale in the fine weather.

"There's something of shelter at least," he said, pointing to it. She looked dubiously at the dry-stone walls almost tumbling, the cabars of what had been a byre fallen over half the interior, and at the rank nettles—head-high almost—about the rotten door.

"Is this home-coming?" she said whimsically, forcing a smile, but she was glad to see it. By this time she was master of her companion's mind, and could guess that it would be to him a palace for them both. But they went up towards the abandoned hut, glad enough, both of them, to see an edifice, even in decay, showing man had once been there, where now the world about seemed given over to vacant sunshine or the wild winds of heaven, the rains, and doleful birds. It stood between two lochs that were separated from each other but a hundred yards of heather and rush, its back-end to one of the lochs, the door to Ben Bhreac.

Gilian went first and trod down the nettles, making a path that she might the more comfortably reach this sanctuary so melancholy. She gathered up her gown close round her, dreading the touch of these kind plants that hide the shame of fallen lintels and the sorrow of cold hearths, and timidly went to the door, her shawl fallen from one of her shoulders and dragging at the other. She put her head within, and as she did so, the lad caught the shawl, unseen by her, and kissed the fringe, wishing he could do so to her lips.

A cold damp air was in the dwelling, that had no light but from the half open door and the vent in the middle of the roof.

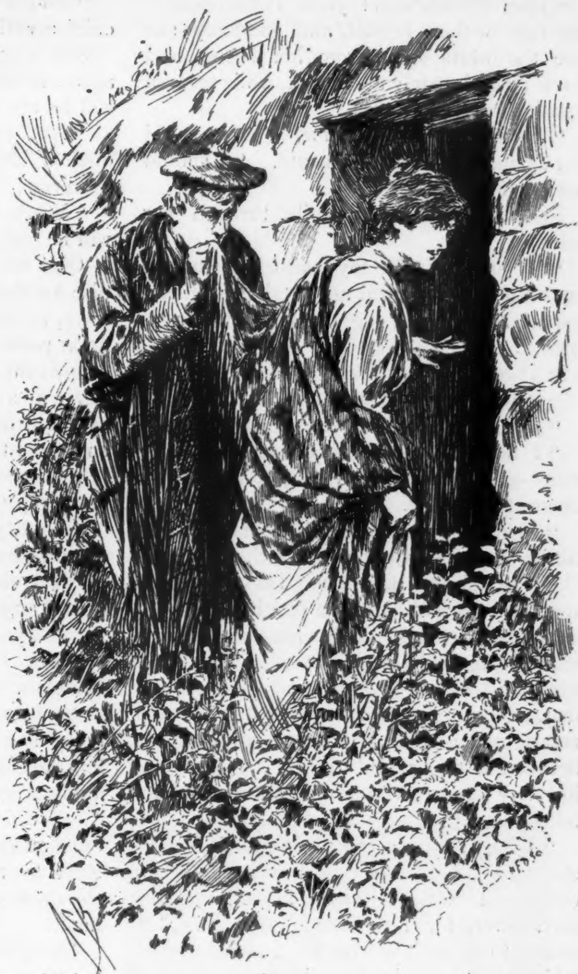
She drew back shuddering in spite of herself, though her whole desire was to seem content with any refuge now that she had brought him so far on what looked like a gowk's errand.

He ventured an assuring arm around her waist and they went slowly in together, and stood silent in the middle of the floor where the long-dead fire had been, saying nothing at all till their eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom.

What she felt beyond timidity she betrayed not, but Gilian peopled the house at an instant with all its bygone tenants, seeing the peats ruddy on the stones, the smoke curling up among the shining cabars, hearing ghosts gossiping in muffled Gaelic round the fire.

Yet soon they found even in this relic of old long-gone people the air of domesticity; it was like a shelter even though so poor a one; it was some sort of an end to her quest for a refuge, though the more she looked at its dim interior the more content she was with the outside of it. Where doubtless many children had played, on the knowe below a single shrub of fir-wood, Nan spread out the remains of her breakfast again and they prepared to make a meal. Gilian gathered the dry heather tufts, happy in his usefulness, thinking her quite content too, while all the time she was puzzling as to what was next to be done. Never seemed a bleak piece of country so lovely to him as now. As he rose from bending over the heather and looked around, seeing the moor in its many colours stretch in swelling waves far into the distance, the lochans winking to the day and over all a kind soft sky, he was thrilling with his delight.

She summoned him in a little to eat. He looked at her scanty provender, and there was as much of truth as self-sacrifice in his words as he said: "I do not care for eating; I am just satisfied with seeing you there and the world so fine." And still exulting in that rare solitude of two he went farther off by Little Fox Loch and sought for white heather, symbol of love, as rare to find among the red as true love is among illusion. Searching the braes he could hear, after a little, Nan sing at the sheiling hut. A faint breeze brought the strain to him faintly so that it might be the melody of fairydom heard at eves on grassy hillocks by the gifted ear, the melody of the gentle other world, had he not known that it had the words of "The Rover." Nan was singing it to keep up her heart, far from cheerful, tortured indeed with doubt and fear, and yet the listener found in the notes content and hope. When he came back with his spray of white heather he was so uplifted with the song that he ran up to her for once with no restraint and made to fasten it at her neck. She was surprised at his new freedom but noway displeased. A little less self-consciousness as he fumbled at the riband on her neck would have satisfied her more, but even that disappeared when he felt her breath upon his hair and an unconscious touch of her hand on his arm as he fastened the flower. She let her eyes drop before his bold rapture, he could have kissed her there and then and welcome. But he only went halfway. When the heather was fastened, he took her hand and lifted it to his lips, remembering some inadequate tale in the books of Marget Maclean.



"The lad caught the shawl unseen by her and kissed the fringe"

"John Hielan'man! John Hielan'man!" she said within herself, and suddenly she tore the white spray from her bosom and threw it passionately at her feet, while tears of vexation ran to her eyes.

"Forgive me, forgive me, I have vexed you again," said Gilian, contrite. "I should not be so bold."

She could not but smile through her tears.

"If you will take my heather again and say nothing of it, I will never take the liberty again," he went on, eager to make up for his error.

"Then I will not take it," she answered.

"It was stupid of me," said he.

"It is," she corrected meaningly.

"I never had any acquaintance with—with—girls," he added, trying to find some excuse for himself.

"That is plain enough," she agreed cordially, and she followed it with a sigh.

For a minute they stood thus irresolute and then the lad bent and lifted the ill-used heather. He held it in his hand for a moment tenderly as if it was a thing that lived, and sighed over it, and then, fearing that, too, might seem absurd to her and vexatious, he made an effort and twirled it between a finger and thumb by its stem like any casual wild-flower culled without reflection.

"What are you going to do with it now?" she asked him, affecting indifference, but eyeing it with interest; and he made no answer, for how could he tell her he meant to keep it always for remembrance? "Give it to me," she said suddenly, and took it from his fingers. She ran into the house and placed it in the only fragment of earthenware left by the departed tenants. "It will do very well there," she said.

"But I meant it for you," said Gilian ruefully. "It is a sign of good luck."

"It is a sign of more than that, I've heard many a time," she replied, and he became very red indeed, for he knew that as well as she, though he had not said it. "I'll take it for the luck," she went on.

"And for mine too," said Gilian.

"That's not so blate, John Hielan'man!" said she again to herself. "And for yours too," she conceded, smiling, "When you find that I have taken it away from there you will know it is for your luck too."

"And it will be at your breast then?" he cried eagerly.

She laughed and blushed and laughed again, most sweetly and most merrily. "It will be at—at—at my heart," she said.

"Ah," said he, in an instinct of fear that quelled his rapture; "ah, if they take you from me!"

"When I take your heather," said she, "it will be for ever at my heart."

Oh! then that savage moorland was Paradise for the dreamer, and he was a coquette's slave, fettered by a compliment. The afternoon passed, for him at least, in a delirium of joy; she, though she never revealed it, was never at a moment's rest from her plans of escape from her folly. Late in the afternoon she came to a lame conclusion.

"You will go down to the town to-night," she said, "and——"

"And you!" he cried, alarmed at the notion of severance.

"I'll stay here, of course. You'll tell Miss Mary that we—that I am here, and she will tell you what we—what I, must do."

"But—but—" he stammered, dubious of the plan.

"Of course I can go home again to Maam now," she broke in coldly, and she was vexed for the alarm and grief he showed at the alternative.

"I will go; I will go at once," he cried, but first he went far down on Blaraghour for wood for a fire to cheer her loneliness, and the dusk was down on them before he left her.

She gave him her hand at the door, a hand for once with helpless dependence in the clinging and the confidence of it, and he held it long without dissent from her. Never before had she seemed so beautiful or so affable, so necessary to his life. Her trials had paled the colour of her face and her eyes had a hint of tears. Over his shoulder she would now and then cast a glance of apprehension at the falling night and check a shudder of her frame.

"Good-night!" he said.

"Good-night!" she answered, and yet she did not loose her prisoned hand.

He sighed, and brought, in spite of her, an echo from her heart.

Then he drew her suddenly to his arms and scorched her face with lips of fire.

Nan released herself and fled within. The door closed; she dared not make her trial the more intense by seeing the night swallow up her only living link with the human world beyond the vague selvedge of the moor.

And Gilian, till the dawn came over Cruach an Lochain, walked by the side of Little Fox Loch, within view of the hut that held his heart.

REAL WORCESTER

By P. F. SLATER

It is told that Mr. Gladstone once denounced the early manufactures of the famous Worcester firm as no better than forgeries of old Japanese ware, of which, indeed, they are too often dead copies, down even to the smallest details. The truth is, however, as Mr. Gladstone himself afterwards admitted, that the forgery was quite unintentional, and arose out of the too great fidelity of the artists employed by the firm to prepare designs in the Japanese style. Being entirely devoid of trade knowledge, and only anxious to do their work thoroughly, these gentlemen adopted the simple plan of copying their models line for line, even to the trade-marks, of whose meaning they were blessedly ignorant. Such refreshing innocence was possible a century and a half ago.

For nearly a hundred and fifty years, Worcester has stood among the foremost, and it is now one of the oldest, centres of porcelain manufacture in Europe; and probably as many strangers are attracted within its walls by the prospect of a visit to its famous pottery as by the more classic glories of its cathedral. Indeed, the roll of visitors to the great works includes a long list of royal and noble personages from almost every quarter of the world, and few firms have on their books so many names of the highest social rank. Even from far Japan commissioners have not scorned to come to study here improved methods of work and the principles of the division of labour.

It is an interesting fact that, so far back as the Roman occupation, a considerable trade in pottery was carried on in this vicinity, many antique specimens having been found almost on the very spot where the Royal Porcelain Works now stand. There is also certain evidence that decorative tiles, of which Malvern Abbey, a few miles distant, and Worcester Cathedral itself, furnish some beautiful examples, were made in the neighbourhood during the Middle Ages. In modern times, however, the trade owes its origin to the industry and enterprise of Dr. Wall, a distinguished citizen of Worcester in the last century, who, having succeeded, after many experiments, in producing an artificial porcelain of great beauty, and so closely resembling the Oriental eggshell pottery as to be almost undistinguishable from it, in the year 1751, in company with some other gentlemen of the city, opened a factory to work his invention. The new

EARLY WORCESTER QUART MUG, BELONGING TO THE DR. WALL PERIOD

Blue band, rich gold border, painted landscape and flowers; crescent mark

SERVICE MADE IN "REGENT" PORCELAIN FOR THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

Buff band, richly gilt; arms of the Company in centre

industry sprang at once into note, and thirty years later, when George III. visited the establishment, he conferred upon it the name of "The Royal Porcelain Works," by which it has ever since been known.

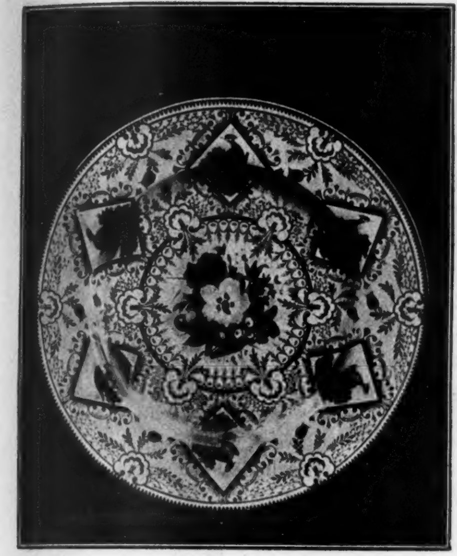
But Dr. Wall's invention was soon superseded by the Cornish clay, or rotten-stone, the discovery of which in 1768 completely revolutionised the porcelain industry of the country. The value of the new material, however, was not at first recognised, and it is pretty safe to assume that old English ware, of whatever make, of a date prior to 1780, or thereabout, is of artificial composition, while anything of more recent manufacture is almost certainly of natural clay. At present, in addition to the ordinary white porcelain or china made from the Cornish clay, which is now universally used, the Worcester Company produces, as a speciality, an ivory porcelain of great beauty and transparency, manufactured from Swedish felspar, and extensively used in the production of ornamental goods.

The works at Worcester cover a space of five and a half acres, and employ about nine hundred workpeople, the large majority of whom are required to undergo a long and strict apprenticeship. There appears to be an unusually happy relationship between the Company and its employées, everything that experience can suggest being done for the welfare and comfort of the workers. Especially interesting in these days is the Benefit Fund scheme, devised and worked out by the present managing director, Mr. Evans, and which, without costing a penny to the workers, provides a bonus on retirement from service, or, in the case of death, a corresponding sum to be paid to the surviving relatives. From this fund, which has been in operation since 1879, a female worker, retiring after thirty-five years' service, receives an allowance of £37, while to a workman of the first class, after a like period, a bonus of £100 is granted. For shorter terms of service proportionately smaller amounts are paid. A woman, for instance, can retire voluntarily, after fourteen years, either on her marriage or when her family demands all her attention, and receive a bonus of £7 10s.; or should accident or sickness compel her retirement after a similar period, she would receive double that amount.

As visitors to the works, we make the tour of inspection under the guidance of an old servant of the Company, specially detailed for that duty, and thoroughly qualified to explain all the processes of manufacture.

SERVICE MADE FOR THE PRINCE REGENT

Rich gold edge, green band, flowers in panels; royal arms in centre



SERVICE MADE FOR PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

Celeste blue band, richly gilt diamond-shaped panels, with exotic birds ; flowers in centre

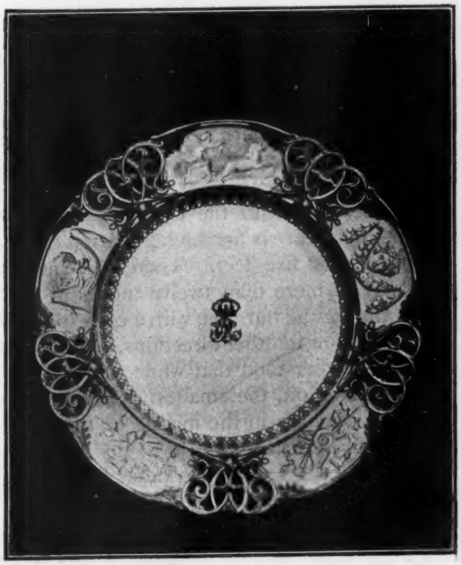
We commence at the mill-house, where all the materials used are ground in water, under heavy blocks of granite, until they are reduced to the consistency of thick cream. This process lasts from two to six days, and the liquid is then forced through a sieve of fine silk, numbering about four thousand meshes to the square inch, and next through a system of magnets intended to extract the iron, which, if allowed to remain, would cause discoloration of the finished ware.

After grinding, the materials are mixed in due proportions, carbon, in the form of calcined ox bones, being added to the kaolin, or Cornish clay, to give it transparency; and then, having been pressed and kneaded to bring it to the proper consistency, the clay is ready for the hands of the potter, by whom it is either thrown on the wheel, pressed, or cast in moulds to the required shape.

The potter's wheel is one of the oldest mechanical contrivances in the world, and has scarcely varied in form since it was first used by the artificers of Egypt more than four thousand years ago. Formerly it was employed for the production of all kinds of pottery; but its use is now confined to plain circular articles, such as bowls or cups, and even these are, unfortunately, robbed of all marks of the individuality of the worker by the turning lathe, on which they are finished to an identical pattern.

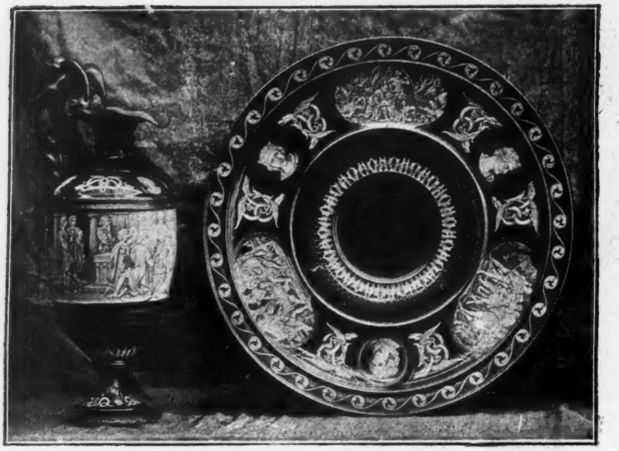
The more purely mechanical method of casting is used for the production of ornamental ware of all kinds, and is the only mode possible for figure-making. For this purpose, when the model comes from the hands of the designer, it is cut into perhaps twenty or thirty pieces, from each of which a plaster mould is taken. Into these moulds the porcelain, or "slip," is run, in a semiliquid state, and when a sufficient quantity has set round the sides, the remainder is poured away, leaving a hollow replica of the mould, which soon dries and contracts sufficiently to be removed from the matrix. The various pieces are now fitted together by the workman, and cemented with liquid slip, the marks of juncture being removed with a camel's hair brush, and the vase or figure, after being propped up with strips of clay of the same quality as itself, is then ready for the first firing.

This is the crucial point of the whole business, for now the slightest error in the previous processes will betray itself, any lack of homogeneity in the material, either of the



DESSERT SERVICE MADE FOR HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1861

Painted with white enamel on turquoise ground ; royal monogram and crown ; richly gilt



EWER AND STAND IN WORCESTER ENAMELS

Painted on royal blue ground by J. Bott, after designs by Daniel Maclise

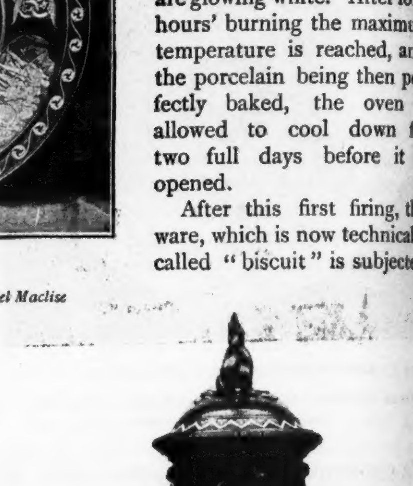
Part of a series illustrating the Norman Conquest

tain six hundred or more pieces. The doorway is now bricked up, and, the furnaces being lighted, the temperature is gradually raised until a heat of two thousand degrees is attained, at which point the whole contents of the oven are glowing white. After forty hours' burning the maximum temperature is reached, and, the porcelain being then perfectly baked, the oven is allowed to cool down for two full days before it is opened.

After this first firing, the ware, which is now technically called "biscuit" is subjected

article itself or of the temporary scaffolding with which it is built up, causing unequal contraction, and destroying the piece beyond remedy. This will be understood when it is remembered that, by whatever process the ware has been produced, it is liable to a shrinkage during firing equal to about one-sixth of its original size. As an illustration of the difficulties encountered here, and of the niceness of workmanship required, the magnificent vase sent by the Company to the Chicago World's Fair, and afterwards sold for £1000 to Mr. Dyson Perrin of sauce fame, may be mentioned. This piece of work, when put into the oven for its first firing, stood over six feet high; when it came out it was just five feet. There was thus a shrinkage of more than twelve inches in the height during the burning, with a corresponding contraction in other directions, and it will be readily understood that while this shrinkage was going on, the smallest defect, either in construction or in the mixing of the clay, would have been fatal.

Even with smaller and less valuable articles, great care must be observed at this point in the work. Each piece is therefore carefully propped up in its own seggar, or fire-clay case, with a view to its protection during the fiery ordeal to which it is to be subjected. The seggars are then piled one above another in the biscuit oven, which when full may con-



VASE BELONGING TO A PAIR EXECUTED IN WORCESTER

By J. Bott, after designs by Maclise

The subjects are derived from the Bayeux Tapestry, and
incidents in the Norman Conquest. These vases, and
and stand shown on this page, engaged the Artist the
of two years

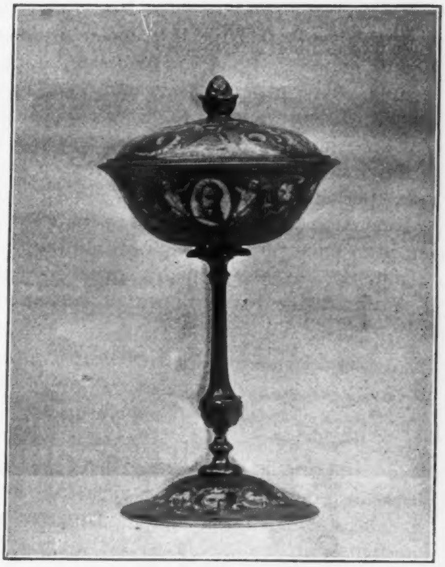
to a careful examination for defects, and is then ready for glazing. The substance used for this purpose is a glass of special composition, ground in water in the same manner as the other materials, but requiring ten days in the mill to reduce it to the necessary degree of fineness. Into this liquid the ware is dipped by hand, after which it is thoroughly dried in a hot chamber, whence it is carried to the glost oven, where a sufficient heat is produced to re-melt the glaze, and reduce it to a fine coating of glass on the surface of the "biscuit."

Coming from the glost oven, the porcelain is ready for the hands of the decorator, upon whose work the beauty and value of the pieces chiefly depend. The men employed in this department undergo an apprenticeship of seven years, and are required to pass through a thorough course of instruction in drawing and colour manipulation, in the school attached to the works. The wages earned by them vary, according to their skill, from 30s. to £3 weekly, an exceptional man occasionally receiving at a higher rate than that. In few trades is there the same room for individual artistic taste, and specimens of work are shown in the museum, which, for delicacy and beauty of execution, would be no shame to painters of far higher pretensions.

This work is carried on in a large, well lighted apartment, and in the whole establishment there is nothing more interesting to the visitor than to watch the clever fingers of the artists, as, with their tiny brushes, they elaborate with unerring touch, on the smooth, white surface of the porcelain, designs of the daintiest beauty. But notwithstanding the interest with which one observes the process, the appearance of the ware under the decorator's hand is decidedly disappointing to the uninitiated, the peculiarity of this class of artistic work being that, owing to the great change produced in the colours by the subsequent burning, the final effects have to be judged rather by experience than by sight.

All the colours used in porcelain decoration are made from metallic oxides, and are, of course, of the finest quality procurable. The gold is obtained absolutely pure from the assayer, and is ground up in the works with the requisite medium and a small proportion of mercury. As applied by the brush of the artist, the gold paint is of a dirty black and gives little promise of beauty; but in the subsequent firing the mercury goes off under the heat, and leaves a fine surface of dim yellow gold, which is afterwards burnished by hand, by means of an instrument tipped with bloodstone or agate. It is rather startling to be told that in some years as much as £10,000 worth of pure gold has been used at Worcester for decorative purposes.

The firing in connection with the decorating process is a most delicate operation, and the brightness and beauty of the resulting colours depend almost entirely upon the care with which it is performed. The slightest fault, either in the heat of the oven or in the handling of the ware, may destroy a whole batch of goods, and as this firing has to be repeated, in some cases, as often as thirteen or fourteen times, almost every colour requiring a different temperature, it may be readily understood that the cost of the finest classes of porcelain must be to most pockets simply prohibitive. As an illustration of how money can be got rid of, the writer was shown, among other beautiful extravagances, a sample of a dessert service valued at £13 per plate, and that this was not merely a



PERFUME HOLDER

Decorated by Bott, sen. Exhibited at Paris in 1855 fancy price may be judged from the fact that such a service would take three or four months to produce.

Transfer-printing is, of course, a much quicker and cheaper mode of decoration than hand-painting, and some very beautiful work is done by this method, which lends itself easily to the reproduction of the most delicate designs. To one accustomed to the rapid methods of book illustration, the printing process adopted here seems quite primitive in its simplicity, though it is probably the best for the purpose. The engraved copper plate having been carefully inked, an impression is taken from it by hand on thin tissue-paper, and the print is passed on to a girl, who, with a smooth, blunt instrument, presses it into contact with the surface to be decorated. The paper is then moistened and rubbed off, leaving upon the porcelain, which may be either glazed or dim, an exact replica of the design, to be afterwards burned in and made permanent in the furnace.

Reference ought to be made to the charming little museum over which Mr. Binns, the art-director of the Company, presides; but it is impossible to speak within reasonable limits of the treasures collected here. How can a magazine article adequately describe a place where many hours could be pleasantly and instructively spent? Not only to the art collector, but to every one who can appreciate delicacy of form or beauty of colouring, this is a veritable palace of delights. Only, like some other places that are so called, it is decidedly provocative of sin, for the man who could linger here without being sadly tempted to a breach of the tenth commandment must be either very good or very dull indeed.

The Japanese collection alone is worth a visit, and it has the merit of being, if not the largest, at least the oldest, in Europe. A curious coincidence occurred here some years ago, when a Japanese Commissioner visiting the museum recognised some of his own handiwork among the exhibits. It is also said that the same gentleman, going the round of the cases, stopped dead before a curious-looking piece of porcelain fretwork, labelled "A Japanese Bird Cage," and asked indignantly, "What do you mean by calling that a bird cage? It is an incense-burner." How they got out of it is not told.

INFANT CHIMNEY SWEEPERS

By the Rev. J. A. DRON

UNDER the influence of the new humanity it is hard for the people of this generation to believe the stories that are told of sufferings inflicted on children in this country but a few years ago. Were they not only too well authenticated we would say that it was incredible that law could have been so lax, religion so useless, and humanity so dead as to make these things possible. At the beginning of the Queen's reign there were many occupations in our land in which the little ones were ruthlessly tortured, but perhaps for cruelty and hideousness this one of chimney sweepers was never equalled. How long it had continued we cannot tell, but it is not much more than twenty years since it was finally stamped out. I remember when I was a boy at school in the seventies hearing about this and being told that little children were then being sent up chimneys to sweep them, and it must have been this that induced me to try climbing up and sliding down chimneys of a house building near, to the great destruction of my clothes and—of less consequence in my guardian's eyes—bruises and scratches innumerable on my body and legs. I now see that this must have been about the year 1876, when the question of this employment of children was for the last time brought up in Parliament and the abomination put an end to. A parliamentary committee had been appointed a few years before, and this proved up to the hilt the allegations of the friends of the children regarding the degradation and suffering of those employed in this work. One fact they stated was that out of three hundred and eighty-four children they had examined only six could write, and twenty-six could read, though very imperfectly.

To find the evil, however, in full swing and unobstructed activity we have to go back another thirty years, to the time when Lord Shaftesbury brought the matter before Parliament and carried on a vigorous crusade until he induced the legislature to pass the Chimney Sweepers' Bill of 1840.

In that year he stated in the House of Commons that to his personal knowledge a child of four and a half was being sent up daily to sweep chimneys. He had seen, he said, the little ones when off work sleeping, quite naked, on heaps of soot. They were never washed, for their owners said "Where's the good?" They often contracted a loathsome and painful disease which went by the name of "sooty cancer." It was shown that over all the country children from four to eight years of age were constantly employed in this work. The majority of them were orphans, the rest were bartered or sold by brutal parents.

They had to be taken young and trained to their hideous work of pushing their way through long, narrow, tortuous passages choked up with soot. To clean this away they had to move up and down by pressing every joint of their bodies against the hard and often broken surfaces of the chimneys. To prevent their hands and knees from streaming with blood the children were rubbed with brine before a strong fire to harden the flesh. To drive them up the chimneys when they hesitated burning straw was applied to their feet, and this also was found useful to bring them round if they fainted or stuck in the flue. That is no fancy picture that Dickens draws in the beginning of "Oliver Twist" of the sort of masters the children had. The reader will remember that Gamfield, after almost stunning his donkey to make it stand still, walks up to the workhouse gate, whereon was a notice that five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any one who would apprentice him to any calling.

Gamfield reflects that this would just suit him, and steps in before the Board to make his offer. "If the parish vould like him to learn a light pleasant trade in a good 'spectable chimbley-sweepin' bisniss I wants a prentice and am ready to take him." The Board thought a little. "It's a nasty business," said one gentleman. "Young boys have been smothered in chimneys before now," said another. "That's acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down agin," said Gamfield; "that's all smoke and no blaze; vereas smoke ain't o' no use at all in making a boy come down, for it only sends him to sleep, and that's what he likes. Boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, gen'lmen, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run. It's humane, too, genl'men, acause, even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roasting their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate theirselves." The Board, however, maintained that it was a nasty trade, and seeing that it was so they beat down Gamfield to three pounds ten shillings, and agreed to give him Oliver with that. Such were the guardians and masters the children then had. Later in the same book we find Bill Sikes and his friends complaining bitterly of recent legislation which had reduced the supply of diminutive children that were needed by them in their "business" to put through the small apertures of windows to open for them the doors of houses they meant to rob. It was their custom to hire boys from the master chimney sweepers at so much per "job."

Lord Shaftesbury himself had actually to buy many of the boys from their masters that he might rescue them and have them educated and set up in life. He interested others in them, and before legislation did anything many were saved from their terrible life. But though there were humane men in England, it is surprising to learn how strong was the opposition against any legislative interference with the children's lot. Petitions were sent to Parliament against Shaftesbury's Bill. The insurance companies of London and other cities clamoured against it. Pamphlets and articles were written to destroy it, and it needed all Shaftesbury's solemn eloquence, backed up by the terrible facts he produced, to obtain a majority in 1840.

But though the evil was then scotched it was by no means killed. It went on more secretly, but now and again the public were startled by hearing of a boy's death in a flue. There seemed to be a recrudescence of the evil about 1872, for in that year there were several fatalities. In October 1872 a boy was sent up the flue of a fernery in Staffordshire. Not appearing in fifteen minutes the flue was hastily opened and the boy found dead. Soon after another very similar death took place at Canterbury, but this time public opinion was roused, and the master was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. This had the most salutary effect. It was seen that the iniquity would be no longer tolerated, and other methods had to be employed for sweeping chimneys. The legislation of 1876 made that form of child torture and degradation a thing of the past.

But the effects of this and other forms of similar evil will be with us for many a day. Those who have worked among the criminal classes and the degraded poor know well the type which never seems to attain to true manhood. Dwarfed in body, stunted in intellect, conscience only a sense of things painful and pleasant, they are the despair of all who endeavour to help them. They are the results of an heredity of evil, and of ill-usage. Little chance had they and their parents or grand-parents before them. But give them time. By patience, kindness, and education they will grow to the standard of healthy humanity.

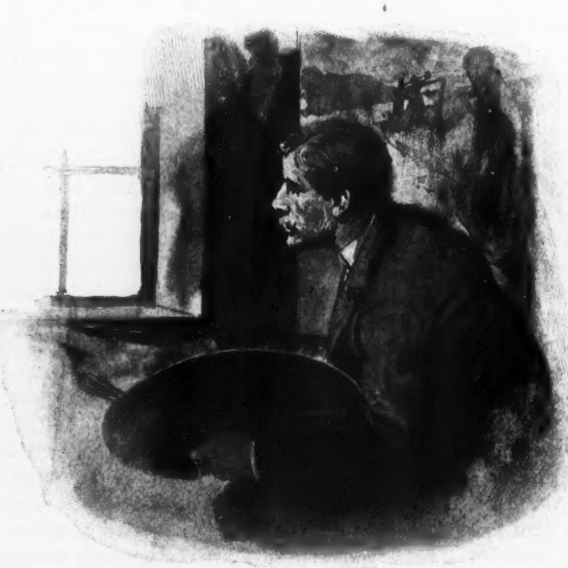
AN ARTIST'S LOVE STORY

By HELEN BODDINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

CHAPTER I

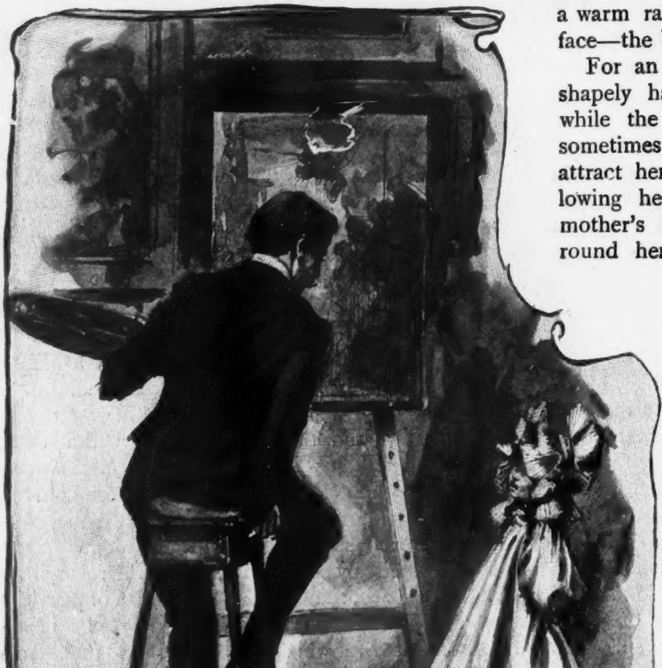
IT was from my window I first saw her, and though I could not discern her features distinctly I know I should have recognised her afterwards in a crowd because I have never seen any other woman carry herself quite as she did. The gentle swaying movement of the tall lithe body, the turn of the well-shaped head—these were, to my mind, unique. But then I am an artist, and artists, especially those whose line is figure-painting, accustom themselves to take in at a glance the most trivial details in connection with the human frame. As I said, the first time I saw her was through my window. I sat with my easel in front of me making the most of the light, for, although only four o'clock, the shadows were deepening. As she stepped from a carriage which had just stopped in front of the house opposite, something impelled me to raise my eyes from my canvas. Perhaps it was the sound of wheels, for few vehicles passed down that quiet little street; perhaps the movement was prompted by the thought that the days were shortening, that darkness came too soon, so much too soon. Be that as it



"I raised my eyes, my glance fell upon her" may, when I raised my eyes my glance fell upon her. I have wondered since, if I had then known of the events which were to follow—if I had known how, in the future, our lives would intermingle—should I have sat there criticising her movements so calmly? I think not, for, looking back now, I feel surprised that my pulses did not quicken, that my heart did not give one great bound of joy, as I looked for the first time upon this woman who was to take so large a part in my life. "Ah, so she is the new lodger," I said to myself, as I saw the driver lift down a heavy trunk from the box seat, while the girl, for at that time she could not have been more than twenty-three, rang the front door bell. Then she returned to the vehicle, and a few seconds later entered the house with a child in her arms. After that the small servant came out and carried in bags, boxes, cloaks and umbrellas, and what in the dim light looked to me like an easel. Before I had ceased wondering if she had come to this little French town, as so many girls did, to study at the Art School, or to copy some of the Old Masters in the small though extremely fine picture gallery, a light appeared in the window exactly opposite mine, and the blind being up, I could see into the room quite distinctly.

The landlady—I knew her by sight because she was a crony of my landlady—the only occupant of the room, seemed to be putting the finishing-touches to the table, which was evidently laid for tea. This done, without doubt to her satisfaction, for with her head on one side she stood for a few seconds looking admiringly at it, then suddenly disappeared through the doorway, and the new arrival entered the room almost immediately afterwards with the child, a little toddling thing, clinging to her skirt. I still held my palette and brushes in my hand, but I was quite unmindful of the fact, for the two figures moving about the room opposite had a sort of fascination for me, and for the time being I thought of nothing else. Presently she lifted the mite from the floor, and with easy grace tossed her time after time into the air, then caught her to her breast and smothered the tiny face with kisses. It is a curious feeling to an onlooker—to see, yet hear nothing. I knew that the little one screamed with laughter, and I guessed that the mother, for such I now felt convinced she was, talked in tones which matched the child's mirth. The servant entered carrying a teapot, while she, still with the little one in her arms, came close to the window, looked out into the dusk, and drew down the white linen blind, after which I could see nothing but shadows. With a half-sigh I turned to my canvas, and then I realised that I could no longer see the colours, and that another day was fast drawing to a close. I looked at the darkening sky, I glanced round my little room, and somehow a sort of desolate feeling crept over me, and for the first time for many years I felt that perhaps fame could not give entire happiness. Was it a glance into the lives of this mother and child that set me thinking thus? I knew little of women and their ways, I never had a sister, and my own mother was the only woman with whom I had ever come in close contact, and she, dear old soul! had joined the great majority some years ago. I judged other women by her standard, and reverenced them accordingly, though the idea of marriage had never had any attraction for me: it was not love for which I sought, it was fame. In a measure I had gained that, I had made a certain name in the world of art, my pictures sold well and brought me in a very fair income; but all this was not enough: I wanted to climb to the top of the ladder. My great ambition was to paint a picture that would cause my name to live. This was my one aim in life, my one wish. If this hope were gratified, then indeed I felt that there would be nothing more to wish for. But that night after the blind had obscured from my view the young mother and her little child, for the first time I realised that perhaps there might be something greater, higher, better in life than the fame I strove after.

I had come to this place for the purpose of copying a painting by Tintoretto. This picture was in the gallery, and it was there I traced my steps early the following morning. I had not been seated before my easel many minutes when the woman and child who had taken up their abode in the room opposite mine made their appearance. She passed up the gallery, the little one trotting by her side, and placing her easel about a hundred yards in front of me, took out her brushes and colours, and very soon set to work in a most businesslike fashion. Her copy was a piece of Vernet's most delicate handicraft,



"'You can't paint pictures so well as my mammie,' she said"

very small but exquisite in colouring. As she sat the light fell full upon her face, and I saw that it was rarely beautiful, yet there seemed something lacking, something wanting, to make the face an entirely pleasing one. I was pondering on what this something could be when, happening to raise my head, I saw her lean back in her chair, while for an instant her eyes left the canvas in front of her, and rested on the child who sat on the floor at her feet, hugging a doll and cooing to herself in soft baby language. Then as if by magic a change passed over the cold, calm features, mother-love leapt into the eyes, the lips smiled, and a warm radiant glow spread over the face—the beauty was completed.

For an hour or more the long shapely hand wielded the brush, while the little one prattled on, sometimes tugging at her skirt to attract her attention, sometimes pillowing her golden head on her mother's knee or playing bo-peep round her chair. Now and then she smiled at her, or talked in a soft undertone, and once she stooped and kissed the wee face. My work certainly did not grow apace this morning, for my eyes kept wandering from it to the two figures in front of me. Presently the little one, growing tired of the company of her doll, and evidently thinking her mother was not giving her enough attention, wandered further afield. Suddenly she caught sight of me, and stood staring at me with round, wondering eyes. She was one of those children who, with their pure innocent faces, look half angels, as if they had come by mistake to this hard, bitter world of ours. I smiled at her, and she smiled back at me and edged a little nearer, stood still for a few seconds, and finally came to my side.

"You can't paint pictures so well as my mammie," she said, standing on tiptoe to examine my work.

"No," I said with mock gravity, "I wish I could."

"You must try, try, try again, that's what my mammie says to me," she returned in her lisping baby voice.

"You love your mammie very much?" I queried.

She nodded her head emphatically three times, as though that question could not be answered in mere words.

"Have you dot a little dirl?" she asked, looking up into my face with her head on one side.

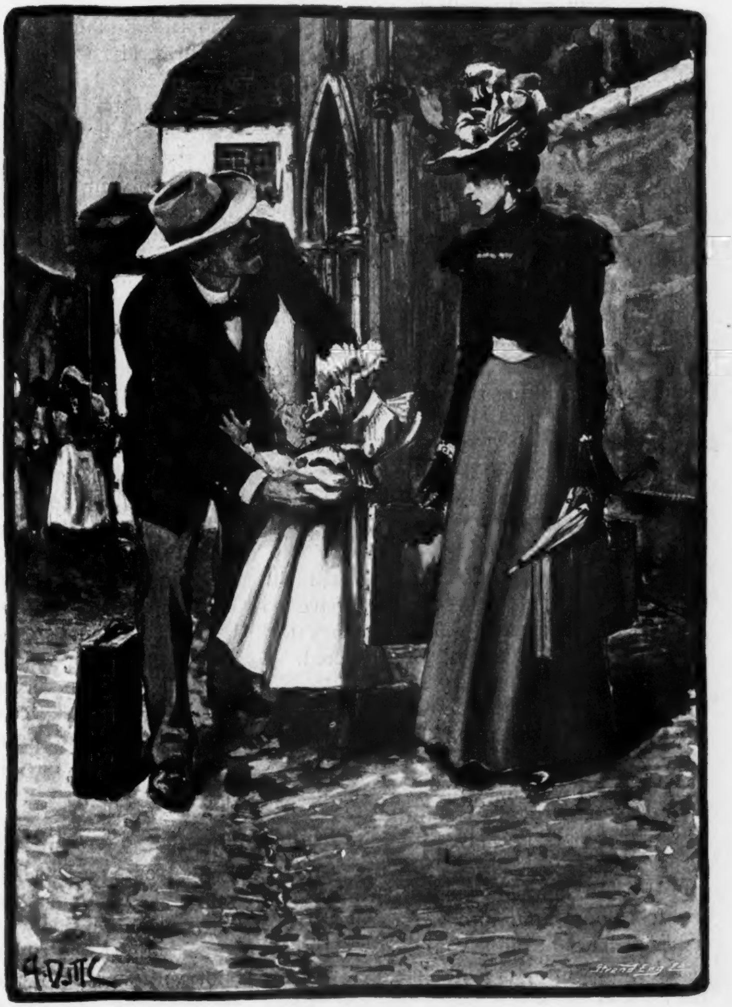
"No, I haven't got a little girl," I said.

"Poor man!" she murmured, "poor man! dot no little dirl. Neber mind, you's a nice man, me likes you."

Suddenly the child's mother lifted her head, and seeing no little one beside her, turned round with a look of fear. Then she became aware of my proximity, and with an expression of relief her eyes fell upon the child standing beside me. She sprang to her feet and snatched the little one up in her arms. "Naughty baby to go away from mother," she said, hugging the child to her breast. Then she looked at me. "I am afraid she has been disturbing you. I do apologise, it was most careless of me to allow her to wander away."

She spoke rapidly, the voice was low and sweet, and the way she expressed herself had an un-English sound, which I found afterwards was caused through living abroad the greater part of her life. I am afraid I answered awkwardly enough, for I am a reserved man and have not that calm assurance which is so natural to most men. However, what I said, which was something to the effect that the little one had given me great pleasure, seemed to satisfy her, for she smiled and thanked me, and as she moved away I heard her say, "You must stay with mother now, darling—don't go away again."

About twelve o'clock she put up her painting materials, took the little one by the hand, and passed out of the room, the child turning round to wave a tiny hand to me in farewell.



"'Yes, nice man tarry me,' said the child"

CHAPTER II

Two weeks had passed, and during that time regularly each day she and I had taken up our accustomed places in the gallery. We had never had occasion to speak to each other since that first day, but the little one had made several pilgrimages in my direction, and the mother, I think, seeing that I encouraged the child, did not check her again. My picture was almost finished, I knew I should have no need to come again, and somehow I didn't like the thought of this. I knew I should miss seeing the beautiful, grave face of the woman as she bent over her work, I knew, too, that I should miss the sound of her voice as she spoke in low, sweet tones to the child. I heard from my landlady that she was a widow, and a great pity filled my heart as I thought of the young girl fighting the battle of life alone, in all probability working hard for the maintenance of herself and her child.

It was nearly mid-day, I had just put the finishing-touches to my picture, when she—my lady, as I had grown to call her in my own mind—rose from her seat and with the child took her departure.

There being no cause for my staying longer I put up my painting materials and followed their example.

I saw them in the distance walking slowly along the footpath. The little one was dragging on to her mother's skirt, and as I came within a few yards of them I heard her say, "Mammie, do tarry me, I'se so tired!"

"I wish I could, darling," answered the woman in a weary voice, "but I have so much to carry already. These things feel heavier than usual to day," she muttered.

Then I came up side by side with them.

"Let me carry the little one," I said, and my heart beat fast as I looked into her face.

"Yes, nice man tarry me," said the child before my lady could speak; and in the same instant I stooped and lifted the mite into my arms.

"It is so kind of you," she said, and a soft colour came into her cheeks, "but I do not like to trouble you."

"I can assure you I am delighted to carry her: she is not a very heavy burden," I said jestingly.

"Nevertheless it is good of you, and I am grateful." She had a way of laying a special stress on a word here and there which seemed to add warmth to her utterances and gave her speech a quaint sound and a deep ring of earnestness. "I think we are near neighbours," she said presently.

"Yes, and our chief occupation seems to be the same. Having these in common, I wonder if I might introduce myself to you?" I said. "My name is Paul Calvin."

"Paul Calvin, the artist?" she queried in surprised tones.

"Yes, the same," I answered.

"I am pleased to know you," she said half shyly. "By reputation I know you well, and I have seen and admired many of your pictures, Mr. Calvin. But you do not live here?"

"No, I am only staying for the purpose of copying a painting in the gallery, which, by the way, I have finished to-day."

"Then your work is over—you will return to England?"

Was there a shade of regret in her voice, or did I try to imagine it?

"Soon," I said, "but before I go back I have one or two trifles to complete." I did not add that if I had never seen her the trifles would certainly have been completed in England and not here.

"My name is Barbara Rhodes," she said simply, as we waited for the door to be opened; then she held out her arms, and I put the child, who had by this time fallen asleep with her head on my shoulder, into them.

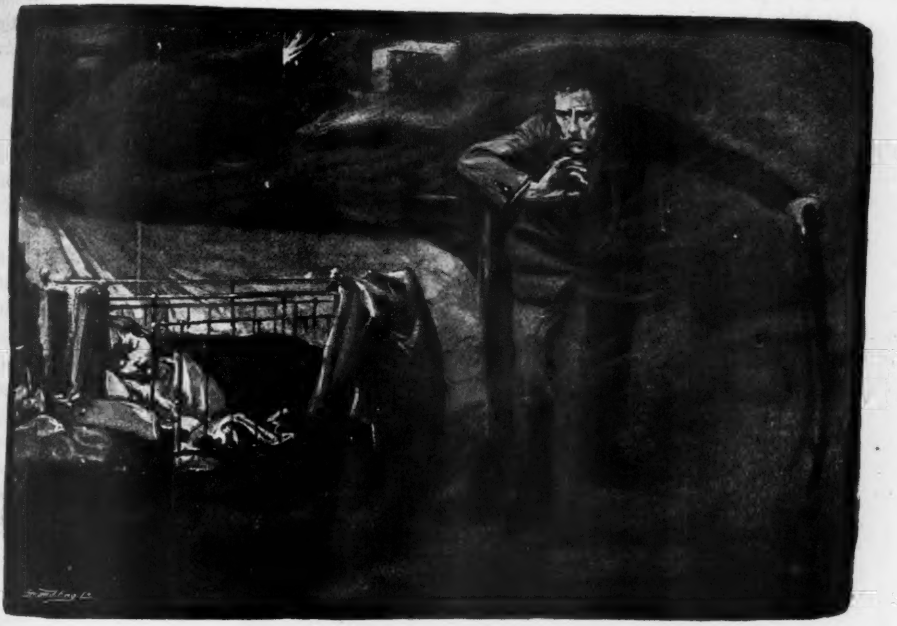
"Good-bye," I said; "if at any time I can be of use to you, will you tell me?"

"Thank you," she answered, and she lifted her deep earnest eyes to my face, "I may be glad to, for I am very much alone."

Then the door closed upon her, while I crossed the road to my lodging with the pathetic words still ringing in my ears.

CHAPTER III

One evening a few days later as I was entering my own door, the door over the way opened and my lady came out and walked quickly down the street. The little one was not with her, so I concluded that she had gone to bed. It was a dark, dreary night, and I felt sorry to think that she should be obliged to go out alone and unprotected.



"Thank Heaven! by the bedside was a cot'

However, I knew that it would be presumption on my part to offer to accompany her, and so I simply lifted my hat, while she bowed with a grave smile, and I entered the house. Of late the dominant hope of my life had taken a back seat, the wish for fame seemed slowly melting away, and all because I had looked into the face of a woman, whose lightest word, whose most fleeting glance, was more to me than the fame I had spent so long in wooing and at whose shrine I had worshipped so ardently.

I had not been seated in my room more than half an hour when a confused murmur of voices in the street attracted my attention, and going to the window I looked out into the darkness. What was the matter? had there been an accident? I wondered.

The sounds below grew louder while I, throwing up the sash, leant out. Then I saw what had happened: the house opposite was on fire! As yet there were no flames, but volumes of smoke issued from the top windows and roof.

"The child's mother is out, the little one is in the burning building!" In an instant I was in the street.

Forcing my way through the crowd, I soon found myself on the opposite side. The landlady stood on the pavement wringing her hands, while a few men were carrying the furniture out of the rooms on the ground floor, nobody attempting to go upstairs, for the landing and staircase were enveloped in thick smoke.

"The mother and child!" I gasped, "where are they?"

"The woman is out, but the child is upstairs," said somebody.

"Has nobody gone to fetch her?"

There was no answer for a second or two, then a voice from the crowd said, "We were waiting for the firemen."

"Cowards!" I hissed, and the next instant I was groping my way up the staircase. Which room was the child in? that was the question. The landing was thick with dense, blinding smoke, and it was with difficulty I crossed it and grasped the knob of the first door within my reach. I entered the room—there was no sign of the child. Sick with fear, I turned and groped my way to a door higher up, from which smoke was coming out in great clouds. Thank Heaven! by the bedside was a cot. I saw the golden head of the little sleeping child, and as I snatched her into my arms and covered her with a blanket I noticed that already tongues of fire were issuing from an inner door, and I knew that in a very little while they would have reached the cot. "Thank God!" I murmured as I rushed from the room, while before my mind's eye rose the face of a woman with agony as of death written on it. I carried the little one to my own sitting-room, and drawing the sofa near to the fire I placed her on it. She stirred in her sleep, and the great brown eyes so like her mother's looked up at me in wonder.

"Me wants my mammie," she said drowsily.

"Yes, dear," I answered, stroking the silky locks, "yes, mammie's coming soon."

This seemed to content her, for with a tired sigh she murmured, "Dood night," and the eyelids closed again.

The mother would come back, she would not know that the child was safe, she would suppose her to be in the burning building. As this thought came to me I rushed downstairs again and out into the crowd. The fire-engine was at work and there was a Babel of voices, but above all these sounds I could hear the cry of a woman. The voice was hers—I could not mistake it.

"My child, my child!" she shrieked. "Oh, God! my little one!"

I could see that a fireman was holding her back, while she with almost superhuman strength was trying to drag herself from his grasp in order to rush into the house. In her excitement she spoke in English and the people did not understand what she said. Just as I reached them she made a final struggle, freed herself from the man's grasp, and bounded into the house. As she was about to mount the stairs I clutched her arm. She tried to struggle from me as she had from the man, and though I shouted "She is safe," she took no heed.

"My child, my child!" she kept repeating.

"The child is safe, I tell you," and I took her bodily and forced her against the wall.

Then for the first time she looked at me. "You mean that she is dead, that she is burnt to death!" The eyes were wild, the face was white and drawn, the voice had a hollow sound.

"No, no, she is safe, she is alive; come with me and I will take you to her."

"Is it true? Oh! for the love of Heaven don't deceive me," she cried, as I led her across the street.

"She is safe, quite safe," I repeated.

"Thank God! thank God!" she said as we mounted the stairs, while her breath came in gasps and choking sobs shook her body.

In her hurry she stepped on her skirt, and would have fallen, and then it was that I put my arm round her, and half leading, half carrying, I took her to the child. Shall I ever forget how she laughed and cried over the little one, how she showered kisses on the wee face, and how the child looked at her in vague alarm?

"My baby, my own little child!" she murmured, pressing the tiny form convulsively to her breast, while she rocked herself to and fro and tears of joy streamed down her cheeks.

I left them together for a time, and presently when I came back she had grown calmer, and once again the little one was sleeping peacefully on the sofa. As I entered the room she stretched forth her hands to me.

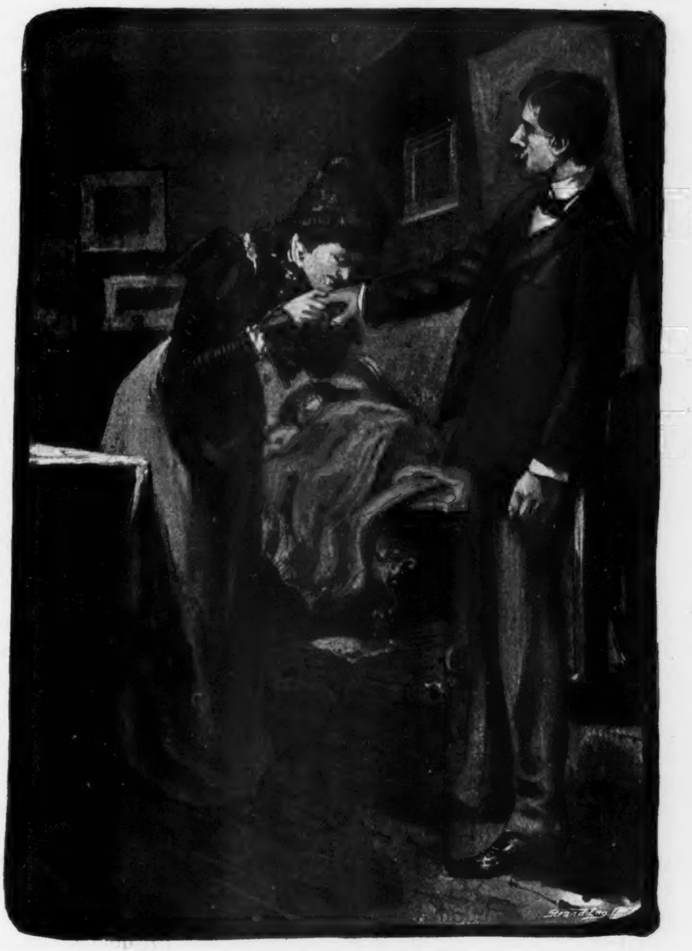
"I can never repay you for what you have done for me to-night. But for you I should have been childless now. Ah, yes! I have heard about your bravery; the woman has told me how you risked your life to save my child."

"It was nothing," I murmured.

"Nothing!" she echoed. "Ah! you don't know how much it means to me."

She moved nearer to the sofa, and stood looking down at the little sleeper. "She is my all, it would have killed me to have lost her. Mine was a loveless marriage," she continued, turning to me. "God sent her to me when I was most miserable, and I have never had any one else to love. To think that I so nearly lost her, that I might never have heard her call me mammie again, never have felt her tiny arms round my neck!" and she bent over the child with a great passionate love in her face. "No, I can't thank you enough in words, I can only pray that the greatest blessings Heaven can give may be always yours."

And then she grasped my hand in hers, and before I realised what she was doing she had pressed her lips to it.



"Before I realised what she was doing she had pressed it to her lips"

I signified to my landlady that I was willing to give up my room to Mrs. Rhodes and her child, and accordingly she provided me with a bedroom at the top of the house and a sitting-room on the first floor.

A week passed. I knew I ought to return to England, yet still I lingered. Three weeks slipped by, during which time I occasionally met my lady on the landing or staircase, when we exchanged a few commonplace words and then passed on. Yet it was joy to me to know that she was under the same roof, to take her hand in mine sometimes, to get one smile from her.

At last a day came when I made up my mind to go on the morrow. I had received an urgent letter from England that morning. My duty was plain: I must go.

It was evening, and after sitting in deep thought for some time, I rose to my feet, and with slow reluctant steps traced my way to the door of her sitting-room. I was going to say "Good-bye" to her.

My heart beat to suffocation as I knocked and heard her say, "Come in." Then I turned the knob, and we stood face to face.

"I have come," I began, and to myself my voice sounded strange, "to wish you good-bye."

A smile of welcome played round her lips as I entered, but as I said the words it disappeared.

"Come to say good-bye to me?" she echoed. "Are you going away?"

"Yes, to-morrow early I return to England."

There was a second or two of silence, after which she said, "I am sorry you are going away." Then she lifted her eyes to mine with a look in them I had never seen there before.

"I shall not forget you," she breathed softly, stretching forth her hand to me. "I shall remember you always because—because you have done so much for me."

I saw that she trembled, and that her face was deadly pale. A wild joy came to me. Did she—could she—care for me? I drew nearer and took her hand in mine. "Will you do something for me?" I said.

"Ah, yes! tell me what it is, and I will do it gladly."

Perhaps she read in my face what I would say to her, for suddenly she bent her head low while a soft colour mantled her cheeks.

"Will you come with me to England?" Instinctively I opened my arms, and with the light of a great love shining in her face she crept into them.

"Mother!" called a baby voice from the inner room, "mother!" Together we stood beside the cot, while she, looking into my face, said, "For my sake you will love my child?"

"Her mother is the dearest on earth to me, but her little child comes next."

CHRISTCHURCH SALMON

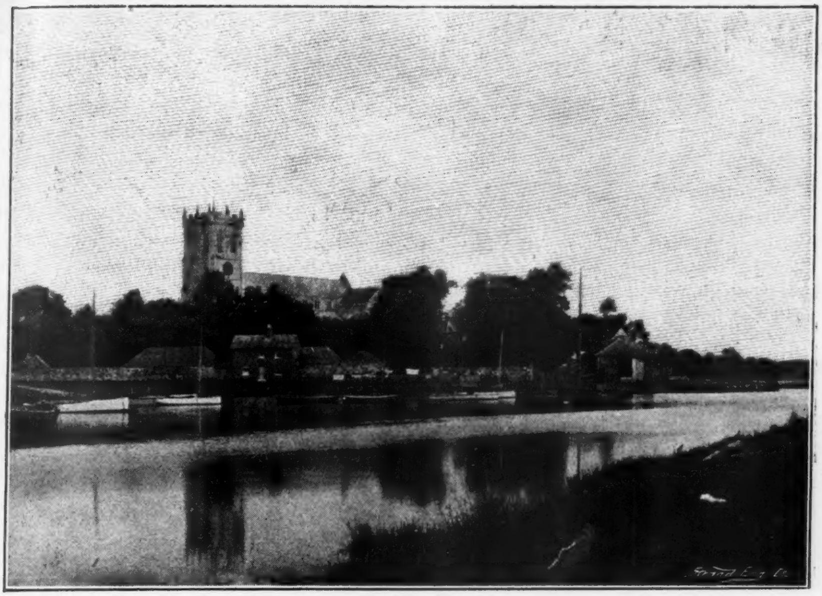
By F. G. AFLALO

FLOWING gently through different portions of the town, the fishful waters of Stour and Avon merge a little below the old minster, and pass united the Mudeford sandbank that shuts out the dancing Solent with its background of the island's white outposts. This miniature Land's End, with its daily hecatomb of blanching crabs and starfish from the salmon nets, would seem to many somewhat gruesome for holiday time, yet for me it has always had strange attractions, whether the nets are working, as between February and August, or whether, at other times, the foreshore is abandoned to the autumn birds intent on traversing the gleaming waves to their southern homes.

Nor is it the birds alone that pass thereby in periodic migration. The salmon has attractions all its own to both sportsman and naturalist. The more bigoted of trout fishers may quibble over the dainty beauties of the floating fly, but for many anglers salmon fishing remains supreme. The cabinet ichthyologist may affect, or even feel, a deeper interest in the comparative anatomy of lung-fishes and ganoids, but what problem more fascinating to the true fish-lover than that of the salmon's dual existence, the mystery of its hidden wanderings, the wonder of its alternate food and fast? Even to the suburban hostess the dry, pink flesh brings a note of satisfaction, for she recognises that, however woolly, the dish lends her table a distinction that in off seasons must be upheld by the surreptitious substitution of "salmon shad."

The greater part of our London salmon travels long distances by sea or rail, and this does not tend to improve it for the table. All this will, of a certainty, be remedied when Mr. Grenfell and his colleagues shall succeed in restoring salmon to the Thames—when! Meanwhile, we have two salmon rivers well within three hours' rail of the metropolis. We have indeed others that are nearer, but none, I believe, regularly netted.

Spring visitors to Bournemouth cannot fail to notice the regular show of well-conditioned "Best Christchurch" salmon in the fishmongers' shops, and they may generally satisfy themselves that this is no van-dried Scotch fish, no pale importation thawed from the ice-room of a Canadian liner, but the genuine remains of salmon that were probably entering the estuary not two hours since, when the wall of netting impeded their merry attempt to end their honeymoon in the upper reaches of either Stour or Avon. The crowds that flock in August to the popular watering-place arrive too late for the experience, but those who are there a month or two earlier might wisely spare a few hours away from the everlasting pines and chines, arcades and waggonettes, to visit this Mudeford salmon fishery. I give, for what it is worth, my assurance that, should they have



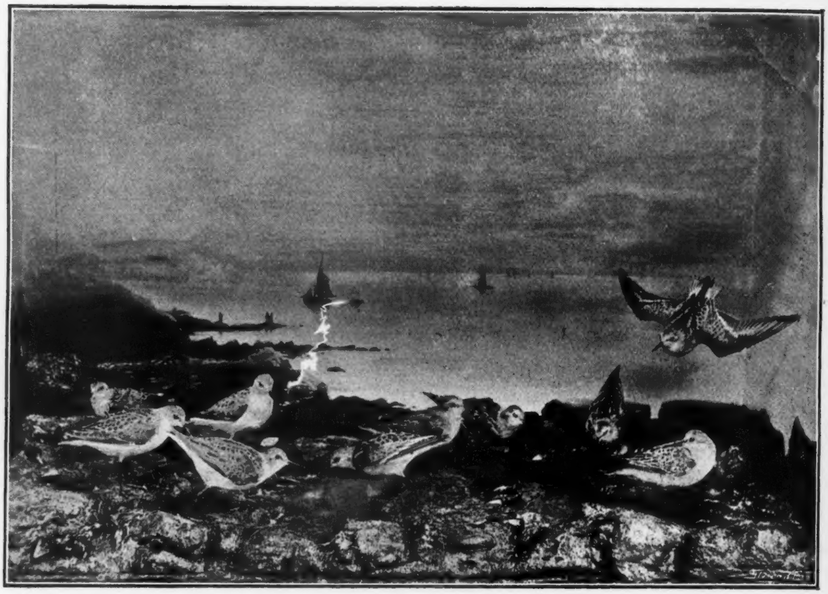
(From a photograph by E. Hart, Christchurch)

CHRISTCHURCH MINSTER FROM THE MEADOWS

the luck to choose a favourable day and the sense to time their arrival according to the tide—the nets working on the ebb only—the visit may prove not uninteresting. And if, in return for the entertainment, they should elect to spend two or three shillings in guerdon among the uncomplaining haulers of the empty nets, surely the most matter-of-fact critic of outdoor relief could scarce, knowing the circumstances of the case, find it in him to object. Their life is truly none of the smoothest, yet on many occasions during the past ten years I have invariably found the toilers courteous in spite of reverses, brave and patient in face of losses and rebuffs that would spell despair to men schooled to a less precarious calling, and always buoyed by that eternal hope that is ever best friend to the fisherman, be his fishing a summer day's pastime or a grey life's trade.

The fishery is reached without difficulty from Bournemouth, and there is the choice of a two hours' walk along the foreshore, or a few minutes in the train to Christchurch, followed by a two miles' tramp along the lanes that lead to the sea. The drivers of the jouncing vehicles technically known as 'flies," but more appropriately to be regarded and classified with the snails, swoop like hawks on the arrivals by every train, and whisper that the distance to "the run" is a "good" four miles. Unless so minded, however, the pilgrim to the shrine of St. Salar will do wisely in turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of these harriers of ill-fed cattle, sparing the horse, and covering in less time the bare two miles afoot. The road, if somewhat devoid of interest, is at any rate full of that peace that is so refreshing to the townsman's soul, and the air is for the most part bracing, though the manifold odours in the one street of a suburb facetiously known as Purewell cannot assuredly proceed from roses.

There is an alternative return route along the other bank of the river, which takes one through some not unpicturesque marshes, the still abode of waterfowl, large and small, with not a few black-headed gulls, green shags, and other intruders from the broad seas, intent on disputing with the legitimate marsh birds some more than usually attractive morsel. Rabbits innumerable streak the



(From a photograph by R. Hart, jun., Christchurch)

LITTLE STINT

sandhills a deeper brown as they dash from sunlight to security, and peewits are, at the right season, shrieking and gyrating overhead. To return to the outward journey, the visitor emerges at last from the monotonous obscurity of the high road on the open estuary, and on a fine day finds the sun playing on the Needles right abreast of where he hails the ferryman. The last part of his journey may possibly be swampy, as Mudeford was not so called without good and sufficient reason, and a few minutes of rain are enough to transform that barren tract from sandy desert to queachy morass. As there is little available in the way of shelter, and still less in the way of conveyance back to the railroad, it is wise, on days with any uncertainty in the weather (I gladly overlook the opening for a passing comment on the national climate), to dress with due regard to eventualities.

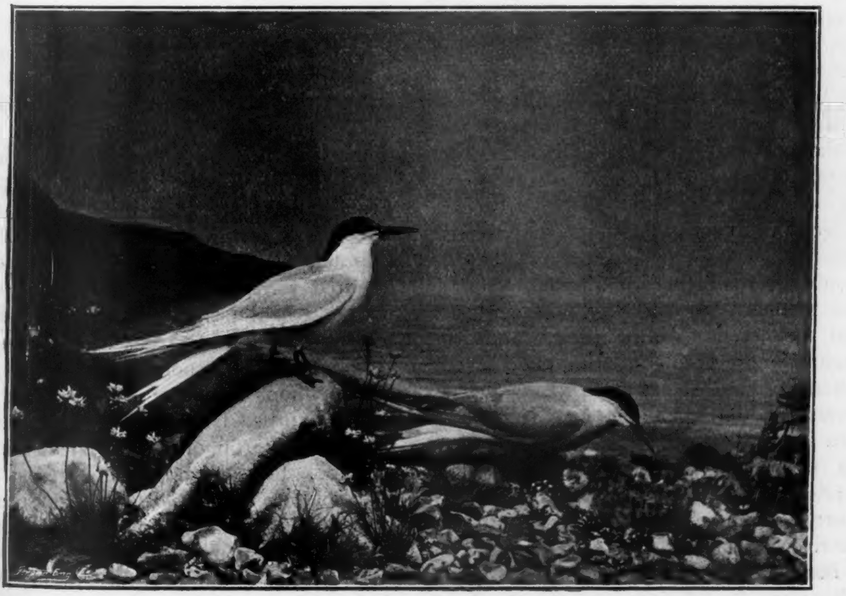
I have already made mention of the fact that the nets are, with occasional exceptions, swung on the ebb only. There is no restriction on fishing at all tides, the only close time during the netting season being a weekly one of forty-eights hours, from noon on Saturday until noon on Monday, but the flood is found to be less favourable to their proper swinging in that swift and narrow tideway. It is therefore necessary, unless one has plenty of leisure for fools' errands, to ascertain from any Bournemouth fishmonger the exact hour at which Mudeford should be reached on any particular day. If he does not know offhand, his man from the fishery is in daily; indeed, more than one of the dealers has his private telephone from Bournemouth down to the scene of action.

As a typical visit, I well recollect reaching the estuary one first of April—ominous choice!—about two in the afternoon, just as the tide was slacking and the nets being piled on the boats in readiness for the coming turn.

The sky was overcast, and a cold wind blew from the north, tempered now and again by a suspicion of easterly—locally not a bad sign, as the clouds that had been banking all around would in all probability not break with the wind in that usually unwelcome quarter. In half-an-hour, indeed, there were patches of blue both north and south, and long before sunset the clouds had all vanished. The ferry took me over to the sandpit just as the first net was being hauled, and from the loose bank I could look back on the bailiff's cottage opposite, flanked by a few gaunt pines that recalled the skeleton gum-trees waving over the shark-infested waters of Australian estuaries. There are many good folks with the firm conviction that the salmon is no more a sea-fish than a carp or roach, yet they would never dream of calling by the name of Chinaman an English gentleman who, born perchance at Canton, might after many wanderings die at Pekin. The case is, I am not unaware, not precisely analogous, since every salmon is hatched in fresh water, and in all probability early salmon journeyed to the sea only when the food supply in rivers became inadequate. Fortunately, a compromise is justified by science, and we may call the salmon an anadromous species, normally, indeed, inhabiting the sea, but invariably ascending rivers when it has to spawn.

The reasons that make one river suitable, another close by the reverse, for salmon migrations are partly wrapped in mystery. Thus, ninety per cent. of the salmon go up the clear Avon, while but ten per cent. ascend the muddy Stour. This is the case every year regularly. All this does not, however, concern the netsmen, as they carry on operations in the confluent waters below. Thanks only to the vigilance of the bailiff, whose diligence is less loved by the fishermen than by the riparian owners higher up, many a fine fish gets past the fatal meshes, only to be netted, though, in the private waters above. By one of fate's little ironies, the licence money paid by the netsmen goes towards the salary of this same unappreciated bailiff, and fifteen or more licences (at £3 apiece) are often issued in the opening of the season. The hundred yards of netting, purchased for the most part of the Bridport makers, must, with lines and buoys complete, cost the owner close on £7. Each net is worked by three men, and there are two possible arrangements. Either the three go shares, or the owner employs the others at a regular salary. Each must, I believe, figure on the licence for a nominal sum, and must contribute a small weekly dole until the money is fully paid.

The method of fishing is simple. One end of the net is left with a man ashore, the boat carrying the rest, being taken



(From a photograph by R. Hart, jun., Christchurch)

COMMON TERN

A STEADY HAUL

out into the stream three-quarters the breadth from bank to bank, and the net is paid out over the stern as the boat returns in a semicircular sweep to the same bank lower down. Now comes what is known as the "swinging," and the spectator may mark the large central "bosom" cork with its smaller satellites swinging with the tide, while the two ends of the net are gradually brought together ashore, the men in the boat leaping out and rejoining their mate, who has hastened along the bank with the other end.

Not until this swing is accomplished is the next boat, which lies in readiness a hundred yards higher up, allowed to start in like manner. As soon as the corks show that the net has swung, there comes the hauling, most keenly exciting time for the fishermen and their audience. At any moment a thirty-pounder may perhaps be seen attempting to break from that narrowing prison, and, indeed, did instinct but apprise him of his own power, one leap for liberty over the corks were a trifling feat for the river monarch.

But instinct is silent, and so the shapely fish comes floundering most unroyally on the sand, and submits to the last *quietus* from a pointed stone. And the angler perchance stands by and, mindless of the practical horrors of salmon at half a sovereign the pound, regrets bitterly that nets are not once and for all abolished, if only so game a fish might be spared so ignominious an ending.

Few other large fish find their way into these nets, though there is an occasional bass or grey mullet, and, still more rarely, a "royal" sturgeon. One of the last, weighing two or three hundredweight, was caught the same afternoon as my last visit, only, unfortunately, after I had left. It was, as prescribed, handed over *pro formâ* to the lord of the manor, who at once restored it to its captors. A Bond Street fishmonger eventually, if I remember rightly, gave a very fair price for it.

It is perhaps unnecessary to repeat that netting in this estuary is far from lucrative. To say nothing of the cost of nets and licence, the labour is, with the exception of the aforementioned weekly close time, continuous from the beginning of February until the end of July; bank holidays, Good Friday, and all, wet days and fine, these men are hauling for their bread. And to any who may think the work of pulling ashore a hundred yards of netting against a swift current a light task, I would recommend a trial by lending a hand as I have done many a time. They will soon have reason to alter their opinion. So much for the work; now for the returns. During the first two months of a recent season, one of the fifteen licensed nets took, to my own knowledge, but *three* fish, another but *four!* As an average, based on observations made during half a dozen consecutive seasons, I should consider eighteen hauls out of every twenty blank draws. On one afternoon I recollect seeing only a single fish, of small proportions, taken on the whole tide; and absolutely the greatest catch I ever witnessed amounted to eleven fish, otherwise £12 or perhaps £15 divided among thirty men.

So much for the fishery. Of Christchurch itself, its minster and castle, its remains of Norman architecture, and its memories of holy friars and fishponds, its picturesque mills, its dying industry of watch-chains, its reminders of Shelley and Southey, I say nothing. All these matters are set forth in the guide-books, which the many purchase, while the few read. I would rather, in conclusion, mention Mr. Edward Hart's museum, with its unique collection of Hampshire birds set up by himself. With the exception of two or three Scotch specimens, all the cases were supplied from the immediate neighbourhood. Were its owner to transplant this interesting collection to Bournemouth, small doubt but he would rapidly make his fortune; but the climate does not suit him, and, with a rare wisdom, he sets health above wealth. It is therefore necessary to journey to Christchurch in order to enjoy an inspection. I give reproductions from his son's photographs of two of the cases, not perhaps the best, but those of which pictures happened to be available.

The neighbourhood is propitious for such an undertaking. There, in the shoal water, sport the great crested and Sclavonian grebes, and there, amid the silent marshes, the wagtails assemble at the appointed season in their thousands for the southward flight. There too, by the ebbing tide, one may watch the giddy sandpipers tripping daintily over the mud, or one may dream beneath the fragrant blossom of some hawthorn till startled by the scolding whitethroat. Peaceful, in truth, are the combined influences of the lowing of distant kine, the smell of the cottar's peat fire borne on the evening air, and the undulations of that inland sea of grasses picked out with yellow buttercups and marsh-flowers. The senses unite in praise of a spot where all is restful, and man is not feared by nature.

GATHERING IN THE NETS

GOD IN TRIFLES

By T. F. MANNING

CONTRARY to what is generally believed, scientific men are the most truly religious people in the world. A man may work all his life at journalism, or book-keeping, or carpentry, or painting, or even preaching, without seeing any special reason for believing in Divine Providence. But the scientist in his daily labour can never get away from God.

To the average man, for instance, the

saltness of the ocean has little or no meaning. If he thinks of it at all he will be likely to regard the arrangement as a rather stupid one, since fresh water would be so much more useful to shipwrecked mariners. But science sees in this saltness the marvellous thoughtfulness of the Creator. Why is the ocean salt?

In the first place it teems with life to an extent vastly surpassing that on dry land. Many of these ocean animals and vegetables require a fairly warm medium to live in. If the sea were fresh the sun's rays would merely heat the surface, and, at any great depth, the water would be icy cold. But the salts conduct the sun's heat down a considerable way, while they also retard its escape, and thus they keep a very thick layer of water at a comparatively high and uniform temperature. Fishes and other denizens of the deep have consequently a much better time than human beings, and the price of coal in winter, or how to keep cool in summer, are matters of indifference to them.

But the salts do more than this. Their perfection of environment causes the inhabitants of the ocean to multiply to an enormous extent. Most of them are short-lived, and they die in myriads every second of time. Supposing the ocean were fresh, it is believed that the putrefaction of its dead inhabitants would fill the world with pestilence. Certainly, every ship that sailed across the Atlantic or Pacific would lose a larger percentage of its crew than an army in the bloodiest of battles. Of course, all living things would disappear from the ocean itself except those which feed on decaying matter.

Another curious advantage of the saltness of the ocean is that, according to the great Maury, this quality is, in some mysterious manner, the cause of ocean currents. As every one knows, the warm Gulf Stream raises the temperature of our own islands. So that, but for the salt in the ocean, England would be as cold as icy Labrador and would never have become the glorious nation that it is.

Our own body furnishes marvellous proofs of design. In the base of the skull there is a large hole for the entrance of the spinal cord on its way to join the brain, and, on each side of this *foramen magnum*, is a narrow and rather long canal through the bone. Through these little canals the carotid arteries, which carry blood to the brain, pass in. Sir Isaac Newton, or some other great philosopher, once cut a large hole and a small hole in the door of his study to let his cat and her kittens respectively pass in and out. And his eyes opened when he saw the whole family come through the large hole. One would almost say that the Almighty had made the same funny blunder with regard to the holes in the skull. But here, again, is seen the hand of the skilful architect. The brain is a soft and flimsy textured organ, easily injured. Moreover its blood-vessels are weak and readily ruptured. Now, if your heart were to beat unusually fast and strongly, or if you suddenly lay on your back, or if you stood on your head, the blood would rush to the brain quicker than it could leave it, if no arrangement had been made to guard against such an occurrence. Suppose the arteries passed, with the spinal cord, through the large hole, they, being exceedingly elastic, would become distended under pressure, and would carry such a quantity of blood into the skull that dangerous, or even fatal, congestion would result. In fact, the chances would be a hundred to one that we should all die of brain congestion or apoplexy before getting into our short clothes. But the narrow canals in the bone prevent the distension of the arteries, and thus save our lives twenty times a day.

How is it that a fowl does not fall off its perch when it goes to sleep? When animals fall asleep their muscles relax and birds are not then capable of keeping the firm grasp of a bar necessary to maintain their balance. Kind Providence, however, seeing that it would be their custom to sleep on branches of trees, fixed a wonderful contrivance. That is to say the Creator supplied the animals with a sinew so connected with the toes and the upper part of the leg that, when the body settles down into a posture of rest, the toes are contracted and cannot open out again till the body becomes erect.

To come back to water, there does not seem to be very much in the fact that its temperature of greatest density is seven degrees higher than its freezing point. But, if some such difference did not exist, this would be a strange world in all regions outside the warm latitudes. Every one is familiar with the fact that, as a body grows colder, it grows denser and, therefore, heavier. Nearly all substances, such as iron, lead, the various salts, &c., grow denser and denser as they become colder and colder. But water has the curious property of growing denser down to thirty-nine degrees of temperature and then beginning to expand. At thirty-nine degrees it is heaviest, and, when it has become ice, it is considerably lighter. The consequence is that, when cold weather comes on, the surface water of a lake grows cold, dense, heavy, and sinks to the bottom, the warmer water rising to the top. But, when the temperature is lowered below thirty-nine degrees, the coldest water remains on top, as it is then lighter than the warmer water. This layer soon becomes ice, and the ice, being the lightest part of the lake, floats. After the first thin layer is frozen, any further manufacture of ice must be effected by conduction of cold through the ice already formed. And, as this is a slow process, the layer thickens very gradually.

Now, think what would happen if water, like iron, continued to grow denser no matter how low its temperature sank. The ice, being the coldest part, would sink to the bottom. More ice would quickly be made on the surface and sink, too. After a single night's severe frost there would be several feet of ice at the bottom. At the end of some few weeks deep lakes would have become solid masses of ice. This would mean death to all the living creatures they contained. And, when the summer came, only a fathom or two of the lakes would unfreeze, for the warm water would float on top and the sun's rays couldn't penetrate very far down.

The atmosphere is another thing that is wonderfully made for our well-being. Four parts of it are apparently useless nitrogen, called "azote," or "lifeless," because it is as dead and inert a substance as sand or mud. Only one part in five is the great life-supporting oxygen. When we draw in a breath we fill our lungs with four parts of this useless nitrogen and with only one part of the useful oxygen. But, if there were no nitrogen in the air, what would be the consequence? Pure oxygen has such passionate love for every kind of substance except nitrogen, gold, and a few other things, that nothing could restrain it from combining with them. In our own bodies it would consume the tissues so fast that our lives, without nitrogen, would be shorter than the butterfly's. For a few hours we should live at a terrible pace, and then wear out. Should any one, by a miracle, survive to the smoking age, if he happened to drop a spark from his pipe on the floor, or in, say, Epping Forest, the whole place would be in a blaze next minute. Matches would ignite of themselves. One's bedroom grate would burn several tons of coal in a single day. Iron railings would rust away in a few months. And the whole atmosphere would not be at rest, so to speak, till it had united itself with one thing or another, so that all possibility of life would disappear. The only advantage to counterbalance these manifest evils would be an entire absence of smoke and London fogs.

We are so accustomed to see wounds heal and broken bones unite that these operations appear in no way wonderful. But, nevertheless, they are truly marvellous. What happens when you break your leg? You go to the surgeon and he sets it. When you are well you thank the surgeon only. But all that the surgeon does is to place the broken ends together and keep them in apposition by means of splints. It is the wonderful intelligence—for it must be some form of intelligence—which God has placed in the bones themselves, and in the blood, which mends your broken leg. What first happens is the occurrence of what we call inflammation. That is to say, an immense quantity of blood rushes rapidly to the site of damage and there it stagnates, more or less. Then the fluid part of the blood oozes out of the vessels, accompanied by many of those curious little white corpuscles that eat disease germs. Whether these come out to attack any microbes that may happen to be present is not very well known. But the fluid, or plasma, surrounds the fracture like a bread poultice.

Then in some mysterious manner this fluid manufactures, from itself, a quantity of tough gristle, and, after some days, it deposits in the gristle tiny grains of lime-salts, so that soon the gristle is converted into real bone. But, at first, this consists only of a broad band around the broken ends, to hold them firmly together. Little or no attempt has yet been made to repair the fracture.

When the band, or "callus" as the surgeons call it, is thick and strong enough to hold the broken ends immovably together, the blood-fluid starts to do the real repairing. It first fills in the space between the ends of the bones, and all the crevices, with a gristly substance. Then, as in the case of the "callus," it deposits grains of phosphate of lime and other hard substances, till it has changed all the gristle into sound bone.

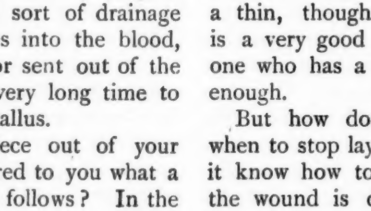
Now your leg is perfectly mended, but perhaps the most marvellous thing of all remains to be done. When you first get out of bed, and for long after, if you grasp the bone at the side of the fracture, you will feel the thick callus, or ring, around it. This was indispensable while the repairs were going on, but now it is useless. Therefore, something in you—the brain, or the nerves, or the blood, or perhaps the leg bone itself—orders its removal. Bit by bit it is dissolved, taken up by the tiny lymphatic vessels, which form a sort of drainage system of the body, passes into the blood, and is either used again or sent out of the body. It often takes a very long time to effect this removal of the callus.

Suppose you cut a piece out of your finger, has it never occurred to you what a miraculous series of events follows? In the long run a piece of flesh of almost exactly the same size is put into the cavity. But who has made it, accurately measured it, and properly shaped it? Not the doctor, with his plasters and lotions. The plasters and lotions do nothing more than kill the microbes, who are doing their best to keep the wound unhealed for the same reason that a mob of looters would like to keep the broken window of a jeweller's shop unrepaired. So far as we know, it is the blood which fills in the wound. But can any one doubt that it is God who really does it?

As in the case of the broken bone, the blood comes with a rush to the cut finger and fills all the small arteries and capillaries. Then the flow almost stops and the plasma oozes out and the white corpuscles crawl forth. (By the way, it is not the red blood that flows from the cut vessels which does the repairs. This is all removed as something in the way.) At this stage the overfull vessels are pressing on the tiny nerves and causing the horrid pain and throbbing of inflammation, and the wounded surface is covered with a layer of plasma. The plasma quickly clots, and, immediately after, it sets to and lays down new flesh, bit by bit. As the flesh is laid down, tiny blood-vessels and nerves grow into it, and gradually the whole cavity is filled up. Then, when sufficient flesh has been made, the blood-fluid proceeds to cover it over with skin. But in this operation it is not very successful. The skin is not real skin, but a thin, though tough, fibrous tissue. It is a very good imitation, and yet, as every one who has a scar appreciates, it is ugly enough.

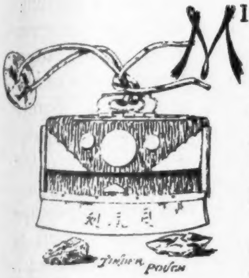
But how does the blood-plasma know when to stop laying down flesh? How does it know how to lay it down thickly where the wound is deep and thinly where the wound is shallow? Why, once started, does it not go on indefinitely laying down new flesh? Nobody knows. Your finger is restored to its former shape, and the only conclusion you can come to is that it has been done by the hand of God.

At every turn, so to speak, one meets with marvels like these in biology, in chemistry, in physics, and in the other sciences. They may be taken, of course, simply as facts to which we cannot yet assign any explanation. But if a man thinks, he cannot keep God out of them.



MONGOLIAN SILHOUETTES

By EVAN ASPRAY



MINUSINSK, in Southern Siberia, is many days' heavy sleighing south of Yeneseisk, and therefore of the new railway and of civilised life.

Still at Minusinsk there were stores where flour, mutton and tea could be had in plenty; where sheepskin and reindeer-skin shubas were sold; where our pouches could be filled with mild Russian tobacco; and, above all, where our money could be changed. For amongst the nomad and isolated tribes we were about to visit coin would be useless. Grey squirrel skins dried, turned, and tightly bound up in packets, circulate in the proportion of six to a rouble. One skin reckons roughly for 4*d.* Forty squirrels equal one brown or common sable. Other tribes prefer rods of silver, and at each bargain a carefully discussed piece is nipped off; with others brick tea is the favourite barter.

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One clear March afternoon in 1897 we started, my companion, I, and a Mongol servant who led a file of six tied pack-horses, carrying food, a calico tent, a compact metallurgical test apparatus, &c. We were not without misgiving, for we should, we knew, go far and experience much before we saw a post-office again. The long Saianski range, which had to be crossed, looked strangely near in the lucid evening air. Striking by compass due south, for days we felt along the spurs of this saw-like range for a possible *col* or pass. Our guide told us none existed, and we found none. We knew that on its southern slopes were the fountain springs of the mighty Yenesei, uniting to form that wonderful river which, 3000 miles away north, empties itself into the Arctic Ocean.

Three years before I had entered its estuary in the Kara Sea, and had toiled up its rapid flood for 2500 miles. The Yenesei rises between two vast mountain ranges, of which the southern is in the Chinese empire. It makes a long bend south of west before it turns abruptly north. My aim was to explore for gold the desolate slopes of this little-known watershed.

After long and tiring failures, I at last fixed on a pass open in summer, but where now the snow lay in deep drifts. Here I hired for two poor sable skins the services of a Siberian trader and six of his sturdy horses. Our plan was to drive without harness, two animals at a time, into the snow; they struggled for a few yards, and when exhausted, others took their place, and so by degrees they opened a way for us. Our own laden beasts followed in their footsteps. At last the summit of the pass was reached. The fierce blasts had swept the rocks bare. On the dividing line of the two slopes stands the spirit-rock or bush where some little offering, a bright rag or trinket, is made to the tricksy spirit of the solitude. When we had cautiously tracked our way down, we were ourselves taken for spirits. The range had hitherto been held to be impassable in winter.

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Down in the valley we came upon Sofianski's magazine and compound. I had heard of this excellent, shrewd old trader both at Minusinsk and at Yeneseisk. He received us with generous hospitality. We slept that night under shelter again, warm and without anxiety. Sofianski insisted upon exchanging our worn and ill-fed animals for sturdier ponies. Happily I could repay him by repairing and bracing-up some corn mills which he had long been unable to use. From him I learned much about the Siyote tribes. I took down from him a vocabulary in Russian and Mongol of necessary words, which afterwards proved invaluable. Twice a year, in spring and autumn, he journeyed to Semipalatinsk to sell his ponies and colts, chiefly to the Russian Government. He brought back stores, flint-guns and cutlery, which he bartered again for furs. A day or two was all we could spare, and we parted with genuine regret.

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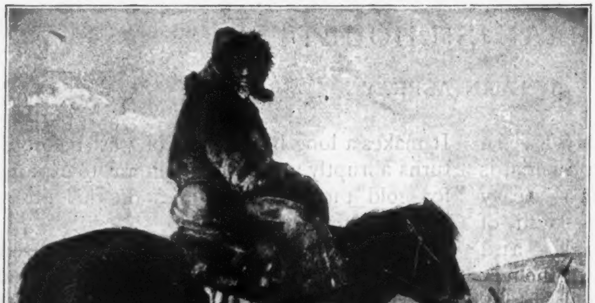
We were now far away north of the desert of Gobi, in the debatable boundaries of



KHIRGIZ HORSEMAN

China and Siberia. Before us lay a valley rude and roadless, some 300 miles long and about 60 wide. The strangeness of our nights I shall never forget. After an exhausting day, we chose for camping some sheltered gully or thicket. Our animals were first unloaded and fed. Then a good fire was lighted, and our small calico tent raised. While our flour lasted we made capital loaves, raising them with soda, and baking in the hot ashes. Never did bread taste sweeter. When our flour was spent we used millet, boiling it into a sago-like mass; when the millet was gone, we fell to bad rice. We shot not unfrequently handsome birds, which we misnamed turkeys. They were evidently capercailzies, roosting above on the pine trees. A most appetising method of cooking them was to mould them in a crust of clay and put them in the middle of our fire. If we guessed the time fairly well, on breaking the clay the feathers came away with the crust, and the bird was delicious. Our tin pails were invaluable. We made brick tea in them and every kind of soup if we could trade a small sheep or shoot a roe-deer. After food a pipe, and, our feet towards the fire, we slept on the hard ground most peacefully. There were forest noises, but of danger we knew nothing. Except a rattling shower of rain or hail, little disturbed us. Above us the stars and planets shone with a startling brilliance, and the intense fragrance of the pine trees and the resinous smoke of our fire lulled us to sleep. Sometimes our choice of a camping-ground was injudicious, the mosquitoes making sleep impossible. We could only escape them by lying in the drift of our fire smoke. After such nights sleep tormented us next day. I learned to sleep on horseback, only consulting now and again my pocket compass. More than once I fell off my horse while asleep, to find my companions far ahead. We struck up every rivulet into the hills, testing the sand and mud for gold. The Russian Government maps are grossly incorrect; sometimes 50 to 100 versts in error. I took pencil notes of some of these variations.

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Many of the rivers have a perplexing way of disappearing in the sands. The ravines are green with sudden verdure, but the cliffs and passes are ragged and gloomy. I gathered and brought home some of the wild flowers, and on my return submitted them to Professor Oliver at Birmingham, with the interesting result that of those gathered north of the Saianski range, five out of six were indistinguishable from plants of our English hedgerows, while of those from south of the chain ten out of twelve were unfamiliar to him.

* * * * *

The indigenous nations of Siberia may be located thus; the Samoyeds on the shores of the Arctic sea; the Ostiaks and Tungussi on the lower Obi; the Buriats and Yakuts on the Lena; while the valleys of the upper Yenesei are the home of a very interesting people, the Siyotes. Siberians by origin, they live mainly across the Mongolian frontier. They fled before the Russians three hundred years ago, choosing rather to become subjects of the Chinese Emperor than of the white Tsar. In the museum at Minusinsk are relics of a still earlier race who have left inscriptions and rock pictures in this wild land. I heard reports of mysterious, much-dreaded caves some hundred and fifty miles to the south of Beykem, where bones and treasures were plentiful, but of which any Siyote would die rather than reveal the locality.

These early tribes, pressed by the Siyotes, committed collective suicide by digging large pits, and roofing them with planks on which they piled clods of earth. Then retiring underground they set fire to the wooden supports, and died tragically self-buried. The Siyotes of to-day are of two tribes. The northern branch are hunters and flesh-eaters. By religion they are Shamans or devil worshippers; paying tribute of sables to China. The southern branch are Buddhists, rejecting meat, living mainly on milk and millet seed. Both tribes trade with Siberia across the Saianski range, giving horses in exchange for long flint guns and ammunition. The Siyotes are tent-dwellers, and splendid structures they build. Elastic wooden frames, firmly fixed, and covered with impervious felt tightly pegged down, they defy the fiercest steppe storms. Within they are often luxuriously furnished; but as chimneys are absent, and as in winter animals share the tents, Western eyes and ears find the *yurts* unendurable. The Siyote youths dress in reindeer skin, the fur turned inside. Variously shaped hats with beads of coloured glass distinguish the tribes. The girls wear blue and green smocks and knickers; they wear their hair in long plaits and pig-tails. When a lover appears with a present of cattle for the patriarch, if the maiden sought be propitious she divides her hair into two plaits. Six months after the present is repeated, and the betrothal takes place, her hair being then done up in three plaits. Six months later the marriage takes place and the plaits are many.

Wealth amongst the Siyotes is always reckoned in cattle. Horse-stealing is a crime severely punished. Offenders are flogged or maimed in hand or foot. An elaborate visiting etiquette prevails which I learned strictly to observe. On entering the *yurt* the pipe of ceremony is drawn from your boot, filled and lighted with flint and steel. After a puff or two it is deftly placed in your host's mouth, while his pipe is slipped into yours. You then inquire after his flocks and herds, then after his family, and of his last night's rest. Last of all of his own health. With the ladies of the compound family you ceremoniously take snuff. Hospitality is elaborate and stringent. While you are talking the women are skimming a boiling cauldron of cow's, mare's or goat's milk. The scum is collected in bladders and highly prized. Rank butter is sealed in pots, and kept for months and years. On great occasions skins of it which have been buried for years are opened as a special dainty.

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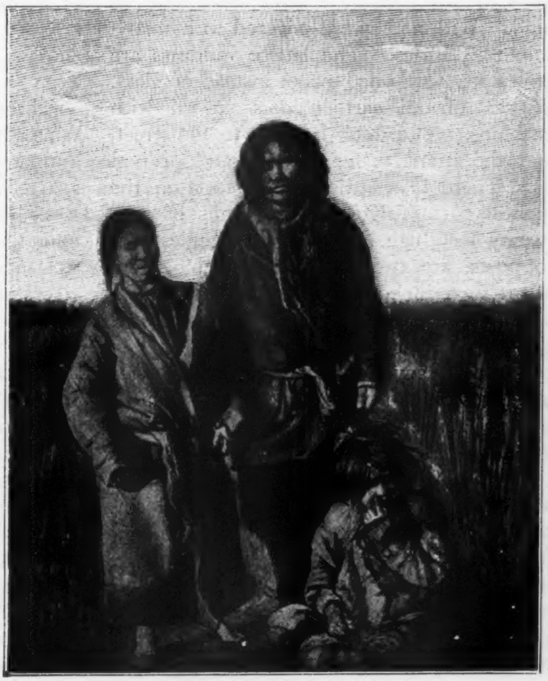
Last night we camped a short verst from a village of Turbets in their *yurts*. My sleep was broken by an endless drumming,



FAMILY ON THE YENESEI

with bursts of wild cries. At last I rose and crept in the darkness to where I could peep inside without being myself seen. Nominally Buddhist, these people practise pure Shamanism, or devil worship. In the flickering light a possessed devotee was leaping in frantic self-abandonment to the sound of gongs. He had bitten his tongue and lips till the blood flowed freely down his breast and splashed his face. A young girl of about twelve years was also bewitched and from time to time a chorus of shrieks arose. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Knowing the danger of being seen, I crept back to my watch-fire and slept till dawn.

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We arrived at Kobdo yesterday evening from Ulankom, where our last three horses had broken down. I had bargained with a Turbet (Mongol) to be brought here on camel-back for twenty bricks of tea, the only currency in this strange land. Kobdo is a picturesque little town, with three or four streets of sun-dried mud huts. The market place has an avenue of trees with a rill of clear running water on each side. We are staying with a Russ-Chinese trader. The walls of his house are thick, and built of mud. Within they are covered with many-coloured fabrics. The lattice windows are grotesque, with oiled paper instead of glass. We sit on an earthen daïs strewn with cushions. The door is open to the street, and the strangest figures pass and peep at us. There is a little square fort on the highest part of Kobdo, with walls of mud twenty feet high. At opposite angles, tied to posts, are two old brass matchlocks of about three inches calibre; I should be very sorry to discharge them. We visited the governor and showed our red-and-gold passports. He gave them to a soldier to hold and prostrated himself before the signature of his Emperor. Inside the fort is a grotesque hall of carved wood, which is a temple in front and a theatre in the rear. We arrived in time to see the closing acts of a play, which had been in progress for some days. The audience was bizarre indeed — Chinese, Mongols, Siyotes in every cut of coat and hat; all were smoking, and all stood; only the actors not performing sat round at the back of the stage.

When we entered, a lady in a gorgeous dress, looking as if she had just walked out of a Chinese plate, with a head-dress of nodding peacock's feathers, was in colloquy with a devil in black satin, with orthodox fork, and a ghastly wedge of white between forehead and chin.

From the wild approbation of the audience it was evident that the poor fiend was smarting under the woman's tongue. The strangeness of the scene, the glimmering lanterns, the musky and sickly scent of the opiate tobacco, and the consciousness of the remoteness of all Western ties, made the scene appear a dream, in spite of its hard reality.

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We dined oftenest at a Chinese restaurant —sitting on a curtained daïs with a small octagon table between us, while the proprietor, fan in hand and in silken pomp, swept up and down the room.

I ate in faith, hoping to escape earthworms. Bowls of snippets of meat, fish, and rice were the staples, with an endless variety of sauces in little white cups constantly changed. I noticed that most of them though piquant had a lingering flavour of mouldiness. Our host could only speak a Russo-Mongol *patois*, but our polite dumb-show in gesture was eloquent.

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Three weeks later I had left the mountains. Before me stretched a land of drought and waste where weeds themselves grew sparsely. The Russian maps became hopeless. The compass alone remained to us, and the conviction that far away in the west-north-west was Semipalatinsk. The rivers in this country vary in volume greatly in the space of a few hours—a trickling rivulet becomes a torrent.

On the maps several villages were marked of which we could find no trace. Others, when found, had been long forsaken. Once we stumbled on with our wretched animals without food or water for thirty-six hours. Mirage tantalised us all the day. The horror of that stretch was inexpressible. When at last we reached a fetid pool it was so nauseous the very beasts refused it. Two hours later we alighted at a tiny stream. The poor horses drank with pathetic relief, and I could not restrain a nervous fear lest they should drink it dry. On another occasion, when our tea was more nauseous than usual, we found we had drunk from a pool saturated with magnesia.

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We rode on horse-, ox-, and camel-back in turns. The latter is often a detestable mount; when a camel has a fit of buck-jumping a man must be both agile and crafty if he avoids being tossed a dangerous and ignoble somersault. One day I had found a bit of old newspaper and trying to read it, the crackling paper vexed my camel, who turned his malicious face back at me, and spat disgustingly.

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During this part of our travel we were three in number: my young companion, myself, and a staunch old Buddhist guide from Sofianski's. The latter was a treasure. I found him honourable to a fault. He ate no flesh, was strict at his devotions, praying loudly when we crossed a torrent. We had been followed some days by three hungry puppies. I could not afford to feed them, and at last out of mercy I stayed aside and put a revolver bullet through their skulls. When we halted I missed the old man, and found he had gone back to put part of his breakfast into their dead mouths lest they should enter the next world hungry. The art of crossing a river lies in watching the force and direction of the current, then walking till you see a sloping bank opposite, then to plunge in and be carried, not without danger, to your landing-place. One day my companion was driven down a treacherous torrent half a verst before he and his horse escaped. We were oftener than not wetted to our shoulders.

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The steppes of Mongolia we found gloomy and strangely mentally depressing. Once a racing steppe fire bore down upon us. We had only time to drag our trembling ponies into a pool and cover their eyes with our coats while the noisy blaze swept by.

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On rare occasions we had visitors. One evening a Buddhist on camel-back rode up to our little camp and claimed hospitality.

Our old guide translated for us: how a rich man lay dying, and had sent a messenger on a swift camel with presents to the nearest Lama to learn where and in what status on earth he would be born again. Adroit and rich bribes will induce the Lama to postpone or drive off a prophesied illness or death.

There is, however, a higher oracle than a Lama. There is a Gigi, or a holy-boy. When a community is very prosperous it sends to Thibet for a Gigi, and pays heavily for him. A Gigi, however, is often a good investment. The Lamas themselves fee him, while his tent is thronged by present bearers.

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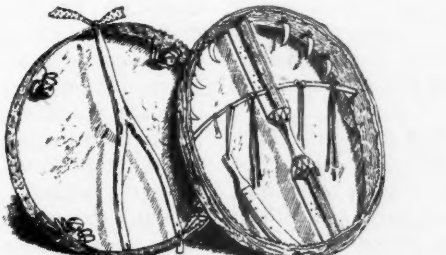
When at last on my return I reached Semipalatinsk, I felt a joyful sense of relief; the tension was relaxed. I could have embraced the men in the street. I had entered an hotel, had sent a telegram to my friends. In a few hours a return wire reassured me. After the Mongol polyglot the familiar Russian in the street was music to me. So are we knitted to our kind.



SHAMAN INCANTATION DRUMS

JAMES SHAW

A HILL-COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER

By Professor WILLIAM JACK, LL.D.

THE country schoolmaster of most country people's experience is a man who has happened to pick up a modest "life-billet" which his cleverer companions at the training colleges would not have cared for. He is generally content in his useful and innocent work. He has to see a long procession—four or five dozen at a time—of little lads and lasses through their "standards," to bring them up to his inspector's annual line, to keep himself in touch with his clergyman, and with the grocer and farmer of his country village, and to turn out his scholars with a fair provision for life, in reading, writing, and counting, so that they may have a reasonable chance of earning an honest livelihood. He began as a pupil teacher when he was about entering on his "teens"—he learned all about school registers and log-books, and geography, and grammar, and "analysis" in his training college, and when he was "through with it" fate and the college authorities settled him where he is.

James Shaw was different. His people never meant him to be a "dominie." He began life learning "pattern designing," in an irregular way, for print works in Glasgow, and came back at fifteen to Gateside Works near the little town of Barrhead in Renfrewshire—then with about 6000 inhabitants—to serve a further seven years' formal apprenticeship as a pattern designer. After two or three years more as a journeyman, he started business for himself in 1853, in company with five others, as a calico printer at Crossmill near Beith, in Ayrshire. He was twenty-seven years of age, and full of health and reasonable hope.

Calico printing had long gone on in Barrhead. "For half a century or more," he says, describing the place years afterwards, "the print work, without hurry and without pause, pursued the even tenor of its way. There was neither flow of trade nor depression. The day of toil rose and set with the punctuality of an Australian sun. At six o'clock in the morning, for eight months of the year, the bell rang regularly, and as regularly at six in the evening. In the winter the arrangement differed. There was no half-time nor over-time. From the water-wheel which supplied the motive power, to the 'tearer,' or 'tear-boy,' who stirred the colour sieve, up to his master, the printer, all was in motion for ten hours per day, all was relaxation afterwards. The consequence of this peculiarly steady disposition of affairs was, that the workers became like a tribe or clan. Everybody knew his neighbour in a sense which it is impossible to realise by the nomadic dwellers in great cities. The date of your birth was public property. The very hour was registered in some annoying memories. Jock had 'come home' just when the Irvine coach had passed; Jenny, 'about the time the newspaper arrived.'"

Since then, landowners and calico printers have learned not to calculate on "punctuality like that of an Australian sun." Calico printing had bad times about 1853—"new methods of printing rendered the Crossmill ways old-fashioned. Trade left the district, and the community of more than fifty years' standing was broken up as completely as the trapper breaks up a community of beavers in the Hudson Bay Territories. The great beech hedges to screen the cloth when bleaching on the greens, so full of nests, are rooted up; the little canals are stopped with mud, once crystal streams from which water was laved on the linen; the big house of Stenhouse, on which we gazed of yore as on a palace, is a mouldy-looking building compared to many houses of less pretensions; the Printers Row is a shabby affair, full of broken panes and Irish; the splendid plane-tree is a stump; the old tower of Stuart's Raiss is waxing smaller in size; the big burn and the wee burn (for we named streams, like Humboldt's South American savages, by such simple generic terms) are defiled by unutterable abominations; the delightful

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[*] "A Country Schoolmaster: James Shaw, Tynron, Dumfriesshire." By Professor Robert Wallace, Edinburgh University. Oliver & Boyd. 1899.

gardens are waste and grown over with nettles: and the well-known men, women, and children, with their joys and sorrows, shall never in all time people that spot again."

When all this happened to the trade, and the big firms that had ruled and made Barrhead came to grief, the little co-operative cockboat—manned by James Shaw and five others, probably journeyman printers like himself—that had set cheerily out on a sea of summer, was bound to come to grief also. No doubt the partners had little capital except youth and industry, and no money to buy new machines. At about thirty years of age Shaw was adrift, and thought of teaching. He spent a year in the Established Training College in Glasgow, and left it with a first-class certificate. He spent the next six years as an assistant teacher in Melrose, in West Kilbride in Ayrshire, in Dovecot Hall in Paisley, and in 1862—when he was thirty-six—he was appointed schoolmaster of Tynron parish school in Dumfriesshire, where he was to spend as a bachelor the later half of his days.

Tynron is a beautiful little parish, stretching in a long ribbon of leafy verdure along the bright and musical banks of the Shinnel-water, which is a tributary of the Scaur, which is a tributary of the Nith, which falls, like the Annan and the Esk and the Eden, into the Solway. The lower end of the parish is guarded by the singularly shaped Tynron Doon, probably the mouth of an old volcano, like the Puys in Auvergne, which rises like Arthur's Seat 900 feet above the sea. No doubt there was a Roman or a British camp on the top of the Doon. "The steep hill," says an old manuscript History of the Presbytery of Penpont, which is now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, "called the Dune, is of a considerable height, upon the top of which there has been a habitation or fort. There have been in ancient times on all hands of it very thick woods and great about that place, which made it the more inaccessible, into which King Robert Bruce is said to have been conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, after they had killed the Comyn at Dumfries, which is nine miles from the place whereabout it is probable that he did abide some time hereafter; and it is reported that during his abode there, he did often divert to a poor man's cottage, named Brownrig, situate in a small parcel of stoney ground encompassed with thick woods where he was content sometimes with such mean accommodation as the place could afford. The poor man's wife being advised to petition the King for somewhat, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more than security for the croft in her husband's possession and a liberty of pasturage for a very few cattle of different kinds on the hill and the rest of the bounds, of which privilege that ancient family, by the injury of time, hath a long time been and is deprived, but the croft continues in the possession of the heir and successor lineally descended from this Brownrig and his wife, so that his family, being more ancient than rich doth yet continue in the name, and as they say retain the old charter." The Shinnel runs up the parish, overlooked by the Doon at its lower end, to Shinnnel-head and Appin at the feet of Colt Hill and Blackcraig—hills about 1900 feet in height. Two miles up the glen nestles the hamlet of Tynron Kirk, with a school, endowed by the liberality of a parishioner who prospered in the South a century and a half ago and left a fine estate to the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, burdened with an adequate endowment for the schoolmaster of Tynron Kirk. Two miles farther up towards the mountainous end of the glen is the old parish school, beside green pastures and still-waters—a little restful spot in the solitude of the hills. When Shaw came to his little kingdom the whole parish had 446 inhabitants—it had 359 in 1891. As the bulk of the population was at Tynron Kirk, his scholars were drawn from the sheep-farms and shepherds' cottages in the upper glen, and varied in number, probably between a dozen and a couple of dozen, as the farmers' and shepherds' families were plentiful or small. When he took up his life-work in his pretty two-story cottage with its modest garden in front, Mr. Lowe had not invented the Revised Code and Shaw did not need to break up his little flock into half a dozen standards. When the Code came into force his standards would be of moderate size, and his scholars would get plenty of individual attention. One of the first of them was his biographer, Mr. Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, to whose filial piety and affection for his old teacher we owe the delightful volume which tells the story of Shaw's life.

As a boy in my early teens [Professor Wallace says] I attended his school; I was for three years a member of his school board, and during that period undertook his duties for a time while he suffered from a severe attack of ophthalmia. I played chess almost weekly with him for a number of years, and to him I shall ever be gratefully indebted for my initiation to the mysteries and delights of field botany, in which we revelled during many a Saturday and many an evening ramble."

Shaw's lifelong friend and comrade teacher, Mr. Laurie, came to the endowed school at Tynron Kirk a year after he had come to Tynron parish. Mr. Laurie gives a charming picture of Shaw with his scholars. From local exigencies the two young teachers lodged together for twelve months in the neighbouring village of Moniaive, where they "foregathered" every night. Morning and evening they would have to cross three miles of a moderate-sized mountain (800 feet high) between their separate schools and their lodging in Moniaive.

At that time Shaw was thirty-six years of age, rather diffident in manner, dark-haired, and with a smack of West-country dialect in his speech. The friendship we then formed remained close and unbroken during the thirty-three years we were brother teachers. To the mysteries of the science of botany I had the privilege of introducing my friend. He at once became enthusiastic in the subject, and soon outdistanced his preceptor. Perhaps in no other branch of science was Shaw so much a specialist as in botany, and its charms were to him an abiding joy until the very close of life. Nor did his enjoyment end there, for he further inspired a little band of enthusiasts, who became excellent botanists. He delighted to register the time of the first appearance of the hardy little flowers as they emerged from the lap of earth in the months of spring. It was a pleasant sight to see the teacher accompanying his pupils as they started for their moorland homes, they pointing out the nests to him, and he discoursing lucidly on the names and qualities of the plants they culled. . . . This education he had the knack of quickening by his quotation of a great variety of verses, lines, or phrases apposite to his themes—verses which were likely to be remembered. His modes of eliciting information from his scholars were entirely his own, and sometimes greatly amused visitors to his school. When a youth one day, in his little essay, described an ass as "a wee horse, *with a tail like a cow's*," he was happy, for was not his teaching bearing the fruit he sought?

Certainly Shaw was a bit of a poet. Some of his verses, humorous, sentimental, patriotic, will be remembered and treasured in his own district for perhaps a generation. Many of them are warm with poetic fire, and whatever he wrote in verse was fresh and natural.

Let me give a specimen in homely Dumfriesshire Doric:

HAME'S AYE HAMELY

Hame's aye hamely; what a seat
For wearied shanks and blistered feet
Is the armchair near the glede,
No far frae the cradle head!
Next yer richt hand, there's the bole,
Fu' o' serious books and droll;
For the chair a cushion's made
Frae the wreck o' some aul' plaid.
The ham's aboon you on the cleek,
The teapot's keeking through the reek.
Great ferlies glitter on the brace,
The eight-day clock ticks in your face
That's *your* seat, gudeman, and hark!
Collie kens you—yon's his bark.
Yon laich star's your window's licht.
Ye ope the door, and sic a sicht!
Bairns come tumbling to your knees,
Fat wee hands your coat-tails seize,
Chubby cheeks and dimpled chin,
How they deave you wi' their din!
Cat it purrs, and kettle sings,
Bird in cage spreads out its wings.
Mither gies the fire a knock,
Lowe leaps up, and starts the clock.
Dishes on the rack smile bricht,
House-fly thinks it's day outricht
And bizzes brisk, while in the pan
The ham skirls out "Come in, gudeman."
Fremmit folk hae prettier claes.
Fremmit folk hae polished ways,
Fremmit folks hae lots o' gear;
Hame has a' the heart holds dear.

As Burns was, Shaw was, to my thinking, best in the Doric, but, like Burns, he could write good verse even in English. The story to which the subjoined sonnet refers is told by the minister who preceded A. K. H. B., the famous Country Parson, who in his youth had his "Recreations" in Irongray.

"The highest part of the parish consists of two bare elevated ridges which rise to the height of about 1500 feet above the level of the sea. The one to the North is called 'Bishop's Forest,' on the Southern side of which is an extensive hollow, enclosed on the West by Cornlea and on the East by Skeoch Hill, with a natural opening from the South. About midway up Skeoch Hill, on the inner side where there is a platform of considerable extent, several of the ejected ministers in the days of the Covenanters met their scattered flocks, and dispensed the Sacrament to them. This lonely and otherwise unattractive spot is invested with a deep interest from being the scene and still retaining the memorials of these events 'the Communion Stones.' They consist of what may be called two 'tables' with a passage between them. Each table has two rows of seats in distinct preservation. At the head, there is a small cairn, which was obviously used as the table for the elements. A few yards to the South a stone of oval form is to be seen, with two separate circular cavities that admit the arm to the elbow, which held, according to tradition, the water for baptism. In front of the stones, towards the forest, the ground rises gradually, forming a kind of natural gallery, where the congregation could hear the sermons and addresses that were delivered, and witness the whole solemnity. The nature of the ground, and the precautions that were taken by planting watchmen on the heights rendered the spot peculiarly secure. Any attempt to surprise them was almost sure to be defeated. When this struggle commenced, John Welsh, the great grandson of Knox (an ancestor of Mrs. Carlyle), was minister of the parish." Shaw tells the story in his

SONNET ON (OR BY) IRONGRAY PARISH

My Bishop's Forest has a secret glen,
  Far up the hill, where glens are seldom seen,
  And in a sword-swept land this glen was screen
To anxious pilgrims; there, as in a pen,
  Christ's sheep assembled and partook the feast
Which He ordained — the sacred bread and wine—
  Sitting on the Communion Stones; while east,
And south, and west, the sentries watched for sign
  O' the wolves coming, whose teeth once had met
On six stray lambs beside the church's wall,
  And whose lank jaws were with their warm blood wet.
Shed not these memories sadness over all
  My streams and moors and woods, not vanished yet?
Am I not mansion with a haunted hall?

In his early days at Tynron, Shaw continued the studies in natural history which he had begun in Barrhead. In 1852—when he was twenty-six years of age, while still a working journeyman—he had been fascinated by a book which was then epoch making, but is now almost forgotten. "After much painful groping and thinking concerning the mystery of existence, in the year 1852 I alighted on a book which was none other than the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*." The book was published anonymously in 1844, and the search in Scotland for its unknown author was as keen and interesting for many years as the famous hunt after the author of "Waverley." It was acknowledged in 1884, in the twelfth and last edition, by the venerable Robert Chambers. Shaw says:

> I perused it with eagerness and astonishment. It opened up to me long vistas in the history of the past. It marshalled for my benefit thousands of facts which had hitherto refused to cohere, and seemed like the key in Milton's "Comus," which admitted the possessor into the palaces of eternity.

In 1865 he was much perplexed by reading an article in GOOD WORDS by the Duke of Argyll, who had challenged Charles Darwin's view that the beauty of animals was capable of explanation on the principle of natural selection. Shaw ventured at last to write to Darwin himself, and received from him the following answer:

> DOWN, BROMLEY,
> *30th November*, 1865.
>
> DEAR SIR,
>
> Illness has prevented me sooner thanking you for your letter on the "Origin," written with so much fervour and kindness. I am much gratified to hear that you have been defending my views, and in your country (Scotland) those who are bold enough to take this side of the question are few and far between. I am so weak, I must write briefly. I have reflected much on the question of beauty. It is a very complicated one. I quite agree with what you say on the beauty of birds, and the same view may be extended to butterflies and some other beings. I think I can show that the beauty of flowers and of many kinds of fruit is solely to attract, in the former cases insects for their intercrossing, and in the latter case, to attract birds for the dissemination of the seed.
>
> CH. DARWIN.

In support of these views, Shaw read a paper before the Dumfriesshire Natural History Society, and Darwin acknowledged receipt of a newspaper report of it:

(From a photograph by John Bell, Main Street, Barrhead)

MR. JAMES SHAW

DOWN, BROMLEY,
11th February (1866).

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your kindness in sending me an abstract of your paper on beauty. In my opinion, you take quite a correct view of the subject. It is clear that Dr. Dickson has either never seen my book or overlooked the discussion on sexual selection. If you have any precise facts on birds' "courtesy towards their own image in mirror or picture," I should very much like to hear them. Butterflies offer an excellent instance of beauty being displayed in conspicuous parts, for those kinds which habitually display the underside of the wing have this side gaudily coloured, and this is not so in the reverse case. I daresay you will know that the males of many foreign butterflies are much more brilliantly coloured than the females, as in the case of birds. I can adduce good evidence from two large classes of facts (too large to specify) that flowers have become beautiful to make them conspicuous to insects. With my best thanks for your kindness and clear exposition of my views,

I remain, etc.,
CH. DARWIN.

Shaw made acquaintance with many other remarkable men besides Charles Darwin. There is a pleasant account of his first meeting with the poet Alexander Smith:

> We well recollect the evening of our first introduction to Alexander Smith. We at that time were lads, I may almost say, pursuing the same avocation of pattern drawing, the curiosities and vicissitudes of which profession Smith has attempted to unfold in his tale of "Alfred Hagart's Household." The scene of our introduction was Paisley. . . . At the period of our meeting both Smith and

myself were in what is called the Byronic era, or, perhaps, somewhat more advanced. He was meditating that poem of his, the "Life Drama" (published 1853) upon which he was afterwards to rise as on a rocket. . . . Smith's fame had by this time waxed wider than any of ours, he had come in upon us at an angle, and we had somewhat of the schoolboy's feeling of "counting his buttons." Macdonald, author of "Rambles round Glasgow," had spoken of Smith as a new wonder; and it was already known that George Gilfillan in his grand generous way had written words of encouragement. Macdonald was not present at the sederunt, though he was occasion of it. To us literary young men in the pattern drawing and print cutting line, on whom the dismal years of 1847-48 and following years had impressed hard marks—hope was seen beaming, but beaming through a mist of tears, and the six points of the "People's Charter" which, if gained, would have made the lion lie down with the lamb, were less likely to be gained than ever.

We had not yet pondered that significant saying of Goethe, "Here or nowhere is America," but looked on emigration as the only door of escape from that effete Great Britain, where the bloated aristocrat, etc.—in short, we were Fenians before Fenianism. . . . Smith was young then—probably twenty—very thin, with a squint. He was quiet and reserved in manner, and had no second party along with him to exhibit him. . . . It was a relief to find one who was so quiet, and who exhibited no desire to spout his own verses. Of course it could not but come to pass that in such company Shelley, Byron, and Leigh Hunt, not to speak of Burns, were first turned up. . . .

Gossip, criticism, and time getting exhausted, we sallied out into the street without touching one's lips with anything more tangible than the wind of words. Smith took my arm. We began upon that attractive but dangerous style of writing called "word painting." We gave instances mutually from the "Ancient Mariner." I admired the "quiet tune" of Coleridge's midsummer brook, and Smith the two lines contributed to that poem by Wordsworth; and so on the bare hard street, shining here and there with winter's rain, we shook hands and the poet went on his way and I saw him no more.

I have space for no more of Shaw's character sketches, but the readers of GOOD WORDS would hardly forgive me for omitting this one of the first Editor:

> We recalled our first impressions of Dr. Macleod. It was on a high fast day ordained to be held by the nation on account of the Crimean War. With a company composed chiefly of hard-toiled artisans, we walked eight miles to the Barony to hear him. . . . There entered into the pulpit no chance sapling—sown by the fountain, of slender make, and suggestive of evanescence—but a man like Roderick Vich Alpine's own pine-tree—a round, brawny Highlander, with a tone of voice perfectly natural—no nasal humming, no falsetto (by indulging in which, Emerson says, clergymen bring on bronchitis), but a voice that ebbed and flowed like the wind through woods or the waves against an iron-bound shore. He read a chapter in Isaiah—something about the Assyrian, his pride, his pomp, his boasting, and his inglorious overthrow. There was a challenge to the Emperor Nicholas in every verse he read, and a consciousness of strength as well. As he proceeded to preach you began to think that it was well that the Celtic race musters so numerously in our army and holds such high rank in our councils of war. The preacher became the general of a division, and transformed his audience for the nonce into soldiers; and through the charging cheer you heard the pibroch and got glimpses of Highland bonnets. And then there was a pause. Like every careful general, and almost every successful general, he thought about his men. The dying and the dead, the wounded and those flushed with victory, their sorrows and their joys, their rations and medicines, and housing—all must be attended to, aye, even to those thoughts (for soldiers have them too) which take hold of eternity and of the throne of God.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE, TYNRON

In Shaw's own unstudied prose about birds and flowers, full of the love of nature and humanity, quick with observation, rich in sympathy, he reveals himself with much of the innocent and attracting charm of Gilbert White of Selborne. Take this picture of a flock of schoolboys out bird-nesting:

> A whisper informs us that a ragged loon has discovered a mavis or song thrush in the very act of building its nest. In the midst of a wood with oak, coppice, and hazel with catkins still unshed, we saw it, though some had to pay a marble for the sight, in the midst of a thick holly bush. The peeping during incubation was so strictly select that in due course four or five birds began to gape. The top fledgeling was secured by the joiner's son. The nest in which he was born is an honest piece of work, capable of holding water, built with a compost of clay and cow dung, and constructed externally of moss and small bits of wood.
>
> Who can picture our excitement on that proud day when one of our number discovered an owl's nest? It was arranged that the more daring spirits should make a pilgrimage to it, first Saturday. We passed over holms where old men were scattering manure. We ascended beautifully rounded hills, all aflame, for it was that period of spring when the dry withered grass of the preceding year is burned, filling the long glens with smoke, and "cankering" as the shepherds say, that is, irritating the air and causing rain. Other fields had a blackened appearance, the charred grass smelling heavily. Curlews and lapwings ran us away from their nests or nearly hit our bonnets, hovering so close around us. At last, in a boggy place, we came to a blasted alder, growing near to one of the long uncemented or dry whinstone dykes that divided two farms. In a hollow of this tree, made soft at the bottom with bits of wood scraped off the trunk, three eggs were laid, white and round. Many a time had we been startled by the owls' screech at dusk. They were the bogies of the nursery, weird, uncanny creatures with noiseless wing, the only relation of a tangible kind that we had with them being that some of us could so imitate their cry as to get back hoot for hoot. I confess that when I first peered into the nest, I being edged on another boy's shoulder, with the wind moaning through the dark firs of a neighbouring knoll, I would not have been surprised had the small round bombs of eggs burst up in my face with a "too-whit" and a blue flame. Long after we tried to bring up an owl as a pet, but it was too ready with its talons, and so was let off into liberty and twilight. We were more successful with a kestrel with clipped wings, which was presented to the master. We easily kept its larder full with mice and voles which we brought out of our traps at home, and it was so odd to see it sitting on the cross spars of the master's three-legged stool disgorging the pellets, which consisted of the tough indigestible portions of its prey. Poor kestrel! its clipped wings were fatal to it, for it was one day found with its head knawed off, probably by a weasel that had been seen lurking about the schoolhouse.
>
> In the ivy which marked an old decaying house for holding tools, close to the manse garden, the blackbirds built regularly. During the sunny showers we used to huddle together in a corner beneath the thick bushes, while the orange-billed rogue, not suspecting we were there, piped his daintiest ditty on a spray above our heads.
>
> One youth from such a nest got into a family that taught him to whistle about the half of a Scotch air. He had more general intelligence than the thrush, but was awfully fluttered on one occasion that a favourite of his approached the cage with an unusual headdress.
>
> Rooks and chaffinches are our most common birds. Rooks are so much alike, we often wondered how they knew their mates. They begin to build and to steal building materials from each other on the first Sunday in March, thus breaking one-fifth of the moral law at once. Chaffinches understand the principle of protective resemblance when nest-building, choosing material of the same pattern as the lichened or mossy tree in whose fork they build. The females of our game birds trust so far to their tints being similar to the heath among which they brood, that I have seen us betting whether we could teach them setting.

Shaw was as fond of flowers and plants as of birds and titmice. Through all his natural history he sat at the feet of the great master, Charles Darwin. Thoughout his activities in school or field there ran the same "deep-veined humanity." It taught him to love his school children, his chaffinches, his shepherds on the lonely hills, his bright and musical Shinnel-water as it brattles through his little parish, the old country town of his youth, with its Printers Row and its weaving shops. Take one last look of him: "I had the key of Barrhead library when I was up, and sat one whole day among their books, Grote's Plato, Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' Mill's 'Logic,' Froude's Essays and History, Crabbe Robinson's Diary, etc. etc. Scott never painted Dominie Sampson half as well to my satisfaction as I felt after my day's surfeit—sometimes with one foot on the ladder swallowing half a chapter — stolen waters are sweet. I took none of them home with me but 'Westward Ho!' which I only got half through when I left. I have purchased Buckle's 'Civilisation' for winter."

Let me end this attempt to draw for the readers of Good Words a thumbnail portrait of a schoolmaster among the hills, with my tribute of sincere gratitude to the pupil of the interesting old man who has built so fit a monument to his memory. The loving selection which Professor Wallace has made for us from his schoolmaster's verse and prose may well make many an unknown teacher's mouth water. He will be conscious of a wish, he can hardly call it a hope, that for him also some loving and kindly pupil may be found to weave a memorial wreath, to keep his memory fresh. He knows that in a few years "lessons" will be over, his scholars "dismissed," and the workshop in which he has spent his days moulding and shaping young minds and hearts will be left empty of him.

TO A BUTTERCUP

By LUCY A. BENNETT

Hold thy tiny goblet up,
Pretty golden Buttercup!
Honest gold, without, within,
Not a bit of gilded tin!

Hold it bravely, all night through,
Ready for the crystal dew;
Look the daylight in the eyes,
First to see the sun arise.

Should the raindrops chance to fall,
Do not try to catch them all:
Hand thine empty bowl to Him
Who still filleth "to the brim."

If a wandering bee arrive
At thy topsy-turvy hive,
Bid him kindly welcome there,
Spread for him the traveller's fare.

In thy shapely little nest
Give the ladybird a rest—
Dainty cradle of the lea,
Crazy tho' the rockers be.

Poised on many a jaunty head,
See the shining baskets spread!
Keep those empty baskets steady,
Till the summer fruits are ready.

When the parching sun is out,
Spread thy parasols about;
(Handles all—for some strange reason—
Used inverted through the season).

Tho' I love thee not so well
As the valley's lily-bell;
Tho' the daisy's cushioned breast
Be a safer place of rest;

Yet, when worn with toil and care,
I would climb the narrow stair
To thy lofty gallery—
Nothing 'twixt the skies and me!

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

BY THE REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH-SHORE, M.A., CANON OF WORCESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY FITTON

CONCLUDING PAPER

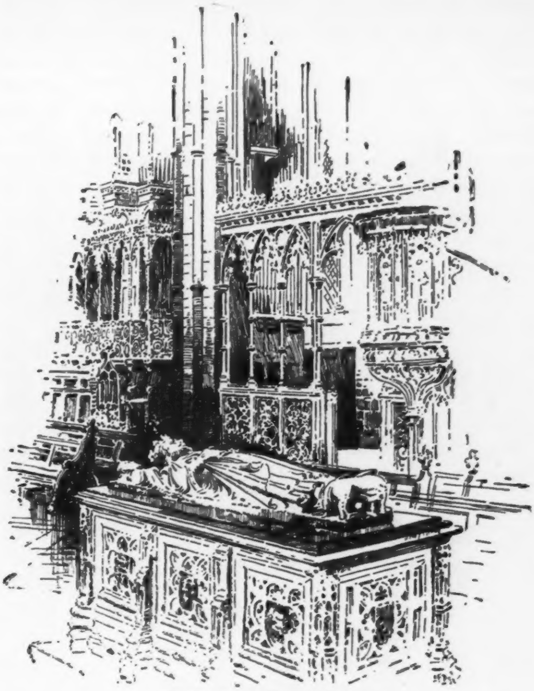
THE choir is reached by a flight of wide and stately steps from the nave, being separated from it by an open screen of modern date, in which wood and metal and marble have been skilfully and effectively combined. The choir is certainly one of the most beautiful in any cathedral. The octangular columns, with their exquisite foliated capitals, are of rather light stone surrounded with large shafts of dark Purbeck marble, while in the moulding of the first three arches the dog-tooth ornament is effectively introduced. Bishop Godfrey Gifford (1268–1302) added to the Purbeck marble pillars rings of gilt brass or copper, which still exist and which have well preserved the joints which they encircle. The entire roof of this portion of the sacred edifice is highly decorated with paintings of saints and bishops, the whole design centreing over the sacrarium, where the angelic host are emblazoned in gold and colour surrounding the figure of the Redeemer. The former choir had been destroyed by fire in 1202, but the rebuilding was almost immediately commenced and was completed in 1218.

The ancient *Miserere* seats of dark oak, now as hard as iron, dating from 1379, run along both sides of the choir, those occupied by the Dean and Canons and Archdeacons being surmounted by elaborate canopies of modern date, which have been darkened so as to harmonise with the colour of the stalls themselves. The other stalls, which have no canopies, are allotted to the Honorary Canons. It may be, perhaps, useful to explain that the existence of Honorary Canons indicates a cathedral of the "New Foundation." In cathedrals of the "Old Foundation" there are Canons Residentiary and Prebendaries, whereas in those of the "New Foundation" there are Canons and Honorary Canons; these latter, founded so recently as 1842, are entitled to occupy a stall, but are not members of the Chapter, and they have no emoluments. Cathedrals of the "Old Foundation" are those which were originally cathedrals served by secular clergy (*i.e.*, those who did not belong to any monastic Order). Those of the "New Foundation" were served by regular clergy (*i.e.*, members of an Order), and at the Reformation the monastic institutions being abolished, these were put on a "New Foundation" by Henry VIII. and thenceforward were cathedrals like the others.

One of the most interesting and instructive features of the choir is a series of wood-carvings, the date of which is believed to be about 1397. These for some years formed part of a screen beneath the organ, which then separated the nave and choir, but in 1865 they were restored to their original and proper position by being attached to the *subsellæ* of the stalls. Although their purely artistic merits vary considerably, they are as a whole admirable, and, as a series, almost unique specimens of mediæval art. A detailed reference can here be made only to a very few of those carvings by way of example. One carving represents three men with scythes mowing grass; one of the supporters depicts a wolf in sheep's clothing (*i.e.*, in the cloak of an ecclesiastic), he has before him a sheep's head over which he is asking a blessing. In these and other similar carvings the clerical wolf in sheep's clothing is frequently to be seen. It may at first appear strange that the members of an ecclesiastical body should have indulged in such representations. It is to be remembered, however, that these are the work of monks, and that the sarcasm and ridicule are doubtless indulged in at the expense of the regular clergy, and the existence of such indicates the extent of the jealousy and animosity between "seculars" and "regulars" in those days.

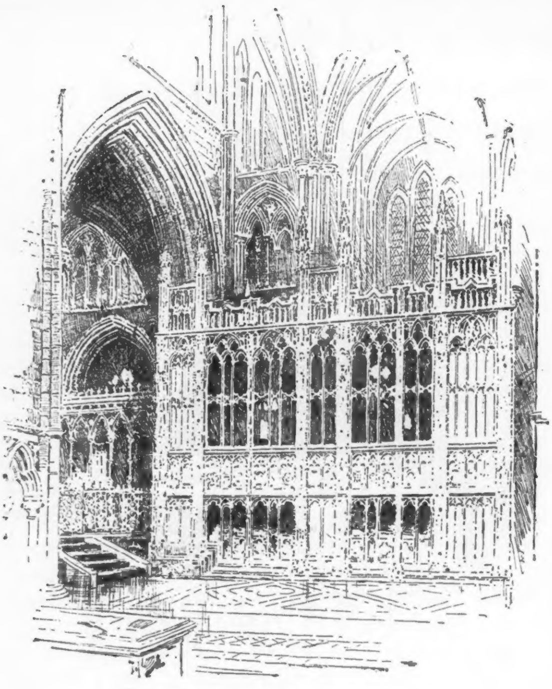
Another carving shows a king or noble mounted; the horse is richly caparisoned, and a page is leading him; on the wrist of the figure there are the claws of a bird remaining, showing that originally he carried a hawk for the chase. The heads of the men, who are depicted as supporters, are adorned with masses of hair carefully dressed. In several other of these carvings the same style of elaborate hair dressing—the hair being stuck out all around — is illustrated, thus throwing light upon one department in which mediæval foppery displayed itself. Long hair was so common in the reign of Edward the Confessor, that Bishop Wulstan severely censured the people for what he considered such effeminacy, and even carried about with him a small knife with which he cut off some of the long hair of any individual who, indulging in such adornment, knelt down to receive his blessing.

The entire series of these admirable carvings deserve minute and careful study: there is scarcely one of them which does not from some point of view repay detailed examination.



THE CHOIR. KING JOHN'S TOMB

Immediately east of the stalls on the south side stands the Bishop's throne—an elaborately carved structure of oak. In itself, being modern, it has not any historical associations, but the figures of the two Bishops, Oswald and Wulstan, with which it is decorated, remind us that few Sees have been occupied by a greater variety of distinguished prelates than that of Worcester. The See was designed in 673 by Archbishop Theodore; but owing to the objections of the Bishop of Lichfield, out of whose diocese that of Worcester was to be taken, it was not actually founded until 679, when, following the tribal divisions, the country occupied by the people of the Huiccas was transferred to the newly erected See of Worcester. Tatfrith, from the renowned monastic establishment at Streaneshalch (Whitby), was selected as the first bishop, but he died before his consecration could take place, and Bosel, from the same famous monastery, became the first bishop, and from him we have a line in unbroken succession to the present day. Four of the bishops were canonised (St. Egwin, St. Dunstan, St. Oswald, and St. Wulstan); eleven were promoted to the archiepiscopal thrones of Canterbury or of York; seven have been Lord Chancellors, two were Lord Treasurers; and two (Latimer and Hooper) were martyrs for the Reformed Faith, and Hough (of Magdalen College, Oxford) one of its most valiant defenders. The See of Worcester also gave a Pope to the Chair of St. Peter. In 1521 Leo X. bestowed the bishopric of Worcester upon his nephew, Julian de' Medici, who subsequently ascended the pontifical throne as Clement VII. This prelate, however, resigned in the following year, at the wish of the Pope, who was terrified by the storm which was arising owing to the pluralities enjoyed by this favoured nephew. He had been raised from a humble position by his powerful uncle Leo X. and made Cardinal Priest of St. Lawrence in Damaso and Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church, and was also appointed Archbishop of Narbonne and of Florence, and incumbent of several benefices, before being nominated Bishop of Worcester. This was indeed a brilliant example of papal nepotism, and a striking



PRINCE ARTHUR'S CHANTRY

though unconscious illustration of the saying of Pope Alexander III. "Filios episcopis Dominus abstulit, nepotes vero Diabolus dedit." (The Lord hath taken away sons from bishops, but the devil hath given them nephews.)

Facing the episcopal throne, on the north side of the choir, is the pulpit which is used when there is a sermon preached at a choir service. It dates from early in the seventeenth century, and is a good specimen of Late Perpendicular. At the back of it there originally stood a quaint stone carving representing the New Jerusalem, which, however, was removed when the last restoration took place, but having been subsequently discovered amid some old material in the crypt, it was placed in its present position on the sill of the window behind the pulpit.

This pulpit formerly stood in the nave. Although it is commonly imagined that services or sermons in the nave are quite modern innovations and do not come within the scope of strictly cathedral services, in Worcester at all events sermons used to be preached elsewhere than in the choir. We read of Bishop Latimer preaching at "the fair stone cross which was in the churchyard," but after its destruction we find that "the place of preaching was at the bottom of the Cathedral Church; the chief citizens sate on the stone bench under the great west window, a blue arras cloth being spread thereon, the Bishop, Dean, and Prebends sate on the south side of the church over against the second arch from the west; the Bishop and Dean in several chairs, the Prebends on a stone bench covered with a like blue cloth, with Robert Alchurch, Sub-Prior his Fancy or Rebus on it; which at a hundred years distant from his time looked very fresh, although it was used weekly."* In 1639 the mayor and citizens of Worcester petitioned Archbishop Laud on this very subject: they allege that "time out of mind" there had been at the west end of the Cathedral nave an ancient pulpit for daily prayers and preaching, with seats and kneelings for the citizens; but in 1637 the pulpit and seats were removed by order of the Archbishop to the west end of the choir. The choir was, however, too small for one-sixth of those who would attend; so they pray that the pulpit may be restored to its ancient place at the west end of the nave, where the mayor and his brethren might sit as afore. And Laud in November 1637 issued the King's instructions to restore "the preaching place" at the west end of the nave.†

A little to the east of the bishop's throne and of the pulpit, in the centre of the choir and close to the steps of the sacrarium, stands the tomb of King John. It has already been mentioned that the King desired to be buried in the Cathedral before the great altar, between Oswald and Wulstan. A note in a MS. of the Priory of Worcester, written early in the fifteenth century, contains the quaint observation, "so that which was said by Merlin was fulfilled, 'he shall be placed among the saints.'" The King died at Newark October 19, 1216; the body was conveyed thence to Worcester by the Earl of Pembroke and the Papal Legate, and the funeral service in the Cathedral was conducted by Bishop Sylvester, who had not long before returned from the Lateran Council. The tomb is surmounted by an effigy of the King (the oldest royal effigy extant in England): in his right hand is a portion of a sceptre, and by his left side lies a sword, the point of which is held in the mouth of a lion couchant at his feet. On either side of the royal figure are recumbent figures of the two Bishops, Oswald and Wulstan, each holding a censer. The entire figure and its surroundings have been in modern days gilded, and on the hem of the robe and on the back of the gloves may be seen indentations, which were no doubt originally fitted with jewels, of which Cromwell's soldiers and other marauders possessed themselves when so many injuries were inflicted upon the Cathedral. The question having been raised as to whether this was only a monument, and that the body of the King lay elsewhere in the church, it was determined, in 1797, to open the tomb and thus settle the matter. Accordingly in that year, on July 17, this was done, and the entire remains of the King were discovered in a stone coffin. The body was found to measure five feet six inches in length. The dress, of which considerable portions remained, corresponded with that depicted on the figure on the top of the tomb, excepting the gloves and the crown. On the skull in the coffin was found a monk's cowl, in which he was recorded to have been buried, it being considered a passport through the regions of Purgatory. The coffin now rests upon the pavement of the choir without being let into it. Its original covering was the stone out of which the effigy of the King is sculptured, the material of which corresponds with that of the stone coffin. When Henry VIII. erected the tomb which now encloses it, the top of the coffin, with the effigy, was raised to its present position.

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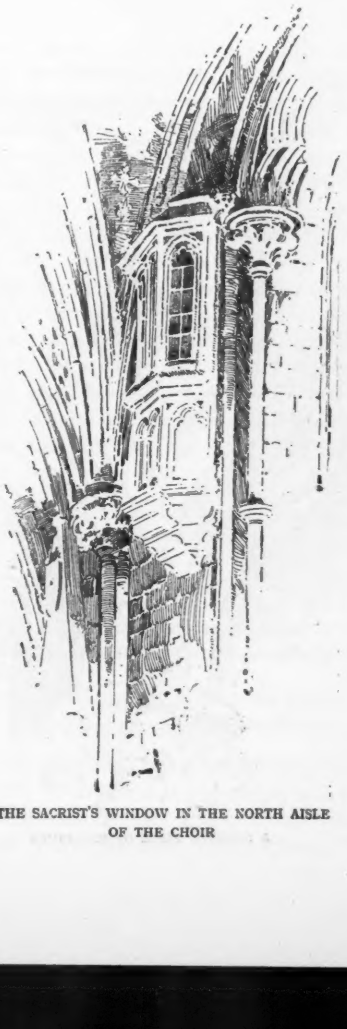
* Thomas's "Worcester Cathedral."

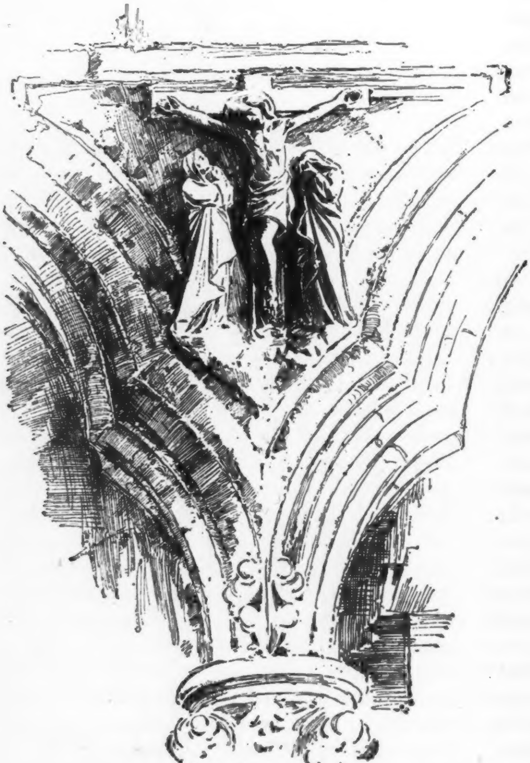
† "Worcestershire Nuggets," by J. Noakes.

To the south-east of this royal tomb, but on the higher elevation of the flight of steps of the sacrarium, is the beautiful little chantry erected by Henry VIII. to his elder brother, Prince Arthur, who was born in Winchester in 1486, and was married to Katharine of Aragon. It contains the tomb in which repose the remains of the prince, and around which runs the following inscription: "Here lyeth buried Prince Arthur, the first begotten sonne of the right renowned King Henry the Seventh, which Noble Prince departed out of this transitory life, at the Castle of Ludlow, in the seventeenth yeere of his father's raygne, and in the yeere of our Lorde God, one thousand five hundred and two." The heart of the unfortunate young prince was buried in the chancel of the church of Ludlow in a silver box. The exquisite work of this chapel, especially at the east end, has suffered much at the hands of the Puritans, the marks of whose swords and axes can be still seen on some of the broken and disfigured stonework, but enough remains intact to make it still a thing of beauty. Although it is Late Gothic in style and most elaborately


THE SACRIST'S WINDOW IN THE NORTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR

decorated within and without, it falls in with wonderful and striking harmony with the Early English work surrounding it, presenting, indeed, the appearance, as it were, of a precious casket carefully set into a glorious frame. Here the remains of the prince were interred, having been brought to Worcester on St. Mark's Day, 1502, amidst a scene of solemn dignity and of unwonted sorrow: "he had a hard heart that wept not then," says an old chronicler.

This little chapel forms the south side of the sacrarium, in which is the modern reredos, highly decorated, erected by Dean Peel as a memorial to his wife. The general design (the work of Sir Gilbert Scott) consists of a central figure of our Lord, seated, crowned, and in the act of blessing, while on either side are two of the Evangelists, the whole treatment probably suggested by the remains of a reredos still to be seen in the ancient refectory.

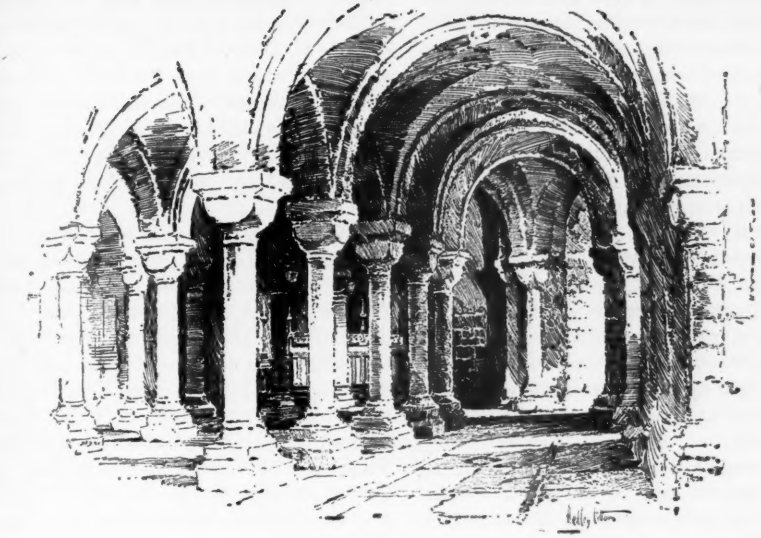


A NOTABLE PIECE OF SCULPTURE

Passing through the north aisle of the choir to the Lady Chapel, a small oriel-shaped window is to be noticed high up in the north wall, with traces of a former doorway beneath it, which was, no doubt, attached to the sacristan's house, which originally stood outside this wall, and through this window that official could notice that the lights were burning before the high altar.

The visitor descends a short flight of steps from the higher elevation of the choir to the lower elevation (corresponding with that of the nave) on which the Lady Chapel and the east transepts stand. The Cathedral forms a double cross, the west transepts separating the choir from the nave and the eastern ones the choir from the Lady Chapel. The Early English architecture of this Chapel and of the transepts (the north being called the Bishop's Chapel and the south the Dean's Chapel) is still more refined and more delicate in detail than that of the choir. An impression of greater loftiness is created both by the narrowness of the arches and by the lower level on which this portion of the building is erected.

The most striking feature in this part of the church is the wall arcading of the thirteenth century which extends the entire length of the walls of the transepts and of the Lady Chapel. There is an immense variety of subjects and of treatment, and of style and merit, alike in the capitals of the slender pillars of the arcadings and of the carvings which decorate the spandrils. Some are the commonplace subjects, flowers, monsters, dragons; others represent scriptural incidents; and others are the grotesque outcome of mediæval imagination. Three designs, evidently by the same hand, depict the Annunciation, the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, and the manger with Mary and Joseph and the Infant Saviour. Close to these is a representation of a bishop, apparently placing on the altar as an offering to God the model of a church. This possibly was intended to record the fact that this portion of the Cathedral was built by Bishop de Blois, whose episcopate extended 1218 – 1236. Another series of great merit and



THE NORMAN CRYPT

dignity in the south transepts portray a series of angels, commencing with St. Michael, and concluding with the Angel of Resurrection. Close to these in the same transept are a number of designs widely differing from the angelic series alike in subject, in treatment, and in merit. In one the Resurrection is represented by three men pushing up their coffin-lids, across the top of one of which a figure sits astride; in another some unfortunate mortals are being placed in hell (represented by a great monster with opened jaws), which already seems to be crowded to excess; in another we see the Angel of Justice weighing a human being in one scale against his deeds in the other, while a little imp with hideous and suggestive grin is concealed beneath the scale endeavouring to pull it down against him; in another Adam and Eve are marching dolefully out of Paradise, which is portrayed as an enclosed town, over the encircling wall of which is visible, by a bold stroke of wild imagination, a church steeple surmounted with a cross!

The most beautiful piece of work, however, in the whole of this interesting series of sculptures, is a Rood on the east wall of the south aisle of the Lady Chapel. The sacred figure on the cross is at once touching and dignified, while there is an infinite depth of sorrow suggested in the figures of the two women who stand on either side, one having her face completely covered with the uplifted hem of her robe. The treatment of these figures is admirably refined. In this Chapel there are various monuments to bishops and priors and others; but repeated alterations, involving sometimes the movement of these memorials, have made the identification of them largely a matter of conjecture. There is, however, a small tablet to the memory of the sister of Bishop Ken, and wife of the famous Izaac Walton, which bears the following inscription, evidently the composition of the famous master of the "gentle craft":

> **Here lyeth buryed soe much as could dye**
> **Of Anne, the wife of Isaac Walton,**
> **Who was a woman of the *Primitive* Piety,**
> **Her great and general knowledge being**
> **Adorned with such true humility, and**
> **Blest with soe much Christian meekness**
> **As made her worthy of a more memorable**
> **monument,**
> **She dyed (alas! that she is dead) the 17th of**
> **April 1662. Aged 52. Study to be like her.**

Having completed our survey of the present Cathedral, we descend to the crypt, which is one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of pure Norman architecture. Its supports are a series of very light pillars, the bases of which are considerably varied, there being six different forms of base, while the capitals are identical, with the exception of that of one single pillar, where some imaginative workman introduced a very simple and primitive form of decoration, possibly one of the very first attempts to add decoration to a style of architecture which theretofore had depended solely upon beauty of form. It is worth noting the fact that in the Norman Chapel of La Paix at Caen (1061), the city famous for great churches erected by the Conqueror, there are ten different varieties of the bases of the pillars, which indicates an almost absolute identity of style between this Norman crypt in Worcester and the church in Normandy.

This is one of the few apsidal crypts in England, and in date of erection comes second only to Winchester (1089)—the other two being Gloucester (1079) and Canterbury (1096). Towards the end of Wulstan's episcopate, one of his last public acts was the holding of a synod here to settle a question which had arisen between the priests of the two city churches, St. Alban's and St. Helen's, as to which was the mother church of the city. The decision arrived at was that neither could claim that seniority, which belonged to the Cathedral alone.

The crypt stands to-day a complete church, with nave and aisles practically the same as it was when erected in 1084 by the great Wulstan. Still, after the changes and vicissitudes of more than eight centuries, the Holy Communion is celebrated here each year on St. Wulstan's Day in memory of him and of all other benefactors of "the Cathedral Church of Christ and the Blessed Mary the Virgin of Worcester"—a striking object-lesson as regards the unbroken continuity and the historical identity of the Church of England.

ARTISTS AND MODELS

By J. DEANE HILTON

THERE is no place where the hours fly so swiftly and so pleasantly as in an artist's studio. It is better to be free of the studios than to have one's name on the visiting lists of dukes and millionaires. I speak, of course, of the time ere "wild youth's past;" when middle-age comes, with its weight and gravity and sense of the serious responsibilities of life, the heart's desire is for Park Lane rather than for Bloomsbury. Nor do I refer to the stately *ateliers* of the great, successful artists, where the frost of Society stiffens manners and silences mirth. The artists with their future still to make, who have not outlived the springtime and renounced their native land Bohemia to become naturalised in Philistia, are the men to know. In the probationary state, when the mansion in Fitz-John's Avenue, Hampstead, is as yet only a dream, the artist in the tweed jacket is a frank friend, a joyous companion, who takes life boisterously. What oases in the grey desert of British conventionality are the studios! Where else will you find such constant devotion to the Virginian plant, such unrestrained laughter and song? Where will you find a welcome so cordial? And what a privilege it is to be permitted to look over a collection of canvases that have come back, or a portfolio of drawings done in the early days, and trace out evidences of growth!

Only less interesting than the artist is his servant, the model. These necessary persons may be divided into two great sections—those chosen for their beauty, and those selected for their character, not moral but physical. It is a regular calling to be a model, and a very arduous one. Standing still for several hours in a day, off and on, is severe exercise; novices not infrequently faint dead away in the first ten minutes; one has to be brought to it by degrees. Beauty models we need not be troubled with at present, beauty is only skin-deep, saith the old proverb: it is the other sort, the character models, that present more characteristic features. Those who have had stage experience are for several reasons more highly valued than others. They are able to assume any required facial expression readily, their freedom of limb enables them to fall into the pose indicated at once, and their knowledge of costume and skill in "quick changes" mean a great saving of time.

In writing of professional models, the trouble is in selection, my recollection is crowded with so many deeply interesting and striking personalities. To mention but a few: There was old Freeman—the real names do not matter—dead long since, full of years. He had walked straight out of Dickens-land: you could imagine him emptying glasses with Mr. Vincent Crummles. He had been on the stage, and used to tell wonderful tales of his triumphs as Falstaff. His face was huge and pliant, and of a burning red colour; his eye was moist, his mouth enormous; his figure that of Kenny Meadows's Falstaff. He looked the embodied genius of low comedy. I don't know whether he ever sat for Parson Trulliber or Potion—he would have done excellently well for either. His gross, merry face may be seen in countless pictures of jolly friars, obese landlords, and comic burgomasters. Attired in the proper mob cap and black dress, he sat as Mrs. Gamp to the most gifted of latter-day Dickens illustrators. Lazy, selfish, greedy old Freeman, of the oily voice, the humorous quip, the ready jest, the homely pathos, the lachrymous tales of poverty and trouble, he came upon the world too late. Shakespeare or Smollett or Dickens would have made the whole world laugh at him as we laughed. His gluttony was fabulous, it belonged to the heroic age. Every artist who employed him had tales to tell of his awful voracity. It was said that, but for his appetite for solids, whisky would have killed him long before. He was made the victim of experiments, to which he had not the least objection; there was a curiosity to know what his limit really was. At one artist's house, after he had devoured a tremendous meal of meat and accompaniments, a fruit-pie, made in a wash-hand-basin, was placed before him. More than half of this gigantic pastry disappeared before he would acknowledge himself beaten. It was usual to defer feeding him as long as possible, for after he had dined the trouble was to keep him awake. Poor Freeman has gone, alas! faded away from studio and from tavern. I cannot imagine him really happy anywhere, unless an endless succession of Lord Mayors' banquets were provided for him: no other kind of felicity would appeal to his feelings.

There was Martin, the ex-Hussar, who had fought through the Mutiny, and helped to avenge Cawnpore. He was lame of one foot, through the unskilful extraction of a guinea-worm by a drunken surgeon. A powerful, finely built man was Martin, with full brown beard and steady blue eyes. The artists used him as a model for fishermen, sailors, firemen, or the "father" in domestic pictures; he had a good Christmas Number face. He used to enliven the sittings with vivid descriptions of fierce fighting in the East and tales of life in barracks. After several strange premonitory symptoms, he went hopelessly insane, and died in an asylum. I remember his once taking a sabre from the artist's armoury, and making it hiss through the air as he showed the cavalry pursuit cuts. If the madness had come on then! His son, a golden-haired child with an angelic face, used to sit sometimes; but his early promise was not fulfilled: he grew up pert in manner and commonplace in appearance.

Chapman, with his clean-shaven, shrewd face, full of intelligence and humour, was ever a welcome presence. His experience of men and manners in the nooks and corners of life was extensive. His mind was like an old curiosity-shop, full of oddities and valuable odds and ends. His fund of anecdote was perennial. He had been employed at circuses and theatres, and knew stage life through and through. Stage-fright, which he had never been able to conquer, had prevented his ever taking a "speaking part," though to look at the man no one would have credited him with any weakness of that kind. He had sat to most of the celebrated painters of the time, and had taken intelligent notice of their methods of work. His command of facial expression was extraordinary. His face was an eighteenth-century type. You could not look at it without thinking of "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," "The School for Scandal," and "The Road to Ruin." I can recognise Chapman's face, disguised under various expressions, in scores of pictures. He is the trusted family lawyer, or the comic tradesman, or the respectable traveller terrified at a highwayman, the broken-hearted widower, or the stern banns-forbidding parent. Could he have written his recollections, what a book it would have been! But in that respect fate is unkind: the most interesting autobiographies are never written. Chapman had good abilities; he had looked at life with observant eyes from strange coigns for more than sixty years; he could with his talk sometimes make the artist stop painting and listen. He was very successful in obtaining last-century costumes, his favourite hunting-ground being the Jewish quarter in Whitechapel, where the children of the Ghetto took him for a regular dealer. The old man had a quick eye for character, and often practised on a patron's weakness.

Once he was sitting to an artist who was not very successful, and whom a slight discouragement threw into a state of Byronic gloom. He was complaining of hard times and the lack of public appreciation. "I have heard, sir," said Chapman, "that some of these pavement artists make as much as thirty shillings a day."

The artist put aside his brushes, and covered his face with his hands. After a few minutes' silence, he said in a mournful voice, "Chapman, take off that costume and go. I can work no more. Thirty shillings a day! while I——" He had not the least suspicion that he was being hoaxed.

Chapman, too, has been dead some years. The old school of models is almost extinct. Speaking as a fogey, I do not think the new recruits are an improvement; character seems to be less sought after than formerly, and some of our young artists are so wonderfully clever they can dispense with models altogether.

Collier, a model of quite another stamp, was tall, thin, and rather good-looking. It was not known what he was originally. He cultivated a languid, aristocratic drawl, and his manner was a passable imitation of good breeding. His incessant talk, which dropped, dropped, sleepily, monotonously, like a fountain with a bad supply, exhibited an extraordinary knowledge of history. When not sitting, he passed his time, it appeared, in the British Museum Reading Room. I believe a rooted antipathy to regular occupation of any kind made the intermittent calling of model attractive to him. He was used for what is known in theatrical circles as "juvenile business"—young lovers, elegant heroes, troubadours, and characters of that kind.

These are the lighter phases of the subject; there are others which are inexpressibly sad. Men of wrecked, wasted lives often drift to the artist's door, and receive something more than the market price for their services, for the kindly painters deal with them "with no stinted hand."

One of these broken men, whom we will call Rogers, had held a captain's commission in the Artillery, and had served in India. His dress was shabby but neat; he had a long brown moustache and deeply bronzed face, and was a useful model for military pictures in which his rank was restored to him. Rogers was one of the studio mysteries. What had ruined his career, estranged his friends, and driven him to this—sitting for a few shillings a day? Whatsoever his secret was, he had enough strength and resolution to hold it fast. Men from the ranks often find employment in the studios, but I remember no other officer model. He earned a little money now and then by contributing to sporting papers and boys' periodicals, and was always looking forward to "making a mark on the London Press," as he phrased it with pathetic hopefulness. He dropped out of knowledge suddenly, and whether he succeeded in gaining a livelihood by his pen, or whether death mercifully claimed him, I cannot tell.

A tall, grey old man, known as "the old Frenchman," used to be a familiar figure in the West End streets some years ago. He could only speak a few words of English, and suffered much persecution from troops of barbarous London youth. His long flowing hair and beard gave him a picturesque, apostolic appearance—he looked the living presentment of the "Blind Beggar" in the National Gallery. He used to sit for Scriptural subjects; but he had no regular connection as a model, and died, I believe, in the end from exposure and want.

Strong men are in great demand in the studios. Italians from the Saffron Hill colony are, from their finely marked anatomy, considered good models, though they have not the grand structure and massive strength of our Northern men. Professional gymnasts and acrobats are the favourite sitters. Pugilists are not to be had in these days, when successful boxers can earn as much as popular authors or comic singers. Eighty or a hundred years ago professors of pugilism were not so highly rewarded. "Gentleman" Jackson, Champion of England, and the friend and correspondent of Byron, was a frequent sitter, and, I believe, a plaster cast of his mighty right arm is still preserved in one of the museums. The finest physical types are, unfortunately, not easily obtained. Foley modelled "The Greek Athlete" from a famous University runner and oarsman, whose form was a realisation of the "stone ideal"; but in this case the model was also a sculptor. University athletes have, as a rule, other uses for their time than posing. Amateur models are not manageable. We read that Fred. Bayham did occasionally sit to Clive Newcome and his friends, and gloried in seeing his biceps on the canvas. And, as Mr. Gandish reminded Lord Kew, "Halcibiades sat to Praxiteles, and Pericles to Phidjas." M. Blandois posed to save that aristocratic duffer, Henry Gowan, the expense of a model. Napoleon's sister, Pauline, sat to Canova. But such instances, though frequent enough in fiction, are rare in real life. Sitting as a model is a business that requires special training.

Another model, happily still living, must not be forgotten—Webster the supple and strong. This many-sided man had been a noted performer on the trapeze, and afterwards a professional conjuror. His personality is indelibly stamped on latter-Victorian art. He is more sure of immortality than many more pretentious persons. As brave Sydney Carton he stands at the foot of the guillotine awaiting the headsman. In the eternal rigidity of bronze he throttles the python with his iron fingers and swelling right arm. He stops the coach on the King's highway. He hangs over blushing damsels, anxiously waiting for the weighty answer. He engages in furious combat with foes of every kind, and with every variety of weapon. Though of English birth and race, he has the clean-cut profile of the Apollo Belvidere. His manner is marked by melancholy grace. Many years passed in studios have cultivated his taste, he is a fairly competent critic of drawing and composition; artists have been known to ask his advice, and follow it, too. If he has a fault, it is shown in a little impatience with the Impressionists, and for that a great many people will forgive him readily enough. When "rest" is called, he will, in mere lightness of heart, perform feats of strength with the clubs and dumb-bells that compel admiration, and do conjuring tricks which fool the senses. He has more trades at his finger-ends than Robinson Crusoe—gardening among them. No wonder that Webster is popular and full of engagements. I have mentioned that he stood for the athlete throttling the python: through an extraordinary coincidence, he did years afterwards have a real encounter with one of those reptiles. A python which was entrusted to his care escaped and took up its quarters in the greenhouse. Webster, with characteristic courage, entered the low-roofed place, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in mastering the creature, and restoring it to captivity.

Still another figure rises out of the past, more distinct than all others of the happy, idle days. William Crofton was one of those characters you would have longed to meet in the flesh had you read of him in fiction. He was himself, from hair to heels, original through and through, reflecting nothing from others. He read no books, no newspapers, yet he was as full of philosophy as Hamlet—philosophy entirely home-made. The mortal part of him is gone from among us; his proverbs and sayings are fondly remembered and quoted to this day. He was like a musical instrument always in tune, for he never spoke out of character; every sentence he uttered was coined in his own special mint, no other person could have spoken it. His mind and manner alike Nature had made to order, no one else could have worn them. Crofton was the strongest and most consistent character I have ever met; he was as deeply himself as Carlyle was Carlyle. He too had missed his heritage: he should have stood in the gallery of immortals beside Sam Weller and Sancho Panza. He was not, strictly speaking, a model, though he may have sat now and then as a burglar or horse-thief; his business with the studios was providing models for animal painters. To find William you would have to plunge into the neighbourhood of the Dials. The shopfront is hidden behind tiers of cages—cages of ferrets, rabbits, squirrels, cats, small dogs, monkeys, and birds of all varieties. Inside the shop bulldogs, bloodhounds, and terriers are chained up, who greet the visitor with a chorus of barks and yells. Then a sound arises like a file drawn sharply against a saw, at which the dogs cower down and become suddenly silent. It is the voice of William, who comes forward to ask your pleasure.

In the gloomy little parlour behind you may catch a glimpse of his gipsy wife, whose eyes flash fiercely from beneath a wild tangle of black hair. What a model for a Jezebel! if William would only let her sit, but he never would. He was afraid of her getting too vain. When I knew him, he was in the grey stage, a strongly built man, rather below the middle size, with still, watchful eyes, a lined face, fractured nose, and broken teeth. He wore a cloth cap with ear-flaps to it, and corduroy trousers, very tight round the ankles. Is the picture revolting, vulgar? Vulgarity is relative; many world-renowned painters found him interesting. Among his neighbours Crofton was as a Gladstone in a parish council, a Raphael in an elementary art class. In business he was more straightforward, and in his treatment of animals far more humane, than men of his calling usually are. He would arrive punctually at the studio with whatsoever animal was ordered, a donkey, goat, monkey, bulldog, or cat. I have met him struggling across Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, with a pig of superporcine obstinacy. It was said that he had never been beaten in providing the animal ordered. An artist once, as a test, told him to bring a peacock. At the appointed time there he was at the door with the gorgeous bird a prisoner in his pony cart. William always remained through the sitting to pose the animals, and marvellously clever he was in coaxing or forcing them into the required position. While thus engaged he would give forth his opinions upon men and things. When he died, it was suggested that a book should be made of his sayings and anecdotes—there was ample material—and sold for the benefit of his widow; but the proposal was unfortunately allowed to drop. He required no invitation to begin.

"I think Mr. ——" (naming the greatest living animal painter) "is improvin'," he once said; "where he used to 'ave a dorg four or five times to paint, he 'as it now twenty times."

That was William's measure of a man's ability as a painter. About hydrophobia he was very sceptical.

"Me and my old woman and my children 'ave been bit all over, and we never 'ad it," he said; "it's a lot of 'umbug, sir."

Although his manner was invariably polite and deferential, he was "gey ill" to jest with. An artist once said to him:

"I suppose, Crofton, in the course of your chequered career you've been in prison."

"Well, sir," he answered, "I've been remanded and that. Oh, it was a nice place enough, I 'ad no complaints to make." Then, with intense slyness, as though putting a question of great delicacy, "'ave *you* ever ——?"

Sometimes he would begin a reminiscence without the least warning, and always in the present tense, as thus: "I'm goin' up to Mr. Parker's with a dorg. Servant answers the door. 'Will you tell Mr. Parker a gentleman wants to see 'im?' I says. She puts her 'ead outside the door, looks up and down the street, and says 'Where is he?' I puts my 'and in my pocket, pulls out a lot of silver, and says, 'There he is.'" He evidently thought this a very crushing retort, for he added in a tone of quiet satisfaction, "Yes, I can generally manage to give 'em their answer." He could be figurative. We were speaking of a wealthy peer who had recently died. Crofton reviewed the subject from the Epicurean standpoint. After expatiating upon all the deceased nobleman had to make life pleasant, he said gravely, "Ah, he must have been very sorry to lay down his knife and fork."

When commenting upon the universality of human suffering, he said—no doubt thinking of his dogs—"Every one 'as to wear a collar wot galls, and it ain't no use a-strugglin'." When he used a slang word for anything, and the proper term was suggested, he would say contemptuously, "Ah, you puts a dash of gravy to it." He owned to taking "parritch" in the Scotch fashion with salt. When sugar was recommended, he said, "Oh, then you makes a kind of harrer-root of it."

His moral perception was strangely perverted. He seemed to think that all tricks of the trade—blacking the noses of pug puppies, furnishing a dog with a false tail, or selling a broken-winded pony—were justifiable, if the money gained were spent on pleasure; the sin was in hoarding up money acquired by fraud. As to his own share in such dark transactions, he was never backward in making open confession. But William had his good points. Amid much that was degraded and even lawless, bright spots shone out. He spoke of his mother in terms of sincere affection. He told in his deliciously quaint way how the old lady had prevented him from entering the Prize Ring, and how she had once intervened with a broomstick when he and a boy friend were setting two dogs on to fight. She must have been a woman of forcible character. How true it is that remarkable men have always had remarkable mothers! "Wasn't so good to 'er as I might 'ave been," he said remorsefully, "I see it all now."

Occasionally dead animals are required in the studios. Crofton once supplied a dead kitten to a young painter, and charged a disgracefully high price for it. When he was remonstrated with for extortion, he replied, drawing in his breath, as though the recollection of what he had done excoriated his nerves, "Ah, but you see I 'ad to take the *life!*"

This is but a weak, imperfect sketch of a notable character, whose life and opinions would make a very interesting volume. Poor darkened soul! he was a specimen of the utter heathendom of our great cities. The inward guiding light burned very dimly, but he did his best to act up to it. Like the rest of us, he might have been better, he might very easily have been infinitely worse. His death eclipsed the gaiety of many studios, where a better man could have been better spared.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR OCTOBER

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

HOW TO OBEY AN IMPOSSIBLE INJUNCTION

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God"—Phil. iv. 6

HERE is an apparently impossible ideal, and here, too, is the one way of making it a reality. Even when we take into account the changed meaning of "careful," and remember that, while *care*, in the sense of wise forethought and consideration, is a duty, it is anxiety, the nervous, gnawing irritation which unfits for true care, that is here forbidden, the exhortation appears a counsel of perfection far beyond us. Facing the possibilities which we all must face, and knowing ourselves as weak as we all know ourselves to be, how can we keep anxiety from affecting our feelings? The sage advices, which well-meaning, would-be comforters give so plentifully, are like "vinegar on nitre." What is the use of saying to one plunged in calamity, "Cheer up, my friend"? Why should he cheer up? It is idle to bid us not be afraid, when evident danger is bearing down on us, unless the counsellor can give some reason why we should not be afraid. But such impotent advice is about all that the world's consolations and encouragements amount to. As well bid a ship in a storm not to roll or pitch, as well bid the reeds in the river-bed not to bend to wind or current, as say to me, Be careful for nothing, unless you have much more to say. A man who fronts the universe alone must be, and should be, anxious about many things; and folly consists, not in anxiety, but in not opening his eyes to facts, and in not feeling the emotions appropriate to these.

But there is a course which makes the apparent impossibility possible, and Paul tells us what it is. He introduces his positive counsel with an eloquent "but," implying that what follows is the sure preservative against the temper which he deprecates. All is summed up in the one counsel—put everything into God's hands. These are the alternatives. If we do not take the one, we must have the other. If we do not pray about everything, we shall be worried and anxious about many things; if we do pray about everything, we shall not be troubled beyond what is good for us, about anything. The victorious antagonist of anxiety is trust, and the only way to turn gnawing care out of our hearts and lives is to bring God into them, and to keep Him there.

"In every thing:" if a thing is great enough to threaten to make me anxious, it is great enough to be spoken about to God. If He and I are on a friendly footing, the instinct of friendship will make me tell Him all my concerns. Entire openness of speech should mark our intercourse with Him. The word rendered "confidence" in the New Testament, and often applied to our access to God, means literally "saying everything." How irrelevant, then, is the question whether we should pray about "worldly matters!" Friends talk about all their affairs. If we are not to get help from God by telling Him of the little things, there will not be much to speak to Him about, for every life is an aggregate of trifles, as the towering mountain is a mass of minute mica flakes.

But "by prayer" does not merely mean *by petition.* "Supplication" follows, but prayer is more than asking. There is the higher region of communion where the soul finds and gazes, aspiring possesses, and possessing aspires. Where there is no petition, there may be the prayer of contemplation, such as that with which the burning Seraphs gaze on the Throne. The prayer of quiet trust in which we cleave rather than seek, the prayer of silent submission, in which the will bows itself, the prayer of fruition—these, in Paul's conception, precede "supplication." And if we have such union with God, we have that which conquers anxiety, as a light in a chamber prevents the lightning flash from being seen. An ingenious inventor devised a vessel in which the saloon was to hang level, while the hull was tossed by waves. It was a failure, but by prayer and trust, we can keep the inmost room where our true self sits, level and still, while tempests rave.

"Supplication"; to ask is very often to have. To tell God what we think we need goes far towards bringing what we do need. To put our vague anxieties into words often reduces their proportions. To speak of them even to one another eases them; how much more to speak of them to God!

"With thanksgiving:" which is always in place. When Paul was in prison in this very city of Philippi, with his back bloody from the rod and his feet fast in the stocks, he "prayed and sang praises to God" and therefore the obedient earthquake came and set him and Silas loose. Perhaps the gaoler heard the epistle read, and remembered that thanksgiving.

SECOND SUNDAY

"Mark . . . . is useful to me for ministering"
1 Tim. iv. 11 (R.V.)

THE outlines of Mark's life are familiar—his relationship to Barnabas, his desertion of his post in Paul's first journey, the years of eclipse that followed, his reappearance with Paul during the Roman imprisonment, his presence with Peter when in "Babylon," wherever that is, and Paul's last affectionate commendation of him, which reinstates him in the very office which he had formerly given up.

His story suggests the possibility of overcoming and obliterating the memory of early faults.

Mark was probably a Cypriote, as Barnabas was, and would therefore be quite willing to go among known faces and on familiar ground, but when it was proposed to go further afield and to cross to the Asiatic mainland, his courage oozed out at his fingers' ends and he slunk back to his mother's comfortable house in Jerusalem. Paul's enthusiasm felt the ignominy of such dereliction, as the writer of the Acts emphatically brings out, by the very order of his words, when he tells that the apostle "thought not good to take with them (on the second journey) him that withdrew from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work." Paul's severity was kinder than Barnabas' indulgent proposal. The best way of waking Mark's conscience was to say, "No, he would not do the work before, and now he shall not do it." The medicine was bitter but effectual. How long it took we do not know, but the cure was thorough. The man that had shrunk from possible dangers and disagreeables in Asia became brave enough to stand by Paul the prisoner, and not be "ashamed of his chain." So far had he won his way to Paul's renewed confidence and made himself indispensible by service and sweetness, that the lonely apostle, with the headsman's sword in prospect, feels that he would like to have him at hand once more, and bids Timothy bring Mark with him, "for he is useful to me for ministering." Not only Paul's generosity, but Mark's patient effort, had pasted a clean sheet over the page that told of his desertion, and he became useful for the very service which he had petulantly and with cowardice flung up.

We need set no limits to the possibilities of curing old and ingrained defects and faults. Hope and effort should be boundless. There is nothing that a Christian man may not reach in the way of victory over his worst self, if only he will be true to Jesus, and use the renewing grace which He gives. We sometimes feel as if yesterday must set the tune for to-day, and as if we had been so often baffled that to try again was useless. But the field on which Israel reared "Eben-ezer," the Stone of Help, to commemorate decisive victory, was the very field on which Israel had before fought the same foes and been utterly routed. We, too, may conquer on the ground where we have been beaten. A spar, broken and lashed together with spun yarn tightly drawn and well tarred, is stronger at the point of fracture than it was before. It is possible for us to become impregnable at the very place where we are naturally weakest, if we will use the help that Christ gives.

Mark's history may teach the greatness of small service. He was no apostle or evangelist. His business was much humbler than these had to do, being simply to attend to Paul's comfort, and to look after the thousand and one trifles which some one had to be burdened with, if the apostle was to do his great work. And he did it to the end, never wishing that the apostle would send *him* to Crete to ordain elders, as he did Titus, or bid him stay behind at Ephesus to deal with teachers of false doctrine, as he did Timothy. He did his entirely "secular" work as Paul's private attendant, amanuensis, factotum, and sometimes perhaps valet, with no hankering after more conspicuous service. All sorts of work which contribute to one end are really of one sort. When he had not Mark to look after him, the great apostle left cloaks behind him here and books and parchments there, and sorely needed some one to keep things together. So Mark helped to diffuse the Gospel as much as if he had been its preacher. The organ-blower who took credit for the grand performance because "I blew it," was not so far wrong. If it had not been for him at the bellows, the artist at the keyboard would have made little music.

Mark's subsequent career may remind us that enlarged service rewards small service faithfully done. He ended as the writer of a gospel, and so became an evangelist in the noblest sense. No doubt his years of faithful service in the humbler capacity moved Peter to take him as his "interpreter" in that oldest record of our Lord's life. "He that is faithful in that which is least" will have the opportunity given in due time of being "faithful also in much." The tools do come to the hand that can wield them. The reward for work is more work.

So the story of the renegade who came back and toiled so well bids us be of good cheer, because it is possible for us, as he has proved, to recover ourselves after any fault or failure. Christ is not less generous than Paul was, and even we may be declared by Him to be "useful to Him for ministering."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE RACE AND THE TRAINING

"So run, that ye may obtain"—1 Cor. ix. 24

PAUL would not have ventured to draw an illustration from the race course, if he had been speaking in a synagogue, but to the Corinthians, outside the walls of whose city the Isthmian games were held, he has no scruple in pointing to the runner there, straining every muscle to win a chaplet that fades in a week, as a pattern for them. The evils connected with the stadium vindicated the Jewish abhorrence of it; but, just as with slavery and war, it was capable of yielding lessons for the highest life.

"*So* run," says Paul; and most of his readers suppose him to be saying: Run in such a manner that you may obtain, but what he really means is: In such a fashion as that competitor in the foot race runs, do you also in your higher course. *They* had to put all their nervous energy into their race, and if Christian men are to run *so*, they must put forth genuine effort. *They* could afford to put all their force into the brief spurt of the race. Our race is life-long, so that bursts of effort are of little use, and many a novice in the Christian life starts at such a pace that he falls behind for lack of breath, long before the end.

The fact that the effort is continuous, limits the degree of effort that is wisely put forth, but it must never degenerate into leisurely dawdling. In a long cycle race, lasting for twelve hours, it is good strategy to ride slowly for eleven and a half, and then to put all one's power forth. But if Christian racers go on that plan, and expect to overtake lost ground by a few months or years at the end, *they* will not attain, whoever may do so.

In the context, Paul specifies one point to be imitated, when he says: "I so run, not as uncertainly." Indefiniteness of aim is fatal, and it affects many Christians. They do not distinctly discern the goal. The will of God is that we should become Christ-like, and should attain to that holiness, which is not merely emotional consecration and surrender, but practical daily righteousness. Unless we have clearly before us the mark which is holiness, and the prize which is heaven, we shall not run as our model ran, when with forward-swaying body, and arm extended beyond his body, and eye travelling beyond the reach of his arm, he was oblivious of everything except the winning-post. If he had stopped to gather flowers by the side of the track, or to heed the crowds beyond the barriers, he would have been far behind at last. If we run "uncertainly," like a ship with a weak hand on the wheel, that heads now this way and now that, we shall not attain. There must be effort inspired by clear perception and guided by fixed purpose.

Such effort requires discipline. The athlete had a ten months' training, during which he abstained from flesh, wine and other delights, and without which he could not have put forth ten minutes' effort. Self-denial is as needful for the Christian race. It has no value in itself, as the ascetic view teaches, but as a means to an end; namely, to fit us to run. It gets rid of superfluous flesh, braces the muscles, and so prepares for the struggle. Without it, we shall be short-winded and feeble-kneed. We have to lay aside every weight, as well as every sin. Whatever makes my feet heavy, when they should be "like hind's feet," must be shaken off. What is a clog to me may not be so to you, and your hindrance may not be mine. We are not to judge each other, but to be rigid with ourselves, and to denude ourselves of much, that we may run the lighter.

Our effort is to be animated by hope. A twist of pine-branches was the reward at Corinth. The runners there had their hopes stirred by the consciousness that but "one obtaineth the prize." Our effort is not sharpened by competition, but it should be stimulated by hope. One main reason for the languid promenading in silken slippers, which so many substitute for the effortful race, is the dimness that has come over the vision of the future for much of the Church of to-day. The more that future bulks in our eyes, the more strenuously and persistently shall we run.

But there are two halves to a sphere, and the effort, which is animated by hope, is solemnised by the correlative of hope, which is fear. Paul was, as he goes on to say, stirred to effort by the dread lest, when he had acted as the crier who summoned the competitors to the starting-point, he should himself be adjudged to have failed in the race. "The pure eyes and perfect judgment" of the great Umpire, who Himself has been a runner, will determine whether we have run so as the Isthmian racer, and whether we have attained.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE SIEGE OF JERICHO

"And Joshua had commanded the people, saying, Ye shall not shout, nor make any noise with your voice . . . until the day I bid you shout, then shall ye shout. . . . So the ark of the Lord compassed

the city, going about it once, and they came into the camp"—Joshua vi. 10, 11

ISRAEL gave Joshua cheerful, uniform obedience, in remarkable contrast with their habitual murmurings and rebellions against Moses. The long years of suspense and aimless wandering were over, and the decisive issues were near. The changed temper was so great that the Epistle to the Hebrews does not hesitate to ascribe "faith," to the ranks that tramped round Jericho for six days, and stormed it on the seventh. Careful reading of the narrative shows that the people were not at first told the purpose of that strange promenade, but learned it only on the last morning. They had to obey, not knowing the reason of the command. These two stages in the incident, the trial of faith, and the victory that vindicates and crowns it, are worth dwelling on.

The order of march is significant. First came "the armed men;" then seven priests making music on their ram's horn trumpets that would probably have sounded discord to us; next, the Ark, the symbol and token of God's presence, and then a rear-guard. The Ark, then, was the centre. The trumpet blasts were the solemn proclamation of Jehovah's presence, and as if He Himself were saying: "Lift up your heads O ye gates, that the King of glory may come in." The grim silence of the marching hosts would make the strange procession the more impressive. For six days in succession they circled the city, speaking no word, though, no doubt, many a taunt was flung from the gazers on the walls, and then, with strange inertia, went back to camp, and subsided into inactivity for another twenty-four hours. According to *Hebrews*, faith, though of a very rudimentary kind and with very small contents, actuated the host. Therefore they obeyed without question the apparently purposeless command. They believed that Jehovah had spoken through Joshua, and therefore, though it would have been much more pleasant to have remained quietly in camp than to have toiled round the city in the blazing sun, they shouldered the Ark, and blew the trumpets, and tramped their appointed march. If once we are sure that God has spoken, unquestioning obedience, whether by passive submission or active effort, must be our answer, if we are truly living by faith.

The narrative obviously implies that the instructions for each day were given on the day, and nothing told of what was to be the issue or of how long the march round was to be continued, until the morning of the seventh day. The day's task was plain, and it was done without knowledge of what to-morrow's would be. Similarly, in the passage of the Jordan, the people were not told of what was to be done, till the morning of the day when the feet of the priests were dipped in the brink of the river. We, too, have to attend to "the matter of a day in its day," and to act strenuously in the present, though ignorant of its issues. Life is like a voyage down some winding stream, shut in by hills which are sometimes sunny and vine-clad like the Rhine, and sometimes black and grim like an American cañon. We look ahead and wonder where the opening is, beyond the next bend. Only when we round the shoulder, do we see the blue ribbon of water before us. Since we know so little of the issues, let us make sure of our motives; and since we know not what to-morrow or the next hour may bring, let us fill to-day and this moment with active obedience based on unquestioning faith. We have light enough for to-day. God says: March round Jericho to-day; you will know why some day.

That unquestioning obedience was persistent. A week was not long, but it was a long time during which to do one apparently useless thing, and nothing besides. The march round would not take more than an hour or so, and all the rest of the day was idle. No apparent progress in reducing Jericho was being made, and monotony must have bred weariness before the sixth day. Familiarity with our work tends to make it uninteresting; habit deadens and presses on us "with a weight heavy as frost, and deep almost as life." It is easy to make great efforts which are to last but for a moment and which break the tedium of daily routine, but it is the keeping on at trivial duties done yesterday, and to be done again to-morrow, that tests grit and goodness too. We have to persist for the six long days, and turn out, however hot the sun, however comfortable the carpets in the tent, however wearisome and unexciting the march, for "in due season" the signal will be given and the city will fall.

FIFTH SUNDAY

THE FALL OF JERICHO

"The people shouted with a great shout and the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him"—Joshua vi. 20

IN the former reading we have seen a strange protracted trial of faith. Here we have the sudden victory which explains and vindicates that trial. On the seventh day the host encompassed Jericho seven times. That day was probably a Sabbath, for one of the seven days must have been a Sabbath, and it is improbable that it would be one of the undistinguished six. At the end of the last circuit Joshua bade the people shout, for Jehovah had given them the city. That *was* a shout, we may be sure, in which the week's silence was avenged, and repressed emotion gained utterance at last. It mingled discordantly with the trumpets' clang, which proclaimed a present God, and, as these rang out their summons to surrender, the walls toppled into ruin, and over the piles of fallen stones the wild warriors clambered, each man in that terrible circle of flashing steel that ringed the doomed city, marching "straight before him," and so all converging on its centre.

We can discover good reasons for the first incident in the campaign being marked by miracle. The fact that it was the first is a reason. In God's progressive revelation each new stage is inaugurated by miracles, which do not continue throughout its course. For instance, in the Acts, the first example of each class of incidents recorded there, such as the first preaching, the first persecution, the first martyrdom, the first expansion of the Gospel beyond the Jew, its first entrance into Europe, has the stamp of miracle impressed on it and is narrated in detail, while other events of the same class have neither of these distinctions. The first martyr, for example, saw the heavens opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. We do not read that the heavens opened when Herod slew James the brother of John with the sword, but was Jesus the less near to help His servant? In like manner it was fitting that the first occasion on which Israel crossed swords with the dreaded enemies should be marked by a miraculous intervention to hearten God's warriors.

But the supernatural intervention then was not meant to part that occasion off from common life as exceptionally favoured, but rather to unveil in a manner adapted to sense the perennial fact of God's presence with His servants when no miracle announces that He is near. The miracle is a transient revelation of an eternal fact. It does not empty the "natural order" of God, but declares it to be full of Him. It hallows the common by showing for a moment its usually unseen source. The cause of causes and the effect are brought close together in the miracle, that we may understand that, even when a chain of many links intervenes between them, it is the energy of the divine cause, which ever produces the "natural" effect. In miracle God makes bare His arm that we may be better able to trace it, when it is draped and partially hid, as by a vesture, by the natural order. God is as much with us in our struggles as He was with the Israelites when they marched round Jericho, and He will help us as really as He helped them, and, if we patiently obey and do the weary day's duty, even when it is protracted and seems producing no result, we, too, shall know the rapture of the sudden victory.

The probability that the day of the fall of Jericho was a Sabbath may suggest that there is for us, too, a week of work, to be followed by the great "Sabbath-keeping" which "remains for the people of God," when we shall enter into the "city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." The old interpretation, which saw in the fall of Jericho a type of the final fall of the apocalyptic Babylon, has poetic felicity, if not dogmatic truth, for the same Presence which shook and shattered the walls of the little city that barred Israel's entrance to the Land, shall overthrow "by the brightness of its coming," the city of Confusion at the last. Paul links together the two sounds that signalised the fall of Jericho when he says, "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a *shout*, with the voice of the archangel and with the *trump* of God," and when the crash and dust of that catastrophe have quieted, the New Jerusalem come down from heaven, like a bride adorned for her husband, shall be seen in the place where Babylon had stood.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

THIRTY years ago, when the conclusions of science seemed to be sweeping away the old shores of tradition and the very cliffs of faith, many a wavering soul was steadied by the assertion of the scientific believer that, however strange and formidable they might at first sight appear, the discoveries of the geologists and other physical experts by no means involved the abandonment of the great truths of revelation. God had not been dethroned by "the infinite azure." Indeed the most marvellous feature of all these novel doctrines was the testimony they furnished of the Power behind the visible elements of the world, and of the culmination of the divine purpose in the appearance of man. Mankind, it was clear, did not arrive at haphazard. His coming was foreseen and, to judge by the evidence, predestined. Had he arrived a little earlier than he did he would have found a planet in which no preparation had been made for him. He would have come before that abstraction which we term Nature had prepared for his sustenance the Grasses and the plants of the Rose order, and that would have meant an empty house when we consider that among the Grasses are classed rice, wheat, oats, and so forth; and under the Rose the apple, pear, cherry, quince, plum, peach, apricot, nectarine, almond and rasp, straw- and bramble-berry. But the grain-bearing grasses were flourishing on the untilled plains; the wild orchards were filled with fruit; in stream and lake and sea swam shoals of such new fishes as the cod, haddock, ling, and whiting; in the forest were wild creatures good for food. *Then* man came.

I am reminded of all this ancient history by Mr. Step's interesting and capitally illustrated volume, "The Romance of Wild Flowers";* for here I find that the author has adopted the excellent plan of considering the principal plant families in the sequence in which they are regarded by scientific botanists; and, seeing that all the systems of living authorities do not completely harmonise, of conforming to the arrangement in Hooker's well-known volume, "The Student's Flora of the British Islands." As he himself warns the reader, many of his statements regarding the origin of certain forms can only be provisionally accepted as warrantable conjecture; and if he cannot lay claim to originality in his attempts to indicate the probable significance of organs, he can be trusted as summarising the reasonable speculations of men who have devoted their best energies and trained experience to the study of the "green world of growing things." The consequence of this scheme is a fresh and piquant association of flowers, plants, and shrubs which to comparatively few readers have any connection whatever with each other. For instance one's curiosity is awakened by such titles as "Roses and Apples, "Buttercups and Columbines," "Wallflower and Cabbage," "Daisies and Thistles," "Bilberry and Heather," "Lilies and Onions." Of course to the reader who is familiar with Hooker's handbook these apparent contrasts lack the element of surprise, but that useful volume is, I take it, known rather to the student than the amateur.

In any case what an advance this is on the old style of "Flower" books, with their pretty quotations from the poets, their graceful little bits of description and historical associations, their quaint references to the fancies and medical formulas of the old-world botanists, and their trivialities in connection with "the language of flowers." I do not know that I should have any fault to find with Mr. Step's work were it not that I dislike the trick of style by which he attributes, rigorously speaking, a consciousness and a sort of purposive personality to these "creatures," which, so far as we are able to form an opinion on the matter, are destitute of all reasoning or perceptive power. Such phrases as "The Avens considers mammals and even man more useful even than birds"; "it is quite clear from this earlier maturation of the stigmas that an occasional cross is desired by the tree," have no doubt a figurative picturesqueness and direct force which might not be as easily attainable in more accurate language. Mr. Grant Allen, if I mistake not, made this fashion popular twenty years ago in his engrossing book "The Colour Sense." But it seems to me to darken counsel. We do not know that the plant or tree "considers" or "desires" anything; we do know that the marvellous economy which adapts them to their environment, which modifies them to change of soil and climate, which works out their development and specialisation, is the perceptible expression of the immanence of that divinity which shapes not only our own ends, rough-hew them as we will, but the ends of all created things. For youthful readers this style is confusing, not to say misleading. They assimilate the poetic anthropomorphism, and it is not till long afterwards—if even then—that they perceive that this species of "pathetic fallacy" is only a convenient way of putting things; that it is merely a statement of facts, and not an explanation. Out of date as he may be, I prefer for my own part Bernardin de St. Pierre's more natural and simple recognition of the intelligent Power which operates in nature.

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* "The Romance of Wild Flowers: a Companion to the British Flora," by Edward Step, F.L.S., author of "Favourite Flowers of Garden and Greenhouse," &c. With upwards of two hundred original illustrations. Frederick Warne & Co. 6s.

Mr. Step's book will amply repay attentive perusal. It is packed full of curious matters which will be novel to flower-lovers, who have had little chance of acquiring the knowledge presented here in clear and untechnical language. How many, for instance, could tell by the spines on the stalk of a rose whether the plant from which it was taken was a stiff dwarf bush or a climber? And yet the strong hooks of the climbing rose ought to have suggested that it was a sort of grappling-iron to enable the plant to make its way to the light through the branches of bushes and the stout tracery of hedgerows. How many have observed that the five leaflets at the end of a rose-spray are really one leaf, and that its outline may be drawn by a curved line beginning at the tip of the odd leaflet and touching the tips of the others? Leaves seem to grow at haphazard, to be shaped by chance, to jut or float or droop fortuitously; but "take a branch from any tree and hold it in just the position it had upon the tree, and you will see for yourself how nicely the shapes and sizes of the leaves and the length of their stalks are adapted to secure economy of space without overlapping, and how the thickness of the branch has relation to the strain it has to bear in the weight of the leaves." And when one considers the windy mountain district which is the natural home of the Mountain Ash and the way in which its leaves are split up into leaflets, even more subdivided than those of the Dog Rose, is there not good reason for the conjecture that this is an adaptation to locality, and to those fierce gales which would strip a tree whose foliage was of the normal Apple type? It may appear strange to associate the leaf of the Rowan—to use the northern name for the Mountain Ash, which, of course, is not an Ash—with those of the Apple and Dog Rose, but, as a matter of fact, Wild Rose and Apple, Pear and Medlar, Rowan and Hawthorn, Plum and Cherry, Cinquefoil and Strawberry, Sloe and Blackberry, to mention no more, are all of one kin, just in the same way as Wallflower and Watercress, Stocks and Candytuft, Lady's Smock and Scotch Kail, Savoys, Brussels Sprouts, Cauliflower and Broccoli belong to the great family of Crossworts, and Peas, Vetches, Furze, Broom, and Clover to that of the Leguminosæ. I notice that though Mr. Step quotes Darwin's generalisations respecting the connection between cats, mice, bees, and Red Clover, he qualifies them by the observations of Hermann Müller in Germany, and by the curious and important statement that though in this country Red Clover seems to be almost exclusively fertilised by humble-bees, in Australia, in the absence of humble-bees, "the plant appears to have adapted itself to self-fertilisation."

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which Mr. Step entitles "Bilberry and Heather." The Bilberry, which may have once been the Bell-berry or Hillberry, is better known among the Surrey hills in which it abounds as the Whortleberry, Whorts, or "Hurts." With the Cranberry, Bearberry, and the curious Strawberry-tree, which in these islands appears to be restricted to Killarney, Muckross, and Bantry, it belongs to the mysterious Heath family, whose migration to our shores must have taken place in that antique and shadowy age when land, which has long since foundered in the great Western seas, connected Ireland with Spain. Old legends of Lyonesse still preserve a memory of the days when the Land's End extended to the Scilly Islands. The more wonderful and, as many people regard it, the wholly mythical story of Atlantis may indeed be a vague tradition, lingering from prehistoric times, of a veritable submerged continent or vast island which was the original home of the Heaths, and from which they wandered to Portugal, Spain, and Western France, and away north to the south-western shores of England and Ireland, and, in the case of two of the hardier species, as far north as Shetland. And with them travelled the familiar Saxifrage, "the London Pride," and the great Irish Spurge.

Has any one endeavoured to describe this floral exodus from the vanished cradle-land and the incidents of the migration? I suppose it took place at the close of the Glacial Period. But how, and in what conditions? After many centuries—how many, who can say?—London Pride (*Saxifraga umbrosa*) has descended the mountains in Kerry and got down to the sea-level, but it has failed to cross County Cork, simply because the ground has been preoccupied by other plants too numerous and too strong to be ousted by the invader. Did the glaciers and snowdrifts of the Arctic Age, then, leave a bridge of bare soil for these new comers? Was all the old-world flora swept away and nothing left but naked earth? It would be strange if it were so, even in spite of the great cold, for who has not read how after the Great Fire in 1666 the London Rockett sprang up suddenly wherever the ground was left bare by the catastrophe? And are not the ruins of Krakatoa already green with vegetation? It is true that feathered seeds will speedily take possession of new banks, clearings, and landslips—witness the thistles and groundsels; but so will the Foxglove in sandy regions, and the White Clover in drained fens; so that one is almost forced to the conclusion that the earth is full of dormant seeds which need but clear space, air, sun and moisture to germinate. If then the Heaths and Saxifrages and other adventurers had to *fight* their way into these northern realms, how many centuries may have rolled by while they were pushing forward through the tribes of the native flora! Imagination refuses to realise that slow tide of conquest. If their track was clear, the lapse of time must still have been enormous. There were no human armies to import them in forage; no traders to convey them in bales of merchandise or ship's ballast; no settlers to introduce them for comfort or luxuries; no Crusaders or cowled pilgrims to bring them home for love or curiosity. When at last the estranging sea swept in and broke up and swallowed the huge bridges and rocky piers of continental Britain, the floral conquest ceased. We have no date in time to fix even approximately when this happened, but strangely enough we have a floral date. Two small colonies of beautiful flowers pitched their green tents just before this country was isolated. The *Spiranthes æstivalis* reached the New Forest and (by another route?) Wyre Forest, Worcester; the *Gladiolus communis* settled also near Lyndhurst in that famous hunting-ground which, I understand, schoolmasters still continue to assert was ravaged and depopulated by the Conqueror for the sake of the tall deer which he loved as if he were their father. The *Spiranthes* is found in Jersey and Guernsey, and all through France into Southern Europe; and the *Gladiolus* evidently came by the way of the Isle of Wight.

But earlier, and even more puzzling to understand, was the exodus from the austere regions under the Starry Bear. The Alpine plants of Wales and Scotland and the Lake mountains preserve the tradition of a northern continental condition of these islands long prior to the Glacial Epoch. They survived the great Ice Age, just as the lovely flowering plants in the craggy fjords and on the edge of the blue glaciers survive similar conditions to-day. If you see the deep green glossy leaves and pink corolla of the Trailing Azalea on Ben Lomond or Schiehallion, doff your hat, for you are in the presence of a little life which has endured for thousands of centuries.

Climb, in May, the Sow of Atholl in Perthshire, and if you chance on the lilac blossom of the Menziesia you will have found a prize rarer than stones on a new coral island, and more marvellous than the Seven Wonders of the World.

Another interesting chapter, though all too brief in its treatment, is that on Grasses. When we use the word "grasses" we do not realise the vast cosmopolitan family with over four thousand different species, including such giants as the Bamboo, springing to a height of sixty or seventy feet; nor do we think of the hundred and twenty varieties which occur in these islands. We have in our mind's eye only the continuous green lawns and pastures of the open country, the plots of gardens, and the billowy acres of the churchyard. Grass is the commonest and most abundant of the rustic "creatures," and we probably know less about it than about the wild flowers which make themselves place among its legions of spears. We see the wind rippling across it, but we never think that it is wind-fertilised. We pluck a growing spear, but do not notice that, till we strip it, we never see the stem; for the leaf-stalk, which grows broader than the leaf-blade, is wrapped about two joints of the stem, and the leaf is really joined some distance lower down than the apparent point of junction. Even the literary botanists, if I mistake not, have had little enthusiasm for the grass: they have not apparently been attracted either by grass in poetry or grass in history.

And yet a study of grass in history ought to make a most delightful and striking chapter in a book of nature sketches, for grass is and has ever been one of the talismans and sacred symbols of the world. I do not know whether any Biblical scholar has commented on the special significance of the degradation of Nebuchadnezzar "when he did eat grass as oxen," but without going so far afield, it was only a year or two ago that an insurgent tribe on the Indian frontier grovelled on the earth and ate grass as a token of utter submission. Among the Hindus to take a blade of grass in the mouth is the sign of asking forgiveness—after which it is considered very irreligious to inflict any injury. Among the Masai grass is a most sacred thing. Held in the hand, or tied to the dress, it is a token of welcome and peace. Thrown at any one, it is an invocation of blessing. It is cast into uncanny places as a peace offering, and in crossing rivers the natives propitiate the water-spirits with it. To return to Europe, the Magyars are said to have obtained possession of the region now known as the Alföld by a ruse. Arpad, their chief, sent presents of horses, camels, and slaves to the prince of the Slavs and Bulgars, and asked in return a handful of grass, "to see if the land was as green as that in Asia," and a bottle of water, "to taste if the Danube was as sweet as the Don." Grass and water were sent, and they were regarded as symbols of territorial concession. When the Cid surrendered to King Alfonso, according to the poem, he and his fifteen companions knelt on the ground and took in their teeth the grass of the field. In his "Origines du Droit Français," Michelet has collected a number of curious examples of the important part played by grass in human intercourse. Even to-day, in all probability, withered branches and sods crumbling to dust may be found side by side with the title-deeds of ancient estates. And speaking of branches, as these were planted as symbolic landmarks of transfer and ownership, is it not possible that we owe our hedges to an old-world legal ceremonial? The fact of there being stone dykes need not trouble the inquirer, for stones too were symbols. This by the way. Writing of grass I am reminded of an incident in Mary Howitt's "Autobiography." Once when she was reading aloud the miracle of the loaves and fishes in St. Mark, her father, catching at the phrase the "*green* grass," sternly rebuked her: "Mary, thou must not add or take from Scripture." "Please, father," she replied, "it is green grass." "Let me see, let me see!" he exclaimed; and after looking at the verse, said in a surprised but appeased tone, "I had never noticed it." Yet it was well worthy of notice, for though the grass is often mentioned in the Bible, there are, I think, only two occasions on which, in the original, the colour or freshness or beauty of grass is expressed in an adjective. The "green grass" occurs in Revelation, and here in St. Mark. In St. Mark it indicates the season of the year, and helps to throw light on a chronological problem. Doubtless in the other instance also the Evangelist had a special reason for departing from the austerity of style which is so noticeable in the Bible.

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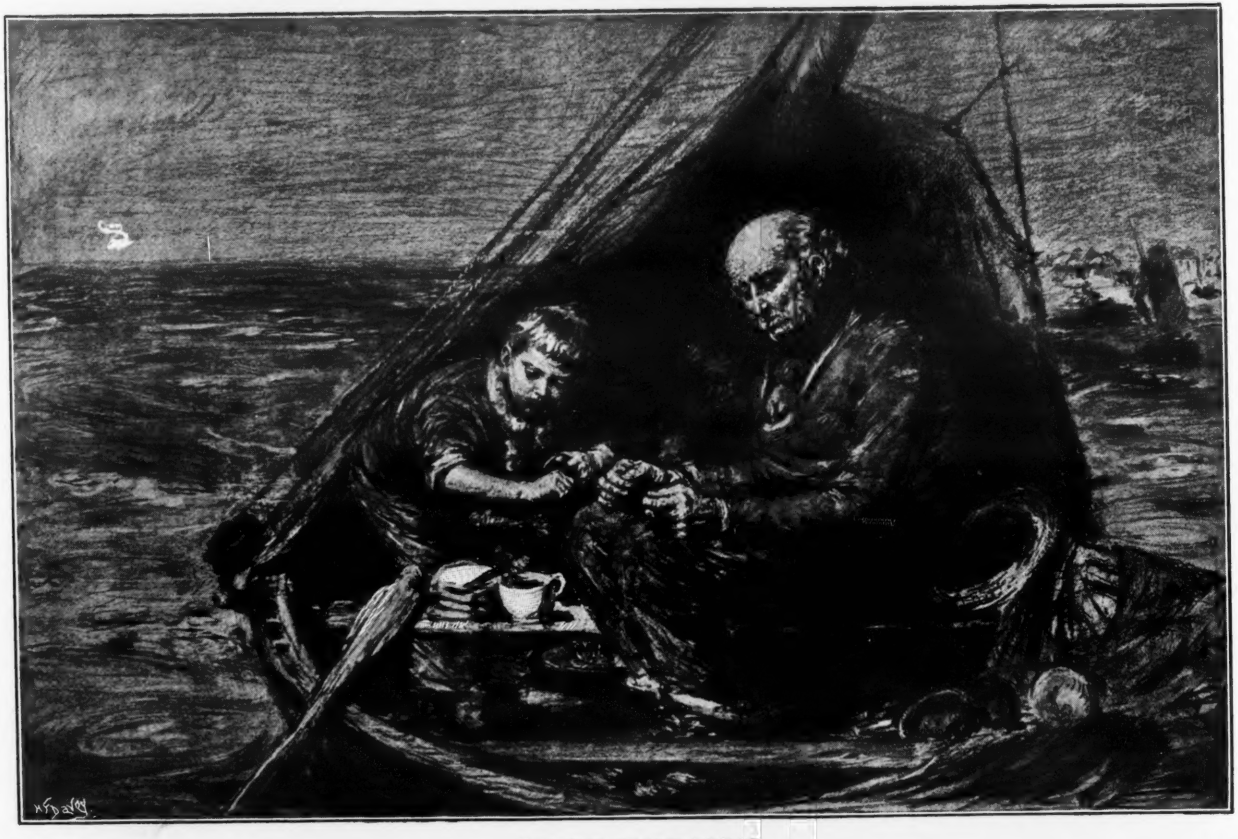


FOR HIS DAILY BREAD

By WILLIAM MCTAGGART

THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By NEIL MUNRO, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XXXI

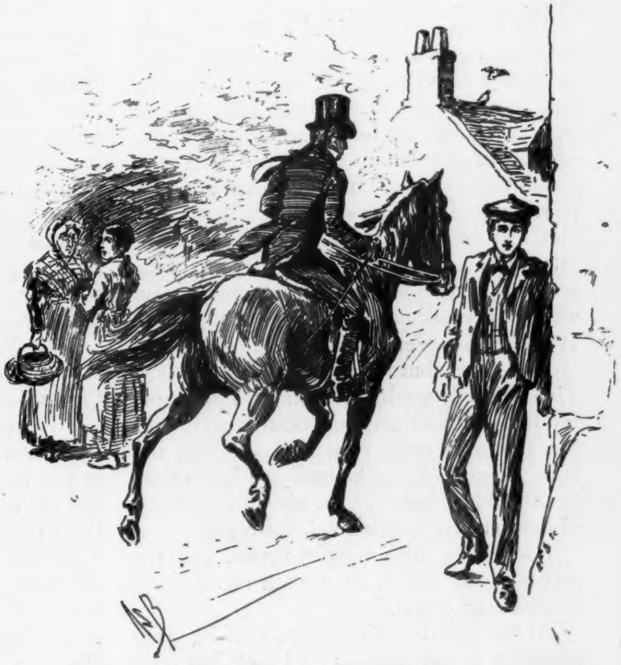
DEFIANCE

THAT there was some unusual agitation in the town Gilian could gather as soon as he had set foot within the Arches. It was in the air, it was mustering many women at the well. There they stood in loud and lingering groups, their stoups running over extravagantly while they kept the tap running, unconscious what they were about. Or they had a furtive aspect as they whispered in the closes, their aprons wrapping their folded arms. At the door of the New Inns, Mr. Spencer was laying forth a theory of abduction. He had had English experience, he knew life; for the first time since he had come to this place of poor happenings he had found something he could speak upon with authority and an audience to listen with respect. What his theory was, Gilian might have heard fully as he passed; but he was thinking of other things, and all that came to him were two or three words, and one of the errant sentences was seemingly a bet about himself. That attracted all his attention. He gave a glance at the people at the door—the inn-keeper, MacGibbon with an unusual Kilmarnock bonnet on that seemed to have been donned in a hurry, Rixa in a great perturbation, having just come out of a shandrydan with which he had been driving up Glen Shira, Major Paul and Wilson the writer. The inn-keeper, who was first to see the lad, stopped his speech with confusion and reddened. They gave him a stare and a curt acknowledgment of his passage of the time of day as the saying goes, looked after him as he passed round Old Islay's corner, and found no words till he was out of sight.

"That puts an end to that notion at any rate," said the Sheriff, almost pleased to find the Londoner in the wrong with his surmises. And the others smiled at Mr. Spencer as people do who told you so. Two minutes ago they were half inclined to give some credit to the plausibility of his reasoning.

The inn-keeper was visibly disturbed. "Dear me! I have been doing the lad an injustice after all; I could have sworn he was the man in it if it was anybody."

"Pooh!" said Rixa, "the Paymaster's



"Well nigh ridden down by Turner"

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boy! I would as soon expect it of Gillesbeg Aotram."

They went into the hostelry, and Gilian, halfway round the factor's corner, was well-nigh ridden down by Turner on a roan horse spattered on the breast and bridle with the foam of a hard morn's labour. He had scoured the countryside on every outward road, and come early at the dawn to the ferry-house and rapped wildly on the shutter. But nowhere were tidings of his daughter. Gilian felt a traitor to this man as he swept past, seeing nothing, with a face cruel and vengeful, the flanks of his horse streaked with crimson. The people shrank back in their closes and their shopdoors as he passed all covered upon with the frighting passion that had been slumbering up the glen since ever he came home from the Peninsula.

It was the breakfast hour in the Paymaster's. Miss Mary was going in with the Book and had but time to whisper welcome to her boy on the step of the door, for the brothers waited and the clock was on the stroke. Gilian had to follow her without a word of explanation. He was hungry; he welcomed the little respite the taking of food would give him from the telling of a confidence he felt ashamed to share with Miss Mary.

The Paymaster mumbled a blessing upon the vivours, then fed noisily, looking, when he looked at Gilian at all, but at the upper buttons of his coat as if through him, as if he were an animal, but letting not so little as the edge of his gaze fall upon his face. That was a studious contempt, and Gilian knew it, and there were many considerations that made him feel no injury at it. But the Cornal's utter indifference—that sent his eye roaming unrecognising into Gilian's and away again without a spark of recognition, was painful. It would have been an insufferable meal, even in his hunger, but for Miss Mary's presence. The little lady would be smiling to him across the table without any provocation whenever her brothers' eyes were averted, and the faint perfume of a silk shawl she had about her shoulders endowed the air with an odour of domesticity, womanhood, maternity.

For a long time nobody spoke, and the pigeons came boldly to the sill of the open window and cooed.

At last said the Paymaster, as if he were resuming a conversation: "I met him out there on horseback; the hunt is still up, I'm thinking."

"Ay?" said the Cornal, as if he gripped the subject and waited the continuance of the narrative.

"He'll have ranged the country, I'm thinking," went on [illegible] brother. "I could not but be sorry for the man."

Miss Mary cast upon him a look he seldom got from her, of warmth more than kinship, but she had nothing to say; her voice was long dumb in that parlour where she loved and feared, a woman subjugate to a sex far less worthy than her own and less courageous.

"Humph!" said the Cornal. He felt with nervous inquiry at his ragged chin, inspired for a second by old dreads of untidy morning parades.

"I had one consolation for my bachelordom in him," went on the younger brother, and then he paused confused.

"And what might that be?" asked the Cornal.

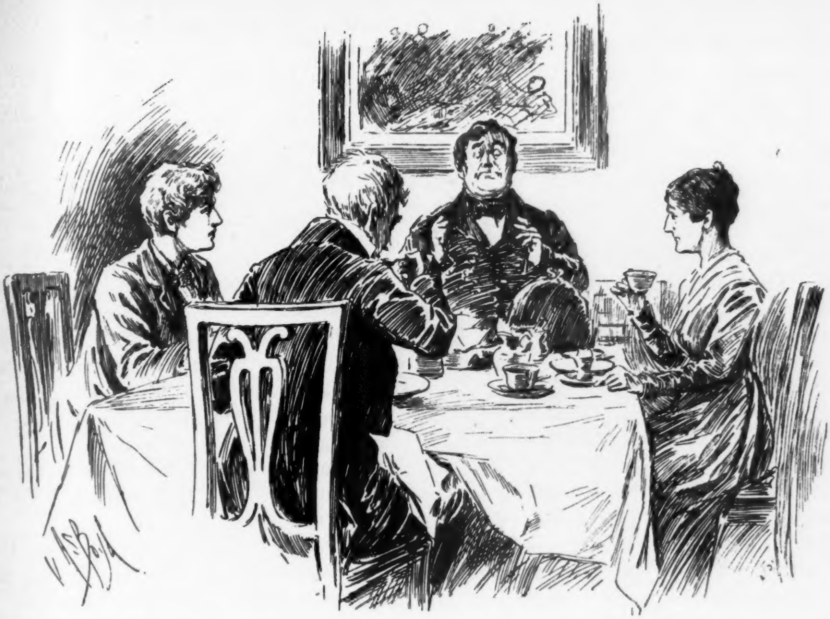
"It's that I'm never like to be in the same scrape with a child of mine," he answered, pretending a jocosity that sat ill on him. Then he looked at Miss Mary a little shamefaced for a speech so uncommonly confidential.

The Cornal opened his mouth as if he would laugh, but no sound came.

"I'm minding," said he, speaking slowly and in a muffled accent he was beginning to have always; "I'm minding when that same, cast in your face by the gentleman himself, greatly put you about. Jock, Jock, I mind you were angry with Turner on that score! And no child to have the same sorrows over! Well—well—" He broke short and for the first time let his eyes rest with any meaning on Gilian sitting at the indulgence of a good morning's appetite.

Miss Mary put about the breakfast dishes with a great hurry to be finished and out of this explosive atmosphere.

"There was an odd rumour—" said the Paymaster. He paused a moment, looking at the inattentive youth opposite him. He saw no reason to stay his confidences, and the Cornal was waiting expectingly on him. "An odd rumour up the way; I heard it first from that gabbling man Spencer at the Inns. It was that a young gentleman of our acquaintance might have had a hand in the affair. I could not say at the first whether



"'I'm glad,' said the Paymaster, 'I had nothing to do with the sex of them'"

the notion vexed or pleased me, but I assured him of the stupidity of it." He looked his brother in the eyes, and fixing his attention cunningly dropped a lid to indicate that the young gentleman was beside them.

The Cornal laughed, this time with a sound.

"Lord," he cried. "As if it was possible! You might go far in that quarter for anything of dare-deviltry so likeable. What's more, is the girl daft? Her mother had caprice enough, but to give her her due she took up with men of spirit. There was my brother Dugald— But this one, what did Dugald call him—aye! on his very death-bed? The dreamer, the dreamer! It will hold true! Him, indeed!" And he had no more words for his contempt.

All the time, however, Gilian was luckily more or less separate from his company by many miles of fancy, behind the hills among the lochs watching the uprising of Nan, sharing her loneliness, seeing her feet brush the dew from the scented gall. But the Cornal's allusion brought him to the parlour of his banishment, away from that dear presence. He listened now but said nothing. He feared his very accent would betray his secret.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the Cornal again, "whoever is with her will rue it; mind, I'm telling you. Dugald knew her character to a thought and it's like mother like child."

"I'm glad," said the Paymaster, "I had nothing to do with the sex of them." He puffed up as he spoke it; there was an irresistible comedy in the complacence of a man no woman was ever like to run after at his best. His sister looked at him; his brother chuckled noiselessly.

"You — you — you——" said the elder brother grimly, but again he did not finish the sentence.

The meal went on for a time without any speech, finished, and Miss Mary cried at the stair-head for her maid, who came up and sat demurely at the chair nearest the door while the Cornal, as hurriedly as he might, ran over the morning's sacred exercise from the Bible Miss Mary laid before him. The Paymaster took his seat beside the window, looking out the while and heedless of the

Scriptures, watched the fishermen crowding for their "mornings" into the house of Widow Gordon the vintner. Miss Mary stole glances at her youth, the maid Peggy fidgeted because she had left the pantry door open and the cat was in the neighbourhood. As the old man's voice monotonously occupied the room, working its way mumblingly through the end of Exodus, conveying no meaning to the audience, Gilian heard the moorfowl cry beside Little Fox. The dazzle of the sunshine, the sparkle of the water, the girl inhabiting that solitary spot, seemed very real before him, and this dolorous routine of the elderly in a parlour no more than a dream from which he would waken to find himself with the girl he loved. Upon his knees beside his chair while the Cornal gruffly repeated the morning prayer he learned from his father, he was as much the remote wanderer of fancy, and Miss Mary knew it by the instinct of affection as she looked at the side of his face through eyelids discreetly closed but not utterly fastened.

The worship was no sooner over than Gilian was for off after Miss Mary to her own room, but the Paymaster stayed him with some cold business query about the farm, and handed him a letter from a low-country wool merchant relative to some old transaction still unsettled. Gilian read it, and the brothers standing by the window resumed their talk about the missing girl: it was the subject inspired by every glance into the street where each passer-by, each loiterer at a close mouth was obviously canvassing the latest news.

"There's her uncle away by," said the Paymaster, straining his head to follow a figure passing on the other side of the street. "If they had kept a stricter eye on her when they had her from the first they might have saved themselves all this."

"Stricter eye!" said the Cornal, "You ken as much about women as I ken about cattle. The veins of her body were full of caprice, that's what ailed her, and for that is there any remedy? I'm asking you. As if I did not ken the mother of her! Man, man, man! She was the emblem and type of all her sex, I'm thinking, wanting all sobriety, hating the thought of age in herself and unfriendly to the same in others. A kind of a splash on a fine day upon the deep sea, laughing over the surface of great depths. I knew her well, Dugald knew her——"

"You had every chance," said the Paymaster, who nowadays found more courage to retort when his brother's shortness and contempt annoyed him.

"More chance, of course I had," said the Cornal. "I'm thinking you had mighty little from yon lady."

"Anyway, here's her daughter to seek," said the Paymaster, feeling himself getting the worst of the encounter, "my own notion is that she's on the road to Edinburgh. They say she had aye a crave for the place; perhaps there was a pair of breeches there behind her. Anyway she's making an ass of somebody!"

Gilian threw down the letter and stood to his feet with his face white. "You're a liar!" said he.

No shell in any of their foreign battles more astounded the veterans he was facing with wide nostril and a face like chalk.

"God bless me, here's a marvel!" cried the Cornal when he found voice.

"You—you—you infernal sheep!" blurted the Paymaster. "Do you dare speak to me like that? For tuppence I would give you my rattan across the legs." His face was purple with anger; the stock that ran in many folds about his neck seemed like a garrotte. He lifted up his hand as if to strike, but his brother caught his arm.

"Let the lad alone," said he. "If he had a little more of that in his make I would like him better."

Together they stood, the old men, facing Gilian with his hands clenched, for the first time in his life the mutineer, feeling a curious heady satisfaction in the passion that braced him like a sword and astounded the men before him.

"It's a lie!" he cried again, somewhat modifying his accusation. "I know where she is and she's not in Edinburgh nor on her way to it."

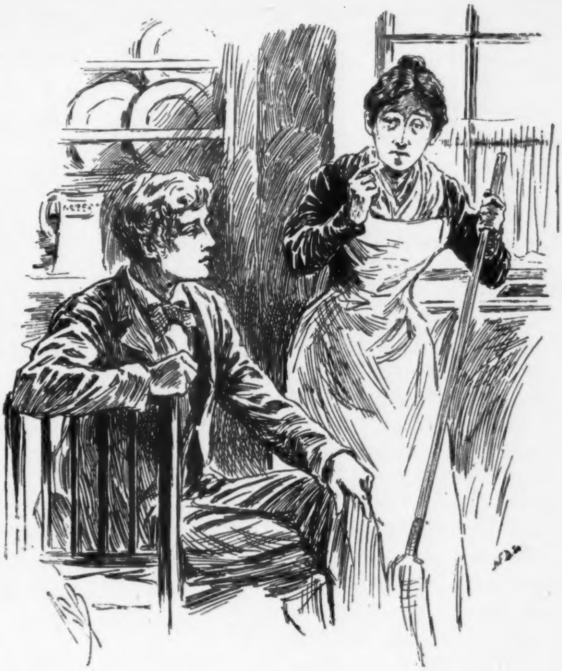
"Very well," said the Paymaster, "ye better go and tell Old Islay where she is; he's put about at the loss of a daughter-in-law he paid through the nose for, they're saying."

The blow, the last he had expected, the last he had reason to look for, struck full and hard. He was blind then to the old men sneering at him there; his head seemed charged with coiling vapours; his heart that had been dancing a second ago on the wave of passion, swamped and sank. He had no more to say; he passed them and left the room and went along the lobby to the stairhead where he stood till the vapours had somewhat blown away.

CHAPTER XXXII

AN OLD LADY'S SECRET

Miss Mary bustled about her kitchen with a liveliness that might have deceived any one but Gilian, who knew her to be in a tremendous perturbation. She clattered among pans, wrestled with her maid over dishes and dusters, and kept her tongue incessantly going on household details. With a laughable transparency she turned in a little to the lad and said something about the weather. He sat down in a chair and gloomed into the fire, Miss Mary watching his every sigh, but yet seemingly intent upon her duties.



"'I'm thinking you are forgetting, Gilian'"

"Donacha Breck's widow was over before we were up to-day, for something for her hoast," she said. "She had tried hyssop and pennyroyal masked in two waters, but I gave her sal prunelle and told her to suck it till the cough stopped. There's a great deal of trouble going about just now: sometimes I think——" She stopped incontinent and proceeded to sweep the floor, for she saw that Gilian was paying no attention to her. At length he looked at her and then with meaning to Peggy bent over her jaw-box.

"Peggy," said Miss Mary, "go over and tell the mantua-maker that she did not put the leavings in the pocket of my jacket, and there must have been a good deal."

Peggy dried her arms, tucked up the corner of her apron, and departed, fully aware of the stratagem, but no way betraying the fact. When she was gone, Miss Mary faced him, disturbed and questioning.

"We had a quarrel in there," said he shortly. "I am not going to put up with what they said about any friend of mine."

She had no need to ask whom he spoke of. "Is it very much to you?" said she, turning away and busy with her brush that she might be no spectator of his confusion. A great fear sprang up in her; the boy who had grown up a man for her in the space of a Sunday afternoon was capable of new developments even more rapid and extraordinary.

"It should be very much to anybody," said he, "to anybody with the spark of a gentleman, when the old and the soured and the jealous——"

"I'm thinking you are forgetting, Gilian," said she, facing him now with a flush upon her face.

"What? what?" he asked, perplexed. "You think I should be grateful. I cannot help it; you were the kind one and——"

"I was not thinking of that at all," she rejoined. "I was just thinking you had forgotten that I was their sister, and that I must be caring much for them. If my brothers have said anything to vex you, and that has been a too common thing—my sorrow!—in this house, you should be minding their years, my dear. It is the only excuse I can offer, and I am willing to make up for their shortcomings by every kindness." And she smiled upon the lad with the most wonderful light of affection in her eyes.

"Oh," he cried, "am I not sure of that, Auntie? You are too good to me. What am I to be complaining — the beggarly orphan?"

"Not that, my dear," she cried courageously, "not that! In this house, when my brothers' looks were at their blackest for you, there has always been goodwill and motherliness. But you must not be miscalling them that share our roof, the brothers of Dugald and of Jamie." Her voice broke in a gasp of melancholy; she stretched and dusted a cobweb that had no existence from a corner of the kitchen, her eyesight dim with unbrimming tears. At any other time than now Gilian would have been smitten by her grief, for was he not ever ready to make the sorrows of others his own? But he was frowning in a black-browed abstraction on the clay scroll of the kitchen floor, heartsick of his dilemma and the bitterness of the speeches he had just heard.

Miss Mary could not be long without observing, even in her own troubles, that he was unusually vexed. She was wise enough to know that a fresh start was the best thing to put them at an understanding.

"What did you come to tell me to-day?" she asked, composing herself upon a chair beside him and taking up some knitting, for hers were the fingers that were never idle.

"Come down to tell you? come down to tell you?" he repeated, in surprise at her penetration, and in some confusion that he should be so sharply brought to his own business.

"Just so," she said. "Do you think Miss Mary has no eyes, my dear, or that they are too old for common use? There was something troubling you as you came in at the door; I saw it in your face—ay, I heard it in your step on the stair."

He fidgeted and evaded her eyes. "I heard outside that—that Turner's daughter had not been got, and it vexed me a little."

"Turner's daughter!" she said. "It used to be Miss Nan; it was Miss Nan no further gone than Thursday, and for what need we be so formal to-day? You are not heeding John's havers about your name being mixed up with the affair in a poor Sassenach innkeeper's story? Eh, Gilian?" And she eyed him shrewdly, more shrewdly than he was aware of.

Still he put her off. He could not take her into his confidence so soon after that cold plunge into truth in the parlour. He wanted to get out of doors and think it all over calmly. He pretended anger.

"What am I to be talked to like this for? All in this house are on me. Is it wonderful that I should have my share in the interest the whole of the rest of the parish has in this young lady lost?"

He rose to leave the room. Miss Mary stopped him with the least touch upon the arm, a lingering, gentle touch of the finger-tips, and yet caressing.

"Gilian," she said softly, "do you think you can be deceiving me? *M'eudail, m'eudail!* I know there is a great trouble in your mind, and is it not for me to share?"

"There is something, but I cannot tell you now what it is, though I came here to tell you," he answered, making no step to go.

"Gilian," said she, standing before him, and the light from the window touching her ear so that, beside the darkness of her hair (for she had off her cap), it looked like a pink flower; "Gilian, can you not be telling me? Do you think I cannot guess what ails you, nor fancy something for its cure?"

He saw from the shyness of her face that she had an inkling of at least the object of his interest.

"But I cannot be mentioning it here," he said, feebly enough. "It's a matter a man must cherish to himself alone, and not be airing before others. I felt, in there, to have it in my mind before two men who had worked and fought and adventured all their lives, and come to this at last, was a childish weakness."

She caught hold of his coat lapel, and fingered it, and looked as she spoke, not at the face above her, but at some vision over her shoulder. "Before them, my dear," she said. "That well might be, though even they have not always been the hard and selfish veterans. What about me, my dear? Can I not be understanding, think you, Gilian?"

"It is such a foolish thing," said he weakly, "a thing of interest only to the very young."

"And am I so old, my dear," she said, "not to have been young once? Do you think this little wee wife with her hair getting grey—not so grey either, though—was always in old maid dolours in her garret thinking of hoasts and headaches and cures for them, and her brothers' slippers and her own rheumatics on rainy days? Oh, my dear, my dear! you used to understand me as if it had been through glass—ay, from the first day you saw me, and my brother's sword must be sending me to my weeping; can you not understand me now? I am old, and the lowe of youth is down in its ember, but once I was as young—as young—as—as—as the girl you are thinking of."

He drew back, overwhelmed with confusion, but she found her grip of his coat again and followed up her triumph.

"Did you think I could not guess so little as that, my dear? Oh, Gilian, sometimes I'll be sitting in there all my lone greeting my eyes out over darning hose, and minding of what I have been and what I have seen, and the days that will never come any more. The two upstairs will be minding only to envy and to blame—me, I must be weeping as much for my sin as for my sorrow. Do I look so terrible old, Gilian, that you cannot think of me as not so bad-looking either, with a bonny eye, they said, and a jimp waist, and a foot like the honey-bee? It was only yesterday; it was a hundred years ago. I was the sisterly slave. No dancing for me. No romping for Mary at hairst or Hogmanay. My father glooming and binding me motherless to my household tasks, so that love went by without seeing me. My companions, and she the dearest of them all, enjoying life to the full, and me looking out at this melancholy window from year to year, and seeing the traffic of youth and all the rest of it go by."

She released his lapel and relapsed, all tears, upon her chair.

"Auntie, Auntie!" he cried, "do not let my poor affairs be vexing you." He put, for the first time in his life, an arm about her waist, bending over her, with all forgotten for the moment save that she had longed for love and seemingly found it not. At the touch of his arm she trembled like a maiden in her teens and forced a smile upon her face. "Let me go," she said, and yet she gloried in that contact as she sat in the chair and he bent over her.

"And was there no one came the way?" he asked.

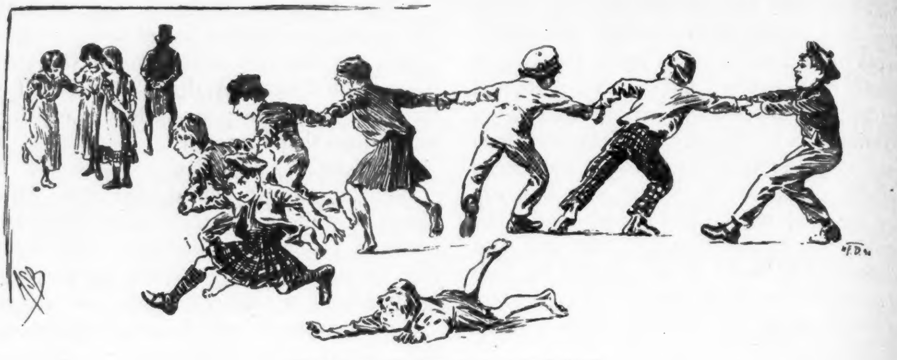
"Was I not worth it, do you think?" she replied, yet smiling in her tears. "Oh, Gilian, not this old woman, mind you, but the woman I was. And yet—and yet, it is true, no one came; or if they came, they never came that I wanted."

"And he?" said Gilian.

She paused and sighed, her thin little hands, so white for all their toil in that hard barracks, playing upon her lap. "He never had the chance. My father's parlour had no welcome, a soldier's household left no vacant hours for an only daughter's gallivanting. I had to be content to look at him—the one I mean—from the window, see him in the church or passing up and down the street. They had up Dr. Brash at me—I mind his horn specs, and him looking at my tongue and ordering a phlebotomy. What I wanted was the open air, a chance of youth, and a dance on the green. Instead of that it was always 'Ho, Mary!' and 'Here, Mary,' and 'What are you wasting your time for, Mary?'" She was all in a tremble, moist no more with tears, but red and troubled at her eyes. "And then — then — then he married her. If he had taken any one else it would not have seemed so hard. I think I hated her for it. It was long before I discovered they were chief, for my brothers that were out and in kept it from me for their own reasons, and they never kent my feeling. But when she was cried and married and kirked, each time it was a dagger at my heart. Amn't I the stupid old *cailleach*, my dear, to be talking of such a thing? But oh! to see them on the street together; to see him coming home on his furloughs—I am sure I could not be but unfond of her then! I mind once I wished her dead, that maybe he might—he might see something in me still. That was when Nan was born and——"

"What," cried Gilian, "and was he Nan's father? I—I did not know."

She turned upon him an old face spoiled by the memories of the moment. "Who else would it be, my dear?" said she, as if that settled it. "And you are the first in the world I mentioned it to. He has never seen me close in the face to guess it for himself, before or since. It might have happened if I wished, after, but that was the punishment I gave myself for my unholy thought about my friend his wife."



"The boys playing at port-the-helm"

"Ah, little Auntie, little Auntie," said he in Gaelic. "Little Auntie, little Auntie!" No more than that, and yet his person was stormy with grief for her old sorrow. He put his arm about her neck now—surely never Highland lad did that before in their position, and tenderly, as if he had practised it for years, he pressed her to his breast and side.

"And is it all by now but a recollection?" said he softly.

"All by long syne," said she, dashing the tears from her face and clearing herself from that unusual embrace. "Sometimes I'll be thinking it was better as it was, for I see many wives and husbands, and the dead fire they sit at is less cheery than one made but never lighted. You mustn't be laughing at an old lady, Gilian."

"I would never be doing that, God knows," he answered solemnly.

"And I am sure you would not, my dear," she said, looking trustfully at him; "though sometimes I must be laughing at myself for such a folly. Lads and lasses have spoken to me about their courtships and their trials, and they never knew that I had anything but an old maid's notion of the thing. And that's the way with yourself, is it not, Gilian? Will you tell me now?"

Still he hung hesitating.

"Do you—are you fond of the girl?" said she; and now it was he who was in the chair and she was bending over him.

"Do I not?" he cried, sudden and passionate lest his confidence should fail. "Ay, with all my heart."

"Poor Gilian!" said she.

"Yes, poor Gilian!" he repeated bitterly, thinking on all that lay between him and the girl of his devotion. Now, if ever, was the time to tell the real object of his visit, how that those old surmisers upstairs were wider of the mark than the innkeeper, and that the person for whom the hunt was up through half the shire was sequestered in the lonely sheiling hut on the moor of Kames.

"I am sorry," she went on, and there was no mistake about it, for her grief was in her face. "I am sorry, but you must forget, my dear. It is easy—sometimes—to forget, Gilian; you must be just throng with work and duty, and by-and-by you'll maybe wonder at yourself having been in the notion of Nan Gordon's daughter, made like her mother (and God bless her!) for the vexation of youth, but never for sober satisfaction. I am wae for you, Gilian, and I cannot help you, though I would tramp from here to Carlisle in my bauchles if it would bring her to you."

"You maybe would not need to go so far," he answered abruptly. "There is a hut behind the hill there, and neither press nor fire nor candle nor companion in it, and Nan—Miss Nan, is waiting there for me to go back to her, and here I'm wasting precious hours. Do you not see that I'm burning like a fire?"

"And you have the girl in the moor?" she cried incredulous.

"That I have!" he answered, struck by the absolute possession her sentence suggested. "I have her there. I took her there. I took her from her father's home. She came willingly, and there she is, for me!" He held out his arms with a gesture indescribable, elate, nervous with his passion. "Auntie, think of it: you mind her eyes and her hair, yon turn of the neck, and her song? They're mine, I'm telling you."

"I mind them in her mother," said the little lady, stunned by this intelligence. "I mind them in her mother, and they were not at all, in her, for those who thought they were for them. This—this is a terrible thing, Gilian," she said piteously.

He rose, and "What could I do?" he asked, "I loved her, and was I to look at her father selling her to another one who never had her heart?"

"Are you sure you have it yourself, Gilian?" she asked, and her face was exceedingly troubled.

"It's a thing I never asked," he confessed carelessly. "Would she be where she is without it being so?"

"Where her mother's daughter might be in any caprice of spirit I would not like to guess," said Miss Mary, dubious. "And I think if I was the man it would be the first thing I would be making sure about."

"What would she fly with me for if it was not for love?" he asked.

"Ask a woman that," she went on. "Only a woman, and only some kinds of women, could tell you that. For a hundred reasons good enough for herself, though not for responsibility."

He bit his lips in perplexity, feeling all at sea, the only thing clear to his mind being that Nan was alone on the moor, her morning fire sending a smoke to the sky, expectation bringing her now and then to the door to see if her ambassador was in view.

For the sake of that sweet vision he was bound to put another question to Miss Mary—to ask her if the reference by her brother to Old Islay bore the import he had given it. He braced himself to it—a most unpleasant task.

"It's true," she said. "Do you mean to tell me you did not know he was the man?"

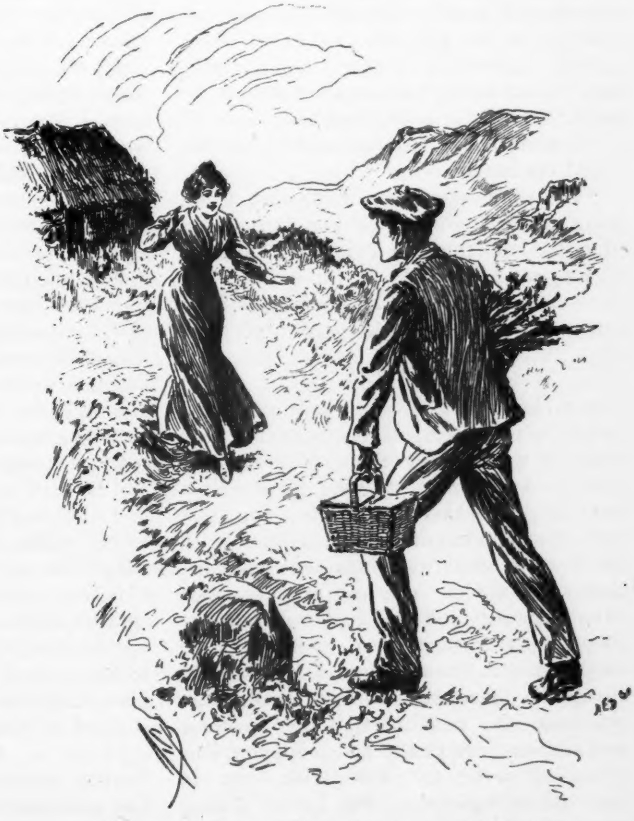
"I did not. And the money?"

"Oh, the money!" said Miss Mary, oddly, as if now a great deal was explained to her. "Did Nan hear anything of that?"

"She knows everything—except the man's name. She was too angry to hear that."

"Except the man's name," repeated Miss Mary. "She did not know it was Young Islay." She turned as she spoke, and busied herself with a duster where there was no need for it. And when she showed him her face again, there were tears there, not for her own old trials but for his.

"You must go back there," she said firmly though her lips were trembling, "and you



"Nan ran out to meet him as he came up the brae" will tell Miss Nan that whatever Old Islay would do, his son would never put that affront on her. At the worst, the money was no more than a tocher with the lad; it was their start in Drimlee and Maam that are now together for the sake of an old vanity of the factors. . . . You must tell all that," she went on, paying no heed to the perplexity in his face. "It would be unfair to do less, my dear; it will be wiser to do all. Then you will do the other thing—if need be—what you should have done first and foremost; you'll find out if the girl is in earnest about yourself or only indulging a cantrip like her mother's daughter. Ask her—ask her—oh! what need I be telling you? If you have not the words in your heart I need not be putting them in your mouth. Run away with you now!" and she pushed him to the door like a child that had been caressed and counselled.

He was for going eagerly without a word more, but she cried him back. For a moment she clung to his arm as if she was reluctant to part with him.

"Oh!" she cried laughing, and yet with tears in her voice, "a bonny-like man to be asking her without having anything to offer."

He would have interrupted her, but she would not let him.

"Go your ways," she told him, "and bring her back with you if you can. Miss Mary has something in a stocking foot, and no long need for it."

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PROMISE

When Gilian came down the stair and to the mouth of the pend close, he stood with some of the shyness of his childhood that used to keep him swithering there with a new suit on, uneasy for the knowledge that the colour and cut of it would be the talk of the town as soon as it was seen, and that some one would come and ask offhand if Miss Mary was still making-down from the Paymaster's waistcoats. It was for that he used at last to show a new suit on the town by gentle degrees, the first Sunday the waistcoat, the next Sunday the waistcoat and trousers, and finally the complete splendour. Now he felt kenspeckle, not in any suit of material clothes but in a droll sense of nakedness. He had told his love and adventure in a place where walls heard and windows peered, and a rumour out of the ordinary went on the wind into every close and soared straight to the highest tenement—even to the garret rooms. He felt that the women at the wells, very busy, as they pretended, over their boynes and stoups, would whisper about him as he passed, without looking up from their occupation.

Down the street towards the church there was scarcely any one to be seen except the children out for the mid-day airing from Brooks's school, and Old Brooks himself going over to Kate Bell's for his mid-day waters with a daundering step as if he had no special object, and might as readily be found making for the quay or the coffee-house. The children were noisy in the playground, the boys playing at port-the-helm, a foolish pastime borrowed in its parlance and its rule from the seafarers who frequented the harbour, and the girls more sedately played peeveral-al and "I dree I dree I dropped it," their voices in a sweet unison chanting, yet with a sorrow in the cadence.

Up the street some men sat on the Cross steps waiting the coming of the ferry-boat from Kilcatrine, for it was the day of the weekly paper. Old Islay went from corner to corner, looking eager out to sea, his hands deep in the pockets of his long coat. Major MacNicol put his head cautiously out at his door that his servant lass held open and scanned the deadly world where Frenchmen lay in ambush. He caught a glimpse of Gilian spying from the pend close and darted in trembling, but soon came out again, with the maid patting him kindly and assuringly on the back. From close to close he made a tactical advance—swift dashes between on his poor bent old limbs, and he drew up by Gilian's side.

"All's well!" said he with a breath of relief. "Man! but they're throng to-day; the place is fair hotching with them."

Gilian expressed some commonplace and left the shelter of the pend close and went up the street round the factor's corner. He looked behind him there. The ferry-boat from Kilcatrine was in; Young Islay had stepped the first off the skiff and was speaking—not to his father, but to General Turner, whose horse, spattered with foam and white with autumn dust, a boy held at the quay head. The post-runner took a newspaper from his pocket and handed it to the men waiting at the Cross; they hastened into the vintners and one of them read aloud to the company with no need to replenish his glass. Against the breast wall the tide at the full lapped with a pleasant sound. Mr. Spencer came out to the front of the Inns, smoking a cigar, very perjink with a brocade waistcoat and a collar so high it rasped his ears.

Everything visible impressed itself that day acutely on Gilian as he went out of the town; not only as if he were naked but as if he were raw and feeling flesh, and he was glad when the turn of the road at the Arches hid this place from his view.

A voice cried behind him, and turning around he found Peggy running after him with a basket, Miss Mary's afterthought for the fugitive girl on the moor.

Very quickly he sped up the hills; Nan ran out to meet him as he came up the brae from Little Fox. She had been crying in the morning till tears would come no longer, but now she was composed; at least her eyes were calm and her cheeks lost the pallor they had from a night almost sleepless in that lonely dwelling. As he saw her running out to meet him he filled with elation and with apprehension. She was so beautiful, so airy, so seemingly his alone as she ran out thus from their refuge, that he grudged the hours he had been gone from her.

"Oh," she cried, "the Spring was no more welcome to the wood. I hope you have brought good news, Gilian." And up she went to him and linked an arm through his with some of the composure of the companion and some of the ardour of the sweetheart.

"I think it's all well," said he, putting his arm round her as they went up towards the hut together.

"Is it only thinking?" she asked with disappointment in her voice, all the ardour gone from her face, and her arm withdrawn. "I was so certain it would be sureness for once. Will Miss Mary not help me? I am sorry I asked her. It was not right, perhaps, that my father's daughter should be expecting anything from the sister of the Campbells of Keil." She was all tremulous with vexed pride and disappointment.

"Miss Mary is your very kind friend, Nan," he protested, "and she will help you as readily as she will help me."

"I am to go down then?" she cried, uplifted again.

"Well, yes—that is, it is between ourselves."

"That's what I would be thinking myself, John Hielan'man," she thought. And still with all her contempt for his shrinking uncertainty there was a real fondness that might in an hour have come to full blossom in that solitude where they so depended on each other.

"I was to ask you something," he said.

"My wise Miss Mary!" said Nan to herself. "Women have all the wits." But she said nothing aloud, waiting for his explanation.

"I thought there was no need of it myself, but she said she knew better."

"Very likely she was right too," said Nan. "And now you must tell me all about what is going down-by. Are they looking for me? What is my father saying? Do they blame me?"

Gilian told her all he knew or thought desirable, as they went up to the hut and prepared for the first meal Nan had that day. It was good that the weather favoured them. No sign of its habitual rain and wind hung over the moorland. Soft clouds, white like the wool of lambs new-washed in running waters, hung motionless where the sky met the moor, but over them still was the deep blue, greying to the dip.

They lit a fire in the hut with scraps of candle-fir Gilian had picked up on the way from the town, and a cheerful flame illumined the mean interior, but in a while they preferred to go outside and sit by the edge of Little Fox. In a hollow there the wilds seemed more compact about them; the sense of solitude disappeared; it was just as if one of their berrying rambles in the woods behind Maam had been prolonged a little farther than usual. Lazily they reclined upon the heather, soft and billowy to their arms; the kind air fanned them, a melody breathed from the rippling shore.

All the reading in Marget Maclean's books, the shy mornings, the pondering eves, the ruminations lonely by wood and shore, had prepared Gilian for such an hour, and now he felt its magic. And as they sat thus on the bank of the little lake, Nan sang, forgetting herself in her song as she ever must be doing. The waves stilled to listen; the birds on the heather came closer; the clouds, like wool on the edge of Ben Bhreac, tarried and trembled. And Gilian, as he heard, forgetting all that ancient town below of unable elders and stagnant airs, illusion gone and glory past, its gossip at well and close, its rancours of clan and family, knew the message now of the bird that cried across the swampy meadowland at Kilmalieu. Love, love, love—and death. It was the message of bird and flower, of wave and wind, the deep and constant note in Nan's song, whatever the words might be. No more for a moment the rustic, the abashed shepherd, but with the secret of the world filling his heart, he crept closer to Nan's side as she leaned upon the heather, and put an arm around her waist.

"Nan, Nan," he cried, "could we not be here, you and I, alone together for ever?"

The gaudy bubble of her expectation burst; she released herself from his grasp with "John Hielan'man! John Hielan'man!" in her mind.

"And was that Miss Mary's question? I thought she was a more sensible friend to both of us."

"Never a better," said he. "She offered her all and——"

"What!" cried Nan, anger flaring in her face, "are you in the market too?"

He stammered an excuse.

"It was not a gift," said he, "but to you and me, and that, indeed, was as much as Old Islay meant, to give him his due."

"Old Islay, Old Islay!" she repeated, turning her face from him to hide its sudden remorse. "Islay, Islay," she repeated to herself. He noticed the hand she leaned upon, so soft, so white, so beautiful, trembled in its nest among the heather. He was so taken up with it there among the heather, so much more beautiful than the fairest flower, that he did not notice how far he had given up his secret.

He caught the hand and fondled it, and still she repeated to herself like a coronach, "Islay, Islay." For once more the rude arm was round her waist in Maam, and the bold soldier was kissing her on the lips.

Gilian stood up and "Oh," he cried, as he looked from her to the landscape, and back from the landscape to her again, "Oh," he cried, "I wondered when you were gone in Edinburgh, what was wanting here. When Miss Mary told me you were come home, I felt it was the first time the sun had shone, and the birds had found a song."

"Young Islay!" she still was thinking, hearing the dreamer but to compare him with the practitioner she knew.

And then the dreamer, remembering that his question was still unput, blurted it out shyly and awkwardly. "Do you love me?" said he.

It was for this she had fled from Young Islay, who knew his mind and had no fear to speak it!

"Do I love you?" she repeated. "Are you not too hasty?"

"Am I?" he said, alarmed.

And she sighed.

"Oh yes, of course you are! You know so little of me. You have taken me from my father's house by a ladder at night, and share a moor with me, and you know I have no friend to turn to in the world but yourself. You have eyes and ears, and still you must be asking if it is not hasty to find out if I love you. It is a wonder you have the boldness to say the word itself."

"Well," he pursued gawkily, though he perceived her drift clearly, "here I am, and I do love you. Oh, what a poor word it is, that love, for the fire I feel inside me. There is no word for that, there is nothing but a song for it that some day I must be making. Love, quo' she; oh, I could say that truly of the heather kissing your hand, ay, of the glaur your feet might walk on upon a wet day!"

"My best respects to you, Master Gilian!" said Nan. "You have the fine tongue in your head after all. What a pity we have been wasting such a grand opportunity for it here!" and there was an indulgence in her eye, though now and then the numb regret of a blunder made came upon her spirit.

"Will you come down with me?" he went on, far too precipitate for her fancy.

"When?" she asked, thoughtlessly robbing a heather-tuft bell by bell with idle fingers.

"Now; Miss Mary expects us this evening."

"Miss Mary!" said she, a little amused and annoyed. "You would never have come to the bit but for her."

"Perhaps not," he confessed, "but here I am, and God bless her for bringing me to it! Will you—will you take my white heather now?" And he stood, something of a lout, with nervous hands upon his hips.

"It looks very pretty where it is," she answered playfully. "And for what should I be decking myself in the wilderness?"

She wanted the obvious compliment, but this was a stock from a kail garden, and "Oh, John Hielan'man" she cried aloud for the first time.

"You promised, you know," he said lamely.

"That was yesterday, and this is to-day, and——" she could not finish her sentence for thinking of Young Islay.

"Must I be taking it to you?" he went on, making to move to the door of the hut where lay the symbol of his love and the token of her surrender.

"Wait! wait!" she cried, standing to her feet and approaching him. "Is that all there is in the bargain? Are there no luck-pennies at this sort of market?"

He understood her and kissed her with a heart furious within, but in his movement hesitating, shy, and awkward.

For her life she could not but recall the other—the more confident and practised one she had fled from. She drew off, red, to give her no more than her due, for the treachery of her mind.

"Leave it," she said to him. "I will get it myself. Does any one besides Miss Mary know we are here?"

"No."

"Then she will tell nobody our secret. You will go down now. We could scarcely go together. You will go down now, and tell her I will follow in the dusk."

"You have given me no answer, Nan," he pleaded; "the heather!"

"The heather will be at my heart!" she cried hurriedly.

It was a promise that sang in his head as he went on his way, the herald of joy, the fool of illusion.

FROM SEA TO SUMMIT

A DRIVE IN THE JAMAICAN HILLS

By PHIL ROBINSON

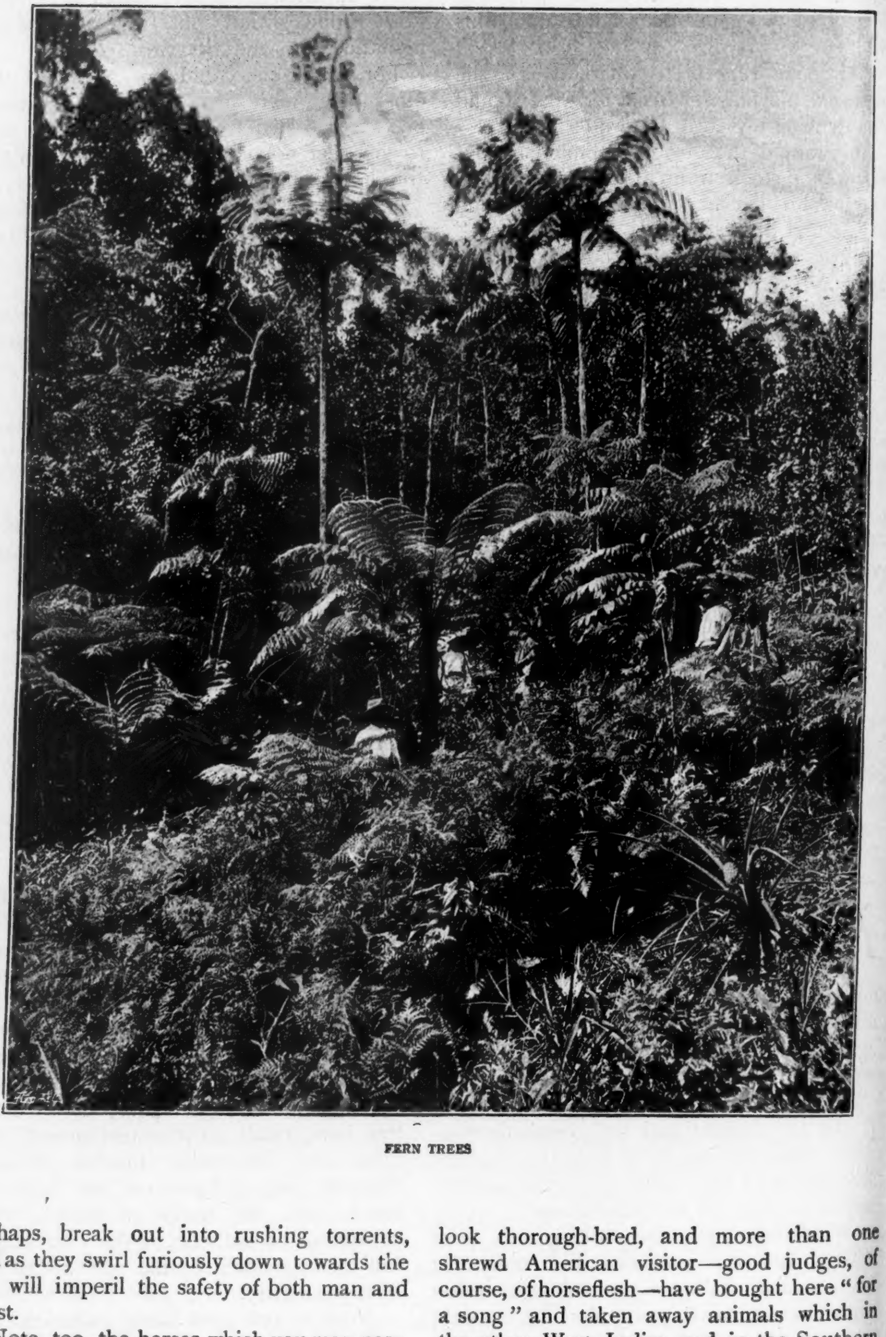
ABOUT half a mile from the Constant Spring Hotel you turn off at right angles from the high road that runs to Kingston, into a broad, beautifully shaded lane, which, after a pleasant drive of about two miles, brings you out again upon another of those fine high roads which are so justly the pride of Jamaica.

No sooner do you turn off into the "lane" (really an excellent and well-metalled cross-road) than the wonderful fertility and peculiar charms of the island's vegetation at once appeal to your eye and intelligence.

It is not merely the striking and novel foliage nor the gorgeous and unfamiliar flowers that challenge your admiration, but your interest also is made alert by the sight of a wealth of fruits—bananas, alligator pears, cocoanuts, the handsome, tempting bread-fruit, and the quaintly massive "jack" star-apples, guavas, mangos, custard-apples, and many others, and by the discovery of the great fact that here in Jamaica nearly every tree, shrub, and plant which you pass in your drives about the island either yields some form of food or is valuable for its fibre, its dye, or its rare and costly wood. There is very little "rubbish" in all this extraordinary wealth of vegetation.

Being off the high road, you will, too, in this lane, catch, at the very outset, many queer and interesting touches of native domestic life, glimpses of the negro, the creole, and the coolie at home, mirth-provoking or pathetic, as the case may be, but all interesting to the new arrival in a strange country.

Note as you pass along under the over-arching trees the substantial little bridges which you cross at intervals, spanning dry strips of sand. In the rainy season those same strips of sand will suddenly, in an hour



FERN TREES

perhaps, break out into rushing torrents, and as they swirl furiously down towards the sea will imperil the safety of both man and beast.

Note, too, the horses which you may pass, for, though small and often weedy, you canot fail to be struck by the impression of "blood" which so many convey. They look thorough-bred, and more than one shrewd American visitor—good judges, of course, of horseflesh—have bought here "for a song" and taken away animals which in the other West Indies and in the Southern States have carried all before them on the racecourse.

As you go you will catch, through the

hedges of pinguin, cactus, or Pride of Barbadoes, with its clustering orange bloom, peeps at beautiful private gardens—away on your left stands King's House with its fine pleasure-grounds, a botanical garden in themselves, where the Governor of the island lives—and park-like expanses of tree-dotted turf. When about three miles from the hotel you strike a main road again, and as you turn to commence the ascent of the hills you should look at the view you are leaving.

On the one side, conspicuous in the landscape, is Constant Spring Hotel, looking, in the distance, not unlike Balmoral Castle, standing up finely above and beyond the sloping expanse of trees, itself at the foot of a glorious amphitheatre of hills which frame the beautiful picture with consummate grace. On the other side lies the harbour, a sheet of emerald and sapphire, sparkling like some great jewel in a setting of palms. In front of you, pushing their green summits up into the blue sky, stand the hills, the backbone of the island, running from end to end of it and throwing out spurs as they go, which slope down on either side to the sea and culminating in the Blue Mountains, which, when you reach the summit of the range before you, you will see in all their beauty.

As you whirl along the fine broad road, you imagine it is level, but as a fact you are steadily going up hill all the time, but at so gentle a gradient that the ascent is hardly perceptible. These gardens that you are now passing are the Hope Gardens, well worth a separate drive themselves some evening. Look at that little forest of Sisal hemp all in bloom together, their flower-shafts, twenty feet high, bearing pyramids of branches, all strung with little bells; you will never again in all your life probably see that floral wonder. What a flash of brilliant colour the great arch of Bougainvillia made as you passed it, and how incessant on either hand are the variegated beauties of bank and hedge, yellow alamander and blue clitoria, purple ipomœa and white convolvulus, and many another creeper, plant, and shrub, notable among them the hibiscus in several shades of carmine and pink.

And the road curves to right and to left, and at every turn it reveals a fascinating prospect of valley and hill and tumbling river. This is Hope River, and perhaps in all the drive you may see nothing more beautiful than the scene where you cross it for the first time some seven miles from the hotel. Broken by great boulders into many streamlets, it comes splashing down in small white-foaming waterfalls and whirling in little eddies in the deep blue pools. This is the Hope in its winter weakness, enfeebled by drought, but what it can be in the rainy months you need not be told when you look at the massive fortifications that have had to be built to oppose its furious descent in times of flood. These masonry ramparts and the cascading river down below, the wonderful vegetation of the hill-slopes above, the poinsettias in the garden of The Grove hanging out flaming standards of scarlet stars, the cassias lighting up the gorge with masses of yellow bloom, and the infinite variety of beautiful vegetation, all combine, backed by the noble hills that rise up tier above tier, some in sunshine, some in shadow, to form a picture which cannot easily be forgotten.

That road to our right runs to Gordon Town, another route to the top of the hills. But the carriage-way only runs to Gordon Town itself, and from there the ascent is made on ponies up the bridle-path.

We cross and re-cross the river, getting pretty views up and down of the stream plunging along among its boulders at the bottom of the valley, and when we have left it far below the road takes a curve, where the view is worth stopping your carriage for. From your high "coign of vantage" you look straight down into the gorge, the nut-laden crowns of the palms lying flat deep down below you, and the bananas looking like large ferns, while the sides of the ravine lean grandly back, with their wondrous burdens of vegetation, rising two thousand feet above you. Away, far down, along the bank of the river, runs a road, of which you get peeps now and again, and from it numberless narrow bush-paths lead here and there up the slope to spots where the natives have pitched their little huts of wattles, thatched with palm, and each in the middle of a patch of cultivation. You would never guess that there were habitations on such steep hillsides, for they are all buried up in fruit trees; but every morning there comes

CASTLETON GARDENS

into Kingston, and every evening goes out of it, a light-hearted, merry procession of coloured folk, all carrying their little loads of produce to the market, and carrying home again such necessaries as they cannot grow themselves. They are all of them dwellers on that great wooded hillside, and a prosperous and contented community they are. But perhaps you have already been struck by the extraordinary air of general well-being and gaiety that pervades the native coloured classes. And no wonder. They never know what cold or hunger or thirst means, and a very little work is enough to buy them such clothes as they use and such luxuries as they desire. Indeed, as you will see for yourself before you leave Jamaica, this island is a very paradise of peace and plenty for the coloured man.

Up and up winds the road, the incline so slight that willing horses trot all the way, and still above you, line above line, run the white railings or whitewashed parapets that guard the road: and, looking up, you wonder how ever the carriage is going to get there. But it does, for the road turns spur after spur, taking you first on this side of a hill and then on that, till, looking down three thousand feet, you now begin to wonder, not at the height you have yet to climb, but the height you have already climbed. And you hardly seem to have ever been off the level all the time, and though you have sheer cliffs on the one hand and prodigiously deep and steep ravines on the other, there can be no feeling of danger on such capital broad roads, while interest and attention are both kept occupied by the constant succession of enchanting views and novel objects, while the valleys, on the one hand, sink farther and farther down and the hill-tops come nearer and nearer.

You see all those bushes with red berries strung along their branches? That is coffee, and the taller trees among which it is growing are pimentos, from which the world gets its "allspice." It looks like jungle, does it not? Yet many hundreds of pounds would not buy that one hill-slope. Among the lovely flowers humming-birds sparkle as they fly and hover; butterflies as large as the birds dispute the honey with them. As you turn round the corner you surprise parties of tiny ground doves, and every now and again the larger pea-doves flit across the road. Up from the valley below rise the sounds of voices and laughter. Stop your carriage and look down. Those are the works on a coffee-estate, and those flat terraces partitioned off into squares are the "barbecues" upon which the berries are dried. You can see that some of the squares are of a different colour to the rest. The dark ones are those that are covered with coffee-berries; the others are those which have not yet been filled.

Turn, too, and look at the road up which you have been travelling for the last hour. It is hardly credible that so short a while ago you were at the bottom of that vast abyss. But you can trace your road for several miles meandering about upon the face of the mountain like the track of some grub on a leaf. You are about thirteen miles from Kingston, and what an amazingly interesting view is unfolded as you round the next curve!

In the foreground, deep down below, all in miniature, lie the pale green levels of sugar-cane on the Mona estate and its broad acres of cultivation, while away beyond it, flat as a lake, lies spread out the great Liguanea Plain, with the city of Kingston in one corner. What a pretty sight it is looking down at it from your eagle's perch on the hills. The city, its white walls glancing in the sunlight, spreads out upon the green plain that runs down to the sapphire sea. Across the harbour stretch the "Palisadoes," a line of the brush across the picture, nothing more, with Port Royal a mere pendant at the end. Beyond it again, lying in the open sea, are the "Keys," little islands really, but now only dots—whether they are in the sea or the sky who can tell, when the blue horizon of the one has melted into the blue of the other? Away to the right stretches the

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

southern shore of Jamaica—the air being so exquisitely pure you can see one settlement after the other, from Old Harbour right away to Bluefields, and can follow without a glass the curves and bays all along the coast. And, to crown all, you look upon this scene of such surprising beauty over a foreground of bamboos. The hill-sides just here and the ravine between are all plumed with these magnificent plants, and it is impossible with such a foreground, looking on to such a landscape, to help feeling that one is in the presence of a masterpiece of Nature.

For all the rest of the trip this delightful view stays with us—not in its entirety, for first one hill and then another shuts off portions of the scene, but every few minutes, as we twist and turn up the remaining slopes, we catch beautiful glimpses of the sea beyond the hills, changing in colour at every curve—purples and blues and greys, all dappled by the shadows of the shifting clouds. Nor Alps nor Apennines can offer fairer views nor present in such unbroken series landscapes eloquent of fertility and populous with a happy people.

We begin now to feel that we are nearing the top, for every curve leaves another summit beneath us. Passing the fourteenth milestone we feel that the atmosphere has become quite different and more exhilarating. The flowers, too, are some of them gone, but for each that we have lost a new one has taken its place, and a bright lobelia-blue weed begins to brighten the edges of the road, and, not seen till now, tree-ferns lend a grace all their own to the dells in the hill-sides. Note that native hut all smothered in passion-flowers laden on every spray with ripening fruit, the "sweet-cup" of Jamaica, the "grenadilla" of South Africa. Orange and lime trees heavily burdened with fruit stand on either side of the picturesque little home, and, in spite of crowding vegetables, room has been found for crotons, the brilliant hibiscus, and some rose-bushes. Close above us now appears Newcastle, the healthy mountain-home of the English regiment quartered in the island, and though we are five miles off a crow might fly across the valleys and ridges that intervene in fewer minutes. A stream comes tumbling down the hill, and as we cross it we see the old road that leads to Buff Bay on the opposite shore of the island breaking away to the left, a track that in comparison with the splendid road over which we have travelled looks only fit for a bridle-path. Another mile passes, a kaleidoscope of fine views of tropical vegetation, mountain-side and gorge and rushing water, with Kingston seated by the sparkling sea coming into sight every now and again through breaks in the hills. At the seventeenth mile coffee again occupies the scene, the bushes marshalled in disciplined array upon the steep slopes, or lower down growing in closer crops up to the side of the road. The highway, indeed, has been driven for the last two miles through the famous estate of Cold Springs.

Here we get a capital broadside view of Newcastle Barracks, built along the crest of the spur, the officers' mess perched on the extreme summit, and, winding along between banks all set with flowers and silver fern, we pass under the ponderous masonry of the Cold Springs works and barbecues—masonry fit for a fortress—and at the nineteenth milestone find ourselves under the barracks. The situation is wonderfully picturesque. In getting out of the carriage on the parade-ground to look at the view east, west, south, and north, you are immediately struck by the pleasant freshness of the air. You are standing 4000 feet above the sea. And what landscapes lie round you! Looking upwards, there is St. Catherine's Peak piercing the blue sky; looking downwards, there is a noble precipice, magnificently wooded except where it has been scarred by landslips or the track of torrents. It is an imposing view, and far away from the feet of the mountain-range spreads out the Liguanea Plain till it merges its green levels in the green sea.

From Newcastle Barracks to the new quarters at Greenwich—so called from the estate of that name upon which it stands—you can see the house there down below you on a pretty plateau of turf at the edge of a spur of the hill—it is only about a mile and a half along the same beautifully graded road, and on the right, just as you come under the military buildings, the road forks, and, turning up that to the right, you reach in a few minutes our interesting objective point—Hardware Gap. This is the "saddle" of the ridge, improved by some cutting, which marks, as it were, the dividing line between the northern and

LUMBERING

southern halves of the island. Standing here, we who have just come from the sea on the south coast can look straight away across a splendid gorge, down which runs the Buff Bay River, to the sea on the northern shore. That bay in front is Annotto Bay—what a turquoise blue it is—into which the cocoanut palms seem to be wading; and the curve next to us is Buff Bay, both of them beautiful spots which some day may be as familiar to American winter-visitors as Miami or "Tampa Fla."

Sufficient for the day is it that in a little over three hours we have climbed in comfort over 4000 feet, and having breakfasted on one side of Jamaica can sit down here at Hardware Gap to lunch, while we overlook the other. And there still remains the pleasure of the journey home. The carriage glides with hardly any motion down the gentle gradient, the driver's whip rests idly in its socket, and as we curve in and out of the folds of the hills there passes by us such an indescribable panorama, such a swift succession of dissolving views that it is a luxury merely to sit still in silence and let your eyes and mind tranquilly enjoy so continuous a feast of beauty.

SICKNESS

By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A.

I HAVE called Nature the sentinel of God, never off guard, never asleep, watching day and night, ready to lay us down with seeming compassion when weary, but hurling us roughly to the ground if hit, and always quick to finish her work—never done till she returns us to the dust of which we are made. This subjection is felt by all creation, the beast of the field, the rooted tree, the fowls of the air, southern shore of Jamaica—the air being so exquisitely pure you can see one settlement after the other, from Old Harbour right away to Bluefields, and can follow without a glass the curves and bays all along the coast. And, to crown all, you look upon this scene of such surprising beauty over a foreground of bamboos. The hill-sides just here and the ravine between are all plumed with these magnificent plants, and it is impossible with such a foreground, looking on to such a landscape, to help feeling that one is in the presence of a masterpiece of Nature.

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But though Nature seems to be unfeeling when she handles mortality, she is the supreme nurse in healing the ills which flesh is heir to. Good physicians always look to her, Head Matron in the Hospital of Life, when seeking to cure disease, assuage pain, or stay decay.

Nevertheless earth-made man returns to earth at last, however seldom hit or grazed by the arrows of infirmity ever flying in the air, or however lingering the flame in his lamp. And though a few survive the destined days of our age, none can fail to learn what "sickness" is. They have known it themselves, or seen it in others. Anyhow, while walking on the road of life they have felt the weight of Nature's hand in drowsiness or fatigue, though they may not have been wounded by her strokes. They have learnt in many ways, from the great teacher Pain, not to touch their servant "fire," to shelter themselves from torrid sun or rain, to discover the food which nourishes, and to avoid the poison, however sweet, which lurks in some tempting fruits of the earth. They have, however, accepted both disease and death as the equally unavoidable inheritance of humanity. And though unable to avert the last, they seek an avoidance or a mitigation of the first. If religiously minded, they are sometimes enabled to realise that they dwell under the defence of the Most High, and are not afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day. They rejoice, moreover, in the love of God, shown in our Lord Jesus Christ, who went about healing all manner of disease among the people.

But they have not realised the advance of therapeutic and hygienic knowledge, nor suspected that no sickness, properly so called, should be admissible into the life we lead here. The decay of powers which precede their dissolution must, indeed, be endured as natural. Nevertheless, abnormal disconcerting interruptions of health would seem to be such as developed science ought ultimately to avert rather than mitigate, and the day may possibly come when the laws of life are so perceived that the body shall pass from the cradle to the coffin without other breaks in its course than arise from heredity, war, unavoidable mishap, and unforeseen "Visitations of Providence." Some plagues, indeed, such as leprosy have already been banished from parts of the earth, and the tendency of sanitary science is to prevent the intrusion of disease instead of curing it when come. And we must not dismiss the thought of such fruition as finally hopeless and illusive. Science has not yet exhausted itself as the shield of mortality.

Meanwhile we have to deal with "sickness" as it is, however misunderstood and untamed. And, as I have said, Nature is the power to which the good physician turns when facing weakness or disease. She is the servant of Him who layeth down and lifteth up. And a main effort of man who shrinks from suffering should be so to use her laws that he may not have to pay the uttermost farthing of her debt before it becomes due. And for this the right nutriment of the body is his chief concern. But men are ever treating it as if an error of indulgence could be corrected by remedies which left no sequel of additional susceptibility, and only put us back "where we were" before yielding to the lure of appetite or passion. Audacious advertisements of panaceas bear witness to this credulity, and we admire the insistence of abstainers from alcohol and flesh meat (with that of other sanitary prophets), who plead for a change of air and diet which shall bar disease. Among all these appeals and regulations, however, one thing is sure—*i.e.*, that in the taking of sustenance, which is ordained by God, the knowing "when to stop" is the possession of a golden rule. For though transgression does not always bring immediate punishment, Nemesis is sure to follow excess.

Provision, indeed, is made to counteract the mischief of this offence in manifold ways. For instance, those old ecclesiastical laws and other religious customs which involve a fast, supply an excellent corrective to unchecked or accumulated indulgence, and are founded on physiological truth. Though at first intended only to "mortify" the body, they are instrumental to its vitality. There is, too, a divine basis of protection in the sentence, "Whether ye eat or drink or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God," for this is really promoted by obedience to His laws of life and health. Smell and taste are not given us only that we may enjoy the flavour of necessary nutriment, but that we may discern what food is fittest for each. Those who are denied the power of these senses often suffer grievously through their impotence, but there is much more value than many think in an acceptance of the saying that "One man's meat is another man's poison." Nostrils and palates are supplied that we may perceive its truth. Nurse Nature mostly tells us what to do, and herein comes the exercise of private judgment, lest the things which should have been for our wealth become an occasion of falling.

When sickness comes, however, we mostly meet it after Almighty Custom, which appeals to the physician, since he can often stretch the shrinking span of life for a little while. But some turn chiefly to its unseen Lord—who never needs to be sent for, being ever about our bed and about our path, spying out all our ways, and they pray either for recovery, or deliverance from what evil may follow death when restoration is impossible or unlikely.

The prayers of the hopelessly sick may be less vivid than the healthy imagine, for there seems often to be a twilight in the last evening of life which clouds the perception of a man about to die, though no one can forecast his thought when he sees the curtain falling and feels the messenger's last grip. Formal provision, however, is made for his giving up the ghost. Among Roman Catholics, with confident interpretation of the saying that the Elders of the Church should pray over the sick, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, this treatment is assumed to operate till no pulse is felt by the finger or mirror dimmed by his breath, even without any sign of response from the anointed. But who shall discern the flickers of intelligence in a soul at its departure from this world?

The Anglican Church pleads for its appreciative survival, since the Communion at the sick man's own house is directed to be given if "he is desirous to receive it," and in company with "two at the least." Thus it prohibits any private perfunctory celebration when he is apparently unconscious. And it is separate from "The Order for the Visitation of the Sick." In practice this is mostly replaced by comfort and counsel, not according to the letter of any office which assumes the exclusive exercise of sacerdotal power, though it is ready to meet the want of one who cannot quiet his conscience by a full trust in God's mercy, and yearns to open his grief to the Minister of His word. In all churches and Christian communities, however, provision is made for the spiritual support of the sick up to the summons for the aid of brotherly prayer intended to be heard in the "passing-bell."

Apart from the thought of his soul's departure, we may think of the material relief provided for the sufferer. And here Nurse Nature lays the chief duty upon woman, and man adds to this her original certificate, by training the perceptive tenderness which inspires her sex, for he mostly lacks that minuteness of sympathy which is demanded by the sick. Woman is not only his helpmate in later life, but he is in debt to her inborn anxiety and care for its preservation both before and after his birth. And when he feels himself helpless it is to her that he naturally looks. We need not wonder at a feminine propensity for nursing which many show, for it is inherited from the mother, however sisterly the title of the nurse herself. The physician, too, who relies on Nature, turns to her daughters as the best helpers in cherishing those powers of life to which he appeals. Thus one result of science is to make women, not men, tend the sick in hospitals and at home.

Leaving this thought, while we mitigate the suffering brought by disease, we have to face decay, which is inevitable in the longest lived among the strong. And in seeking to arrest this decadence of power felt in weakness of limb and in a blunting of the senses, we gladly accept the skill of remedial mechanism. We not only lean upon a staff, but hold a trumpet to the failing ear and aid the eye that is dim. Thus we legitimately stay the creeping hand of Nature for a while without any concealment or defiance of her work. But there is something pathetic in efforts which can only "hide" the witness of age. These often bring no real consciousness of relief but only fear of detection in those who, *e.g.*, yield to a printed assurance that there shall be "no more grey hair" and go about with an uncomfortable suspicion that keen eyes will perceive the impotence of such attempted deceit. Some, indeed, with no affectation of concealment, openly accept the aid of art to correct what is displeasing to the eye, and thus they gratify others as well as themselves.

But, whatever appliances may be used to arrest decay, disguise its effects, or frankly mitigate its unseemliness when evident, all are wise who meet it with God-given courage as inevitable. There is no electric light within immediate reach to neutralise the dusk of mortality any more than to replace the shine of this life when its sun has set. But fleshly decadence leaves room for the growth of mental perception. As bodily blindness allows the eye of the soul to see what is best worth seeing, and shows the golden gates as they had never been seen before, so calm decay quickens the sense of immortality, for, being natural, it bestows what disturbing sickness often fails to bring.

BETWIXT THE WOLF AND THE DOOR

By PERCY HOLMS

ILLUSTRATED BY T. WALTER WILSON

THE grinding millstones of poverty crush fragile beings; they scar the more robust, but they sharpen the wits of some. Most frequently they scar. Mrs. Macpherson waged a dauntless battle to keep soul and body from parting company. The neighbours said she was "a bit of good stuff," and admired her success in bringing up her young family. There were two sons and two daughters. Not until the youngest lad had earned a man's wage at the pit, and the daughters had "gone into service," could the widow feel her duty was accomplished. As for the eldest boy, he was a useless burden, being sickly and hunch-backed from the day of his birth.

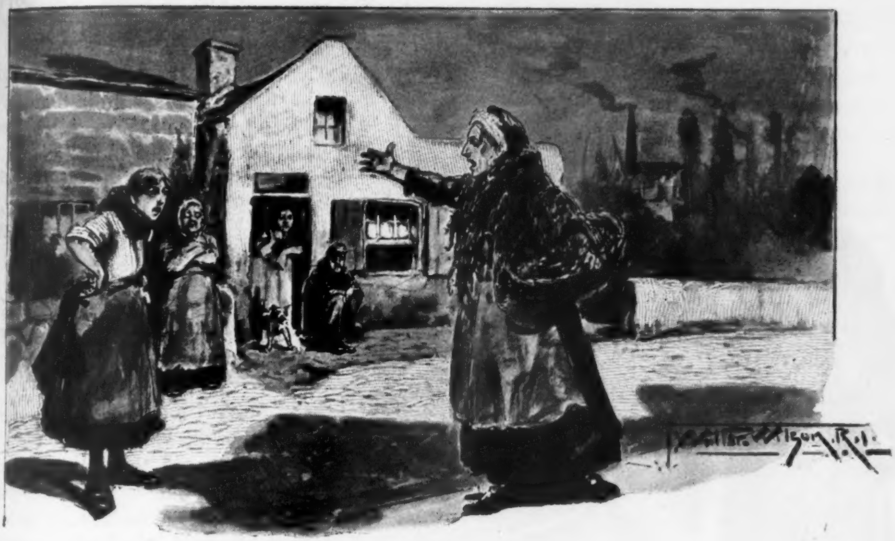
Certainly, even nobly, the widow had done her duty, but she had got scarred in the struggle for existence. Her temper had ceased to be gentle, biting remarks continually blighted her best efforts of kindliness, her pride challenged criticism of her poverty, she was ever needlessly on the alert for covert sneers; nevertheless she had done her duty and deserved respect, which is a sentiment doled out grudgingly by neighbours, whereas love is a matter of the home.

Yet one of the children dearly loved his mother: that was John, the weakling. The others, Geordie, Maggie and Mary considered, though they would have denied it to a stranger, that the widow only had done for them what any right-minded mother would have done. No more, no less.

Duty is a harsh virtue: it does not readily captivate the affections. There is nothing so admirable as duty, yet showy displays of gush are often much more admired. The children had not been gushed over. Frequently they had been spanked. Just as often as not fear of their mother's tongue kept them outside the cottage consorting with low company.

Therefore Mrs. MacIntyre, on the other side of the road, pitied Mrs. Macpherson. Once she so much as hinted to her neighbour that her family must be a sore trial to her, but at this the widow flared into a Celtic rage which must have been seen to be understood by the Sassenach.

John could not move out of the radius of a domestic storm, so he had become weatherwise, trimming to every change of mood; yet he in no wise exercised deceit. Rather than do that he braved many a row. His brother and sisters regarded him



"The widow flared into a Celtic rage"

as an uncertain ally not to be depended upon, and his mother cordially disliked him. To her he was simply "an idle, useless fellow, fit for naught."

Yet that was no fault of his, and his eyes alone found out his mother's heroism. As a little child he saw how she gave liberal "helps" at the table to the bairns, obstinately forgetful of her own plate. He watched her early, early in the mornings when she went forth, sinking her pride, to scrape some "guid wife's" doorstep for a pittance. He knew that the steady knitting on the long winter nights had dimmed her eyes. He had seen her coming stealthily from the engine-shed with half-burnt cinders wrapped in her coarse sacking apron. He had heard her muttering continually of ways and means as rent-day drew near. Perhaps the others also knew of these things: if so they forgot them.

When John was sixteen the struggle was at a climax. Geordie was only nine, the little girls eleven and thirteen years old. Somehow expenses grew alarmingly. It was then that the minister became deeply interested in the family. After that Mrs. Macpherson frequently received from him anonymous doles of money, which went on increasing in amount and frequency as time went on. At last the widow learnt to count on this outside aid.

"Ye're sure," she inquired of the clergyman, "that it's no charity? No oot o' the puir's-box? I couldna hae it if it was. I pit ma mite in the box mysel', for there's mony puirer folks than we."

"No, no, Mrs. Macpherson, it's honestly yours," he had answered.

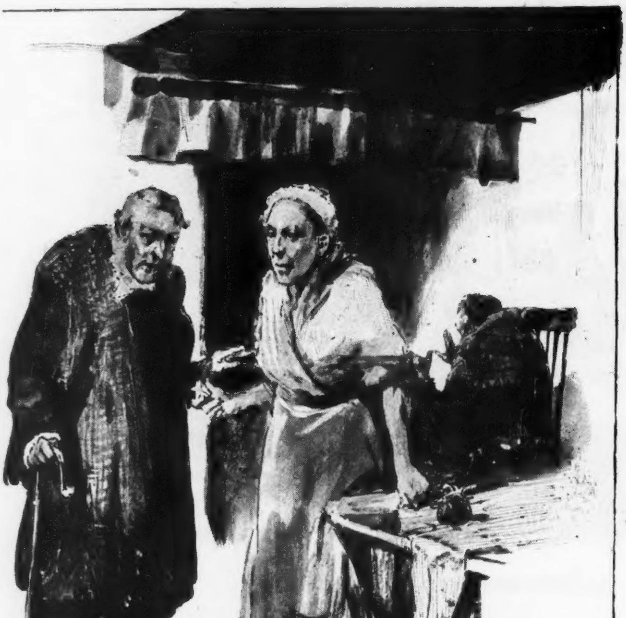
"Mebbe it's compeensation for ma man's death. The company wudna pay me a farthin' at the time. Like enough the Lord's turned their hairts."

"I won't say you are wrong," he had said. So she cheerfully took the money, which was what the minister wished her to do.

One day Geordie, now fourteen years of age, tramped off to the mine to begin work. All day Mrs. Macpherson drew comparisons.

"John, ye canna help yersel' I ken fine, but just think on that bit laddie pittin' his shoulder tae the wheel. Ye're aulder than he is tae by seeven years. Ay, but it's a gran' thing to have health. Isn't it, John, ma man?"

"I've never had it, so I can't say, mother." The voice was singularly musical, the words were phrased with decided culture.



"'Mebbe it's compeensation for ma man's death'"

"Ye aye were a sickly bairn. I thocht ye micht ha' grown oot o' it; but, deary me, you look waur than ever."

A pause ensued, long enough to break the continuity of idea, then: "A funeral's no that cheap."

Not intentional, but then John knew it wasn't. He knew how the outlay of pounds, shillings and pence overbore every other subject in the widow's mind, leaving no room for the finer points of sentiment. At last on a Saturday Geordie returned home as usual. The widow had previously remarked to John:

"I'm a proud woman the day. My ain wee laddie will bring hame his first earnin's to his auld mither. I'm no sayin' it to vex ye, mind, but it's a fine thing to be a breadwinner."

She greeted the boy with, "Weel, Geordie, did they gie it you in new siller? They used aye to gie the first wage in bonnie, bright bits."

"I didna look tae see, mither."

"Look the noo, then."

Geordie's face crimsoned under its mask of coal dust. He nervously stroked the instep of his left boot with the sole of the other one.

"Weel, what ails ye?"

"I havena got the money."

Then the whole tale came out. Anxious to be manly he had stood treat at the public-house to his fellow workers. They had assured him it was customary. Surely his mother would not have her son fly in the face of custom, and so on. For a wonder she did not scold. Her steady, old, brown eyes gazed stonily into the handful of fire. At last she said.

"It's the same wi' the birds."

Probably she meant that the mother feeds her young, but must not expect them ever to feed her. The breadwinner sat heavily down on a chair. It was his first experience of drinking. So to the first sorrow another added itself. John remonstrated with the breadwinner, who retorted thickly:

"I'll no stan' nae words frae you, ye great idle loon."

Next Saturday John met his brother on the road from the mine.

"Have you brought home any money this time, Geordie?" he asked nervously of the young boy.

"What's that tae you. I ken fine you wad like ma brass tae be spent on the likes o' you. Oh ay, ye're gey anxious I'll bring hame the siller."

"I am anxious—for mother's sake. If

you turn out badly, it will break her heart."

"Wha's turned oot badly! I'm thinking it's you. D'ye ken ye're nae use to aebody." The cripple's cheek flushed, but still preserved its calm expression.

"You have brought no money, I can see."

"Weel, ye're richt. Are ye gaun to beat me?" he jeered.

"Take this to mother," said John, putting a screw of tissue paper in his hand, adding "The amount of your wage is in that packet."

Geordie gaped.

So it happened that the boy got a loving kiss that night from his old mother, which put a desire for good works in him that lasted him all his life. Yet every Saturday John met him on the road. The boy knew why. At first he hated his elder brother for "spying on him," then he grew greatly to love him. As for Mrs. Macpherson, she held up Geordie to John as a model of what a son *ought* to be.

From Maggie and Mary occasional letters came at long intervals. Maggie had gone to Edinburgh with her sister, but a high wage had tempted her to go to London; from there she wrote but seldom.

The years came in swiftly and were swiftly gone. Mrs. Macpherson's scars were nearly healed. The tight pinch was a retrospect; comparative affluence had taken its place, chiefly because the anonymous almsgiver had largely increased the doles. Geordie had made his way up, till he became a man with some small authority, earning not merely a "living wage." But John had gone all to pieces. He was dying, that was it. He had always been dying from his birth, inch by inch. The end came in a leap. The village doctor said he might last till dawn. The widow sat close by the alcove bed.

"Many's the time I've said a cruel word to you, John." In the statement there was a frantic appeal for denial that crept into her eyes.

"Never, mother."

"Ay, but I have. I've thocht o' things that ye wud wince tae hear me say, an' I've said them. Oh! why were ye that helpless? Ye never answered me back but gently." There was an utter self-abasement of reproach in her breaking voice.

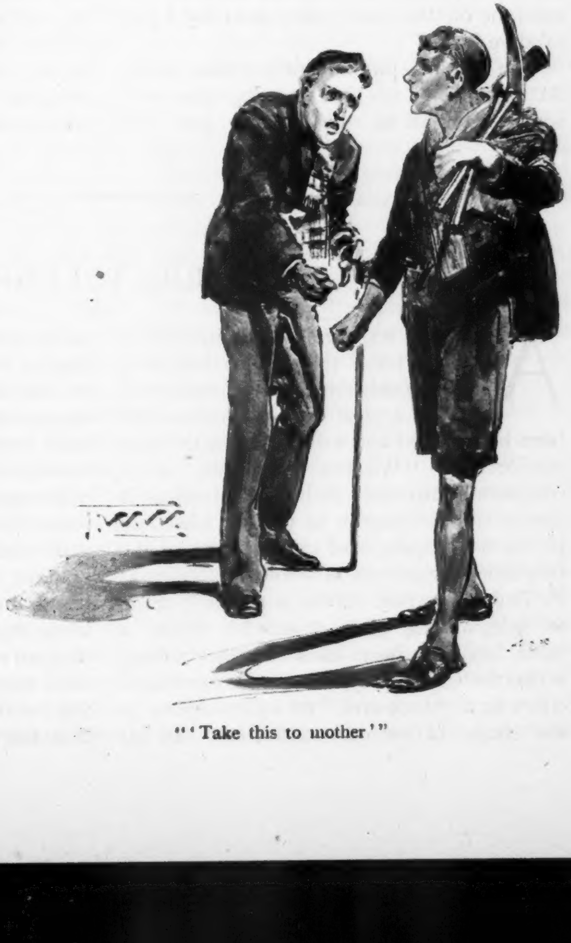
"You mustn't say that. It's not true. Oh mither," he fell back into the kindly Scotch, "Oh mither, I love ye. It's hard, hard to pairt. Div ye no think I ken what ye've done for us a'! Div ye no think I ken hoo ye've fended us frae starvin'! Wull I aye forget it? I'm thinkin' I'll see nae better thing in Heaven than yer love for us. It couldna be."

Tears rolled down his thin cheeks. Geordie came in from the day's work at the moment. John motioned him to come near.

"Ye'll be guid to her," he said, putting his hand on the worn, old head that shook with sobs.

"Ay, will I, John."

A look of honest confidence passed between the brothers. The sick man lay



"'Take this to mother'"

back contentedly, as though all earthly burdens were thrown off. Perhaps for the first time in life he felt truly happy. Anyway his pain-lined face grew very good to look upon.

"Ye'll let me lie by the river-bank, 'tis quieter there."

The twain who were going to be left behind nodded assent. Careful as ever of others, John had not forgotten that the layers down by the river in Kilwinnock Cemetery were the lower priced, but they did not know it. John's mind was not full of great disposals of estate—he had none to dispose of—but at last he made a verbal will.

"Mither, ye'll no forget the birds."

He meant the small feathered folk who banqueted in winter at his window sill. A word of promise, smothered in a sob, answered him. In the small room rose and fell a woman's sobbing, also the laboured breaths of the dying man. Geordie, who had kept very still, blurted out:

"Ye ha' made a man o' me, John; wi'oot ye I micht ha' been nobbut a neer-do-weel an' a drunkard. Man, I tell ye, I fair hated ye when ye used tae come oot tae meet me on the road; after a whiley I just lo'ed ye for it."

The massive pitman fairly broke down. At nearly five in the morning the stars sought Heaven as the majestic sun sent forth his outriders, in the guise of rosy beams, to clear his path through the firmament. The widow's withered cheek lay wet against her son's; her arm about his neck. They were all waiting.

Some early market carts rumbled past the cottage on their road. The scent of hay drifted in at an open pane. Then a girl went by, driving a few cows to their pasture. John did not know the girl was passing, neither did she know that he was dying, yet once they had been schoolmates, loving each other whole-heartedly as only children can love.

Suddenly a sunbeam shot like an arrow through the shadows. It struck the man on the forehead, turning his hair into a golden aureole.

"Mither."

The first word he had learnt in babyhood was his last.

* * * *

The parish minister of Kilwinnock still pays regularly to Mrs. Macpherson certain small moneys. She and her good son, Geordie, now know that John stood betwixt the wolf and their door, and that his quiet writing for amusement had been with earnest purpose, which though in no wise bringing fame, yet saved his dear ones from starvation and gave them comfort.

ÆTHERIC TELEGRAPHY

At length we have got an intelligible name for a thing which has been egregiously misdescribed, and about which a great deal of nonsense has been both talked and written during the past year or two. "Wireless Telegraphy" is so complete a misnomer that it is marvellous it should still continue to be used as a heading in the newspapers, and this in spite of the emphatic declaration of Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson that "there is no such thing as telegraphing without wires." True, a cable has not been used in telegraphing across the Channel, but wires have been used either as a "base-area" on either side or in the shape of vertical conductors. In his earlier experiments with this system of telegraphy, Sir W. H. Preece used parallel lines of wire on either side of the space to be crossed. In March 1895, the Post Office cable connecting the island of Mull with the mainland was broken, and as some time might elapse before the repairing ship could reach the locality, communication was set up with the island by means of ætheric telegraphy. A gutta-percha covered copper wire, one and a half miles long, was specially laid along the Argyllshire coast, and the ordinary iron wire connecting Craignure and Aros in Mull was used. The mean distance separating the two wires was about three miles, so that there was probably as much wire laid down on either side as the distance to be crossed. There was no difficulty in communicating, and both public and press telegrams were regularly transmitted until the cable was repaired. A year later—*i.e.*, in 1896—a cable was laid for the War Department from Lavernock, near Cardiff, to the island of Flatholm in the Bristol Channel. There are two important forts protecting the Channel at these two points, and as the cable crossed a very much frequented route and an anchorage ground, it was speedily broken. The communication being very necessary, the cable was replaced, early in 1898, by an ætheric telegraph, and since that time communication has been maintained uninterruptedly, and is in daily use by the soldiers who work it. Here, again, the base-area, or parallel wire system, was used, and, in fact, the saving of a cable may be said to have been attended with a practical increase of the "land lines."

In Marconi's system the vertical conductor is used—*i.e.*, the wires are carried upwards instead of longitudinally. This is an essential feature of the system, so far as it has been developed at present, and it determines the distance to which signals can be transmitted. A conductor twenty feet high will signal well to a distance of a mile, forty feet to four miles, sixty feet to nine miles, one hundred feet to twenty-five miles, and one hundred and twenty feet to thirty-six miles. The height of the conductors used in the Boulogne experiment was one hundred and fifty feet; those used between Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, and Poole, a distance of eighteen miles, were eighty feet high. The law, as determined by experiment, is this: that the distance increases as the product of two vertical conductors of different heights, in other words, the law of the square when the lengths of the two conductors are alike. While it would be possible to carry on communication to comparatively great distances by means of the "base-area," or parallel line method, it is obvious that there must be a speedy limit to the vertical conductor principle, which is necessary to the success of the Marconi system. When communication with Paris was talked of, it was proposed to use the Eiffel Tower as the "landing place" on the French side. But there is no corresponding elevation on this side, and the experiment was abandoned. If it had come off, it would have been a much more crucial test than anything which has yet been attempted. But the Marconi system has not yet entered upon the crucial stage, even if the ignorant public have parted with their cable shares in case it should be found possible to telegraph all over the world "without wires." One wonders what the height of the vertical conductor would require to be in order to communicate, say, with Malta or Gibraltar, or even with Jersey or John O'Groats! As these pages go to press arrangements are approaching completion for a practical demonstration in the working of the "wireless telegraph" between Manchester and Blackpool in connection with the National Health Congress. Receivers are to be fixed on the Manchester Town Hall and on the top of the Blackpool Tower, and the distance to be covered is said to be twenty miles further than any previous successful experiments. This will be a more or less crucial test, not only because of the greater distance to be covered, but because of the nature of the space to be crossed. For, as Sir W. H. Preece has pointed out, the effects are distinctly best when signalling across the clear space covering the sea, which, like a sheet of metal, reflects the Hertzian waves set in motion by the Marconi process. Clearly, the curvature of the earth, as well as the absorbing influence of the earth upon electric waves, must have a certain retarding effect on ætheric telegraphy. And yet a recent writer on the subject states "it is always more difficult to establish telegraphic communication between two points separated by water, than two places with no water barrier between them." In ordinary telegraphy water is so excellent a conductor that James Bowman Lindsay, of Dundee, telegraphed across the Tay without wires *more than forty years ago!*

Nothing is more difficult than to determine priority of invention in matters of this kind. Thus, in December 1895, Captain Jackson, of the Royal Navy, commenced at Plymouth working in this direction, and he succeeded in getting Morse signals through space before he knew anything of Marconi or his system. His reports to the Admiralty, however, were confidential: had they been published, he would have anticipated Marconi. Again, in 1897, Professor Slaby, of Charlottenburg, carried out experiments on a considerable scale, to which due attention has hardly been given. He abandoned every one of the novelties introduced by Marconi, and fell back upon the methods previously known. He used a simple Lodge-Branly coherer, employed elevated conductors as base-lines, discarded the useless little iron-wire impedance coils in the local circuit, and substituted for the Post Office polarised relay one made out of a Weston galvanometer. His success shows that all that is essential can be thus obtained. He chose as the scene of his operations the Havel, and set up elevated conductors upon the castle of the Pfaueninsel and on the campanile of the church at Sacrow. Thus equipped, he transmitted signals, at first about three-quarters of a mile, then three miles across the water. He found trees and masts to interfere with the signals to some degree, a perfectly natural result, one would think, although we are assured that nothing of the kind has ever happened during the Marconi experiments, even when hills intervened. Professor Slaby then proceeded, with the aid of the military authorities, to experiment over an open stretch of country, from Rangsdorf to Schöneberg. The elevated conductors were wires raised by means of hydrogen balloons to heights of nearly a thousand feet, and signals were obtained at a distance of twenty-one kilometres, or over thirteen miles.

The Hertzian waves, which play so important a part in ætheric telegraphy, are not altogether free from doubt as regards priority of discovery; for, while Heinrich Hertz showed simple methods of producing, detecting and measuring these waves, it was Clerk-Maxwell who predicted their existence, and showed that their speed of propagation is identical with that of light. Sir W. H. Preece suggests that they should be called "Maxwellian" rather than "Hertzian," and perhaps a fair compromise would be arrived at if they were called "Maxwell-Hertzian." To Maxwell and Hertz has succeeded Professor Oliver Lodge, one of the most brilliant of present day scientists. His little book on "The Work of Hertz and his Successors" is the best account that has yet appeared of the labours of this band of investigators. But Dr. Lodge has done more than write about the work of others: he has worked himself, and to some purpose, too. He designed an "oscillator," one of the early forms of apparatus used by Hertz for sending out electric waves into the surrounding space; and very early in the history of these operations he produced a "detector," or "coherer," which led up to the form of "coherer" now in use in the Marconi system. On several occasions, and notably at Oxford in 1894, he showed how such coherers could be used in transmitting telegraphic signals to a distance, and that they would work through solid stone walls. Communication was thus made between the University Museum and the adjacent building of the Clarendon Laboratory; and for more than eighteen months the Rev. F. Jervis Smith, of Oxford, using a carbon-powder coherer, has maintained communication between his house and the Millard Engineering Laboratory, over a mile away. To Dr. Lodge will probably be due, if it is ever really and practically attained, the one step without which ætheric telegraphy can never be made reliable—viz., the confining of a message to the destination for which it is intended. At present, in spite of statements to the contrary, the messages sent out into space are anybody's who chooses to set up an apparatus within the field of wave propagation. It is another form of "milking," or "tapping," the wire, and might be fraught with serious consequences in, say, a naval war, or even in the peaceful evolutions of fleets or armies. This was abundantly proved at the recent naval manœuvres, when the *Juno*, in the act of taking in a message by the Marconi system from the *Alexandra*, experienced an "interruption" in the shape of a message from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, which was really meant for Poole in Dorset. The interrupting message would, of course, have come on board an enemy's ship just as readily as it came on board the *Juno*. Dr. Lodge proposes to get over this difficulty by "tuning" the sending and receiving apparatus, so that they shall be both less sensitive to stray impulses and more sensitive to properly attuned waves. That is to say, each receiver will only respond to the transmitter with which it has been "matched," or attuned, an achievement which will far transcend anything which has hitherto been done or attempted in the field of telegraphic discovery.

When we come to consider the commercial value of ætheric telegraphy, we have to descend from the region of romance to that of reality. For lightships and isolated lighthouses, and indeed for shipping generally, it has an undoubted value, because it can be used where cables would be expensive to lay, and still more expensive to maintain, and where it would be comparatively free from interruption, and especially from the "eavesdropping" to which it would undoubtedly be subjected on land. Strange to say, however, the Wireless Telegraph Company, who are engaged in exploiting Mr. Marconi and his inventions, are not eager to take up this kind of work. Sir W. H. Preece stated to the members of the Society of Arts, a month or two ago, that the Board of Trade and the Post Office, with the consent of the Trinity House, informed the Company that they would be glad if they would connect the South Sand Head Lightship with Dover, but the work remained undone. They were also informed that they could connect Sark with Guernsey, and the Post Office would open Sark as a public telegraph office; but this, also, had not been done. "The Company," says Sir W. H. Preece, "preferred to experiment elsewhere, to prove what was not necessary to be proved, that it was possible to signal across the Straits of Dover, and to show that great distances could be connected. The result is that for nearly two years after its practicability was affirmed, not one single independent commercial circuit exists. The operations of the Wireless Telegraph Company are mysterious and inscrutable." The fact is, it is about the worst thing possible for an invention of this kind to get into the hands of a company. We have only to look at the telephone to be convinced of this, and yet it was urged against the nationalisation of the telegraphs thirty years ago that it would tend to stifle invention!

In other directions than those indicated, the commercial value of ætheric telegraphy is practically *nil*, so far as can be seen at present. For telegraphic communication, say, with France, Sir W. H. Preece considers the system at present "nowhere." A single cable to France, he says, could transmit 2500 words a minute without any difficulty, whereas a single Marconi circuit could not transmit more than twenty words a minute. Perhaps this requires a little amplification, because, of course, a "single cable" does not necessarily imply a single wire. A cable may be of several wires, and probably as many as six or even eight would be required to realise the speed of transmission indicated. So that the comparison with the Marconi system is not exactly on all fours, although it is obvious the system must always be a slow-speed one. It is not wanted in this direction, says Sir W. Preece, although its name, or rather the misnomer which has been applied to it, has led to the popular illusion that the poles and wires which disfigure our housetops will disappear. But there is no evidence at present that a single wire can be dispensed with, although there is an ample field for ætheric telegraphy, if it gets into practical and non-speculative hands, in connecting up outlying islands with the mainland, and in other similar directions. Dr. Sylvanus Thompson, who has expounded the subject in the clearest possible way, is firmly convinced that the immediate road to commercial success lies in two things: "Firstly, we must frankly recognise that there is no such thing as telegraphing without wires—that the base-line, or the base-area, surrounded by wires, is a fundamental necessity. Secondly, we must look to establishing real syntony between the sending and the receiving parts of the apparatus to render it, as far as possible, sensitive and independent, without which conditions such systems will become too costly and too unmanageable for commercial ends."

The odd thing is that an immature invention like this should have taken such a hold of the public imagination as to bring about a positive scare in the market for telegraph securities, and especially in cable shares. The Marquis of Tweeddale, presiding over the meeting of the Eastern Telegraph Company the other day, attributed the fall in the Company's stocks to two causes, viz.—(1) The Marconi experiments in "wireless telegraphy," and (2) the action of the Government with respect to the Company's rates. But surely he did protest too much when he said that it "seemed certain that her Majesty's Government did not anticipate any competition from that quarter, or they would scarcely promote a project such as a cable, or rather two cables, in the Pacific, the cost of which could not be put at less than four millions." The bare idea of the Pacific being crossed "without wires" is too rich, and it is small wonder that it did not enter the brain even of Mr. Chamberlain, although Mr. Henniker Heaton may have it in view in connection with his scheme for "Penny European Telegrams," and sixpenny Indian ones! The chairman of the Atlantic cables took the matter more philosophically, expressing his belief that it would be many a long day before messages were sent in any other way than by the process now adopted, although it was "very sad" that the "wireless telegraph" scare should have diminished the invested value of the very important cable interest "by some millions." But the Marconi boom was well managed all the same, although the painfully uniform success of all the experiments was just a little tedious, and lacked the dramatic element somewhat. A little mild scepticism is a most useful, not to say necessary, quality in dealing with matters of this kind, and if only the newspapers would employ their most unbelieving reporters—"fellows who want to know, you know"—to describe the results of such experiments, they would confer a great benefit on their readers, and on the public at large. No one denies that it is possible to telegraph through space, without wires stretched from point to point, either in the form of an aerial line or a cable. But what practical people are most concerned about is the commercial value of the system, and the possibility of its ever coming into general use for practical purposes. So far, we have had no satisfactory evidence on this point, and sensible people will stick to their telegraph shares.

As we close this article, the air is full of electricity and electrical schemes, while the ships of the naval manœuvres are signalling to each other by means of the Marconi system, and Herr Schaefer, an electrical engineer, who is said to have invented a "new system of wireless telegraphy," has sent messages through space from Trieste to Venice, a distance of forty miles, the messages being read "without difficulty." Just so. But, most wonderful of all, Dr. Stiens, a Russian scientist, is said to have invented an apparatus for telephoning without wires, for which he claims that he "shall be able to speak from London with persons, say, in Antwerp or even in New York." It is rather a far cry from Antwerp to New York, and we fancy these distances have not been covered telephonically even *with* wires. But there is a child-like simplicity in the scientist's description of his invention which is quite refreshing: "By the use of this invention, two persons long distances apart, provided they each have my little apparatus, can converse just as easily and distinctly as with our well-known system of wire telephones. . . . Using my invention you would distinguish over long distances the voice, say, of your brother or of any friend." The "little apparatus" is a thing apparently to carry about in the waistcoat pocket, and no doubt there are "full directions" with each instrument supplied. Seriously, the world is moving too fast for sober people, who are not disposed to become "electrified" over every scientific *canard*, and who have not forgotten that "telegraphing without wires" was known to their grandfathers!

WILLIAM McTAGGART, R.S.A.

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

THE warp of McTaggart's life has run out from the Mull of Cantyre to Edinburgh, and neither is the weft heavy nor the design intricate. It is (1835–1899) sixty odd years since he was born on the farm of Aros in the parish of Campbelltown. His father was tenant-farmer there, and, so far as discoverable, there was nothing in the home life to turn his mind to art. There was, on the contrary, much to keep it fixed upon nature, in the beautifully coloured shoreland from Carradale to the Mull, in the mottled skies, and in the crested surf of Machrihanish. Cantyre is a fit enough cradle and nursery for an artist, but the artist must first be made, and it is the making, the turning from nature to art, from life to its interpretation, that, in the case of so many artists, from Jamesone downwards, is so puzzling in the search for origins and beginnings.

MR. McTAGGART AT HIS STUDIO

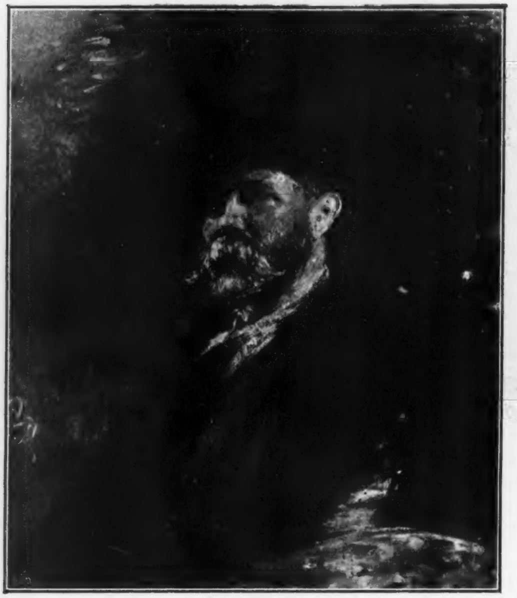
In any view of genius it is passing strange that without any remembered hint from cast, bust, or statue, young McTaggart began to model. All that, in his case, is known of inspiration is that there was clay on his father's farm. Finding that he could mould it to any shape he pleased, the boy discovered the plastic art for himself. He was then about nine or ten years old, and for two or three years he played all unconsciously at being an artist.

At twelve he was sent to Campbelltown to learn the business of druggist under Dr. Buchanan. The youngster missed the clay-field, but found an equivalent in the discovery of another art. Without either a copy or a teacher, without having ever to his knowledge seen a portrait, he invented and developed the art of portrait-making. He began by drawing likenesses in crayon, and then tried to paint them in oil. The latter suggests external prompting, but not necessarily the former. When, therefore, men with neither reverence nor judgment affect to trace genius and style, we know, without speculation, that McTaggart was born with the artistic faculty, that he successively discovered two forms of art, and that he evolved a style of his own. This is absolutely solid ground to start from.

McTaggart's first portrait was one in black and red, and at sixteen he had included his employer and many others in his gallery of experiments. These likenesses had one peculiarity in common. Like early Holbeins, they generally gave the sitter an undue length of visage, although otherwise, and even with that failing, their veracity was unquestionable.

How it happened is not quite clear, possibly through hints from sitters, or from seeing pictures either painted or printed, but the idea of making painting his life-work seems throughout the Campbelltown period to have gradually found fixed lodgment in McTaggart's mind. In no other way is it possible to explain his having left Campbelltown for Glasgow in 1852, with a letter to Mr. Daniel Macnee, afterwards Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A. For a few months McTaggart copied and painted portraits, and then on Macnee's advice left for Edinburgh, where he was duly enrolled a pupil at the Trustees' Academy. The session was that of 1852–3, and the period, marked by Robert Scott Lauder's recent assumption of the directorate, was the most brilliant in the history of the Edinburgh School of Art. It was McTaggart's privilege to sit under Lauder, and to feel the stimulus of his freshest and best influence. For nine months in the year the young student—he was only seventeen—worked hard for twelve hours a day, less two hours of an interval. He took prizes in both antique and life classes. He studied anatomy under Goodsir at the University. For seven years he kept up the ceaseless round of toil (1852–59), rejoicing in work, glorying in art, and loving his master with an affection both fervent and reverential. McTaggart never studied anywhere else or under any other teacher. He made a student's pilgrimage to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester with George Paul Chalmers in 1857, and first visited Paris in 1860.

Not until about 1879 or 1880 did he go abroad—in company with his friend, the late Mr. J. G. Orchar, Broughty Ferry—to visit the great Continental collections in Vienna, Antwerp, Dresden and elsewhere. By that



MR. McTAGGART

(Painted by Himself)

time, although he remains to-day a student, his style had reached maturity. He went to see rather than to study. If, at home, he felt a whiff of pre-Raphaelitism, it passed off in very early life. He may have got a hint for subjects from the Frenchmen who painted landscapes with figures. If so, he gave it a personal turn by painting figures in landscape, but in either view his style was nowise affected. It is purely a Scottish development. In Edinburgh his education began, and there it closed.

While a student the problem of subsistence was in a great measure solved by portrait-painting excursions in vacation time to Ireland. These were made annually about 1853–57, and were healthful as well as productive. W. F. Vallance, R.S.A., made similar trips for a like purpose. They were undertaken avowedly by the two young men as journeymen painters travelling in quest of work, an object which included both practice and cash. The insight thus obtained into the artist life of the period is vivid and suggestive. And they were certainly a notable and gallant band—heroes to look back upon in the light of after fame—who fought all manner of obstacles and privations together in the Edinburgh of forty years ago. The more eminent amongst them—Orchardson, Pettie, the Grahams, Macwhirter, Chalmers, Hugh Cameron, and McTaggart—have made a deep mark upon the art of the century. Of varying power and brilliancy, they are all strong and markedly individual. The fame of many of them has so spread that they have almost ceased to be associated with the Scottish capital. Of them all, in respect of versatility, creative power, poetic subtlety, and technical charm, McTaggart is certainly not the least. He, moreover, never relaxed his purpose of abiding by Scotland, and may almost be said to have deliberately modelled his life upon a patriotic basis.

While still at the Academy, and engaging in his periodical forays into Ireland, McTaggart began to reap the first-fruits of reputation as an exhibitor. His first venture was made with two of his Irish portraits which were hung in the Royal Hibernian Society. With portraits also he made his first appearance on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy. That occurred in 1855 with two lady portraits in water-colours. In 1856 he sent an oil, "The Little Fortune-Teller," a portrait in water-colour, and one in crayon. In 1857 he sent portraits only. In 1858 he sent six pictures, "Jeanie," "The First Newspaper," "The Sleeper and the Watcher," "The Dispute," a portrait, and a "Herd Lassie," all oils. In 1859 he sent "Going to Sea," "Thorn in the Foot," and a "Study from Nature," and his election as Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, while still a student under Lauder, was the Academy's recognition of his growing merit. We must come down to 1861 to reach a landscape proper, "The Corn-Field," and it, with "The Wreck of the Hesperus"—

> At day-break on the bleak sea-beach
>   A fisherman stood aghast,
> To see the form of a maiden fair
>   Lashed close to a drifting mast—

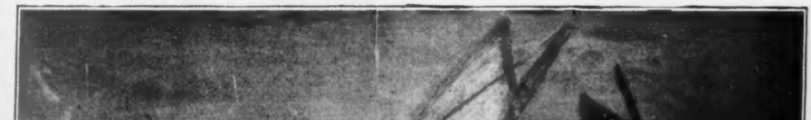
and a portrait, show the triple line which, with many splendid divagations, McTaggart's practice has followed for the past thirty-five years. For ten or twelve years, between 1860 and 1877, he exhibited in the Royal Academy, since 1861 in the Royal Glasgow Institute, and in the exhibitions of the Royal Water Colour Society. In 1869–70 he was elected Royal Scottish Academician.

With the latter event the record of his artist life becomes merged in that of his works. Flowers he painted as long ago as "Dora," his diploma picture, where they bloom with a tender beauty rarely surpassed, corn, marguerites, poppies, and "all the flowers that grew about," of which Dora made the wreath for William's child. A typical picture is "Enoch Arden." It is the scene in which Enoch, Annie, and Philip play upon the shore, and Annie would appease the quarrelling boys, "and say she would be little wife to both." With "Whins in Bloom" a partial return is made to flower-painting, although the yellow blossom, relegated to the background, hardly makes the title descriptive. "A Message from the Sea," children on the shore digging for white-worm or other bait. and snatching a bottle thrown up by the tumbling waves, is the type of a hundred. From these it is but a step to "Through Wind and Rain," "Over the Harbour-bar," "Sea-birds' Eggs," "For his Daily Bread," and other pictures of the fisherman's life afloat.

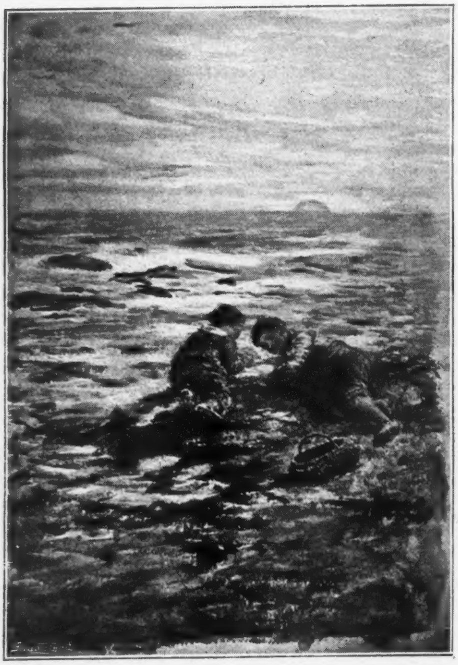
With these are assorted "The Fisherman's Daughter," "Young Fishermen," and many other idylls of the fishing village. So we reach the homeless "Street Waifs," and "Following the Fine Arts," a young Italian seller of statuary followed by an admiring crowd of youngsters. Of the genuine story-picture examples are found in "Lochaber no more," "The Fisherman's Yarn," and "Willie Baird," from Buchanan—

> Clasping his wee white hands round Donald's neck—
> "Do doggies gang to heaven?" he would ask;
> "would Donald gang?"

In pictures of this class, painted for every intelligence, the sentiment is never obtrusive, never unduly emphasised. It is treated rather with a fastidious reserve and a direct simplicity which remind us that McTaggart is an artist first, and only a story-teller after-



OVER THE HARBOUR BAR



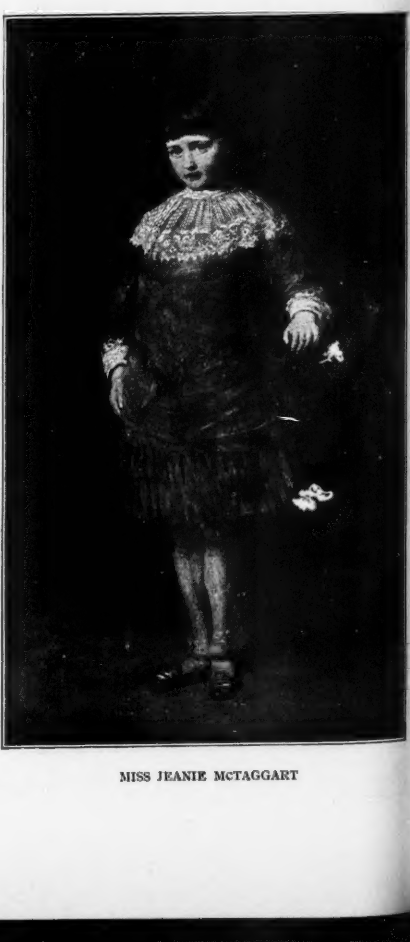
THE YOUNG FISHERS

wards. Whether the story shall lead to a study of the art, or the art to the reading of the story, depends upon the knowledge and taste of the observer. Where one is lost in admiration of the sentiment, another may be absorbed in the colour-music of the phrasing.

It is necessary now to hasten to the painter's later works, after a mere passing glance—although they deserve close study—at the portraits of Robert Greenlees in Glasgow Corporation collection; a "Father in the Kirk"; "Moss Roses"—the painter's wife and child; "Autumn Leaves"—the artist's self; at "Jeanie," his daughter, already seen as "The Fisherman's Daughter," and his mother. In respect of colour, propriety and characterisation, it would be difficult to praise too highly the finer works in this portrait gallery. On the imaginative and pictorial side of portraiture, they lead us far from both the flattering artificiality and the prosaic conventions of the day.

Of the later paintings referred to, let one be "April Snow"—a snow-bound landscape passing off to the rise of the Muirfoot Hills, and up to a cold, blue sky with brown-grey cloud. On the left are two figures, a girl carrying a child; on the right are a few huddled sheep, and near them a second girl has lifted a lamb from the snow, and holds it in her arms. Trees not yet in leaf, a gate and roadway, and a few dimly descried cottages vary, but do not break, the calm and fascinating pallor of the simple scheme of colour.

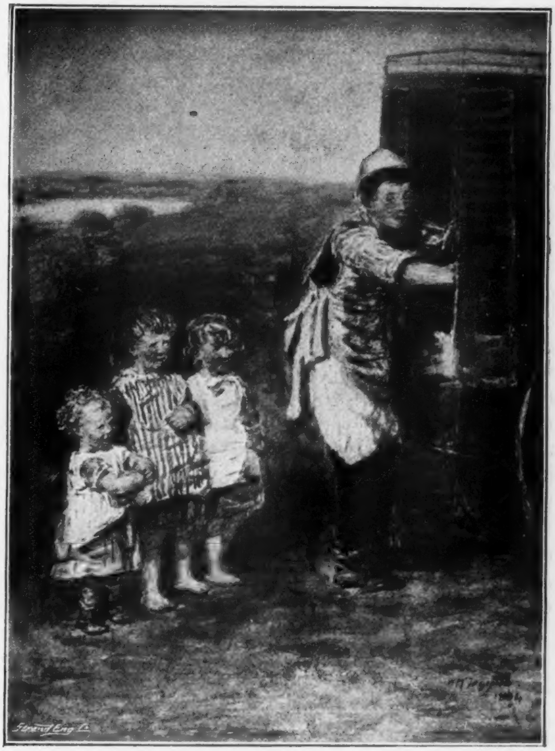
Another picture, not yet given to the world (August 1899) may be called "The Emigrant Ship," and as it is the latest, so it promises to be the greatest of the painter's works. The foreground is a jutting headland with fishing boats lying about, of which one is putting off to the ship anchored in the distance. It is a marvel of colour with a rainbow vanishing in the right distance, and with opalescent and green wandering tints upon the sea. The colours inshore may be read as the charms of home; the



MISS JEANIE MCTAGGART

light upon the distance as the glory of the unknown. It is the epic of depopulation, emigration and of quests in foreign lands. It tells of laments abroad for "my ain countrie," and of breaking hearts at home. It is a greater, a more thrilling and powerful "Lochaber no more."

Through all these pictures run a fine humanity and a boundless sympathy. Everywhere are signs of the sensitive eye, the open heart, the understanding alive to nature's voice and elusive witchery. I know no living artist whose work, in the mass, reduces to such hopeless scorn the fad of modernity that art is all cleverness of technique, all canvas and paint. McTaggart is a living protest—and may he live for ever!—against the inane assumption that to be artistic a picture must be intellectually vacuous, devoid of moral significance, and destitute of beauty. His life reenunciates with direct clarity and vigour that art is not all *mecanique*, and that an artist is not all fingers any more than a poet. His brush is no more to him than his pen to a singer. What he sees, thinks and feels—that he paints. He does not degrade art into dexterity, and genius into cleverness of instrumentation.



(From the Collection of Joseph Henderson, Esq.)

THE BREAD VAN

McTaggart stands in the front rank of the painters of Scotland. His style is *sui generis*. A tender artistic sense animates a large, free manner. His conceptions invariably possess the spontaneity which affects a spectator like a surprise. They are inspirations and original. Art wreathes round the life and beauty of the world a quality akin to melody. It is in the thunder of surf, the lash of waves, the rush of wind, the play of sunlight. This is the Celtic genius in its purest form. The throb of pulsing life is felt through the most bewildering combinations of colour. The artist's impression is a revelation of the ordered life of nature, and in the decorative glamour of blending colours you are compelled to feel artistic mastery, and to acknowledge that art has woven a subtler spell out of nature's own sorcery. She rises refined above the empty shell of the realist, and a more absolute truth is found in transferring her impression to canvas. A halo of mysticism surrounds all great art. Feeling it, and wondering what it is, are the unconscious acknowledgments of the artist's power. In at once satisfying the æsthetic sense, the requirements of pure art and the claims of humanity, McTaggart is a painter among a thousand.

It pertains to his distinction that the quality of his art does not dull its message to mankind. For a space, accordingly, the incident and setting of his life may be reverted to. He is assumed to be the only artist who can, from actual experience, recount the sensations enjoyed or endured under the old naval process of "keelhauling." It happened that with his wife, two of his boys, and a friend, fourteen or fifteen years ago, he was fishing in a rowing boat anchored off Campbelltown. None of the party realised that they were in the direct line of traffic, until an incoming steamer was upon them. Shouts and signals were unobserved on the ship's deck, and crashing into the boat on its broadside the steamer carried it and all its occupants down. McTaggart has a distinct recollection of the boat's bumping against the steamer's bottom as it held on its way. Sensible of the darkness and of the weight of his clothes, he struck out for the surface, and was overjoyed to find himself the last up. Very soon he had his family and friend gathered round the boat, which had risen keel uppermost. They were all rescued, and to add a miracle to the miraculous, one of the boys had been struck by a flange of the revolving propeller, but so slightly that his scalp was little more than grazed. A hairbreadth escape so marvellous stands out prominently amongst the incidents of an otherwise uneventful, though busy and bracing life.

For many years McTaggart lived in Edinburgh, and took full part in its artist-life. Throughout his career no deflection occurs into jealousy; there is no sign of envy, no littleness, and no instance of harsh judgment. Culture abides with art, and ideality of a kind is felt in both the inspirations of art and the moulding of life.

Edinburgh is near but not quite at the door. It is not so near that the social clash, the competitive envy, the chink of the mart disturb the serenity of the country air. To be near but not of the city; to live for art, and to devote to it heart, thought, life itself; to shun all that tends to impede development and arrest expansion; to be free to shape a high ideal, and to live it; to carry up self to the highest possible condition and then to pour out that self in art, as the message one is commissioned to deliver to the world—these things pertain to the structure of the life at Broomieknowe.

The place we have seen in "April Snow" with a southern exposure, and the Lammermoor and Muirfoot hills leading eastwards from the Roman Camp. There is neither grandeur nor striking beauty in the scene. The country all about is picturesque and pastoral, its placid serenity edged with the impressive stillness of the upper deep. All the influences of the place are soothing, and every inlet is opened to their approach. Thus, in the garden near the large lower studio or gallery-studio, a miniature landscape has been constructed, built with ferny rock and planted with flowering bushes. In summer weather, you hear shouts and merry voices, the painter's children and models. And winning and heartsome, they glow and dance on canvas, fairies and elves to-day, and to-morrow child-flowers amongst the bracken and blooming broom. This is no fancy sketch, but a picture all too colourless of the circumstance of life at Broomieknowe, of the enthusiasm it feeds, and of the devotion to art which it both expresses and sustains.

THE CAPE PARLIAMENT

By GEORGE RALLING

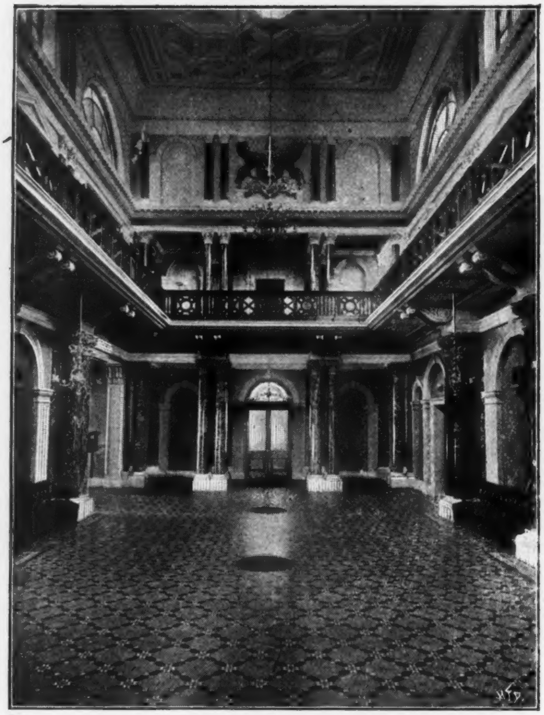
VISITORS to the Cape are apt at first to compare either House of the Cape Legislature—for the British bi-cameral system has been faithfully followed, as in other colonies—with London vestries or other local bodies, containing, say, from a hundred members upwards. It is, however, only in numbers that the comparison at all holds good. The Cape Parliament has traditions of its own which altogether separate it, even for purposes of comparison, from any body devoted to local self-government in the Old Country. In certain respects the Parliaments of all the British colonies follow familiar lines. This, no doubt, is due to the happy fact that they were modelled upon the institutions of the Old Country. Some cheap satire is sometimes vented upon these imitations, since it is always easy to make fun of any imitation.

(E. H. Woodcock, photographer, Cape Town)

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

The colonial joke is to speak of the Upper House, or rather the "Other House," since "Upper" is rejected in Cape phraseology, as the House of Lords, and of course the plain business men and farmers who, in all the colonies, constitute for the most part the counterpart of the House of Lords, naturally lend themselves to this form of sarcasm. There is in all the colonies an almost amusing adaptation of the form and the manner of the great English models. At the Cape the chamber which answers to the House of Lords is upholstered, like its great prototype, in the peculiar red well known to visitors to Westminster. The Legislative Council is presided over by the Chief Justice of the Colony as the nearest approach that can be found to the Lord High Chancellor. The officer whose duty it would be to imprison offenders in the Clock Tower—if there were one—is in the Upper House styled Black Rod, and is uniformed differently from the Sergeant-at-Arms, who is the corresponding officer in the Lower House, which is ruled by a Speaker. Members of the Council do not say Aye or No, but "Content" or "Non-content"; and in many other curious little ways the original type is diligently followed. In the Lower House, or Legislative Assembly, the amphitheatre arrangement known in Continental and American Legislatures is eschewed, and the House of Commons model complete, with its Press gallery, Speaker's chair, right and left benches, table, and Distinguished Strangers' and public galleries, is rendered pretty completely on a smaller scale. So much for the general colonial model in which the Cape merely follows in a line with the other British colonies.

It is when we come to the peculiar and separate characteristics of the Cape Parliament that the study becomes specially interesting. The Cape Parliament is an historical growth from the old Executive Council, with which the British Government set a limit to the too pronounced autocracy of the early English Governors. I will not travel over ground perfectly familiar to readers of Theal and other South African



(*A. J. Fuller, photographer, Cape Town*)

THE VESTIBULE

authorities. Suffice it to say that the Executive Council gradually expanded into an elective Legislative Council, and this in its turn into Parliamentary institutions which were granted in 1853. Parliament subsisted in the form in which it was granted that year until 1872, when full-blown responsible government was granted to the colony. During that period the old Parliament did good work, and brought forth men very distinguished in their day and generation. Some of the leading members of the existing Parliament spent their younger days in struggles with the Executive Council, which was responsible to the Home Government but not to themselves.

The names of William Porter, Saul Solomon, and other departed worthies of the old Parliamentary days, are still remembered with affection at the Cape. The conditions of Parliamentary life were, however, in many respects, extremely unsatisfactory. Parliament was involved in one long conflict with the Executive. It could, indeed, make the life of the Executive unendurable for a time by criticism and could impede public business by refusing to vote supplies; but it was powerless to expel any Minister in whom it had not confidence. The Executive managed somehow to obtain supplies from Parliament during the Session for carrying on the Queen's Government, but for nine months in the year was able to laugh at popular representatives. It must not be supposed that the struggle for full Parliamentary powers which resulted in the introduction of responsible government in 1872 was quite on all fours with most

(*E. H. Woodcock, photographer, Cape Town*)

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER

(S. B. Barnard, photographer, Cape Town)

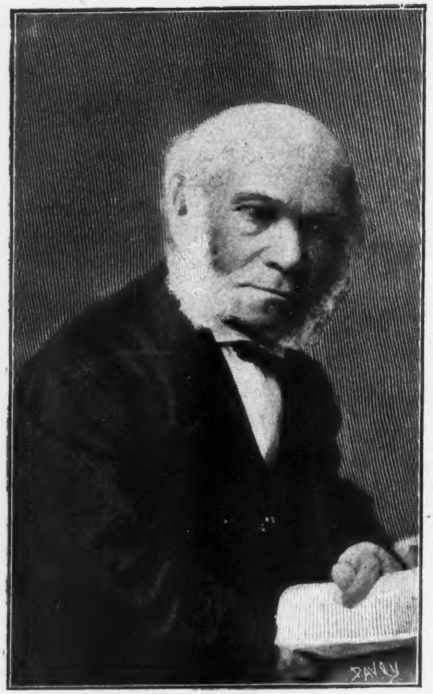
THE SPEAKER, DR. W. B. BERRY AND THE CLERK, MR. E. F. KILPIN. THE SPEAKER READING PRAYERS

popular struggles for greater liberty. Many of the most patriotic colonists, looking to the existence of two white races side by side in the country, confronted by an overwhelming preponderance of Natives, shook their heads and held that, whatever might be the convenience of the half-and-half form of popular government by which the business of the colony was carried on, there were peculiar reasons in South Africa why ordinary Parliamentary institutions would not work as they did in colonies populated by a homogeneous British people. So much of wisdom as there was in such a contention receives a remarkable illustration in the condition of affairs in South Africa at the present moment, when, rightly or wrongly, the great fear of many enlightened British colonists is that the Parliamentary majority which, on the theory of responsible government, represents their views is exercising a sinister influence in the current Transvaal controversy. For good or evil, however, responsible government was granted, and upon the whole it has undoubtedly worked well.

So much for the political side of Cape Parliamentary institutions. On the personal side the Cape Parliament differs as much from its great model at Westminster as it does from the Parliaments of other British colonies. It has derived something of its complexion, as the Volksraads of the Republics have to a still greater extent, from the Synods of the Dutch Reformed Church, with which the country is most familiar. There is, indeed a rule in the Transvaal Volksraad that members must be dressed in black clothes, with white ties, as in the Synod. Many years ago an amusing friendly little passage of arms between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Hofmeyr took place on this very point. Mr. Hofmeyr had been paying a visit to the Free State Volksraad, and when he came back to his own Parliament he took

(A. J. Fuller, photographer, Cape Town)

THE SPEAKER'S ROOM

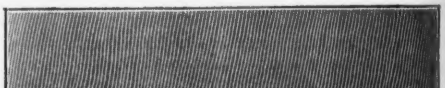


(*S. B. Barnard, photographer, Cape Town*)

THE LATE SAUL SOLOMON

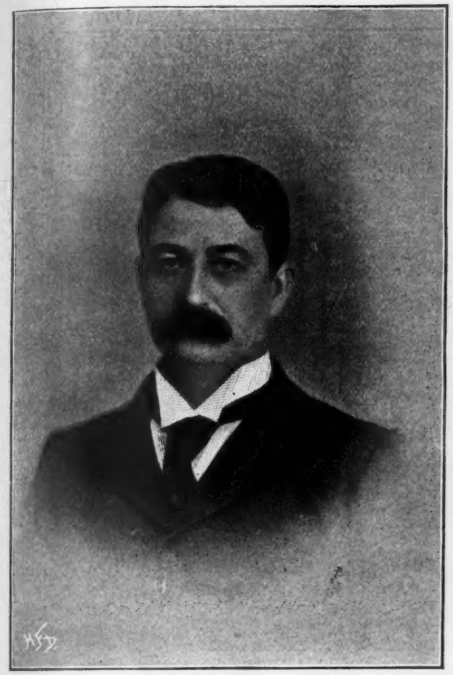
occasion to express admiration for what he regarded as the superior order of the Free State Volksraad, in which all members were compelled to attend decently attired in black, whilst in the Cape Parliament they could go as they pleased. This touched the British susceptibilities of the then youthful Rhodes, and, tossing his head back with a familiar gesture, he said that if the honourable member chose to appear in black clothes, well and good; that was his business. For himself, he thought he could legislate as well in a suit of Oxford tweeds as in any other garment, and he begged to adhere to his own opinion on the subject. By the way, about this youthful Rhodes I shall have to say a word later on. Meanwhile, truth to tell, whilst the observance of synodical fashions kept most of the Dutch members within the limits of Parliamentary etiquette of their own sombre model, the English members, in the old days, were very free and rough in their dress as a rule. It is an amusing study, however, in social evolution to notice how, not only in Parliament, but in professional and business life, the use of the frock coat and silk hat has spread in Cape Town during the last fifteen years or so. Except for the ecclesiastical appearance of the country members already mentioned, both Houses of Parliament at the Cape now present very much the appearance which any similar assembly would present in other parts of the world.

The use of two languages in one chamber might naturally be supposed to result in Babylonish confusion, but both English and Dutch members as a rule understand sufficient of each other's language to follow the debates throughout, although they may not have conquered the alternative tongue sufficiently to address the House. The language used by the Dutch members, too, is not pure Dutch; on the other hand, it is not quite fair to represent it as a mere *patois*, although it is exceedingly imperfect. What has really happened in the evolution of the language used in the colony, in the Dutch



(*S. B. Barnard, photographer, Cape Town*)

RIGHT HON. SIR GORDON SPRIGG

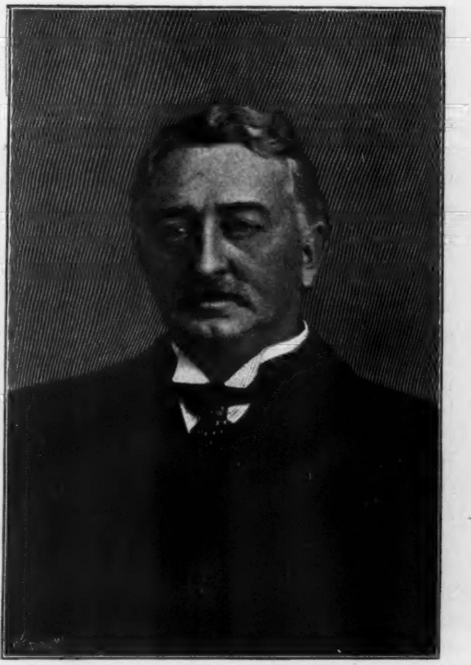


(S. B. Barnard, photographer, Cape Town)

RIGHT HON. W. P. SCHREINER

newspapers, in the Synods of the Dutch Reformed Church, at political meetings and in Parliament is this: Dutch colonists have taken the framework of the language which they habitually used, and they have introduced into it modifications of English words in cases where their simply-formed vocabulary does not furnish them with the necessary material. "Locomotive," for example, would, in colloquial Dutch, become *lokomoteef*, to represent it phonetically; and "qualification," *kwalifikatie*, the two last syllables being pronounced as though written *kah-see*. And so on. Very little practical inconvenience is found from the use of the two languages, which is a hopeful augury for similar results in the Transvaal, if the Boers can be induced to put both languages on an equal footing. At the same time, the existence of two languages in one chamber is an unfortunate reminder of the distinctness—I will not say the separation—of the two races.

Parliament habits at the Cape have always been marked by singular decorum. There has never been anything approaching to the nature of a personal conflict on the floor of the House — one naturally speaks of the Assembly as "the House," since the Council, or Upper House, has somehow always been in the background. Possibly one must again refer to the synodical precedent for the explanation. A further explanation may be found in the fact that the Cape never has been a really democratic country. An equivalent to the working democracy of older countries, and even of the Australian colonies, is to be found here in the native races, no individual of which has ever sat in the colonial Parliament. Consequently the members may be said to represent a white oligarchy; and whatever may be the disadvantages of such a system, it does result in the return of members who feel that something is due to their class. Members may have a natural ruggedness of speech, and are certainly much simpler in their notions than an assembly of cultivated Englishmen, but they have never been vulgar or rude. It is noteworthy that, although English-speaking colonists of Dutch



(W. & D. Downey, photographers, London)

RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES

(*E. H. Woodcock, photographer, Cape Town*)

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, LOOKING TOWARDS SPEAKER'S CHAIR

origin may not speak the English language with perfect purity of idiom, their pronunciation is, as a rule, singularly pure and absolutely free from any difficulty over the aspirate, or similar mark of vulgarity.

The Cape Parliament was fortunate during its earlier Parliamentary days in having the services of the men whose names I have already given, and others whose fondest aspiration it was to make the Cape worthy of the great model institution of Parliamentary life which had been granted to it by a beneficent Mother Country. Foremost among these men was the late Mr. Saul Solomon, and no history of the Cape Parliament would be complete without a recognition of the great work which he did in endeavouring to bring the Cape Parliament up to the model of the Mother of Parliaments. Although he had never visited England, he was steeped with the traditions of British Parliamentary life. He was a close student of all political intelligence which was brought to the colony by the monthly mails of the old days, and perfectly familiar with every Parliamentary precedent which could be applied to the necessities of a new country. By the time that responsible government was granted, Mr. Solomon educated the Parliament into an appreciation of its working. Although, if the truth must be told, the old root ideas all came down from the days of the Dutch East India Company, permeated Parliament, and made it difficult for members to realise that they really had their political fate in their own hands. It is well to remember that Mr. Sprigg, as he then was, was driven out of power by a Parliamentary vote in 1881. On that occasion one member exclaimed, " Now we have responsible government ! " As the only previous change in a Ministry had been the dismissal of the Molteno Cabinet by Sir Bartle Frere, on his own responsibility, there was some justification for the saying. Since that time, I am bound to say, members have been under no misapprehensions as to their power over Ministries, and to-day the working of the Parliamentary machine is perfectly understood.

The position of Parliament in those earlier days and right up to 1884 was very different from what it is to-day. The Dutch colonists had never realised the powers which Parliamentary government gave them. They took very little part in politics, and the result was that the country constituencies returned merchants and professional men, many of whom went down to them from Cape Town and obtained an easy seat. Parliament on such lines was not completely representative, but there is no doubt that it contained a greater proportion of educated and enlightened men than it does at the present time.

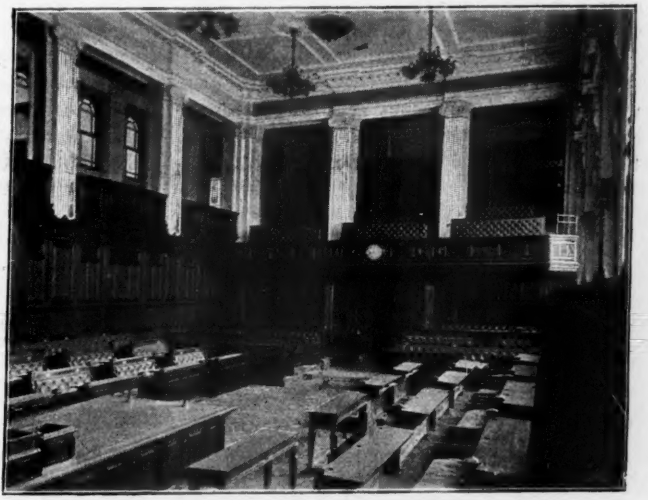
In the Dutch propaganda that followed upon the victory of Majuba, one of the changes brought about was the permission of the use of the Dutch language in Parliament. This was first effective in the general election of 1884, and the result was that from that time there was a flood of Dutch-speaking members from the country constituencies.

These men were all eminently representative of the country-side, personally respectable, well-behaved in Parliament and marvellously adaptive to Parliamentary forms and orders; but narrow-minded and conservative to an extent which has been somewhat prejudicial, though not greatly so, to the advancement of the colony. It is from 1884 that we date a condition of things which, under various personal changes, has been constant in Cape politics.

The Dutch country members were with few exceptions unable to contribute the material for Cabinet making. The consequence has been that those educated Englishmen who were willing to humour them in what they regarded as essentials have held the reins of office.

There are some important new conditions which have arisen since political questions in South Africa became acute after the Raid. But even now the order of things under which successively the late Sir Thomas Upington, Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Rhodes, again Sir Gordon Sprigg, and now Mr. Schreiner have held office, has been unchanged during the most violent political convulsions. In the Ministry which now governs the colony, Mr. Schreiner, although not of English blood, is in essentials an English University man. Mr. Merriman is the son of an English bishop. Mr. Sauer—like the Premier, of German blood—is indistinguishable from any ordinary educated Englishman. Mr. Solomon, the Attorney-General, was called to the Bar in England. The only Ministers who are Dutch are Mr. Herholdt, the Secretary for Agriculture, a simple, farmer-like person, whom I do not insult when I say that his brains are found for him by his colleagues; and Dr. Te Water, who received his education in Edinburgh, and for the most part would pass as an Englishman if one did not know of his political proclivities. The men may change, but the system arises out of the political conditions existing at the Cape.

No account of the Cape Parliament would be complete without some reference to the greatest man South Africa has yet produced. And yet every particular concerning Mr. Rhodes and his works is so well known to the British public that it is not worth while



(E. H. Woodcock, photographer, Cape Town)

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, LOOKING TOWARDS PUBLIC GALLERY to occupy space in this article by descriptions perfectly familiar to every reader. I will only say that when Mr. Rhodes entered Parliament in 1881, a mere boy, no one could have dreamt of his coming greatness. He was nervous to a degree seldom exceeded in a new member, and upon asking a too candid friend what was his opinion of his first Parliamentary speech, the reply was, "Rhodes, I think you are a great Parliamentary failure." He was taken into the Scanlen Ministry only a few weeks before its fall, and his colleagues affected to teach him; but in the course of one or two Sessions this remarkable young man had chalked out his own lines and had become a force to be reckoned with by older men than himself. His natural sympathies, notwithstanding the fearful breach which has arisen between himself and the Dutch members, were undoubtedly at all times with the representatives of the country as against the town. His old ideas were what in England would be known as county ideas, for it is certain that for factories he has a great aversion. He stated plainly in Parliament on more than one occasion that he really divided parties into an export party and an import party.

There is no doubt that under modern conditions a great change has passed over the spirit of the Cape Parliament. In the old days members were in the habit of taking their duties as speakers very seriously. It was the custom to have long full-dress debates upon many topics, for which some speakers would even go the length of writing out their speeches *in extenso* beforehand and learning them bodily. It was further the custom in most Sessions to have a stand-up fight upon the question of confidence in the Ministry, when members would quote from former speeches delivered by their opponents by the yard, and everything was done in a very formal academic manner. All this to a very great extent has vanished, but what Parliament has lost in oratory it has gained in debating power, and it is now very much more like a huge board of directors for the management of the business of the colony. The circumstances of the colony to a great extent account for this change. Formerly Parliament was concerned mainly with Native questions and with matters of high politics; to-day the Government has become, in the words of Mr. Merriman, a huge socialistic machine The railways, telegraphs, harbour, and irrigation works are all Government undertakings, and the discussions of Parliament tend in consequence to become highly practical. We still have, of course, such burning questions as the relationships of the colony with the Transvaal, so that Parliament has not ceased to be interesting, but the occurrence of a really long, full, and prepared debate is now rare.

I may add that, in point of physique, the Cape Parliament will compare favourably with any similar assembly in the world. It is not the custom to keep a record of either height or girth or weight, but I do not believe I am far beyond the mark when I say that the average height approximates to 5 feet 11 inches, and the weight, say, 16 stone—it may be more.

Our illustrations are from photographs by S. B. Barnard, A. J. Fuller, and E. H. Woodcock, all of Cape Town.

A PIECE OF CRUMPLED PAPER

By Mrs. SEMPLE GARRETT

"I SUPPOSE we can't marry on thirty shillings a week," said Dick Dallas, as he walked one summer evening with the girl he loved.

"If we tried it I know what it would be," she replied. "At a very early period in our married life you would sell your bicycle, a sacrifice that would be followed by innumerable others. You would give up beer—perhaps tobacco—and you would wear your clothes till they became shiny. Then you would stint yourself in food. Your luncheon in town would be a wretched make-believe, and then you would have recourse to artifice to conceal from me your miserable cheeseparing."

"And what about your clothes, and your food?" he asked, in a tone of tender appreciation of her unselfish attitude in the matter.

"Oh! as for my clothes," she answered gaily, "ladies' dress happens to be cheap just now. I can get a blouse for one and elevenpence ha'penny."

"I question that," he returned in a grave tone. "They cost more. I'm quite positive they're one and elevenpence three farthings."

A merry laugh was Maggie's answer.

"As for food," she proceeded to say, "I'm really—and without any pretence about the matter—partial to farinaceous food. Boiled rice, for instance, can be cooked so as to be quite delicious."

"Yet with all your economical proclivities you think it would be unwise for us to marry."

"I *do* want you to keep your bicycle, especially as there can be no trip to the seaside when we are married. That's an expense not to be thought of for a moment. Then I couldn't bear to see you become thin from insufficient food."

"I wish I had never become a Civil Service clerk, and yet, if I had had a better salary, the nobility of your nature would have been less apparent. People talk of lovers in moonlight as if they were beings that needed romantic surroundings. My romance, on the contrary, needs no such assistance. From this date forth a blouse in a shop window will be full of poetry to me. I shall never be able to look unmoved on the ticket 'One and elevenpence three farthings'; it will always bring to my mind my unselfish, unworldly Maggie."

It rarely happens that in this relation both the man and the woman are unselfish. In the present case they were equally so; yet they admired each other for the virtue they had in common.

"You haven't said a word about the situation I have got," she observed. "Fifty pounds a year. Think of that! I can save forty-two pounds annually, perhaps more. In two years I might save close upon £90."

"If blouses continue fashionable—bless the woman that invented them!—you may put away nearly that amount. It would be enough, more than enough, to furnish a few rooms. And yet, somehow, I don't like this situation for you. Your pupils are the daughters of a widower. What sort of man is he? I should like to see him."

"I haven't seen him myself. It was his sister who engaged me. She wants her little nieces to be thoroughly grounded. They're to begin mathematics at once, and I am to teach them German colloquially."

"What a shame it is that a clever, well-educated girl as you are should have such poor prospects matrimonially," he observed in a tone of much depression.

"That's because you are young. A man's not supposed to be in a position to marry at twenty-three; but, Dick, why shouldn't I teach after I am married? Perhaps, if I do well at this new place, I may make friends and get patrons. I intend to throw my whole soul into grounding these little girls."

They were walking in Brockwell Park, too public a place for the expression Dick would have liked to give to the admiration and affection her words elicited.

It was on a Wednesday evening the preceding conversation took place, and the following day Maggie began her new duties as governess to a family living in Upper Tulse Hill. On Saturday morning, Dick had a brief note in which he was informed that "the grounding" had begun, and that the pupils were not at all bad little girls. Their father she had not yet seen; he was out of town. In addition were tender words upon which he pressed his lips as he muttered, "My brave, loving Maggie."

Sunday passed drearily. He went to Brockwell Park, not in the hope of seeing her who engrossed all his thoughts, for the occupants of the large houses in Tulse Hill have extensive gardens, and have little need, therefore, to feast their eyes on flowers and trees in public places. But though he did not expect to meet her he could at least live over again their last interview in the exact spot in which it occurred. It was just here, as they stood together looking at the turbid water of the little winding brook, that she had told him she was partial to farinaceous food. And he thought of the boiled rice with a smile that had a tear in it.

Her brief but tender note he answered

that evening, but a week passed during which he received no communication from her. He wrote again; but ten days elapsed, and still there was not a line in reply. Was she ill? She would need to be very seriously so to prevent her inditing a few words, and as she had been in robust health when he last saw her, it did not seem a likely thing that she was suddenly stricken with severe illness.

One Sunday he walked in the direction of Hydrangea Hall, as Maggie's new abode was called, and contrived to pass the door a few minutes before eleven on the chance of encountering the family on the way to church. But though he looked in towards the lawn, no trace of any one was perceptible. About one he passed the house again, and on this occasion he was more fortunate, for when close to it he met a group consisting of Maggie herself, a tall gentleman, and three little girls. On reaching them, Dick took off his hat, and was about to address her he had come to see when, to his surprise and annoyance, the papa waited also, thus rendering it impossible for the lovers to have even a few words in private. The awkwardness was even increased by the fact that Maggie did not introduce her lover to the father of her pupils.

"Have you been quite well during the last fortnight?" the young man asked constrainedly, as he shook a hand that did not seem to be that of his own dear girl. It was certainly not held out with the old cordiality.

"Quite well," she replied stiffly.

"Your friends haven't heard from you."

"There's a great deal of time wasted in letter-writing," was the very unexpected reply. Dick stared at the speaker. It was an altered face he looked at. There was no longer any love in the eyes; on the contrary, there was even a hard look; but while he gazed in perplexity at the loved lineaments from which all the old charm of expression had fled, there was a movement on the part of the papa, upon which Maggie bowed stiffly, and Dick felt that the interview was at an end; he was dismissed.

As he walked away his head drooped on his breast, his heart was very heavy. What did it mean? If he had been of a cynical disposition he would have found an explanation in the assumption that his betrothed had won the admiration of the father of her pupils, and that she was quite willing to forsake her impecunious lover when there was a prospect of marrying a rich man. But his belief in Maggie's unworldliness was not to be shaken. Her own eyes might slander her, but he would not listen to them. Yet it might be that she had found some one more worthy of her. Dick cherished no very high opinion of his own merits. He had read novels, as he now reflected, in which good women were depicted as proving unfaithful to first love.

There was Maggie Tulliver for example; but then, she had never loved Philip in a positive way: it was rather, he considered, that she accepted his affection than that she gave her own.

Weeks of misery followed. He received no letter from her who was once so loving, and though he wrote begging for an explanation, urging her to tell him if her heart had changed, and promising to accept his fate resignedly if this were so, no answer was returned.

One day he received a communication to the effect that by the death of an uncle in New Zealand he had inherited £3000. "What's the good of that now?" he asked himself bitterly. "If Maggie cares no more for me, or if she has lost her reason, money's of no use to me."

In this despondent mood he, one Saturday afternoon, took a walk up Upper Tulse Hill, and, glancing at Hydrangea Hall, was surprised to find the house empty. At the gate was a board on which was announced, "This desirable mansion to let." The door was open, so Dick availed himself of the opportunity to enter. Gloomily he went from one empty apartment to another searching for the schoolroom, and speculating as to which of the bedrooms had been hers. Where had they gone? Was there anything by which he could trace them? Thus cogitating he entered a room in the fireplace of which were some crumpled papers. Dick picked up one. It might by chance be a letter which might throw some light on the new address. As he unfolded it he uttered an exclamation. It was Maggie's own handwriting!

"They're hypnotising me. Oh, save me, Dick."

One line. She had been interrupted, perhaps, while writing it. So this was the explanation of the changed expression in his darling's face. She had been feeling, and thinking, not her own sentiments and thoughts, but in obedience to another's will. Her eyes had lied against her soul.

Not a moment, however, was to be lost in rescuing her from her horrible position. He must ask the neighbours if they knew where the family had gone. With this object in view he quitted the empty house and advanced towards the next one, reflecting as he did so that, even if he discovered whither they had fled, it might be impossible to get Maggie out of the hands of the hypnotist. With little hope of any good result he rang the bell of the house at which he now stood, but could get no information respecting the present domicile of the previous inhabitants of Hydrangea Hall.

As he disconsolately retraced his steps he met a postman of whom he inquired if he knew the present abode of the family that had left this empty house. The reply was not satisfactory. They had gone to Wimbledon or Croydon; the man of letters was not certain which. What was to be done? Mechanically he turned his steps homeward. It was in the house of Maggie's aunt he lodged, and to her, as was but right, he would communicate the terrible position in which her niece was placed. She, at least, had the right of kinship to seek and deliver her relative.

Having come to this conclusion he quickened his steps.

"Oh, please come downstairs to Missus' parlour," said the servant as he entered the house. Impatient as he was to have an interview with his landlady he readily complied, and descended to an apartment in the basement, where he saw—his own Maggie! She raised her head at his entrance, and with a little cry of joy that signified relief after pain and tension advanced to meet him. She was in her right mind again, and as he took her in his arms and leant his head on her shoulder something very like a sob escaped him.

"He's dead," said Maggie; "died of influenza—of pneumonia rather, after influenza."

"So you're free once more?"

"Yes, free once more."

The words were uttered in a tone that implied a sense of great relief. "But you don't ask what it means," she added.

"I know, dearest," he replied, and then proceeded to tell her how he had discovered the crumpled note in the fireplace of the old house.

"I remember," she said. "He was in town and very busy, I suppose. At any rate, he forgot me for a few minutes; so I was free to write that line; but before I could put it in an envelope and address it I came under his influence again, and I must have crushed it up and thrown it away."

"Darling, you shall never be parted from me again."

"I'm not afraid of poverty now," she said, nestling closer to him.

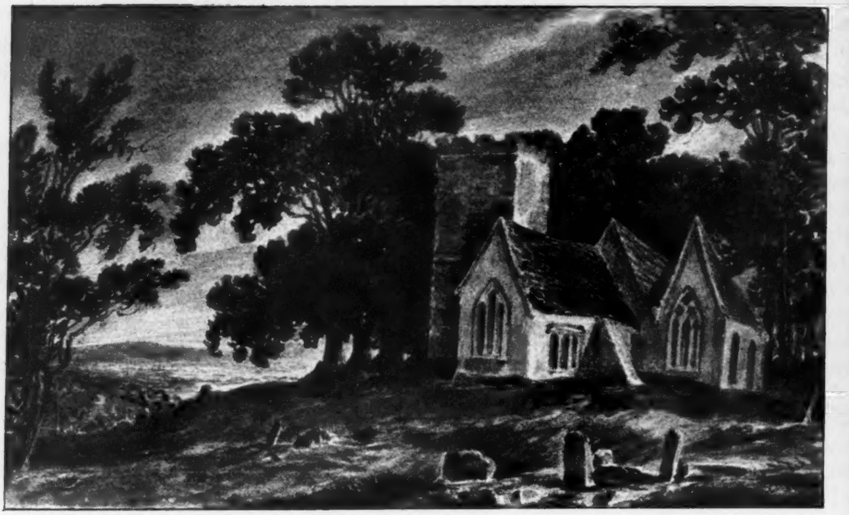
"You never were, for yourself. You were quite willing to live on boiled rice. It was *my* food, *my* clothes, and *my* bicycle that were all your concern. But you have no longer any need to be afraid of my starving myself. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*"

Maggie raised her loving eyes to his in wonder. What a dear face it was in Dick's estimation, though not quite so gay and joyous as it once had been! Leading her to a chair he took one close to her, and then told her of his inheritance.

"And you can keep your bicycle," she said with tears of joy in her eyes.

"Yes, and we can have a honeymoon trip. I once heard you say you would like to go to Scotland."

"O Dick, how wonderful it seems! You and I to be together always, and no one can come between us any more," she said with emotion. A few moments after she wiped her eyes and smilingly told him that it was a capital idea to go to Scotland for the honeymoon.



MRS. SOUTHEY'S SKETCH OF THE CHURCH IN WHICH SHE WORSHIPPED AND WAS WEDDED

LETTERS FROM MRS. SOUTHEY

BY MARGARET HOWITT

IT is a curious coincidence in modern English literature, that the careers of two gifted female writers—Miss Mitford and Miss Bowles—both equally graceful and feeling chroniclers of English rural scenes, should have run almost parallel. Both were born in Hampshire towards the close of the last century: Caroline Ann Bowles in 1787, Mary Russell Mitford in 1789. Both were of gentle descent, and impoverished where the trust ought to have been most sacred: the one by her guardian, the other by her father. Both dwelt in rustic cottages made idylically beautiful by their love and care of flowers. The first became in her fifty-third year the second wife and loving nurse of the great and good poet Southey; the second, in advanced life, the devoted, lenient nurse of the spendthrift Mr. Mitford. Mrs. Southey received a pension from her Majesty in 1843, and died in 1854. Miss Mitford was placed on the Civil List in 1842, and expired in 1855. Here the salient points of resemblance cease. The authoress of the still popular work "Our Village" flitted (even when touched by infirmity and affliction) in high spirits, though shabbily attired, amongst the crowds who courted her society in London or in her cottage at Three Mile Cross. On the other hand, the classic "Chapters on Churchyards," eagerly read in *Blackwood* when that magazine was in the hands of every reader, and on republication are now—notwithstanding the freshness, kindly humour, or keen pathos of each page—rarely perused, and their author, Miss Bowles, blessed with an implicit faith in divine revelation and an indifference to human fame, led by choice a sequestered life in her cottage at Buckland, near Lymington; and which, by her pious communings, became a sanctuary.

From this calm retreat she writes to her friend Mary Howitt on May 28, 1829: "Four months' solitary confinement to a sick chamber—mostly to my bed—has almost resolved into its native dust a frame not made for duration, I believe, and which for some years past has been gradually sinking from extreme debility. And yet—so short-sighted are human calculations on the decrees of Life and Death—I have struggled through a crisis of suffering that would have been sufficient to level a firmer structure than this 'clay-cottage' of mine, and am told, that if I will be content to vegetate for a while—to avoid all excitement of mind or sedentary occupation, not to *think*, if that were possible—I may not only revive from my present state of half-existence, but regain tolerable health. . . . See now, dear lady, to what a powerless wretch you have presented and seconded your friend's request* . . . . But to show you that the *will* is not wanting (for it pains me to refuse one for whom you are interested) I enclose a few lines that speak truth at least, and are at Mr. Chorley's service. They were *thought*, not *written*,† when I felt the first breath of the fine balmy spring morning, which stole in to me, like a ministering spirit through the open casement, as I still lay on my sick-bed.

19th March, 1829.

AURA VENI.

Balmy freshness! heavenly air!
  Cool, oh! cool this burning brow.
Loose the fiery circlet there:
  Blessed thing! I feel ye now.

Blessed thing! depart not yet—
  Let me, let me quaff my fill;
Leave me not my soul to fret
  With longings for what mocks me still.

Oh! the weary, weary nights
  I've lain awake and thought of thee:
Of clouds and corn—and all sweet sights
  Of shade and sunshine, flower and tree;

Of running waters, rippling clear;
  Of merry birds and gipsy camp.
Then, how I loathed to see and hear
  That ticking watch, that sickly lamp!

And longed at least for light again,
  For day—that brought no change to me.
The weight was on my heart and brain.
  God might remove it—*only He*.

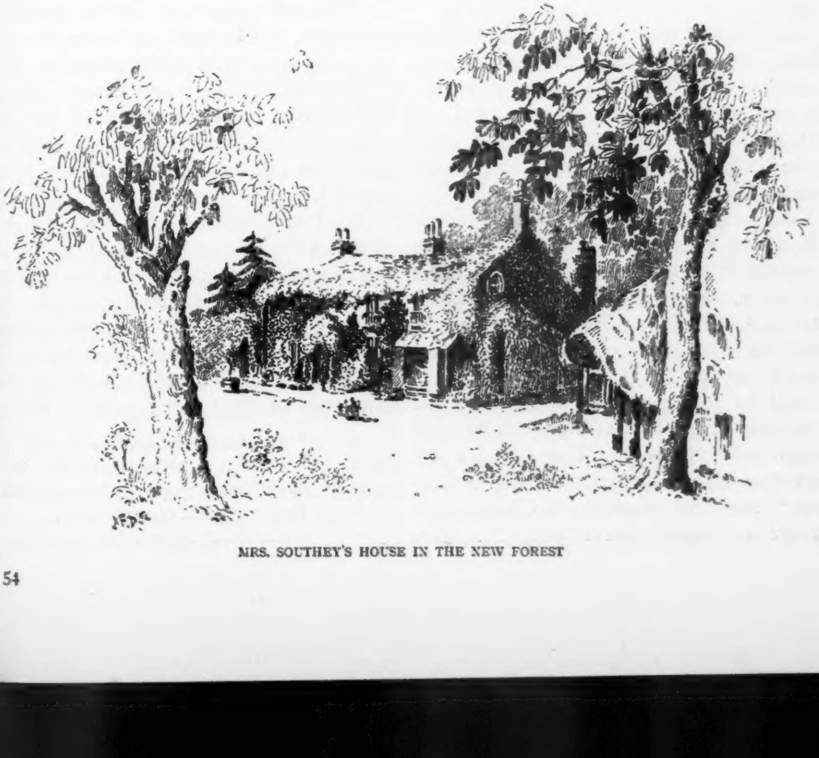
But now and then the fount of tears,
  So seeming dry, was free to flow.
'Twas worth the happiness of years,
  That short-lived luxury of woe!

And in the midst of all my pain
  I knew I was not *quite* forgot;
I knew my cry was not in vain,
  So I was sad, but "fainted not."

And now, The Merciful Command
  Hath lightened what was worst to bear,
And gives of better things at hand
  A foretaste in this blessed air.

* * * * *

"Your own warm-hearted benevolence makes you unjust to the world, as far as regards its appreciation of me. I have always felt



MRS. SOUTHEY'S HOUSE IN THE NEW FOREST

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* That of Mr. William B. Chorley, editor of *The Winter's Wreath*.

† Miss Bowles' poetry flowed from her soul, when under "a strong spell of feeling." To use her own expression: "pen in hand she could do nothing."

that it dealt *gently* with me; now and then gave me kindly encouragement, *never* a harsh word (which perhaps I should have shrank from), and what more had I a right to expect from public favour? Mr. Southey's dedication is indeed an honourable tribute. A partial one indeed, for he is my friend, but not the less sincere. My first emotion on reading it was an aspiration to become more worthy of such kindness from the good and gifted."

Miss Bowles here refers to Southey's work—"Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society," &c., 2 vols. 8vo, 1829; and to which she once more alludes when, as his widow, she has been asked to supply particulars of his favourite haunts. This letter, in which she terms herself "a life-long mourner," is addressed to Mary Howitt from Buckland, August 8, 1845. She says:

"Even if it were possible for me to furnish the matter you are in search of, I should hardly be able to give you more satisfactory data than you will find, if you will be at the trouble of looking into the 'Colloquies,' in which work, so deeply interesting to me in its progress as well as in its completion, he has given the most graphic descriptions of all his favourite haunts in Cumberland. I was at Keswick while that work was in progress, and his companion to most of those well-remembered (and to me now hallowed) spots, by virtue of my qualification of a good walker.

"The ladies of his own family were not so qualified, and it followed in consequence that, except myself, he had never any constant walking companion, neither did he desire it indeed—professing for the most part the companionship of a book or his own thoughts.

"That I *could furnish* data more interesting than that afforded by any printed page in connection with the *favourite haunts* is very certain, but your own womanly heart will tell you, dear Mrs. Howitt, that I should violate the sacredness of the most sacred feelings in so doing."

It will be remembered that Southey exchanged the Radicalism of his youth for that Toryism which was in Miss Bowles an inborn conviction, and that in the "Colloquies" the vital interests of Church and State are canvassed and maintained. His fellow walker and talker did indeed fully sympathise not only with his views but with his habits and principles. One of the most amiable, upright and benevolent of scholars, though compelled to supply the wants of his numerous family by his ever-busy pen, he maintained at Greta Hall, near Keswick, his wife, their three daughters, and her two sisters; the wife of the poet Coleridge, and the widow of his friend Lovell. Moreover, ever ready to acknowledge literary merit in others, Southey, without any personal knowledge of Miss Bowles, had been one of the first to perceive her genius, and had availed himself of the *Quarterly Review* and other publications to proclaim the high standard of her anonymous poetry. The first volume, "Ellen FitzArthur," was published in 1820, and Southey's recognition of its worth led to a choice friendship of nearly twenty years.

In the same letter, written to Mary Howitt May 28, 1829, the writer remarks: "If I live to correct for the press a little poem, I have by me a most egotistical one, the reminiscence of my own childhood. I will venture to send it you, that you may see what *a creature of the country* I grew up, almost as wild a one as Wordsworth's Ruth,* so that after life-intercourse with the world (and mine has been troubled and various) have not only never warped my mind from its first bent, but sent back a sick and weary spirit with more than its first yearnings to the holy shrine and sanctuary of Nature."

This only child of Charles Bowles, Esq., was born and brought up in the New Forest, and she says on another occasion: "I grew up as undisciplined and almost unschooled in all systematic education as one of the wild deer of my native forest; and now, in later life, I feel the disadvantage of that early want."

And on reference being once made to the peasant Purkess of Minstead, who bore the corpse of William Rufus in his cart to Winchester, she sent a drawing of the Purkess cottage in the New Forest taken from one of her earlier sketches, and tells William Howitt: "The old cottage stood close to an estate of my father's, now in the possession of the Buckleys, where some of my childish years were spent. A damsel of the family, Lydia Purkess, a true forest damsel, who had three or four colts for her portion, and used to break them in herself without saddle or bridle other than a rope—was a great ally of mine, wee thing that I was, bringing me wortleberries and serviceberries and dormice and all sorts of things, to our trysting-place in the holly-hedge that divided our domains. The same damsel, when a *little broken in* herself, became in after years our servant, and lived *here* many years till she married. She came to visit me the other day, when I made her verify my recollections about the old cottage and the cart-wheel.* The cottage was pulled down when falling about five years ago. A part of *the* wheel did exist till the death of my Lydia's grandfather, and what became of it then she cannot tell."

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* And Ruth, not seven years old
. . . at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill
In thoughtless freedom bold,
An infant of the woods.

My father visited Miss Bowles when staying in the New Forest in 1834, and on December 29 she writes to him from Buckland with a pencil drawing of her home:

"The old year is hastening away, and I must not begin the new one with an unacquitted promise on my conscience.

"The little sketch which accompanies this was taken before the yellow leaves were yet shaken from the two scrubby old chestnut-trees that figure so splendidly on paper. They have long been leafless, and the drawing is still unsent. It was finished when severe illness came upon me and held me so fast and so long that I am only now beginning to rally and rouse myself to some trifling exertion. You desired a mere pencil sketch of my little 'Wren's Nest,' and I have taken you at your word. It was a little child, by-the-bye, who set this name to my leafy dwelling. Was it not a pretty idea?

"You saw almost the last of my dear quiet wood walk at the back of the Roman camp. Alas! the hand of the Utilitarian—nay, *Barbarian* has been there—stripping up the trees, felling their undergrowth, and converting my sweet wild woodpath into a vile cart-road. I hate Utilitarians almost as much as political economists."

Miss Bowles' enthusiastic love of the sylvan scenes around her had been fostered from childhood by personal acquaintance with the Rev. William Gilpin and constant reference to his valuable writings, "Picturesque Beauty" and "Remarks on Forest Scenery." The venerable Vicar of Boldre died at the age of eighty, when she was seventeen. The visits that had been made to him in his delightful parsonage were continued to his tomb. In Boldre church she worshipped, and in that sacred edifice was married to the poet-laureate, Southey.

Gilpin endowed a schoolhouse with the profits of his writings. It was probably to the inmates of this school that she refers in chapter iii. of her "Churchyards," where, without giving the name, she faithfully depicts Boldre; and as to her kindness I owe a water-colour drawing executed by herself of the same scene, a quotation from her pen may here be fitly added:

"Within a short distance of my own habitation," she writes, "stands a picturesque old church, remote from any town or hamlet, save the village of the dead, contained within the precincts of its own sequestered burial-ground. It is, however, the parish church of a large rural district comprising several small hamlets, and numerous farms and cottages, together with the scattered residences of the neighbouring gentry; and hither its population may be seen for the most part resorting on Sundays by various roads, lanes, heath tracks, coppice and field path, all diverging from that consecrated centre."

She then describes at length, and with a facile pen, the various worshippers who arrive in single file or in groups, emerging into sight through the boles of the old oaks that encircle the churchyard, situated on the brow of a finely wooded knoll, "commanding a diversified expanse of heath, forest and cultivated land."

And now come "boys and girls three scores at least; each set uniformly clad, the master and mistress leading the van of their respective divisions. This is the subscription charity school, and the children have just donned their new clothing; and do but see, poor urchins! what hogs in armour some of them look like! Good clothing it is, warm and decent, and of durable material; thick grey frieze for the boys with dark blue worsted hose and black beaver hats—*black* at least; and for the girls grogram gowns and wild-boar petticoats [reader, did you ever hear of such materials ?]; and stiff enough they are, Heaven knows; and as the things are all sent down ready made from a London warehouse, they are of a necessity pretty much of the same size, as having the better chance to *fit*, or at all events to *do* for all. So you shall see a poor little boy muffled up in a coat that looks like his grandfather's greatcoat, presenting a fine contrast to his alongside mate, whose long-tailed coat makes him a jacket. . . . And the girls are not much better off. Some draggle long trains after them and have waists down to their hips; others are well-nigh kilted."

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* A wheel of the historic cart descended in the Purkess family as an heirloom.

It was on June 4, 1839, that Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles, in the autumn of their days, were united in Boldre church, two kindred hearts and souls, to hold henceforth, as they humbly trusted, sweet converse together. But, like a flash of lightning in a summer sky, came rapidly that stroke which was to sever this congenial union on earth for ever. On the bridal tour, Dr. Southey was seized with paralysis of the brain, producing a state of mental darkness, until released by death in March 1843, and his devoted partner and nurse found once more divine consolation in tribulation; and in her bereft condition calmly awaited heaven.

It happens that Mrs. Charlotte Smith, famed a hundred years ago for her novels and elegant sonnets, introduces Alresford, Miss Mitford's native place, and the New Forest, beloved of its denizen, Miss Bowles, in "The Old Manor House." I doubt whether many read that moral romance now; yet the stout little pocket copy before me belonged to and was perused by Robert Browning, and bears his autograph.

Orlando, the hero, who has been left dead by his faithful negro servant Perseus, his skull fractured on the banks of the Hudson by an Indian warrior during the American War, returns an unknown wanderer to Alresford, where, "in a red-brick house with a court before it and a garden walled behind, on the banks of the Itching," a wicked purloiner of his property is confined as a maniac. Again, Orlando, as a knight-errant, wanders in winter through the New Forest, where "the pale and sallow mistletoe partially tints with green" the naked old beeches and oaks, and there comes upon his lost lady-love, the divine Monimia, acting as nursemaid to two little girls "peeping about the fern-stacks."

Orlando and Monimia are restored to happiness and his forfeited estates by the agency of an old soldier with a wooden leg, whom we are told "has been disabled from acquiring the common necessaries of life by having lost his limb in the service of what is called 'his country': that is, in fighting the battles of its politicians; and having been deprived of his leg to preserve the balance of Europe, has not found in the usual asylum a place of rest to make him such amends as can be made for such misfortunes."

Poor Mrs. Smith! she bestows on the useful old cripple a neat and comfortable lodge in Orlando's park, but what amends were made to her when her son Edward lost his leg, nay, probably his life, fighting under the Duke of York? Does not Dr. Burney write to his daughter, Madame d'Arblay, on September 12, 1793: "I have had a negotiation and correspondence to carry on for and with Charlotte Smith, of which I believe I told you the beginning, and I do not see the end myself. Her second son had his foot shot off before Dunkirk, and has undergone a very dangerous amputation, which it is much feared will be fatal" ("Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay").

In 1785, when Louis XVI. was clinging to a tottering throne, and France still was open to the English, Mrs. Smith* and her family were residing near Dieppe. In some old unpublished letters in my possession, the writing pale and discoloured, she thus addresses a kind fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Wynn, *au château de Sauchay, proche de Dieppe*:

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken on my account.

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* Charlotte, daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., born in 1749. She was persuaded in her fifteenth year to marry Mr. Smith, aged twenty-one, the son of a rich merchant. Carelessness and extravagance on Mr. Smith's part, and the death of his father, whose will was so complicated that all the property was swallowed up in lawsuits, had ruined the unhappy couple.

If no injury to the tinman or (what I should have first mentioned) no inconvenience to you, I will return the largest of the tin stewpans. The pot will do as well as a saucepan for boiling a fowl, and the smaller stewpan may be a succedaneum for a saucepan to heat caudle. I am without ye medicines I expected, but I have got oatmeal grits, porter, and some few other things from Brighthelmston; and I suppose I shall shuffle on somehow or other. I am more than half a fatalist, wh. makes me indifferent about most things; for perhaps after all they may avail nothing if one's time of release has come. In inconveniencys of every kind Breauté certainly does bear the belle of Normandie; ever since you have been gone, we have had a Kitchen with near a foot water in it, wh. it is impossible to get rid of (you see I am wrong to complain of want of water) and Smoke plenty from one end to the other, is another blessing. In consequence of the first grievance my cook has been at the point of death for some days, but is now able to crawl about again. You know how such a circumstance adds to the Bliss of such an house as this. In short, I am of your mind that this country is an Englishwoman's purgatory.

"Pray send a line or two to the post-office at Dieppe to say how Mr. Wynn does, and if you think of it, name ye shop, where you was so good as to get the check'd Muslin you b^{t} for me, as I want some more. It is strong and not dear. I hope Mr. Smith paid you, as such trifling negociations are frequently forgotten. However, if he has not it will only exaggerate my debt to you, which I hope soon to acquit myself as far as pecuniary matters go. The debt of gratitude and esteem is too great to be discharged and must long remain open between you and, Dear Madam, Your most oblig'd and affectionat Ser^{t}

"CHARLOTTE SMITH."

Breauté, 29th Jany. 1785.

The same to the same, Feb. 1785.

"My Brother is not yet come, wh. amazes and vexes me, as his last letter from London dated ye 20th January, talks of his setting out a week from that time. Monsieur le Precepteur, as I foresaw he would, behav'd like a fool, a Madman and a rogue. After having Comforted himself in a most wild, rude and extraordinary way for some days he took great pains to create a quarrel with my Eldest boy (not in School hours) and threaten'd to turn him out of the room, which Will not entirely acquiescing in, the fellow said he would immediately go, and went off before Mr. Smith c^{d} either reckon his money or send up to me for it. He amused himself with telling everybody that neither himself or anybody else could be paid here. I own to you that notwithstanding his grammatical knowledge, wh. was all he had, I am glad of his departure; for his company was most obnoxious to me, and his morals and manners equally detestable and dangerous to the children. One is so pester'd with fools and rogues, each in his proper way, that a compound of both grafted on a Madman is more than one can encounter even in Normandie.

"Heaven only knows what I shall do with this poor little Norman Animal when it comes; I believe the Garde I have got knows no more of managing it than of the Alcoran. Mr. Smith has every day intended to call at Sauchay to know how Mr. Wynn did, but his whole time is taken up in providing against the wants of the day. I would have sent William and Ned over; but ye former has had a complaint in his leg, which prevented him getting on a boot; and the latter has had a slight fever, swell'd neck and cold. We are as much divided from you as if we did not inhabit the same detestable province."

And again she writes:

"Your very kind letter was deliver'd to me this moment, where I pass the greatest part of my time, in bed; notwithstanding the fineness of the morning, which ought to have rous'd me from my Broken Slumbers. In fact it would I know well be of use to me to walk; but we are so surrounded with natural dirt and impuritys round this chateau de delices, that I return disgusted whenever I try. If there is anybody in England to whom you owe a grudge (tho' I know you incapable of it), pray recommend this place to them for six months' penance. . . . I believe the arrival of this Norman Smith is postponed till next year.

"I am determined to believe (to-day) that I shall see you before the first primroses as you are so good as to say you will mount Rouge in my favour. Sometimes I believe that I shall never see friends or flowers any more. I have received the books in perfect order and now send Robertson's 'History of America,' which is reckoned a very excellent thing and on a subject lately become very interesting. Law business has detained my Brother in Town." The letter is dated from "Breauté, 18 Feb^y 1785."

It is a comfort to remember that this careworn wife and mother has thus addressed Tranquillity:

In this tumultuous sphere for thee unfit,
  How seldom art thou found—Tranquillity!
Unless 'tis when with mild and dormant eye
  By the low cradles thou delights to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath
  And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie.

And that likewise this exile, who makes Orlando kiss the beloved soil of England, when he lands on the Sussex coast from a French fishing bark, had also the joy of treading once more English ground: for she composed a well-known sonnet at Penshurst in the autumn of 1788.

THE ISLAND OF DREAM

SAILING under the sunrise, mariners watch'd for the gleam,
  Ho-rai-san, of thy magical peaks; and once and again
Caught it; crowded on sail, and steer'd for the Island of Dream—
  Sailed and sailed till the vision wavered, slipped from their ken,
Vanished! Yet was the story loved and believed. It was told
  How there it was sunrise ever, and ever spring of the year;
That there disease was unknown, and sorrow; that no one grew old;
  And the heart was at peace—was at peace, and what is so dear?

Did he credit the story, Vasobiòvé the Wise?
  Yea, and sailed with a burden of trouble, sighing in pain:
"Weary, weary am I of life, of the earth, of the skies!
  Ho-rai-san, give me rest for the body, rest for the brain,
Rest and quiet of spirit! Rise in the gold of the dawn,
  Show thy magical summits!" And lo! the Island appears—
Glittering peaks in the azure, beaches of bowery lawn;
  And the Sage had his wish—and the peace of a hundred years!

Did it seem such an epoch? Nay, but a fleeting year.
  Yet long ere the year had ended he wearied of rest;
The calm of the fortunate Isle grew sullen and drear;
  He tired of the bright young face and the virgin breast;
Tired of the self-same spring, of the dawn's unchanging glow,
  Of the hush'd monotonous bliss and the pleasure untroubled by pain;
Long'd in the golden calm for a blast of the winter snow,
  And long'd for his fellow men and their very sorrows again.

Vasobiòvé the Wise—wiser now had he grown—
  Returned from the magical peaks and the blossomy shore,
A hoar and aged man, a stranger whose name was unknown,
  Whose roof-tree and hearth had perished, whose tribesmen knew him no more.

"Vanished," he cried, "is my home; wasted the days of my life!
Over that Island accursed deep may the billows roll!
The only rest we can win is the changing of swords in the strife—
The only fortunate Isle is a man's inviolate soul!

W. V. TAYLOR.

THE GREAT GREY HERON AND THE TWO LITTLE PEEWITS

BY J. SCOULAR THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CECIL ALDIN

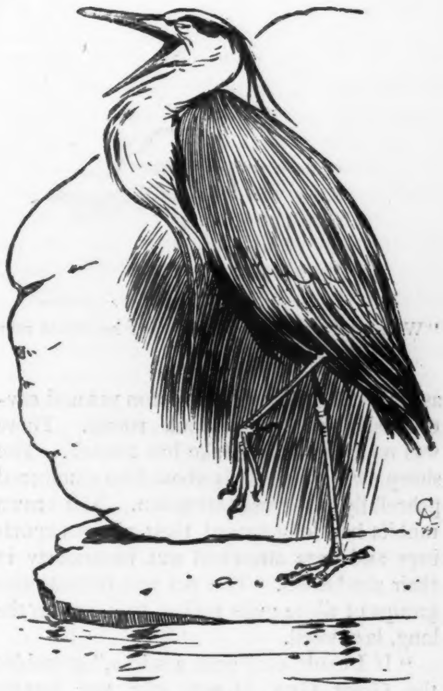
"YES," said the Great Grey Heron to himself, "this is decidedly tiresome."

And he unfolded a long thin leg from under his wing where it had been conveniently folded up and tucked away all the forenoon, and opened his big spike of a beak to yawn sleepily.

Since early morn he had been standing stiff and silent on one leg in the shadow of the great black rocks that ran down and plunged into the open sea from Callum's Hole where black-faced smugglers from far-away Mona used to steal in of a moonless night and slip out a noiseless cargo. But the Great Grey Heron did not remember these things and the strip of beach had no romance for him.

Life was at present too serious for sentimental reflection. He had been astir before the moon went down; and the first red rays of the sun as it rolled itself up over the edge of the great water discovered him, a motionless figure on his ledge of rock, with his little slits of eyes fixed greedily on the water. But it was too placid a morning and the water too transparently clear for his prey to show themselves.

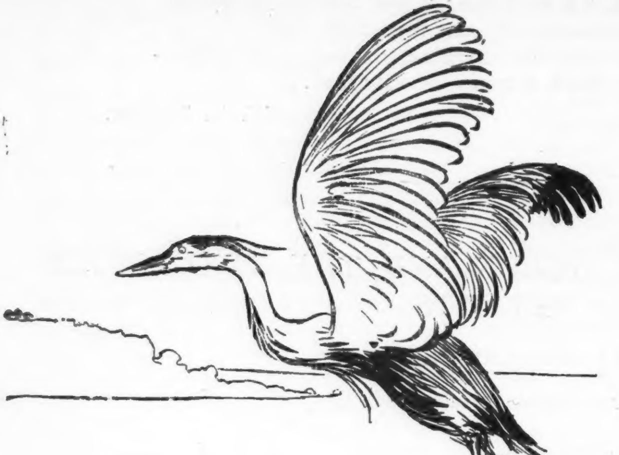
It was now past mid-day and his patience was done. All that time he had never stirred his head nor even winked an eye save when some clumsy ducks had come squattering down from their upland pool for a morning meal. But he had glared at them so fiercely and opened his great beak with such a snap that they went hurrying and scuttering out to open sea.



"Opened his big spike of a beak to yawn sleepily"

It was tiresome. Not a fish had put its nose out from the crevices of the rock below. On the sand away beneath him not even a hermit crab had stirred nor a shadow of a moving thing been cast save by the streams of amber seaweed that pointed the sluggish current.

It was a day when land and sea were



"With great slow beats of his wings he circled round the tiny bay"

asleep. The Great Grey Heron yawned cavernously and cast a look round. There was no living thing awake but himself. The sheep away on the hills above him slumbered peacefully in the sweltering sun. The brown rabbits had long ceased their aimless sportings and were stretched out luxuriously in their sand-holes. The sea was dotted with groups of white gulls rocked to sleep on the long, lazy swell.

"If I could even grab a saithe," grumbled the Great Grey Heron, who was hungry and could not sleep like the rest of the world.

He is somewhat dainty in his feeding, is the Great Grey Heron; and above all fish prefers the pretty silver whiting or a nice clean herring not too big. The saithe he does not love; but one cannot always pick and choose. Indeed one day last winter after a whole week's fast he had dined on a coarse water-rat which, taken by surprise, never expecting such an attack, died in a state of amazement; for every good bird knows that the rat feeds on the veriest offal of the shore.

But you will make the Great Grey Heron angry if you remind him of this affair of last winter. Nevertheless to-day he was ready for a common saithe; and even a rat might not have escaped. But neither saithe nor rat offered themselves.

"Bah!" said he at last with a shrug of his narrow shoulders, "I must move or I shall starve." And he extended his long thin neck which had been curled up in his breast, and opened out his huge wings.

After several leisurely yawnings and stretchings he shook himself vigorously all over and then rose slowly and majestically in the air. The Great Grey Heron even in his worst moods is always a majestic bird. With great slow beats of his wings he circled round the tiny bay, his feet just skimming the water. When he had gone round the third time in the same stately manner, he rose easily in the air and vanished over the hills.

Sometimes there was a fish to be had of an afternoon in Lubas Bay; and thither he turned his course, now so high in the air that only a trained eye could catch his moving figure.

But high as he was, he rose yet higher when he saw eyeing him from below a man; for he knew and feared the Stick that made a noise and the Smoke that hurt far away. Had not his friend the Blue and White Drake been brought down last autumn, and the Grey Goose just escaped with a broken leg on the top of that very hill?

Yet in all this the Great Grey Heron never hurried; his wings never beat a second faster all the time. The bay he sought was distant but a flight of two miles now; and he had covered the first five miles in but a few minutes in spite of his leisurely and dignified movements. When locomotion is so easy, dignity becomes inevitable, and the Great Grey Heron is a kingly bird.

Lubas Bay lay fair to the westering sun and tide was at full when he crossed the crest of Lubas hill. In that seven miles' flight to the west over hill and dale from sea to sea he had seen no moving thing but the restless Man with the Stick that hurt. There were sleeping flocks of sheep with here and there a cow or a horse lying in the shade of a tree. Not a bird was on the wing; not a creature stirred on the ground. The wide sky was all his own. There was no one on land or sea to dispute his right.

The Great Grey Heron circled round and round the bay in his kingliest manner as if he recked not who or what was there. But it was not till he had made sure no Man lay in wait, that he settled gently on a rock that jutted over the water above a sandy bottom beloved of fish. Thence many a fine cod and flounder had he spiked with his beak and carried off to feast.

He smoothed down his feathers and curled up his neck, sinking his head on his breast. Then tucking up his long spider-like leg under a wing, he fixed his beady eyes on the water below and waited and waited.

An hour passed, a hot, weary hour, and found him still in the same position, waiting for the meal that never came. He had had no breakfast, no dinner; and now it seemed as if he was to have no tea. But he waited on. There was indeed nothing else to do.

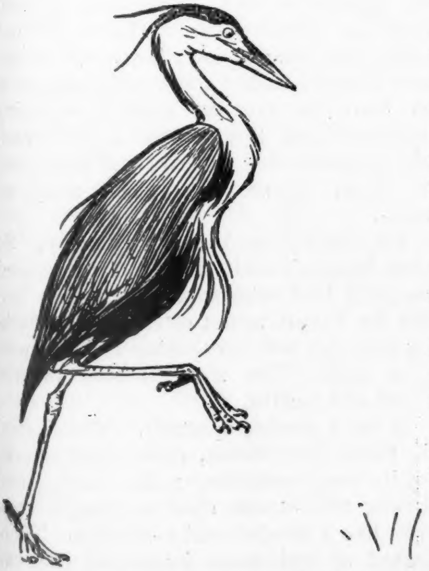
It was now four of a blazing afternoon. This bay lying open to the west caught the full rays of the post-meridian sun; and to-day the very waters smoked with heat. At last the Great Grey Heron got restless; his hunger was intense. But for the gnawing pain he would have been sleeping with the rest of the world. Turning his eyes now glittering with pain and rage to land, he gave a sudden start. His eye sparkled with eagerness; and his neck rose out and stiffened abruptly. What had he seen?

Away to land, behind the long sweep of broken red rock and beach of sand, behind the rolling bank of firm sea-turf, ran a great rushy marsh, the haunt of duck and coot and waterhen. Dotted throughout this marsh was many a little mossy islet where a stray lark might build her nest. Here the Great Grey Heron had seen something that tingled his every nerve and brought a vicious light to his eye.

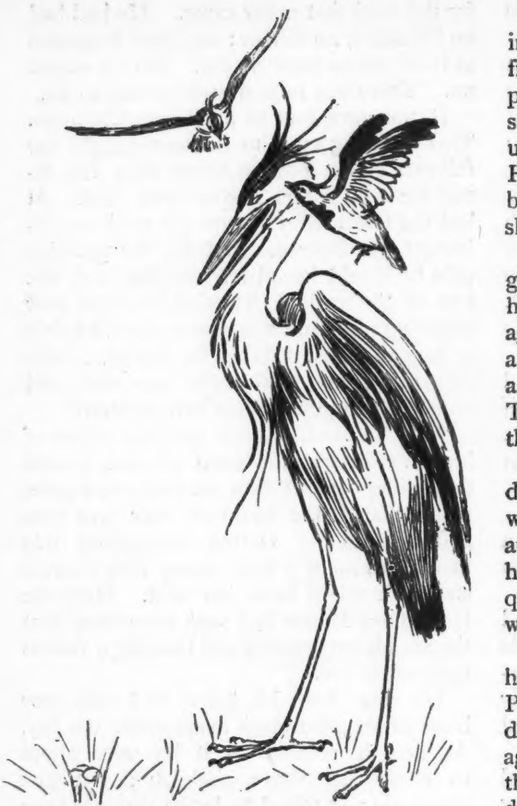
He rose from his ledge, and with easy beats of his great wings made across the bay. At first it seemed as if he were about to circle the shore aimlessly; but just when mid-way round he broke abruptly from his easy course. Rising in the air and poising himself for a moment, with one long swooping dart, he gained the heart of the marsh.

He had scarce touched ground when two little Peewits took flight with loud screams of anger and fear.

Now the Great Grey Heron is lord of the birds of the sea, and of them it is his due to take one egg from their nests. But over the birds of the land he hath no rule, and their nests he is forbid to touch. Never before this day, however, had he been so tempted to transgress the laws of the birds.



"The Heron is not a pretty walker"



"He began to see it was really an attack"

To-day hunger and heat had made him irascible and regardless of law.

From his perch on the rocks his keen eye roving hungrily to and fro had caught sight of a tiny bird running on the grass; the thought of eggs and yellow yoke so delicious on a sweltering day flashed through his mind. To harbour a thought is to invite temptation. The Great Grey Heron harboured the thought, invited temptation—and fell.

Now the two little Peewits never dreamed that the lord of the sea-birds would break laws of his own. Nevertheless, they were very jealous of their nest. Had they not been watching the five dark eggs night and day for weeks; had they not been battling hourly from morn till eve with troops of greedy crows? So when they saw this great grey bird plunge down upon their corner out of the sky, they took to wing in alarm; but they did not go far away.

The Great Grey Heron remained standing where it had come down some ten yards from the nest. High up in the air the parent birds circled. But the king of the sea-birds did not hesitate long. He stepped up to the nest on long ungainly legs; the Heron is not a pretty walker. The parent birds descended several strata screaming shrilly.

But the Great Grey Heron gazed with gloating eye upon the dainties, taking no heed of the two little Peewits who, in an agony of fear, were cutting circles in the air above his head. He smoothed his feathers and raised his beak for a toothsome meal. The two little Peewits circled more wildly than ever.

But just as he drew back his head for a delicious meal, Mother Peewit left off cutting wild and erratic circles, and with great audacity dropped straight at the great bird's head. In surprise the Great Grey Heron quickly lowered his neck and Mother Peewit went by like a flash.

Now for the first egg. He raised his head again hungrier than ever. But Father Peewit followed his consort so swiftly and suddenly that down went the great bird's head again in surprise. Mother Peewit, rising in the air again, came back with a cry more defiant and a swoop more fierce than before. The Great Grey Heron got no time to eat his eggs as he went on bobbing up and down in bewilderment. He could not understand the situation; but when the two little Peewits flashed down upon him, now on one side, now on another, sweeping backwards and forwards like a pendulum, with undiminished audacity and fierceness, he began to see that it was really an attack.

The Great Grey Heron grew angry. So when Mother Peewit came back he opened his great beak with a yap to swallow her. But the Peewit, agilest of birds, went flashing past and left him gaping foolishly with open beak. The situation took on the aspect of a combat.

It was a rousing spectacle. There stood the Great Grey Heron, coiling and uncoiling its long, undulating neck, stooping and darting with mouth open and angry crest erect like a hooded snake enraged. There flashed up and down incessantly the two brave little Peewits, just escaping the vicious snaps of the terrible beak, sometimes alertly inflicting a courageous blow with beak or wing as they grazed the head of their furious foe swooping past. Baulked of his prize the king of the sea-birds emitted horrid squaks in reply to the piercing screams of his daring little foes.

The strange combat waxed yet more furious. Faster and faster came the dives of the Peewits. Fiercer and fiercer grew the angry snaps and hoarse cries of the Heron. More piercing rang the screams of the heroic pair, till at last Mother Peewit struck him a smart blow on the left side of the head, blinding him for the moment. Before he could get his eye opened, Father Peewit had run a sharp little beak into the great crest and torn away a beakful of feathers. In a twinkling the brave little Peewits were both back again, and before he could recover tore yet more feathers out of his crest, and cut him above the other eye.

With one eye closed by a blow and the other blinded with trickling blood, the Great Grey Heron was no longer any match for his impetuous foes. He was quite ready to give up the eggs. His one thought now in humiliation and discomfort was to get away before he should be worse hurt. He rose stupidly in the air, and dazed with their blows was completely at the mercy of the two little Peewits.

As he tumbled about in the air, they circled round him screaming shrill triumph. Content, however, with having driven away a foe so formidable, they did not strive to make the punishment more severe. Hence after rolling clumsily about for a while, the Great Grey Heron regained his balance and blundered into a place of safety away down on the rocks. The Peewits did not venture into his domain, but returned with exultant cries to their precious eggs.

Left to himself, the Great Grey Heron, as he smoothed his ruffled plumage, communed bitterly with his soul.

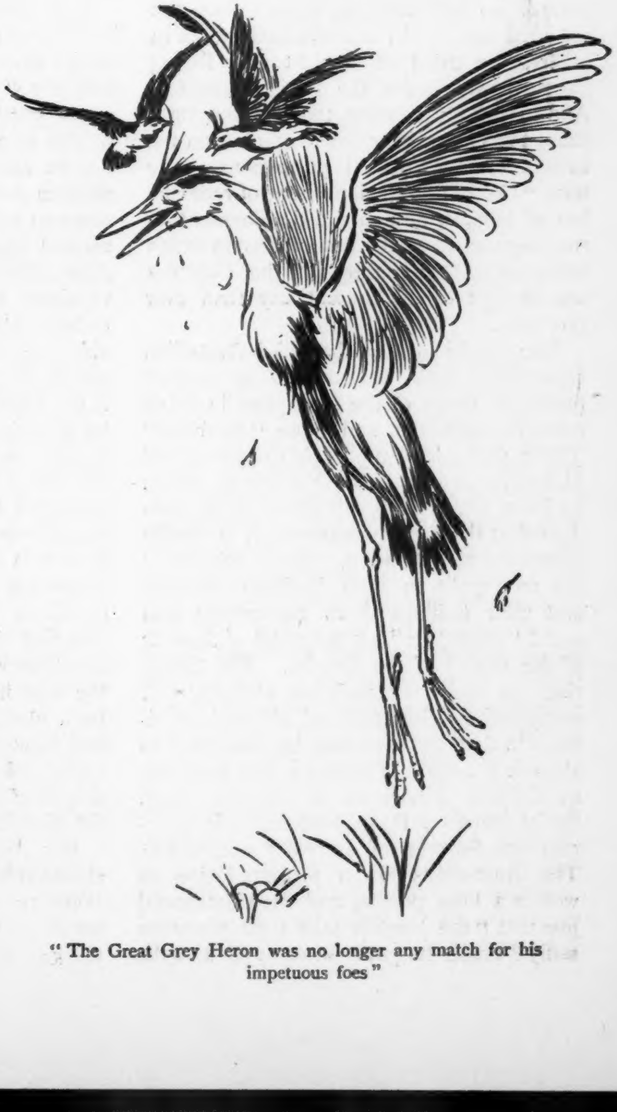
"It began badly, and it has ended badly this day. I was hungry and could not eat; sleepy and could not sleep. Now I am hungrier than ever — though sleepy no longer."

And he looked dolefully at the water.

"What shall I do? Ah, breakfast at last!"

There was a splash, a streak of foam; and the Great Grey Heron rose with a fine rock cod in his beak.

After all, he thought complacently, fish come to the just and to the unjust alike.



"The Great Grey Heron was no longer any match for his impetuous foes"

SOME PHASES OF AUSTRALIAN CITY LIFE

By W. C. MACKENZIE

LIFE under the Southern Cross has evolved certain well-defined characteristics which are peculiar to our Colonial kinsfolk, stamping their modes of thought and even their modes of speech with an individuality all their own. Climatic influences, the absence of hoary traditions and precedents, the eagerness, the energy, the impatience, the confidence, and the self-reliance of youth, untrammelled by many of the restrictions of older countries, have combined to produce this result. In certain specific directions, the tendency is towards an increasing divergence from the accepted canons of the motherland, while in others, the trend of thought and feeling closely approximates the British standards. And in the old country, too, an important change has come over public opinion on the subject of our Colonial possessions. The term "Colonial" is no longer one of reproach but of honour, and in the development of the Imperial idea, the ties of kinship which unite the mother country with her Colonies are stronger at the present day than ever they were.

The inhabitants of the chief Australian cities differ from those of most English provincial towns of the same size in being more cosmopolitan, and more "go-ahead." This is particularly applicable to Sydney and Melbourne, especially to Melbourne, where business has the appearance of being conducted at the high pressure which is usually associated with London. These cities copy the metropolis in their business methods and their fashions; both commercial and social "smartness" are as typical of them as of the capital of the Empire. The limitations to social successes are obvious; but comparatively circumscribed although ambitions in that direction may be, the desire to shine in the world of fashion is just as strong in Colonial circles as in Mayfair itself. Social functions throughout Australia generally are features of every-day occurrence. The Australians are a pleasure-loving as well as a busy people, and the Continental jibe that "the English take their pleasures sadly" misses its point when applied to the children of the Empire at the Antipodes. A genial climate and a more equal distribution of wealth make life a more joyous thing under the Southern Cross than is possible in the old country, with its climatic and economic drawbacks, and the difference in these conditions is reflected in the capacity for enjoyment which is possessed by the two peoples. The fabric of Australian social life is composed of variegated types lending colour and diversity which are frequently wanting in the more conventional atmosphere of English society.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that in Australia there are none of the sharply drawn distinctions between the "classes" and the "masses" which characterise the social system of Great Britain. There is neither an aristocracy of birth as in London, nor an aristocracy of learning as in "the modern Athens." Nor, strictly speaking, is there an aristocracy of wealth, as in a commercial town of the mother country; for Australian society, using the word in its restricted sense, is sufficiently catholic to embrace all sorts and conditions of presentable men and women. The Governor of each Colony, by virtue of his official position, is the leader of society; nominally the ruler, he is really the pivot upon which the social system revolves. Round his person cluster the social stars of varying magnitude, and the *entrée* to Government House practically determines the question whether or not a person is considered to be "in society." There are no insuperable difficulties to be overcome in gaining admittance to the charmed circle: the professional man rubs shoulders with the successful tradesman, and the wealthy squatter with the impecunious bank clerk. King Demos reigns supreme, and those of his subjects who possess black coats and presentable manners need not despair of finding their names in the coveted list of visitors at the Governor's receptions.

But Australian society, nevertheless, includes sub-sections by which certain distinctions are drawn and certain social barriers are erected. These may consist of "importations" from the old country, who having found common ground, be it an intimate knowledge of Debrett's "Peerage" or a repugnance to Colonial ways, form a clique by themselves, and become a self-elected *crême de la crême* of society. Or, they may consist of Colonials who despise the "new chum" and his affectations, and on the foundation, it may be, of an ancestry of equivocal respectability, seek to construct a social framework which shall form a counterpart of the New England element in the social system of the United States.

Conversation in Australian society is rarely stilted; it flows easily and freely, and is not infrequently marked by a rugged eloquence. It is not, as a rule, distinguished either by intellectuality or literary grace, but is always spontaneous, good-natured, unaffected, and occasionally original. The typical "Cornstalk" of the better class has a frank and generous bearing, and is easily tolerant of most things except "priggishness" in its various forms. His confidence in himself and in the destiny of his country is illimitable, and he professes a profound, but not always genuine, contempt for the effete conventions and traditions of the Old World. He is not well read, for the time which he bestows upon athletics does not leave him sufficient leisure for books, but he is a safe authority on sport, and all that appertains thereto. The doings of the Australian Eleven are of more absorbing interest than the most acute political crisis, and a place in the cricket team is to him a more coveted goal of ambition than a seat in the Legislature of his Colony. His bump of veneration is sadly lacking in development; hero-worship is a form of reverence which is reserved for physical prowess; for, at the altar of sport, Young Australia is a pious devotee. His views of life are necessarily circumscribed and provincial. The solution of embarrassing problems is not "in his line"; he is generally contented to take things as they come, and if he fails to "come out on top"—to use an Americanism—he resigns himself to the inevitable with a philosophy for which he has no name.

At the other end of the scale in Australian city life are the low Chinamen, and the *genus* of "mean whites" known in Australia as larrikins. The Chinaman, with all his racial vices, is always industrious and law-abiding; the larrikin is neither one nor the other, when he can help it. John gambles his last shilling at Fan-tan, and poisons himself with opium, but always with the money he himself has earned; the larrikin prefers to riot in the lowest debauchery with the money of other people. The yellow man may have filthy habits, physically, but the "mean white" is more unclean morally. The larrikin is an excrescence upon Australian city life of which there is elsewhere no exact counterpart. The origin of the word "larrikin" is a disputed point, but it is generally attributed to the Hibernian pronunciation of the word "larking" by a policeman in Australia when charging a rough with disorderly behaviour. The larking of the larrikin is no mere horseplay attributable to high spirits. It often takes the form of setting upon a man or a woman—for these ruffians are no respecters of sex—and nearly kicking the life out of their victim, to which nameless indignities are frequently added. These gentry go about in bands—for they are much too cowardly to risk attack if their own precious skins are in any danger—and their chief employment and delight consist in terrorising peaceful citizens. They are easily recognisable by their appearance on the streets. A soft felt hat stuck on the back of the head, revealing a profusion of greasy well-oiled locks in front, and a pair of peculiarly high-heeled boots (for your true larrikin has a weakness for a good instep or a good heel for kicking); these are common characteristics of his extremities; but the true index lies in the face, whose leering eyes, coarse mouth, and dissipated appearance at once stamp the man as belonging to the larrikin fraternity. Curiously enough, within the last year or two, gangs of young ruffians have made their appearance in London, who in their character and methods bear a striking resemblance to the Australian larrikins; they have established in parts of the metropolis a terrorism akin to that which prevails at the Antipodes, although it must be said that, so far, they have hardly shown themselves to be so vicious as their prototypes. Larrikins are known by the name of the district which they infest; the London gangs are known by the names of their leaders. The Woolloomooloo "push" in Australia belong to the same *genus* as the Hooligan and Girdle gangs in London, and the police, both of the Australian cities and of London, are active in their efforts to stamp out these pests of society. So far, the lash has proved the most effective weapon of correction, but only a confirmed pessimist can hold the conviction that no other means of reformation is possible.

On the fringe of Australian city society lies a collection of units whose history is an epitome of wasted possibilities. There are in every Australian town numbers of young men who have been shipped off by their friends in England—nominally for their own good, but actually to save the peace of mind of those who have paid their passage money. They are known in Australia as "remittance men," the application of the name being obvious. Many of these "remittance men" turn over a new leaf and settle down in their new homes, becoming eventually useful and creditable members of the community. Others, and it is to be feared the greater number, are content to remain waifs and strays, spending their remittances before they arrive, perpetually hard up, and gradually losing self-respect and the respect of others, until they become broken, down-at-heel, submerged, and then finally disappear from the ken of all who have known them. The "remittance man" is hail-fellow-well-met with everybody whom he meets, and readily falls into the free-and-easy style of Colonial life. He is generous with his remittances as long as the money lasts, and is looked upon as a good fellow until he begins to borrow, when he is apt to be regarded as a nuisance. When he reaches the stage of "hanger-on," and is willing to accept a drink from anybody who will "shout" for him, his self-respect is at a low ebb, and in his sober moments he feels heartily ashamed of himself if he still retains traces of the gentlemanly instincts with which he was originally endowed. The ups-and-downs of a scallywag are sometimes sufficiently diversified to satisfy his keenest desire for Colonial experience. One year he may be a jackaroo on a bush station, the next a tallyman on a city wharf, and later, perhaps, a clerk in a merchant's office. He has even occupied the position of Government agent of a labour vessel, in which capacity his career has been known to be cut short by the tomahawks of South Sea Islanders. Frequently, when he disappears from the scene, the only legacies he leaves behind are sheaves of unpaid bills in his own pocket-book and I.O.U.s in those of his acquaintances. Poor waifs and strays! One can well afford to shed a regretful tear of pity over the memory of those who are no man's enemy but their own, and whose easy good nature and want of will-power prove their undoing.

But it is not only the "remittance men" who experience the vicissitudes which characterise Australian city life. The whirligig of time frequently brings men face to face in the Colonies who had last met in the old country under very different circumstances. He who was a man of independent means in England finds himself in a position subservient to that of a former dependant; while the man who came out to Australia as an assisted steerage passenger gives employment to the patron who helped him to pay for his outfit. Australia is in truth a land of topsy-turvydom. While we in the old country are in the arms of Morpheus, our kinsfolk at the Antipodes are buying and selling; while we are shivering with cold, they are sweltering in heat; while we are pursuing the even tenor of our lives, they are bobbing up and down on the ever-changing tide of fortune. The Mount Morgan Mine in Queensland, the greatest gold mine the world has ever seen, made poor men rich in a few weeks when the tide was at its flood; when the ebb came, men who had been wealthy were reduced to beggary. The great land boom in Australia eleven years ago brought immense fortunes to the few and a period of fictitious prosperity to the many; when the boom burst, like a balloon denuded of its gas, hundreds of tenantless houses in the cities and suburbs told their piteous tale. The bank disasters which followed the collapse of the land boom paralysed trade, and turned the capitalist of yesterday into the broken wreck of to-day. These ups-and-downs are typical of a comparatively new country, where the old proverb *festina lente* is ignored as a fossilised maxim unworthy of a young and vigorous nation. There are not many men in the Colonies of the same stamp as the remarkable Australian millionaire who died not long ago. James Tyson became the wealthiest man in Australia not by reckless gambling, which is not an uncommon feature in the Colonies, but by sheer hard work, plodding tenacity, strong will-power, and a natural shrewdness which was ripened by experience. He was the very antithesis of the scallywag. He never spent a penny more than he earned, and never earned a penny without saving a fraction of it. Till the last, he preserved his habits of frugality and industry: the man who was willing to finance the Queensland Government to the tune of six figures would not spend a sixpence upon himself more than was absolutely necessary, and many an impecunious "masher" who saw him on the streets of Brisbane would have lost his self-respect at the bare suggestion of wearing James Tyson's ready-made tweed coat, or his silver watch attached to a superannuated bootlace. And yet the man was certainly not a miser, for on more than one occasion his cheques for large amounts were forthcoming in the cause of charity. His pleasure lay in the pursuit of wealth, not in the possession of it, and in his passion for work he found no time either for forming friendships or for reading books. He was wont to boast that he had never been inside a church, a public-house, or a theatre in his life; nor spent a penny on tobacco or strong drink; nor used a "swear-word"; nor used soap (for sand served his purpose); nor worn a glove or a white shirt; nor kissed a woman; nor desired to do so—except once, for even this stern misogynist had his little romance; but that was when he was a young man. He died at the age of seventy-five, worth about five millions sterling, to which numerous relatives, previously unheard of, have laid claim. The deceased millionaire, with characteristic eccentrity, left no will.

James Tyson's career was in some respects not an ideal one to set before Young Australia, but certain elements in his character are obviously commendable. There are enough examples and to spare of mere money-grubbing in the Colonies, and too few examples of devotion to art, literature, or science. It is inevitable that in a young and progressive country, where hard work is the rule and idleness the exception, the lack of a leisured class should be a noticeable concomitant. The widening of the social bases is a gradual process, and the pursuit of the higher ideals is apt to be relegated to a future period, when the tension of life is relaxed, the race for wealth is less absorbing, and the mellowness of age has set in. There are hopeful signs that culture is gradually but surely permeating Australian city life—the love of music even now almost amounts to a passion—that Australian literature is destined to take a high place in the literature of the world, and that a school of Australian art is a factor which the artistic world will have to take into serious account at no distant date. These tendencies will have a welcome effect upon the materialism of Australian life, the weight of which has been depressing the vitality alike of religion and art.

Education in the Australian cities, and, for that matter, throughout the length and breadth of the Colonies, is given with no niggard hand, and its administration is such as to equip the young Australian with educational resources which are not excelled in any part of the Empire. The bountiful influences which flow from this liberal and wise provision on the part of the different Legislatures are the standards by which their policy must be judged; and the reaction of its tendencies on the national character is producing, and will continue to produce, incalculably beneficent results.

The ranks of professional men in the great Australian centres are now being more and more recruited from amongst native-born Australians, and the highest positions in the State are being increasingly filled from the same source. Last year the death occurred of a native-born Australian whose career offers an instance of almost phenomenal success attained by sheer merit and ability. The Hon. T. J. Byrnes was educated at Brisbane Grammar School, passing thence to Melbourne University, from which he returned to his native Colony, Queensland, and commenced practice as a barrister. At an age when successful barristers are only beginning to taste the sweets of remunerative briefs, he became Attorney-General for Queensland, and when only thirty-six reached the Premiership of the Colony; a brilliant performance, which was but the promise of a still more brilliant future, had he lived to fulfil it.

Australia still presents a vast field of undeveloped resources for suitable settlers from the old country, and the skilled artisan can still find a market for his labour, although a less attractive one than in former years. But the native supply of brain-workers, from the professional man to the clerk, is now quite able to keep pace with the demand. The working man who, some years ago, was all-powerful in Australia, is now, owing to the combined effects of ruinous and futile strikes and the less prosperous conditions of trade, a factor of diminished importance. The lesson that it is hard to kick against economic pricks is now being learnt, and will bear fruit in a gradual readjustment of the relations between capital and labour, which will be more in accordance with the principles both of equity and common sense.

A pleasing feature of the native-born Australian is his attachment to that far-off motherland which he generally calls "home." To the "new chum" who has just arrived from England, it seems strange to hear a "Cornstalk" who has never been out of Australia talk of "going home," and the reference tends to create a common bond of sympathy which is the best guarantee that can be given of the solidarity of the Empire. The contingent of Australians who, some years ago, sailed from their sunny land to stand shoulder to shoulder with their British comrades in serving the Empire in the Soudan, gave concrete testimony to this spirit of unity. There is, of course, a so-called "Australian party" which refuses to recognise the wisdom of, and disdains to participate in, this feeling of Imperialism, and an extreme section which would welcome separation from the mother country; but their number and influence are alike of small importance. The motto of "Advance Australia" now goes hand-in-hand with the more comprehensive sentiment which makes for the advancement of the British Empire.

THE PASSING BELL

When our little day is ended,
When the dusk and dark have blended,
When the lights of time cease gleaming
O'er these tents of earthly dreaming,
Lord, be near us!

Do not in that hour forsake us;
Let not dust and darkness take us;
Send Thy dawn's clear splendour streaming
From the East of our redeeming;
Father, hear us!

G. D. C.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR NOVEMBER

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

A FULFILLED ASPIRATION

So that I might finish my course.—Acts xx. 24

I have finished my course.—2 Tim. iv. 7

It is not likely that Paul in prison and in sight of martyrdom remembered his words at Ephesus. But the fact that what had been his aspiration came to be calm retrospect at last is beautiful and suggestive. His conception of life as a course was a noble one, if we remember that he uses the word with distinct reference to the race-course, and therefore connotes in it effort, strain, and continuous progress in a definite direction.

Paul's aspiration should be ours, as his conception of life must be ours, if we are not to live ignobly. What was that aspiration? It was not merely to finish his course in the sense of ending it. That would be a poor aim, and a very superfluous one, for time would do that for us all. But an ended course may be an unfinished one; and the Apostle's desire was not merely to get through, and have done with, but to fulfil, his course, or, in other words, to do and be all that God meant him to be and do. Some early transcriber of the Acts mistook Paul, and, thinking that to finish meant merely to end, inserted, probably on the margin and with the best intentions, the unfortunate supplement "with joy," which appears in our Authorised Version but is no part of the genuine text. Paul was not thinking about the joy at the end. What he wished was to do all his work to the very last particle, and he knew that then there would be joy, but that does not bulk in his mind. Let us be eager to finish our course, and be sure that the joy will punctually come.

It is easy to cherish such an aspiration when nothing lies across the course to hinder progress, but it is a different matter when, as in the case of Paul, there lie before a man some dangers clearly discerned, and others that have all the more power over the imagination because they are but dimly seen. Many a man would march up to a battery without a tremor who would not face a hole where a snake lay coiled. "Not knowing the things that shall befall me," said Paul, but he did know that "bonds and afflictions abide me," and his ignorance and his knowledge both made it hard for him to say, as he did say, "None of these things move me." In absolute devotion to God-enjoined duty there is power to give us a "solemn scorn of ills," and to lift us clear over every stumbling-block that cumbers the course and every enemy that would contest our progress. An express train is not stopped by stretching a bit of packthread across the rails, and if a man has yielded himself fully to that great conception of God's will as impelling him along a God-prescribed path, it is neither in sorrow nor joy to arrest his steps.

Paul's aspiration was realised, and at last he could look back and declare, with the same lofty meaning in the word: "I have finished"—that is, fulfilled—"my course." It has been thought singular that he who was always preaching the folly and sin of self-righteousness should, at the end, fall into such a strain of apparently self-complacent retrospect. But he did not mean, of course, to assert that his career had been free from faults and failures. Only one Man could say with absolute truth, "It is finished," and Christ's retrospect of a stainless life in full and unbroken accord with the divine ideal is not repeated in the experience of any of His servants. But still, if in the thick of our toil and struggle we habitually gather up our strength, and aim at accomplishing that part of our life's duty immediately before us, the believing effort will not be in vain, and at last we may hope that, like Paul, we shall be granted a time of calm retrospect, in which we shall be able to look back on a career which, though stained with many imperfections, yet on the whole has realised the divine purpose, if not with completeness, yet sufficiently to warrant even us to say that we have finished our course.

Pleasure, ease, comfort, popularity, wealth—all these seem very attractive when seen from the front, but they are like the scenes of a theatre, dusty and squalid when we get round on the other side of them. God's will often looks hard and unwelcome when we are advancing towards some difficult duty. But when we look back, all the joys that could be bought at the price of the smallest neglected duty or perpetrated sin dwindle and dwindle, and the light is gone out of them, and they show for what they are—gilded nothings, painted emptinesses, lies varnished over. But, on the other hand, to recognise God's will and to seek to do it in dependence on Him towers up into greater nobleness, and at last there seems to be, as there really is, nothing else worth living for. We shall have to review our deeds from another standing point, and with new illumination on them. The one course that a man can bear to look back on is the humble, faithful, continual discharge of appointed duty for the Lord's sake. If that is our aspiration, it will be realised, and none other will.

SECOND SUNDAY

A FIXED HEART

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise.—Ps. lvii. 7

It is easy to say such things when life goes smoothly. But this psalmist said and meant them, when things were dark with him. He sang himself into confidence and good cheer. In the dark he believed in the dawn. Like flowers that give their perfume after sunset, and are sweetest when the night-dews are falling, this man's religion grew more fragrant and stronger in the darkness of sorrow. The repetition of the phrase, "My heart is fixed," with the direct address to God, adds emphasis and leads up to the unalterable determination, "I *will* sing and give praise," in spite of everything that might cause sobs and tears to choke the song.

Of course, the word *heart* as used in Scripture covers more ground than with us. It includes "thoughts and intents" as well as affections, and is the very centre of personal life. A fixed heart, then, is not merely a steadfast love, but the settling of the whole self in unalterable decisiveness on God. But the psalmist not only speaks for the present, but mortgages the future, and vows that the temper of consecration, communion, and fixed resolve to cleave to God is to be habitual. If our religion is worth anything, it must be a force acting continuously and not merely an intermittent impulse. A child's unsteady and untrained hand draws lines in its copy-book which are only too good a symbol of the "crooked wandering ways in which we live," so far as our religion is concerned. But the line should be firm and straight, the same in breadth and unvarying in direction like a sunbeam, homogeneous and equally tenacious throughout like an iron rod. Unless it is thus equable and uniform, it will scarcely sustain the weights that it must bear, or resist the blows that it must encounter.

For fixed hearts we must have fixed determination, not fluctuating and soon broken intentions. We must have steadfast affections, and not fluttering love that, like a butterfly, lights now on this, now on that blossom, but which flies straight as a carrier pigeon to its cote, and bears us direct to God. We must also have continuous realisation of our dependence on God, and of God's sweet sufficiency, going with us through all the day. Fixed determination, steadfast love, constant thought—these, at least, are elements making up the fixed heart of the psalmist.

Is our average Christianity conformed to such a standard? Our times of such love, desire, and thought are too often separated by long dreary wastes of torpor. This psalmist, living in the twilight of revelation and weighed upon with sore distress, shames us who are walking in the noonday blaze. The points of brightness in our experiences are far apart, like the lamps in some ill-lighted suburb; they should be contiguous and confluent.

No doubt such continuity is hard to attain. All emotion tends to fluctuation, and to become feeble by its very exercise. Moments of elevation are often followed by moments of depression. The higher the crest of the wave, the deeper the trough. The distracting influences of daily duties also tell in the same direction. It is not easy to keep a corner of our hearts clear for the sense of God's presence, when our work calls for the exercise of all our powers. Trials and sorrows also strike at this resolve, and when our hearts are bleeding, or aching and empty, it is difficult to say with truth that they are "fixed." But still, moods may be ruled, and we can keep our hearts fixed, even if they should wish to wander. The psalmist said, "I *will* trust," and put forth effort to do it. Our religious emotions are under our government, and could be brought much nearer uniformity than they now are. Duties will either draw us to God or thrust us from Him, as we choose to use them. They are veils to hide Him or mirrors to reflect Him, as we will. Sorrow may shake the heart from its steadfast trust, or in it we may hear "a great voice saying, Come up hither." Nothing but sin is in its essential nature incompatible with the fixed heart, the resolved will, the continual communion.

We need not trouble ourselves with the question whether the ideal of the psalmist can ever be completely realised. We are a long way on this side of such a realisation, and need not be inquisitive as to the final stages which may be or not be possible, until we have advanced at least a few stages further. The pupil beginning his drawing lessons has something better to think about than the question whether he will ever draw as well as Raffaele. Let us pray the prayer, "Unite my heart to fear Thy Name," make the resolve, "My heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise," and listen obediently to the command, "He exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord."

THIRD SUNDAY

GIDEON'S ALTAR

Then Gideon built an altar there unto the Lord, and called it Jehovah-shalom (the Lord is peace).—Jud. vi. 24

A STRANGE name to be given by warrior lips, and in view of the fierce conflict to which the Divine Vision, which the altar commemorated, had summoned Gideon! But the very inappropriateness, as it seems, of the designation leads to inquiry as to its significance, and to discerning large truths expressed by it.

The name suggests the great discovery which Gideon had made, that the sight of God was not death but life and peace. Up to the time of the vision he had apparently been contentedly tolerating the prevailing idolatry. He had heard of Jehovah as a name, a tradition from his fathers. Into his hearsay religion came, as with a flash, the conviction that this hearsay God was beside him, speaking to him, and that he had personal relations with Him. Whenever the lightning edge of such a conviction cuts down through formalisms and conventional religion, and pierces the heart, there comes what came to Gideon, the swift thought—"If I really am in touch with the living Person whose Name is Jehovah, what is to become of me? Shall I not shrivel up to nothingness when His fiery finger is laid on me?" Were there no sin there would be no fear, but hearts would open in silent blessedness, and yield sweet fragrance of love and adoration, as flowers do to the kiss of the sunbeams. But, taking that sad and universal fact into account, men cannot but shrink from the revealing light, and be struck with terror at the vision of God.

Gideon's terror prepared the way for the gracious proclamation: "Peace be unto thee; fear not, thou shalt not die." So dread melted into joy, and what had been a fountain of death became a wellspring of life. The divine message met Gideon's then deepest need, and he drank it in, as the parched ground sucks up the showers, and, in the rapture of the discovery that the Name which had come down to him from of old was the name of a living Person with whom he stood in real relationship of simple friendship and concord, he piled the rough stones into a memorial altar, and gave it the designation which echoed the divine word that had emancipated him from dread and filled his heart with strange new rapture. If God is our peace, then all will be peace. Peace with God will widen and deepen into "the peace of God." Trust is tranquillity; submission is repose. To live near Him and to cease from our own works is to enter into rest. God being my peace, and I yielding myself to Him, the fever of my unrest is cooled down and my heart is quiet.

The purpose of the vision was to send Gideon as God's soldier into a desperate struggle, of which the first blow was to be struck that very night. It summoned him to years of hard war, and yet its inmost message was: "The Lord is peace." We should rather have expected the inspiration for battle to have been drawn from "The Lord is a man of war." But it is a deep thought that the peace of God is the best preparation for conflict. It gives courage, it leaves the heart at leisure, so as to bring all its force to bear on the conflict, it braces with the consciousness of a divine ally. The Christian soldier's feet are "shod with the preparedness of the Gospel of peace." If we are to come out of the battle with victory sitting on our helmets, we must go into it with the Dove of God brooding in our hearts. In the sternest hand-to-hand grip with evil, we may possess a tranquillity which knows no disturbance. The depths of ocean are still, though storms rave and race along the surface. Over the tortured waters of the cataract the bow of promise and of peace lies unmoving, though its particles are in perpetual change. The Christian life is continual warfare, but in it all "the peace of God which passeth understanding" may "garrison our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus." In the keep of the castle, while the storm of war is breaking on the walls, there will be a quiet chamber where no shafts of the assailants can penetrate, and "the noise of them that strive for the mastery" is never heard. Dwelling in the "secret place of the Most High," we can keep our souls in peace, while we fight the good fight of faith. We are God's warriors; let us make sure that on every battle-field we rear an altar and call it "The Lord is peace."

The altar spoke of the aim of the conflict and the hope which sustained the warrior. Gideon fought for peace; and if we would enter into peace we, too, shall have to fight for it. The altar was a trophy erected before the battle, and the confidence that war would result in victory, and that victory would bring peace, was based only on reliance on Jehovah. Across the dust of our conflicts the fair vision of eternal peace should gleam, visible to the eye of faith, and able to renew fainting strength and revive drooping courage, if we fix our gaze on it. Every Christian's gravestone is an altar on which is written, "The Lord is peace," in token that the soldier sleeping there has passed into the land in which "violence shall no more be heard, wasting nor destruction within its borders," but deep repose and the unarmed, because unattacked, peace of communion with and likeness to Jehovah our Peace.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE ALTAR AND THE CITY

We have an altar . . . we have no continuing city.—Heb. xiii. 10, 14

"We have" and "we have not." These two sayings, united by the intervening context, are to be taken in connection and contrast. They suggest two aspects of the Christian life—its great possession and its incompleteness. The altar provides a sacrifice which is also food, but, great as its effects are, they leave room for something greater still, and while we are to keep firm hold of the presently possessed riches, we are also to realise their incompleteness, and fruition is to lead to yearning after the completion beyond the veils of sense and time.

"We have an altar." The writer seeks to convince his Hebrew audience that, though all the ancient system in which they had been trained were to go, as go it would, nothing had really gone, since in Christ the shadows had become substances. The centre-point of Christianity is an altar; the deepest conception of the work of Christ is a sacrifice. That truth firmly grasped will give a clue that will guide safely through the mazes of two opposite and related errors which have deep roots in human nature. The one is the tendency, strong in this generation, to set up the antiquated fabric of Judaism with a Christian varnish over it, in order to satisfy the cravings of sense for symbolical worship. The antidote to that tendency lies in the expansion of that brief assertion, "We have an altar." Christ's sacrifice has swept away for ever all that sensuous, sacramentarian religion. Picture-books used to be confined to children, but nowadays they seem to be required in order to tempt grown men to read, and in like manner grown-up "babes in Christ" are harking back to childish things of spectacular worship. The senses are dangerous allies of the spirit in matters of worship, and to use them as a ladder to help the spirit to ascend is as likely to end in the spirit's going down the ladder as up it.

Extremes generate each other, and so that tendency of present opinion has done something to intensify its own opposite and complementary tendency. Potent voices tell us to-day that pure Christianity knows nothing of an altar and a sacrifice, or, at all events, that pure religion does not. But if there is no altar there will soon be no worshippers. It is the vital centre-point of our worship and life. In proportion as we obscure, or lose the firmness of our grasp of, the sacrificial aspect of Christ's death, we fling away the power that calms hearts, enlightens understandings, bends wills, and satisfies souls.

The writer goes on to declare that a certain class "have no right to eat of" the altar. The sacrifice, then, becomes food. We have to live on Jesus. The propitiation for our sins is the sustenance of our being. The heart is to feed on Him by love, the mind by intelligent occupation with His truth, the will by submitting to His commands. When hope is fed by His Ascension, and when our whole nature is nourished, because by communication with Him in faith He enters and fills it, we shall be strong indeed. The Sacrifice is to be eaten in the courts of the Lord's house.

The altar which we have should impel us to seek the city which we have not. "We have no continuing city," not so much because all created things are transient, as because a Christian soul must feel that it does not belong to the present order of things. If we truly possess Jesus Christ as the Sacrifice for our sins and the food of our spirits, we shall have it burned in on our minds that we do not belong to this world, but that our true affinities are far above transient, visible things. We shall be as colonists who think of the mother city beyond the sea as "home." Many professing Christians feel themselves very much at home in English cities, just because they do not feed on the great Sacrifice, nor in any deep sense possess the great Altar. Our sense of detachment from the present is an infallible test of our Christianity. Because "we have an altar," therefore "we have no continuing city." And if we feel that we have not, our hopes and longings will be ever reaching out towards "the city which hath the foundations."

The possession of that Altar impels and fits to offer sacrifices, as the writer goes on to say, "By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." The sacrifice on the altar of propitiation has been once offered "for sins for ever," and in the strength of it all Christian people are priests, and can pass into the Holy Place, and there lay on the altar of incense, which is accessible to us through that Sacrifice, the sweetly odorous tribute of our praise and love.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

WE have landed (in imagination) so often at Jaffa, have so often visited (by proxy) Bethlehem, Bethany, and Nazareth, have so thoroughly explored (at second-hand) the narrow streets of Jerusalem, and seen from the Mount of Olives the waters of the Dead Sea sparkling between the stony outlines of the barren hills, and traced the dim green valley of the Jordan river, that we do not readily suppose a new traveller can speak of anything we do not already know. Yet curiously enough, in spite of all that has been written about Palestine and the Holy Places, a delightful freshness is precisely the quality which characterises Miss Margaret Thomas's account of her "Two Years in Palestine and Syria." * Over and over again as one peruses these pages one is arrested by touches of colour or of character which may not indeed have escaped the observation of other pilgrims, which may possibly have even seemed worthy of record, but which certainly were not made to "score." I suppose most of us have read that in Jerusalem the wreckage of eight cities is piled up in one mass of rubbish, and that the pavements of the original streets lie in places a hundred and thirty feet below the present surface; but for my own part I have not till this moment realised the yellow colour—yellow against the blue sky or the stony hills—of the battlemented walls with their seven gates; or the palm-tree—one of the three which Jerusalem boasts—giving a splash of green on the yellow; or the nails and screws stuck by the Jews into the crevices between the huge blocks of limestone at the Wailing Place as they pray that Jehovah may fix them in Jerusalem even as those nails are fixed in the wall.

Of course much of the ground covered by these chapters is familiar enough, but the narrative is never commonplace. The artistic temperament of the author is constantly lighting it up with novelty of detail. The style is light and vivacious, and as occasion offers there is no lack of humour, poetic depth, or of the emotion which that strangely hallowed land has for nineteen centuries preserved as the heritage of Christendom. The series of sixteen illustrations are admirably reproduced and enable one to realise in some measure the marvellous colour without which all our day-dreams of Oriental life must be but grey shadows.

One of the drawbacks to one's pleasure in visiting the Holy Land is the distressingly apocryphal character of most of the sites associated with incidents the most dear to us. "The more one travels," Miss Thomas remarks, "the more one wonders why almost everything of importance happened underground in those days. Everything commemorated by the erection of a church is always supposed to have occurred in what becomes a crypt." A much more valid objection is the facility with which sites are identified for the curious traveller, and the enthusiastic independence with which different creeds appear to determine sites for themselves; for in all probability it is not in Jerusalem alone that the ancient surface is to be sought below the débris of eight ruined cities, and in some instances at least the fact of being underground might conceivably be regarded rather as a *primâ facie* testimony that a site is authentic than that it is spurious.

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* "Two Years in Palestine and Syria." By Margaret Thomas, author of "A Scamper through Spain and Tangier," "A Hero of the Workshop," &c., &c. With sixteen illustrations reproduced in colours in facsimile of the original paintings by the author. John C. Nimmo. 12s. 6d. net.

As might be anticipated, Miss Thomas contributes something to the understanding of Biblical texts. Riding in the moonlight up the steep path of the Mount of Olives, through the little village on its summit and along the brow of Scofus, she noticed amid the vineyards the dead bodies of the foxes hanging, "the little foxes that eat the grapes," just as one may see in Surrey a gallows-tree with the fur of stoats and weasels, and the blue and black and white plumage of the jay swinging on its lower branches. The spectacle does not often find its way into print, though probably foxes have been so gibbeted ever since little foxes have harried vineyards. Twenty-two centuries ago Theocritus painted a delightful picture of the little urchin who sat on the vineyard dyke making a locust-cage of asphodel stalks, while the foxes were busy with his breakfast and the ruby-red clusters, but he said nothing of the fate of poor Reynard and his offspring when they chanced to be caught. Again she describes how, far down in the valley of Hinnom, she saw men seated on a rock "patiently crushing pieces of pottery to dust by rolling large stones to and fro. This, the practice of centuries still continued, is referred to in the Bible, 'Even so will I shiver this people and this city, as one shivers a potter's vessel that cannot be made whole again.'" The crushed pottery makes a very strong cement —"hamrâ"—used for pointing the stone roof-cisterns of the domed houses, on which to a considerable extent the people depend for their water-supply. Jerusalem, indeed, must be a disquieting city in the matter of water. When the private cisterns run dry, the people turn to the larger reservoirs of churches and monasteries, whence it is conveyed in all directions in black goatskins which retain the shape of the animals they once covered. The water-sellers are picturesquely dressed, but I hardly think that circumstance would reconcile us to the water system of the Holy City. The most amazing illustration of the Oriental's passion for backsheesh is connected with the Jerusalem water supply. An old aqueduct is in existence which once conveyed water to Jerusalem, and does so still as far as Bethlehem. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts offered to repair it so that Jerusalem might be supplied, "but the Turks refused to accept her princely offer because she declined to give them backsheesh!"

Among the curious particulars mentioned in this volume it is worth noting that of the four sects of Jews in the Holy City the Yemenites, who come from the depths of Arabia, and have only been known in the place for the last nine years, profess to have taken no part in the Crucifixion, as their ancestors left Palestine before it happened. "There is a small community of people commonly called 'the Armenians on the wall,' because one of their homes is situated on one of the highest spots, and overhangs the city wall eight feet above it. They have everything in common, believe that God is guiding them by direct inspiration, and hope from their elevated position to be the first to see Christ when He appears." "Naturally," Miss Thomas remarks, "many people with unbalanced intellects find their way to the Holy City. Without being profane, I may mention that one lady lives there in order to be the first to give Christ a cup of tea when He comes; and a certain man to be ready to help to rebuild the new Temple; while another, now dead, walked about for years always carrying a cross the size he supposed the real one to have been: it now marks his grave."

On her way to the Dead Sea Miss Thomas noticed near the Jordan "the herds of camels, young and old, each with its attendant raven on its back," like the buffaloes in Egypt or the sheep with their starlings on Salisbury Plain. Of the Dead Sea itself, which is fifty miles long, and 2603 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, she gives a striking picture: "The sea stretches towards the south as far as eye can reach, but on the eastern and western banks loom ranges of lofty hills. Birds were flying over it, and a few ducks ventured on its oily tide; on the shore lay hundreds of dead fish killed by the nauseous brine. The strand is covered with the trunks and branches of dead trees, like the white and weird skeletons of mammoths bleached by the wind and waves. No sound of boat, no form of beasts invades the scene no living things save birds are there, no city is reflected in its solitary waters: the very waves seem to share the universal hush, and break silently on the beach."

Romance, no doubt, may be found everywhere, by those who know how to look for it; but in Devon and Cornwall it seems to hang over the landscape like the atmospheric "bloom" of light and shadow which makes the high hills beautiful in changing weather. All our other counties are modern and commonplace in comparison; but here as we cross Dartmoor, and wander southward among the tin-streams and quaking mires, and climb some rugged tor, we have stepped as it were out of the nineteenth century into the early Middle Ages, or even into a region of ancient England older still. The names of places have an impossible foreign sound—they are exactly the sort of names that Victor Hugo would have revelled in; names of dead saints and princes long since dead and forgotten, names which in an extinct tongue had significance and legend stored in their syllables, but which retain to-day nothing unless it may be in some instances a certain rude and mysterious cadence. As though it were to be in keeping with the names we chance on curious stone crosses, ruins of clusters of stone beehive huts, barbaric burial cists, monoliths and stone circles, and, still more antique and marvellous, rocking-stones and gigantic stone "cheese-wrings" and other rocky shapes, which are the rough-hewing of ages of elemental wear and tear.

This is the unique and interesting region which Mr. Baring-Gould describes in his "Book of the West,"* and many a pleasant winter evening may be spent in turning over his pages and planning excursions for the last summer in the century. Probably no writer knows Devon and Cornwall more thoroughly than Mr. Baring-Gould, no one handles a more picturesque and humorous pen, and if it had been possible for one man to write "*The* Book of the West," his name would have assuredly appeared on its title-page. In the present undertaking there has been no attempt to say all that might be said about these delightful counties; indeed, the author appears to have been overshadowed by a dread of producing a work too bulky and cumbrous for the use of the traveller who wants to have "a general idea of what is interesting and what ought to attract his attention." For practical purposes Mr. Baring-Gould was probably well advised in limiting his scope and purpose, for the book as it stands gives an ample and pleasant survey of the two counties, and those who may desire to pursue any topic further than he has treated it will find at the end of each chapter a trustworthy list of books of reference.

Mr. Baring-Gould opens with a too brief discussion of the racial characteristics of the Devon folk. In his opinion "it is probable that the yeomen of the land at the present day represent the Saxon; and most assuredly in the great body of the agricultural labourers, the miners, and artisans, we have mainly a mixture of British and Ivernian blood." But the ethnological record prior to the Saxon invasion is as perplexing and as intricate as it is engrossing. The earliest men we know of were the hunters who left their flint tools and weapons in the Brixham and Kent's caverns, kinsmen of the race who lived in the caves and shelters of the Vézère and Dordogne. They, it is conjectured, migrated into the north with the reindeer and degenerated in the severe climate into the Esquimaux, but left traces of their occupation in the dark tall men who are found about the Land's End, in Western Ireland, and in the Western Isles of Scotland, and are accounted for in all three localities by legends of the wreck of ships of the Spanish Armada. They made way for the dusky short-built Iberian, Ivernian, or Silurian race, who once spread over Spain, France, and England, and were in turn subdued by the Britons, conjecturally about four centuries before Christ. The Roman conquest affected the peninsula very slightly, but about the close of the fourth century Irish conquerors and colonists appear to have poured into a large portion of North Devon and East Cornwall. Then came the Saxon invasion; the new-comers grouped themselves for safety into "stokes," which developed into towns with Saxon names; the old tribal organisation of Devon was broken up, and the Celtic population, scattered in their *treffs* and *boths* all over the land, were reduced to subjection.

Perhaps even more curious is the story of the religious influences which were brought into play, especially in the southern portion of the peninsula. Cornwall must at one time have run even Ireland itself hard in its claim to be called the Land of Saints. "It is a fact that nowhere else in England are there so many villages bearing the names of saints, and these names strange, and such as may be sought out in vain in the calendars that are easily accessible." And nowhere else are there so many holy wells. These wells were frequented for curative purposes and divination long before the Christian era, and the missionaries contented themselves with Christianising them, just as St. Samson, when he found the people dancing in idolatrous worship round an upright stone at Tregear, cut a cross upon it instead of rousing hostility by breaking it to pieces. Mr. Baring-Gould shows how the saintly names in Cornwall fall into well-defined groups, but the reader who is particularly interested in the subject will do well to consult the supplementary volume in the new edition of his "Lives of the Saints."

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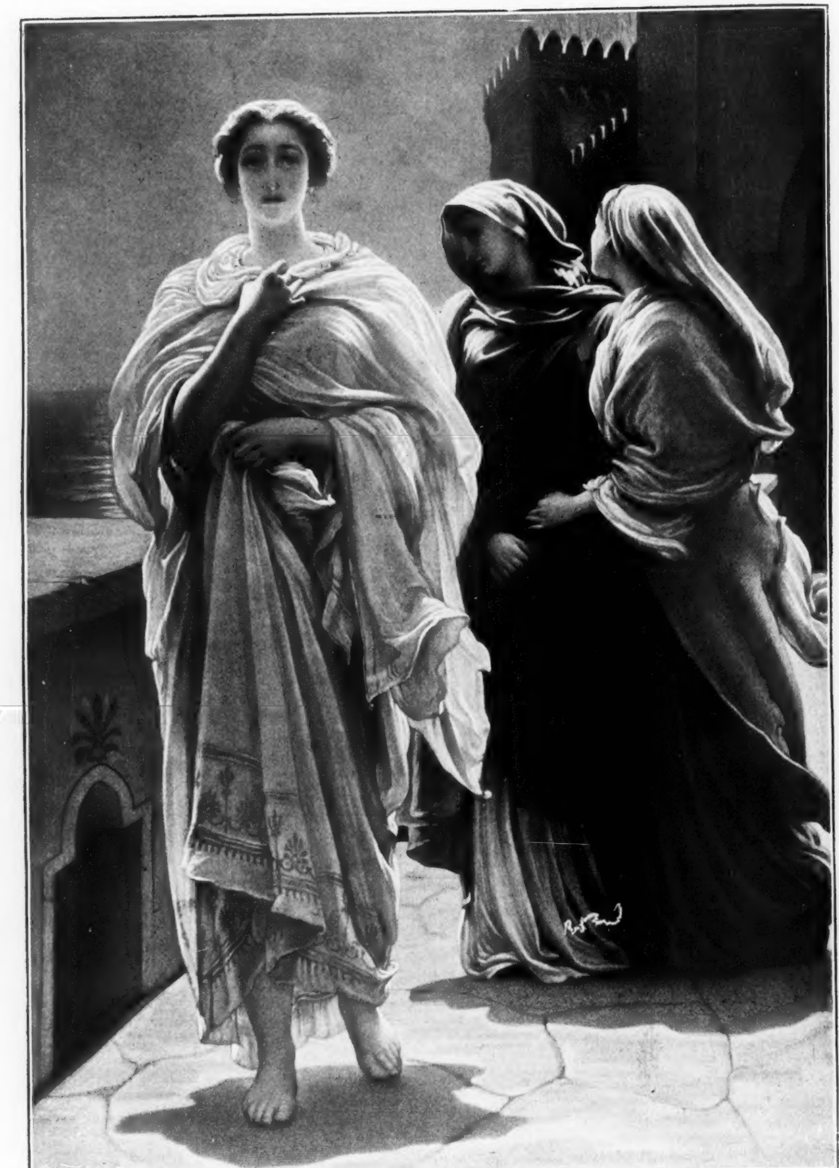
* "A Book of the West: Being an introduction to Devon and Cornwall." By S. Baring-Gould. With thirty-five illustrations. 2 vols. Methuen and Co. 6s. per volume.

Before turning to matters of everyday interest it may be worth mentioning that an old chronicle tells how in 1177 a canon of Bodmin stole the body of St. Petrock and carried it off to Brittany, and how after the stern interposition of the king the relics were restored. The curious point is, that the identical shrine which contained the saint's bones—an ivory box quaintly ornamented with paintings—still exists and belongs to the corporation of Bodmin. Here, too, reference may be made to the extensive destruction of the beautiful and elaborately carved screens for which the Devon churches are famous. So rich are some of these that when a church has to be restored, "the incumbent trembles at the prospect of the renovation of the screen, and this has led to many of them being turned out and destroyed. South Brent screen was thus wantonly ejected and allowed to rot. Bridestowe was even worse treated: the tracery was cut in half and turned upside down and plastered against deal boarding—to form a dwarf screen." With a similar lack of appreciation for art the churchyard cross at Manaton was broken to pieces by the rector because the people used to carry their dead thrice round it, the way of the sun, at funerals.

In the old harvest custom, now almost extinct, of decorating with flowers the last sheaf of the best wheat and crying "A neck! a neck! we have'n!"—a custom similar to the reaping of "the maiden" in Scotland, if I remember rightly—Mr. Baring-Gould detects a lingering trace of the human sacrifice that was offered to the spirit of fertility. Guy Fawkes does not date from the gunpowder plot, but from an indefinite antiquity—he is the straw man transferred from the harvest field into politics, with a change of date. In Essex strangers are liable to be noosed with ropes of straw and made to pay a forfeit; in Devon girls catch boys, and boys girls with a hayband, and the ransom is a kiss. Wherefore, when at a Quakers' meeting in Cornwall when the admonition against "vain sports" was read about haymaking time, a new member timidly asked whether it applied to "making sweet hay with the midens." "Naw, sure!" was the answer; "that's a' i' the way o' Natur'!" How long these barbarous and bloody forms of superstition lingered in England it is difficult to say, but Mr. Baring-Gould records that when the old church at Kingswear, opposite Dartmouth, was pulled down in 1845, a cavity cut in the wall and filled with infant bones and quicklime was found under the foundation, and at Holsworthy, North Devon, a skeleton was found in the wall with much lime about it. "We have but too much reason to believe that we have here one of the many instances that remain of the old heathen belief that no building could stand unless a man or child were buried under the foundation." In pleasant contrast to this, let us hope, was the meaning of the discovery made at Princetown, when, on enlarging the churchyard, the grave of one of the French prisoners of war was opened and the coffin was found to be empty.

I fear I have given a very inadequate idea of the variety of interesting matters to be found in Mr. Baring-Gould's volumes. There are numerous good stories of smugglers and escaped convicts, to say nothing of ghosts and pixies, landslips, buried churches, corruption at elections, and political abuses. No one can read the book without feeling that, whether for the first time or the fiftieth, the one excursion to be made next summer ought to be a run through the romantic regions of Devon and "the delectable Duchy."



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HELEN OF TROY

BY LORD LEIGHTON

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THE PAYMASTER'S BOY*

HIS FANCY, HIS LOVE AND ADVENTURE

By NEIL MUNRO, Author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

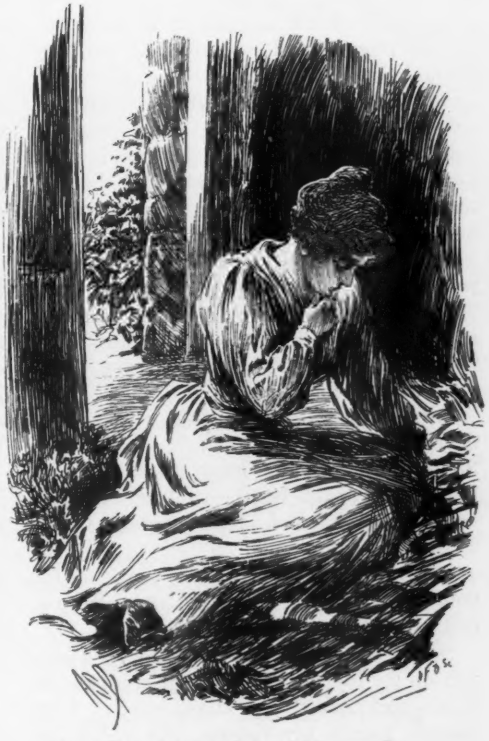
CHAPTER XXXIV

CHASE

WHEN he had gone and was no farther than the shoulder of the brae lying between the hut and Little Fox, and there was no longer any chance of his turning to repeat his wild adieux, Nan went into the old hut and put the sprig of white heather at her bosom, and gave way to a torrent of tears. She could not have done so in the sunshine outside, but in that poor interior, even with the day spying through the roof, she had the sense of seclusion. She cried for grief and bitterness. No folly she had ever committed seemed so great as this her latest, that she should blindly have fled from a danger unmeasured into a situation that abounded with difficulties. She blamed herself, she blamed her father, she blamed Gilian for his inability to be otherwise than God had made him. In contrast to his gawky shyness—the rusticity of the farm and hill, rose up constant in her remembrance the confident young gentleman she had run away from without so much as a knowledge of his name. She cried, and the afternoon came, a blush of fire and flowing gold upon the hills, the purple of the steeps behind her darkened, upon Big Fox behind, some wild duck floated and gossiped.

She was still at her crying, a maiden altogether disconsolate, with no notion of where next she should turn to, afraid to go home yet never once thinking of going to Miss Mary's refuge as she had promised, and the world was all dolorous round her, when a step sounded near the door. She started in terror and shrank into the darkest corner of the hut. The footstep came not quite close to the door; it was as if the stranger feared to find a house empty and hesitated before setting foot on the threshold. From where she stood she could not see him, though his breath was to be heard, short and panting. The square of the open door was filled with green and purple—the green of the rank nettle, the purple of the bell-heather she had been always careful to spare as she had gone in and out.

Who could it be? Her first thought was of some fisherman or sportsman late upon the hill and attracted by the smoke of the hut that had so long known no fire. Then she thought of her father, more kindly and more contrite to him than she had ever felt


"She cried for grief and bitterness"

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before. If it was her father, what should she do? Would she run out and dare all for his forgiveness of her folly, and take his terms if that were possible now that her name and his were ridiculous through all the shire? But it could not be her father. Her father would not be alone and——

Into the square of light stepped Young Islay! He was all blown with the hurry of his ascent after hearing from Black Duncan (who had heard from his mother) that Nan had been there in the morning, and now there was no sign of life about the silent hut except the blue reek that rose over the mouldering thatch. He was a brave youth, but for once he feared to try his fate.

As he stood in the doorway and looked into the dark interior, where a poor fire smouldered in the centre of the floor, he seemed so woebegone that Nan could not but smile in spite of her trepidation. He but looked a second, then turned to seek her elsewhere.

As he turned away she called faintly, all blushing and all tears, but yet with a smile on her face that never sat so sweetly there as when her feelings mingled. He started as at the voice of a ghost, and hung hesitating on the threshold till she stepped from her gloomy corner into the light of the afternoon. As he saw her where a moment before was a vacancy he could scarcely believe his eyes. But he did not hesitate long. In an instant, encouraged by her tears and smiles he had an arm round her.

"Nan! Nan!" he cried, "I have found you! I never was so happy in my life!"

For a moment she did not put him off; and he took her hesitation for content.

"What did it mean? Were you flying from me?" he asked.

All her hardships, all the wrong and degradation leaped into her recollection. She withdrew herself firmly from that embrace, that might be the embrace of love and possession or of simple companionship in trial.

"I would never have been here but for you," said she. "Did you—did you pay much?"

"Ah!" he cried ruefully, "there's where you do me injustice! Did you know me so little—and indeed you know me but little enough, more's my sorrow—did you know me so little that you must believe me a savage to be guilty of a crime like that? Must I be saying that before God I did not know that my father and—and——"

"And my father."

"—And your father, though I would be the last to charge him, were scheming in any commercial way on my behalf? Come, come, I was not blate, was I? the last time we were together; my impudence was not in the style of a man who would go the other way about a wooing, was it?"

"Then you did not know——?" She blushed and paused

"I knew nothing," he protested. "I knew nothing but that I loved you, and you know that too if telling can inform you. I told my father that, and he was well enough pleased, and I could not guess he would make a fool of me and a victim of you in my absence."

She stood trembling to this revelation of his innocence, and once more the confident lover, Young Islay, tried to take her in his arms.

She ran from him, not the young lady of Edinburgh but a merry-hearted child, making for the side of Little Fox, the air as she went flapping her gown till it beat gaily like a flag. She ran light-footed, laughing in her sudden ease of mind, and on the more distant of the two slopes of Cruach an Lochain, antlers rose inquiring; then a red deer looked and listened, forgetting to crop the poor grass at his feet.

For a second or two Young Islay paused, wondering at her caprice; then he caught the spirit of it and followed with an halloo. A pleasant quarry—the temptation of it made his blood tingle as no sport in the world could do; his halloo came back in echoes from the hill, jocund and hearty echoes, and Sir Deer at a bound went far to the rear among the bracken.

Nan sped panting yet laughing. Then she heard his cry. "I am coming, I am coming," he called. It might have been the pibroch of the dawn, the hopeful conquering dawn on valley rims. She put more vigour into her flight; her lips set hard: she thought if he caught her before she reached the spot where Gilian last had kissed her, she must be his for good.

"Run as you like, I am coming," cried her pursuer, and he was easily overtaking her. Then he saw how hard and earnestly she strove. With a grimace to himself, he slacked his pace and let her gain ground.

"I must be doing my best for Gilian," she thought; but as she risked a glance over her shoulder and saw the pursuit decline, saw his face handsome and laughing and eager, full of the fun of the adventure, across a widening space, saw him kiss his hand to her as he ran leisurely, she forgot that she had meant to run for fair play and Gilian, and she, too, slackened her pace.

A moment more and he caught her, and she relapsed in his arms with a sigh of exertion and surrender.

"Faith, you are worth running for!" said he, turning her to him to see into her eyes. For a little he looked at the flushed and beautiful countenance. Her bosom throbbed against his breast; her head thrown back showed the melting passion of her eyes like slumbering lakes only half hid by her trembling lids, her lips red and full, tempting, open upon pearls. She was his, he told himself, all his, and yet—and yet he had half a regret that now he had caught her he need chase no more: the regret of the hunter when the deer is home, of the traveller who has reached the goal after pleasant journeyings.

His pause was but for a moment, then on her lips he pressed his; on all her glowing face fell the fever of his kisses.

"Nan, Nan!" he whispered, "you are mine, did I not tell you?"

"I suppose I am," she whispered faintly. Then to herself, "Poor Gilian!"

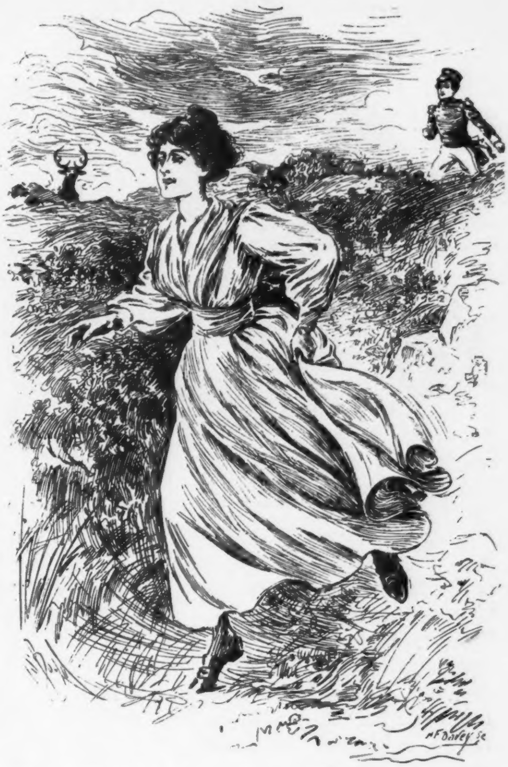
"And yet," said he, "I'm not worth it."

"I daresay not," she confessed, nestling the more closely in his arms. "But you won me when you saved my life."

"Did I?" said he. "How very wise of me! Give me a kiss, then!"

She tried to free herself, and the white heather at her neck fell between them. She stooped for it and he to get her kiss, but she was first successful. To him she held out the twig of pale bells.

'The kiss or that, you can have either," she said. "One is love and the other is luck."



"'I must be doing my best for Gilian,' she thought"

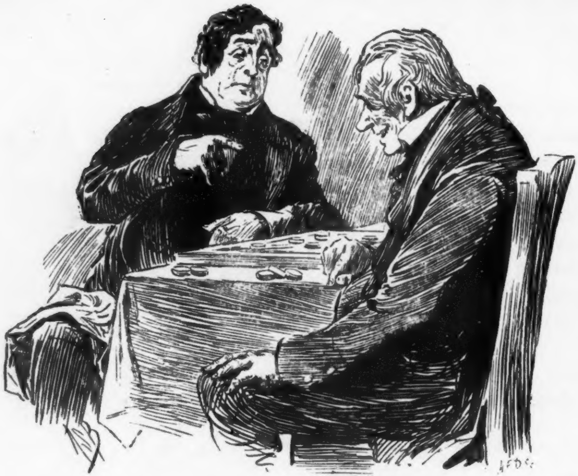
"Then, sweetheart, I'll have both," said Young Islay.

CHAPTER XXXV

AN EMPTY HUT

THE town bell rang, the little shops were shuttered. Miss Mary, with a new cap on to do justice to the occasion, had sat for hours with Gilian at the window, waiting; the Cornal was in bed, and the Paymaster, dubious but not unpleased, was up at MacGibbon's telling the story over a game of dambrod. And still Nan did not appear. There was a sign of changing weather above Strone, and Gilian was full of sorrow to think of the girl travelling to him through darkness and rain, so he started out to meet her by the only path on which she must come.

He reached the lochs as the night was drawing in. The moor was sounding loud and eerie with the call of large birds. Very



"Up at MacGibbon's telling the story over a game of dambrod"

cold and uncharitable, a breeze came from Cruach an Lochain, and in the evening dusk the country seemed most woefully poor and uninhabitable. So it appeared to Gilian for a moment when at last he came to the head of the brae where he should have his first sight of the light that could make that wild as warm and hospitable and desirable as a king's court. There was no light now! At first he doubted his eyesight; then he thought he was not at the right point of view; then he was compelled to confess to himself that darkness was assuredly where before had been a bright spot like one of the stars that shine in murky heavens in the midst of storms to prove that God does not forget.

She had been kept, the dear heart, he told himself; she had been kept by her modesty waiting for the dusk, and fallen asleep for weariness.

He went awkwardly off the customary track so that he might reach the sheiling the quicker by a short cut that led through boggy grass. He stumbled in hags and tripped on ancient heather-tufts; the birds wheeled and mocked over him, something in their note most melancholy and menacing to his ear.

The loch with the islet was muttering in its sleep, and woke with the shriek of a thousand frightened birds when this phantom stumbled on its solitude. The tiny island even in the dusk rose black like a hearse plume in the water. At his feet he felt upon a stone the tinkle of broken glass, and he stooped to feel. His finger came upon the portions of the broken cup, and he remembered, with shame for his own share in the scene, how Nan had punished his awkwardness by casting from her the vessel of which this was the fragment. She had had her lips to this, her fingers had touched it; it was a gem to put in his pocket, and he put it there. He searched round again as he repeated in his mind all the incidents of that first morning in the moor, and a little farther on he came upon the ashes of their dead fire. Poor dead fire, grey old ashes, flame quenched, warmth departed, loneliness come—the reflections made him shiver.

As he stood there in what was now the dark night, he might have been a phantom mourning for the unrecoverable, the ghost of old revelries, the shade of pleasant bygone hearths and love the ancient.

He shook himself into the present world, and left behind the ashes of their fire and made for the sheiling hut, all the way solacing himself with fancy. The girl was his, but he never let his mind linger on the numerous difficulties that lay inevitably between the present hour and his possession of her. He projected himself into the future with a blank unexplained behind, and saw them at unextinguishable hearths, love accompanying them through generations. Through the heather he brushed eagerly now, his eyes intent upon the dim summits of the brae from which again he should see the light of the sheiling if it was there. Loch Little Fox, and Great Fox, and all the black and sobbing pools among the heather he passed on the light feet of love, and when he came to the brae top and still found no beacon there, he was exceedingly dashed.

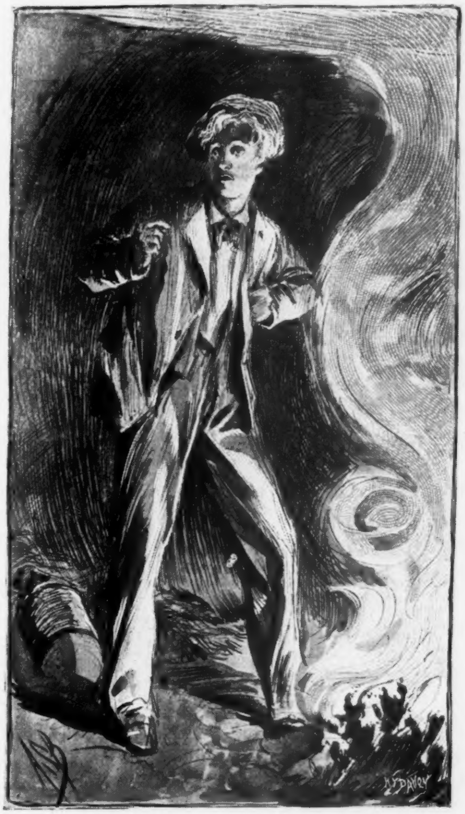
"I hope, I hope there is nothing wrong," he said aloud. And he hurried the faster.

The sky was full of clouds, all but a patch star-sown over Ben Bhreac, and all through the hollows and hags ran a wail of rain-wind most mournful. The birds that had been crying over the pools departed, and there was no sound of animal life. The wind moaned and the pools sobbed. About the black edifice in which he thought was all he prized most dear on earth, blackness hung like a terror. Breathless he stood at the door. It was wide open! It was wide open! It was wide open to the night wind! As if a hand of ice had clutched him at the heart he shook and staggered back.

"God of Grace!" he cried in his mother tongue, then "Nan! Nan!" he called to the dark within. There was no answer, and a bird flew out above his head.

He cried no more there, but out he ran into the vacant moor and loudly he called to the night, "Nan! Nan!" till his voice seemed to himself some terrific chant of long-dead peoples come first to this strange land and crying for each other in the wilderness where they were lost.

"Nan! Nan!" he cried, sometimes entreating, sometimes peremptory, as though she might be hiding in the dark in some childish caprice. "Nan! Nan!" he called plaintively, and he called sharply too and loudly, the possessor. The sides of Ben Bhreac woke to answer "Anan," as people reply in dreams; and the stars of heaven in their little garden over the hill had no interest whatever in his crying; they hung out cool and imperturbable; and the wind wailed, but not for his anxieties, on the reeds of Little Fox.



"It was enough to show him the place was empty"

Then he pressed his hand upon his heart to still its uproar and strained his ears to listen. No sound of a girl's voice, no foot upon the heather. He could scarcely believe his senses. In his mind, as he approached the house she had seemed as essential a part of it as the sky was portion of the universe, and here she was gone!

"After all, she may be in the house asleep," he thought, cheating himself into a moment's comfort; and back he went again. He listened at the threshold for a breath: no sound came to him; the fire was all out, the air was the air of a dungeon. "Nan!" he called timidly. He got no reply.

Timidly now he stepped into that chamber that had been sacred to him before — the holy of holies — and fumbled with a steel. The sparks showed him his hands trembling, but at first he did not dare to look behind him for fears intangible. The dried heather stems caught the flame of the tinder; there was but a handful of them; they flared up in a moment's red glare on the interior, then died out crackling. It was enough to show him the place was empty. It showed him too his lantern, the poor companion of his adventure, lying on the floor as if it had been tumbled there in some hasty escape; he picked it up and lit it, the gleam lighting a ghastly face. And then he went out again, not knowing why or what he might do there, but bound to be moving and away from that empty shell where had been his kernel untasted. The wind had risen and was rising higher still. On Little Fox side he stood, a ludicrous object, with the pin-points of light pricking the darkness. He was there the dreamer and the hesitator, his eyes vacant. He wore a short ill-fitting jacket; his vest had come unbuttoned in the haste of his clamber up the moor; his bonnet was drawn low upon his brow. As he cherished the lantern from the wind with his back bent he was no figure of the ideal lover, but yet some tragedy was in the look of him—some great and moving fate that might have made the night pity him. Down again to their little hillock he went, and cast himself upon it and surrendered to emotion. It was for him the grave of love, the new-reared mound of his affection. Even yet he could see where she had pressed down the heather as she reclined. Looking at the heather he remembered the white spray of his affection that she had said would be the sign of his fate. He went back quickly to the hut, the wind still puffing at his foolish lantern, and he found the heather gone. It comforted him exceedingly. She had gone, why or where he could not guess, but she had taken with her the token of his love and thereby left him her capitulation. His heather was at her heart.

Wearied beyond words, as much by the stress of his passions as by the ardours of the day, he took possession of her couch and slept till morning.

CHAPTER XXXVI

CONCLUSION

FAIR day in the town, and cattle roved about the street, bellowing, the red and shaggy fellows of the moors, mourning in Gaelic accent and with mild large eyes pondering on the mysteries of change. Behind them went the children, beating them lightly on the flanks with hazel wands, imagining themselves travellers over the markets of the world, and others, the older ones, the bolder ones, went from shop to shop for fairings, eating, as they went, the parley-man and carvey-cake of the Fair day. Farmers and shepherds gossiped and bargained on the footpaths or on the grass before the New Inns; the Abercrombie clattered with convivial glass and sometimes rose the chorus to a noisy ditty of Lorn. Old Brooks, with his academy shut for holiday, stood at the Church corner with a pocket full of halfpence for his bairns, and a little silver in his vest for the naughty ones he had thrashed with the ferule and grieved for. "To be good and clever is to be lucky enough," he said, "I must be kind to my poor dunces." Some of them, he saw, went with his gift straight to Marget Maclean's. "Ah," he said, smiling to himself, "they're after the novelles! I wish Virgil was so much the favourite or even the Grammarian."

All in the pleasant sunshine the people walked abroad on the plain-stones; a piper of the company of Boboon the wanderer, with but two drones to his instrument, played the old rant of the clan as Duke George went past on a thoroughbred horse.

"Do you hear yon?" asked the Paymaster, opening the parlour window to let in that mountain strain his brother loved so truly.

The Cornal cocked an ear, drew down shaggy brows on his attention, and studied, musingly, the tune that hummed from the reeds below.

"Baile Inneraora!" said he. "I wish it was 'Bundle and Go.' That's the tune now for Colin Campbell, for old Colin Campbell, for poor Colin Campbell who once was young and wealthy. I've seen the day that rant would set something stirring here—" and he struck a bony hand upon his breast. "Now there's not a move—" and he searched still with fingers above his heart. "Not a move! there's only a clod inside where once there was a bird."

He stood with his head a little to the side, listening to the piper till the tune died, half-accomplished, at a tavern door. Then the children and the bellowing kine had the world to themselves again. The sound of carriage wheels came from the Cross, and of the children calling loud for bridal bowl-money.

"What's that?" asked the Cornal, waking from his reverie; and his brother put his head out at the window. He drew back at once with his face exceeding crimson.

"What is't?" said the Cornal, seeing his hesitation.

"A honeymoon pair," said the brother, and fumbled noisily with the newspaper he had in his hand.

"Poor creatures! And who is it? Thoug

I never get over the door you'll tell me nothing."

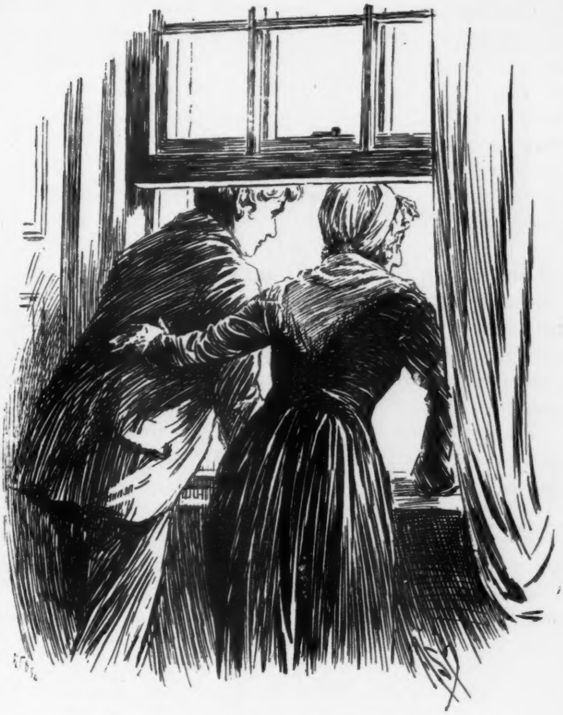
The Paymaster answered shortly. "It's the pair from Maam," said he, and back to his paper again.

Up to his brow the Cornal put a trembling hand and seemed amazed and startled. Then he recollected, and a sad smile came to his visage. "Not a clod altogether yet!" said he, half to himself and half to his brother. "I felt the flutter of a wing. But it's not your grief or mine this time, Jock; it's your poor recruit's."

"He's down in Miss Mary's room, and that's the place for the like of him."

"Is it?" said the Cornal. "Dugald understood him best of any of us; he saw this coming, and I mind that he grieved for the fellow."

"He's grieving plenty for himself, and let him!" said the Paymaster, setting aside his journal. "Look what he dropped from his pocket this morning. Peggy thought it was mine and she took it to me. Mine! Fancy that! I'm jalousing she was making a joke of me." He produced, as he spoke, a scrap of paper with some verses on it and handed it to his brother.



"Looking over the window at the tumultuous crowd of children"

The Cornal held the document far from his failing eyes and perused the writing. It was the first of those heart-wrung fancies that went to the making of the volume that lies before me as I write—the familiar lament for the lost "Maid of the Moor" that shepherds still are singing on his native hills.

"A ballant!" said he, wondering, and with some contempt.

"That's just what it is," said his brother. "There was never the like broke out in this family before, I'm glad to say."

The Cornal screwed his lips firmly. "It's what I would call going altogether too far," he said. "I'm feared your recruit will affront us again. A song, now! did you ever know the like of it? I'll not put up with it! Did you say he was down with Miss Mary?"

"I saw her laying the corner of the table," said the Paymaster, "and I'll warrant it was not to feed herself at this time of day."

The Cornal looked again at the verses, clearing his eyes with his hand, as if he might happily be mistaken. But no, there were the foolish lines, and some sentiments most unmanly frank of love and idleness among the moor and heather. He growled; he frowned below his shaggy brows: "Come down this instant and put an end to it," said he.

"He's with Mary," his brother reminded him, hesitating.

"I don't care a curse if he was with the Duke," said the Cornal. "I'll end this carry-on in an honest and industrious family."

He led the way downstairs, the Paymaster following softly, both in their slippers. Noiselessly they pushed open the door of Miss Mary's room and gazed within. She and her darling were looking over the window at the tumultuous crowd of children scrambling for Young Islay's bowl-money scattered by Black Duncan in the golden syver sand. Miss Mary in that position could not but have her arm about his waist, and her hand unconsciously caressed the rough home-spun of his jacket. The brothers, unobserved, stood silent in the doorway.

"That's the end of it!" said Gilian bitterly, as he came wholly into the room. His face, shone on by the sun that struck above the tall lands opposite from fiery clouds, was white to the lips. Miss Mary looked up into his eyes, mourning in her very inmost for his torture.

"I would say fair wind to her, my dear, and a good riddance," said she, and yet without conviction in her tone.

"I will say fair wind readily," he answered, "but I cannot be forgetting. I know she likes—she loves me still."

Miss Mary showed her pity in her face, but nothing at all had she to say.

"You are not doubting it, are you?" he cried eagerly; and still unnoticed in the doorway, the Paymaster grimaced his contempt, but his brother, touched by some influence inexplicable, put the poem in his pocket and delayed the entry.

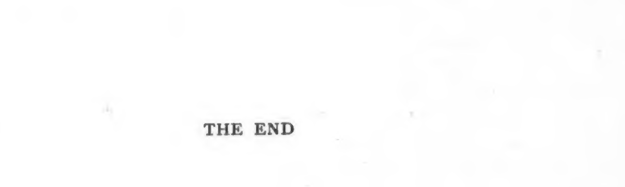
"Are you doubting?" again cried the lad, determined on his answer but dreading a denial.

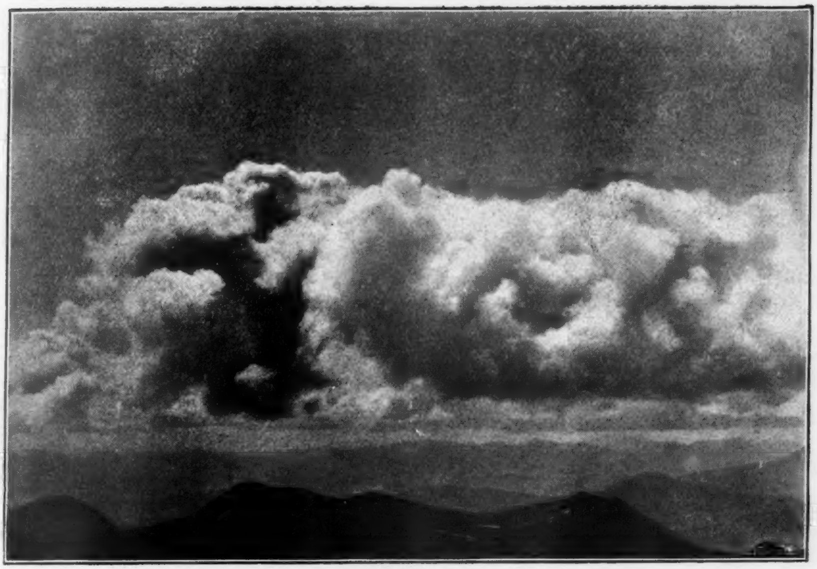
"It is not your bowl-money the bairns are gathering at the Cross," said Miss Mary simply.

"True," he acknowledged; "but she went because she must. She loves me still, I'm telling you; she has my heather at her heart!"

Miss Mary understood. She looked at her dreamer and stifled a sigh. Then she saw her brothers in the doorway, silent, and her hand went down and met his and fondled it for his assurance as on the day he first stood, the frightened stranger, on that floor, and she had sheltered his shyness in the folds of her bombazeen gown.

THE END





SUMMER CUMULUS

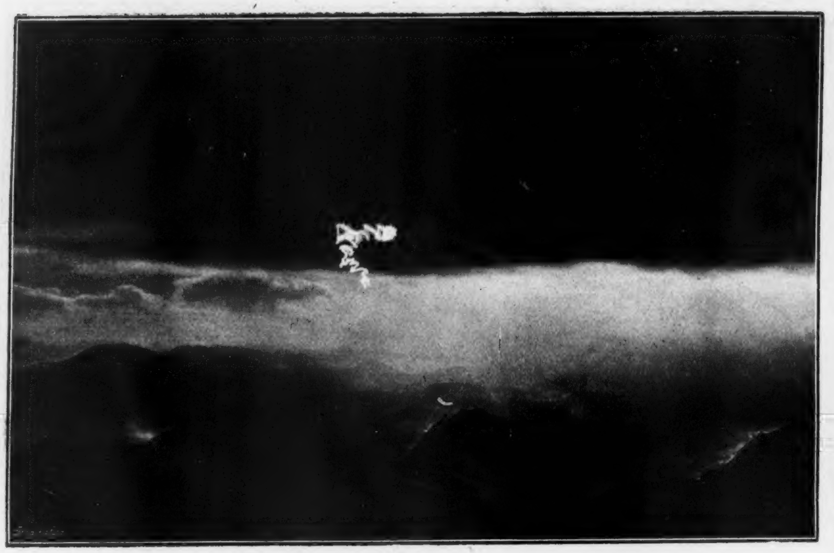
CLOUD EFFECTS ON BEN NEVIS

By COLIN LIVINGSTON

IN earlier numbers of GOOD WORDS an account was given of the origin of meteorological observations on Ben Nevis, and of tne work accomplished during the first three years of these observations by Mr. Clement L. Wragge and his assistants. This work necessitated the daily ascent of the Ben from Fort William during some three or four months of the summer and autumn. At first there was no shelter for the observer on the summit beyond that afforded by the cairn erected in connection with the Ordnance Survey. Latterly Mr. Wragge had a small hut erected and roofed with canvas. Contrary to what might be expected, the canvas roof stood the storms more than one winter. At that time there was no path to the summit except the track formed by the feet of the adventurous tourist who had the strength and courage to make the ascent. Many did so, however, but few dared to venture without a guide.

In 1883 a path was made, making it possible for horses to reach the summit. Since then the number of tourists ascending the Ben, both on foot and on horseback, has greatly increased, amounting at one time to as many as 1500 in a month; and the charge made for the use of the path forms an element in its maintenance for the service of the observatory.

In the autumn of the same year the observatory on the summit was erected. The building was subsequently enlarged considerably, and the accommodation of the observers greatly improved. At first it was feared that no ordinary walls and windows could withstand the winter storms on the summit, but experience has shown that those fears were for the most part groundless, and in the new part of the building less massive walls and larger windows, with the enlargement of the windows in the earlier part, have made the observatory a more pleasant habitation than it was at first. That the fears early entertained were without foundation has been further shown by the fact that the wooden erection used as a refreshment-room, and for accommodating tourists who desire to remain for a night on the summit, has withstood the



NIMBUS

storms of the last fourteen years. Both observatory and refreshment-room, it has been found, become pretty early in winter embedded in snow; and this not merely protects the buildings from the storms but shields the observers from the cold. Till the observatory has got on its snow covering the internal temperature is liable to become uncomfortably low; and in the beginning of last winter the thermometer sometimes fell below the freezing-point within a few feet of the stove.

The food supply and fuel for the observatory are taken up in summer and autumn on horseback. A horseload for the summit weighs two hundredweight. The water supply is obtained from a spring slightly under the summit level to the south of the observatory. When the spring is inaccessible owing to snow, or the water is frozen, melted snow forms a substitute.

The earlier part of the observatory buildings was completed in October 1883, and connected by electric cable with the post-office at Fort William. At the opening of the new post-office there, three years ago, telephonic communication was introduced. There is the same double means of communication between the two observatory stations—high and low level. On the 17th of that month the observatory was declared open by the late Mrs. Cameron Campbell, on whose property it is situated.

From that date observers have permanently had their abode on the summit of the Ben, and the observations have been continuous, day and night. It is but rarely that, even in severe storms, the outside observations have failed to be taken in due course. For several years they were under the superintendence of Mr. R. T. Omond. Latterly the superintendent is Mr. Angus Rankin, to whose skill as a photographer we are indebted for our views, and who has been connected with the observatory from its opening. Since the building of the low-level observatory in 1890, the observers are by turn on the summit of the Ben and at the sea-level. The change of residence, and especially of food, is required for maintaining their health.

In addition to the daily summary of observations, which finds a place in several newspapers, fuller abstracts have from time to time appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society* and in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, Edinburgh. From these we give a few of the leading results obtained during the last fifteen years.

During that period the approach of winter is heralded to the inhabitants of the British

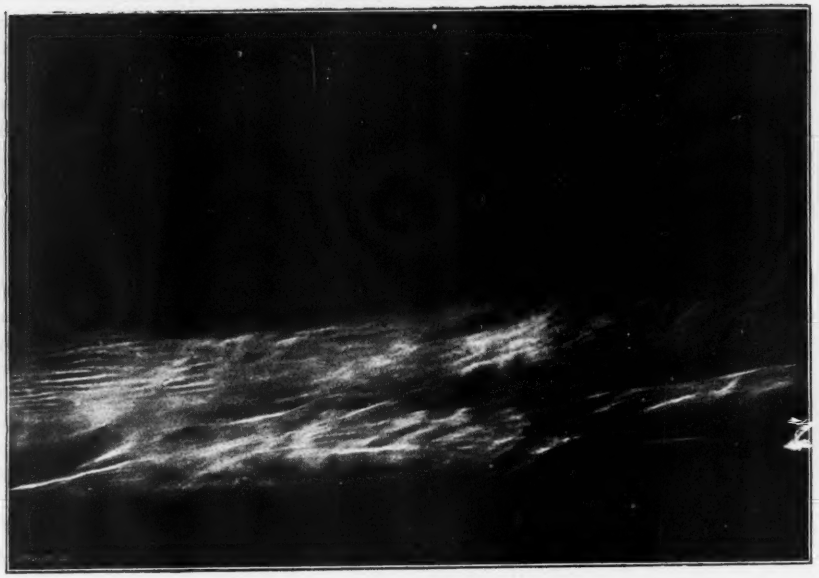
Isles by the announcement, "Snow on Ben Nevis!" And successive falls continue to be recorded till the summer is well advanced. The accumulation on the summit increases, with slight fluctuations, till a depth of some ten or twelve feet has been attained, and the observatory is completely buried in snow. In a favourable season the rocky surface may be exposed on the summit-plateau by the end of June, but in places screened from the sun and sheltered from the south-west winds snow remains during the whole summer and autumn, till the remaining patches become lost in next season's fall.

For any part of Great Britain the altitude of the snow-line is scarcely more than 5000 feet, and a shade temperature of 48° at the sea-level implies a freezing temperature at that elevation, and consequently snow wherever there is surface for it on which to rest. Ben Nevis rises to a height of 4406 feet above sea-level, and its climate, when elevation and latitude are taken into account, will be found to be surprisingly mild. During the period within which observations have been taken on the summit, the thermometer in inland parts much farther south has repeatedly fallen ten, and in some cases twenty, degrees below zero. On Ben Nevis the zero point has never been actually reached. The comparative mildness of the climate of Ben Nevis is, apparently, owing to its proximity to the Atlantic Ocean. Both, it has been ascertained, have their mean monthly temperature at its lowest in March. At the sea-level at Fort William the mean monthly temperature is at its lowest in February.

The average difference between the temperature on the summit and at the Low Level Observatory at Fort William is 16°, or 1° for every 270 feet of altitude—approximately. The temperature at the summit is, however, occasionally, during an anti-cyclone, higher than at the base of the mountain. The maximum temperatures at the two observatories show large differences in summer and small differences in winter. The greatest difference, fully 26°, occurs in May, and the smallest, 8°, in November.

The very high winds, as experienced on the Ben, are found to blow from E.S.E. or S.E., and on several occasions these winds have been known to reach a velocity of 150 miles an hour, or more. For winds from any point between E. by N. to W. the observed velocities have not exceeded thirty miles an hour; but the force of these winds is modified for the summit plateau by precipices of 1800 feet in height on these sides, producing an upward current, and so

CIRRO-CUMULUS



PEARLY CIRRUS

far sheltering the summit and causing the full force of the gale to pass high over the observatory.

Thunderstorms and sheet-lightning have been found to be much more frequent on Ben Nevis in winter—from September to February—than in summer. In summer they are found to be twice as frequent at Fort William as on the summit. The summer storms occur when the sun is above the horizon; the winter storms, with few exceptions, when he is below the horizon.

Another electric phenomenon which is not unfrequent is St. Elmo's Fire. This phenomenon is observed, for the most part, at night, and is usually attributed to the glow produced in metal rods and points by the passing of the electric current. During its progress the iron rods supporting the chimney, the chimney itself and other metallic points on the roof of the observatory, become luminous. Winter thunderstorms and St. Elmo's Fire always occur on the south-east side of an advancing cyclone, and are found to be invariably connected with continuous stormy weather.

The phenomena connected with the occurrence of what is called a Silver Thaw have been observed to supply important elements connected with weather forecasting. The phenomenon itself consists in rain freezing on the surface as it falls, and implies a lower temperature of that surface than prevails at a higher altitude. Its occurrence on Ben Nevis, in most of the observed cases, preceded the commencement of gales on the British coasts.

The atmosphere on the summit of the Ben is singularly free from dust particles. The mean is about 1160 particles in a cubic inch of air; the maximum about fourteen times as numerous, while the minimum falls to nothing. At the sea-level in the neighbourhood the average has been found to be 2650 particles in the cubic inch. In London they reach 165,000 in the cubic inch of air, and in Paris even that high number is exceeded. In the open air, examined after a heavy rainfall at a low level, 520 particles have been found in the cubic inch, as compared with 2120 after the air has been for some time dry. As many of these particles consist of organisms hurtful to health, the comparative freedom from dust of the air on Ben Nevis seems to indicate it as an important sanatorium were suitable buildings provided.

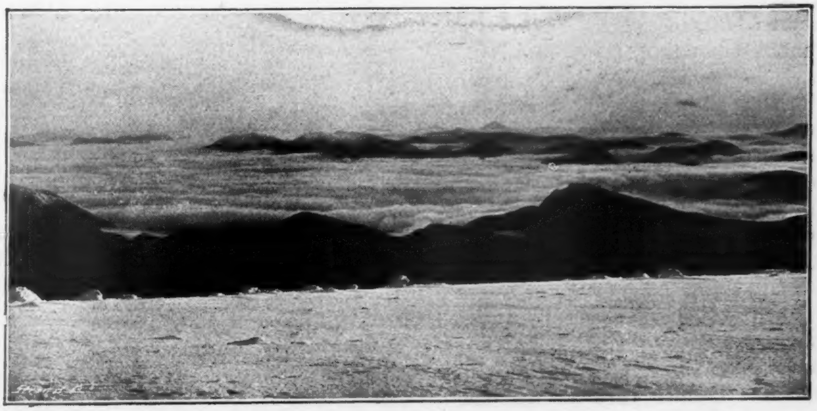
A curious fact may be mentioned with regard to colds. The observers may pass the winter on the summit with impunity; but they are liable to an attack of cold within a few days of their return to the sea-level.

During great part of the year the summit of Ben Nevis, as of other high mountains, is wrapt in cloud. Its position, near the western seaboard and in the track of south-western cyclones, renders it peculiarly liable to this cloud-covering and to a heavy rainfall. In respect to rainfall, however, it is usually exceeded by certain parts of Cumberland. The Stye, for instance, in that county has a rainfall at times of over 200 inches in the year, and on one occasion a fall of 240 inches, it is said, has been recorded. The respective averages of the two stations for three years, 1895–6–7, have been, the Stye 162 inches, Ben Nevis 136 inches—a difference equal to the average annual rainfall at parts of the East of Scotland bordering upon the Moray Firth. The average fall, including melted snow, on the Ben for ten years after the opening of the observatory was 142 inches—from sixty to seventy inches over that at the low-level station.

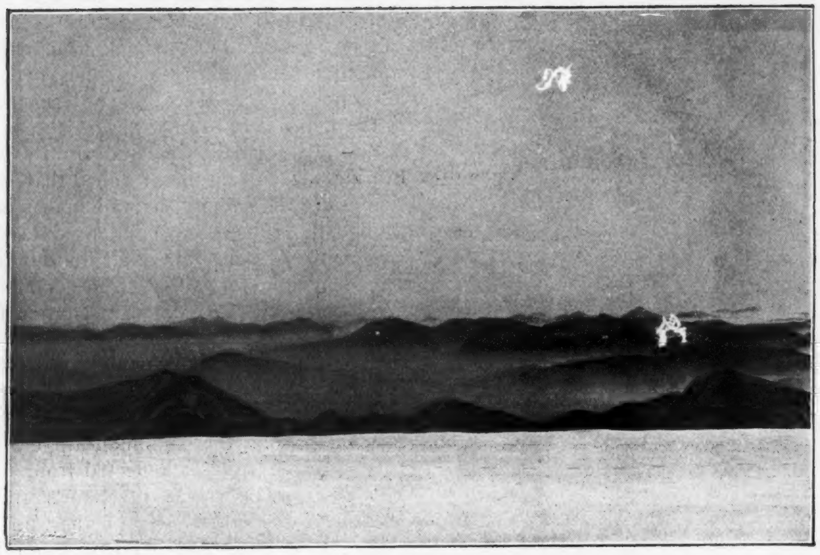
The cloud covering on Ben Nevis varies in composition. Sometimes the particles composing the cloud are comparatively dry, when the observers call it "fog;" if the particles are watery, they call it "mist." When the covering is of no great thickness, the fog or mist is white and its light is very painful to the eyes. Occasionally the fog has a peculiar smell, somewhat as if it were mixed with smoke. Of the thickness of the very dense cloud above the summit no accurate estimate can be formed; but, judging from what is sometimes seen from Ben Nevis over the lower hills, the cloud covering on the summit of the Ben itself probably never exceeds 500 or 600 feet. By the time the warm vapour-bearing air current has reached that elevation above the summit, its vapour has in all probability been entirely condensed by cold, leaving the higher strata of air quite clear.

Of the cloud forms that are observed from the Ben—when, of course, itself free from cloud—the most common kind having any definite form is the Cumulus. All are familiar with its appearance, as seen from lower levels, rising in dome or mountain-like masses, having the summits tipped with silver by the sunlight reflected from them. As this form reaches the spectator's zenith it shuts out the direct rays of the sun and becomes dark, just as happens when in a river a sheet of foam over the surface of the clear water casts a dark shadow on the bottom. The rays of the sun are refracted and reflected by the cloud particles to such an extent that the sun itself becomes invisible from where the cloud shadow falls, and only the indirect rays reach the eye.

The Nimbus or rain cloud requires but little description. Its appearance is only too well known—dark shapeless masses seemingly impenetrable to light with ragged fragments broken off from the body of the cloud blown rapidly along beneath the dense canopy, and with streaming rain torrents



ABOVE THE CLOUDS



FOGSCAPE

pouring down from the rent mass. The view here given forms a well-marked example of this kind of cloud as seen approaching the spectator. The mountain summits in the foreground are separated from the Ben by Glen Nevis. Those seen to the left, almost under the cloud, are the well-known mountains at the head of Glen Etive, called the Herdsmen of Etive—"Buachaille," greater and lesser—and produce the head streams of the river Etive, which falls into the loch of the same name. Behind these are seen ordinary cumuli lit by the sun. On the right of the picture precipitation is proceeding—snow rather than rain is falling, for the season is early winter. The cloud above appears impenetrable to light, but the driven snowstorm is illumined by the sun's rays piercing through some thinner part of the cloud or partial openings produced by the precipitation of cloud matter.

In contrast with the preceding is the Cirro-Cumulus—the fine-weather cloud. It often spreads over a large extent of the face of the sky, producing a beautifully mottled appearance, caused by the contrast between the denser parts which intercept the sun's rays and the thinner parts of the cloud, through which they more freely pass. Small spaces of sky are frequently seen between the cloud patches. The lower part of the view takes the form rather of a cirro-stratus than of a cirro-cumulus.

In Lochaber this kind of cloud is known by a name which may be rendered "Little-wedder spotting" of the sky, from its resemblance to a flock of "wedders" packed close together so that little of the individual animal is seen except the rounded back and the head. In Perthshire the Gaelic term is different, and may be rendered "Millstone spotting," from the resemblance to the "dressing" of the millstone for corn-grinding purposes.

The familiar English name for the appearance produced by this cloud is "Mackerel sky," and is given to it from the resemblance to the colour of the fish. Though it generally accompanies dry summer weather, the popular belief in its indication of weather fickleness is recorded in the couplet:

Mackerel sky, mackerel sky,
Not long wet, not long dry.

This, of course, by no means implies that the weather is anything else than fine from the point of view of the farmer, who at certain seasons delights in sunshine and shower.

A very different form of cirrus is the view called Pearly Cirrus, from the pearly appearance which is presented to the observer. This is a very rare form, seen under peculiar circumstances which may never be repeated. The observation was taken at midnight on the 21st of June. The sun would at the time be at its lowest point in relation to the Ben, though not more than eight or nine degrees below the horizon as seen from the mountain top. The cloud must, however, have been at a considerable elevation above the earth's surface in order to catch the sun's rays, which were, of course, rendered visible by refraction and reflection. But there was another circumstance not usually existing which gave the cloud its peculiar characteristic. It belongs to the period when Krakatoa dust was still floating in the higher regions of the atmosphere, and producing the gorgeous sunsets which were so frequent after that tremendous volcanic eruption in 1883.

The view "Above the Clouds" belongs to the period of the year between the beginning of August and the end of November. Its production requires a very calm state of the atmosphere, warm air nearly saturated with vapour, and a lowering of the temperature, as at night. The writer, accompanied by a friend, had an opportunity in August 1882 of enjoying one of the finest of these "Above the Clouds" views. We started at 5 A.M. from Fort William for the summit of the Ben. At an elevation of about 700 feet we entered into a very dense mist, which allowed of our seeing only a circular space around us of not over 100 yards in diameter. At an elevation of about 2300 feet we issued from the cloud into a clear atmosphere with a cloudless sky above. Our view at the time extended from the S.W. by N. to N.E., and was bounded by a succession of mountain summits rising above that height and forming, as it were, the shore of a sea of mist, the surface of which appeared as level almost as that of a sea of water, with a colour resembling that of new-fallen snow, and all but equalling it in whiteness. As we ascended, and from time to time turned round to gaze on the entrancing scene, what appeared at first a continuous coast-line became broken. The sea became an ocean studded with islands. From the summit of the Ben the view was one of indescribable beauty and magnificence. Cloud lay below us as far as the eye could reach all round to the horizon, unbroken save where mountains over 2500 or 3000 feet rose through the surface. Many of these summits were easily recognised. Almost due east was the pyramid form of Shiechallin; to the right of it the twin tops of the Perthshire Ben More; still farther to the

HIGH-PACKED CIRRUS

FOG IN THE VALLEYS

right the beautiful cone of Ben Lui. Nearly due south was the triple-crowned Cruachan, the pride of Argyll, and to the right of it the two rounded points of the Paps of Jura—as seen over the snow-white surface well justifying their name. South-westward was Ben More in Mull; almost due west the Island of Rum, and to the right of it were the serrated Coolins. To the north was Ben Wyvis, with Meall-fuar-vonie in the nearer distance. A little to the north of east the Cairngorm Mountains with Ben Muic-Dhui completed the circuit of the Bens. Within this outer circle there were innumerable other points, many of them famous in song and story.

The heat on the summit was oppressive. We attempted to make our way from Ben Nevis to Carn Mòr Dearg by the narrow ridge which connects the two, but found it necessary, owing to the unbearable heat, to abandon the attempt. An endeavour to find shelter from the sun's rays at the foot of a crag gave us a very good idea of the value of "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

In the view here given, the summit of Ben Lui (Laoigh) occupies nearly the middle of the background. Immediately to the left of it, still farther back and more faintly seen, is Ben Lomond. In the middle beyond the cloud-plain is Buachaille Etive To the left of the view are the two summits of Ben More. In the immediate foreground beyond the Ben Nevis plateau, which is covered with snow, is part of the chain forming the left side of Glen Nevis.

The same points appear in the view "Fogscape." Buachaille Etive is seen to the right with a billow of fog breaking round its base, into Glen Coe in front and into Glen Etive at the back. The sharper point to the right of it is the little Buachaille (Herdman), and behind this is Ben Lui-Calf-Ben. The immediate foreground is again part of the range on the left of Glen Nevis.

The writer on one occasion had a good opportunity of observing a somewhat similar phenomenon of the kind. On the last day of the year in which the observatory was open he ascended the Ben to bring in their first New Year with the observers. As he was leaving on New Year's Day, the sun was almost on the meridian. There was a slight south-westerly breeze with occasional tufts of cloud drifting past him over the precipices which form the north-east part of the summit. Over the Glen Coe mountains, and other mountain ridges in that direction, there lay a comparatively deep covering of cloud. The motion of the air current surmounting the ridges heaved up the cloud, and as the ridge was crossed it fell lower again, giving the whole a billowy appearance with motion towards the Ben. The cloud seemed as if tumbling in cataracts over the higher peaks, whose positions could in many cases be determined by the greater elevation to which they raised the cloud-torrent.

Immediately at hand was a still more interesting spectacle. The cloud mass that clung to the summit of the precipices overhanging the valley between Ben Nevis and Carn Mòr Dearg was but little disturbed by the air current, and, as the brink of the precipices became fitfully clear of cloud, there could be seen on the surface of the mist over the valley a huge, shadowy form, the very "Spectre of the Brocken," appearing and disappearing as the passing tufts of cloud allowed the sun to cast a distinct outline of the spectator's shadow on the mist below. This figure was surrounded by a rainbow-like halo, called by the observers a "Glory," which coruscated as he moved, or flashed round his shadow as he twirled his alpine stock in the air.

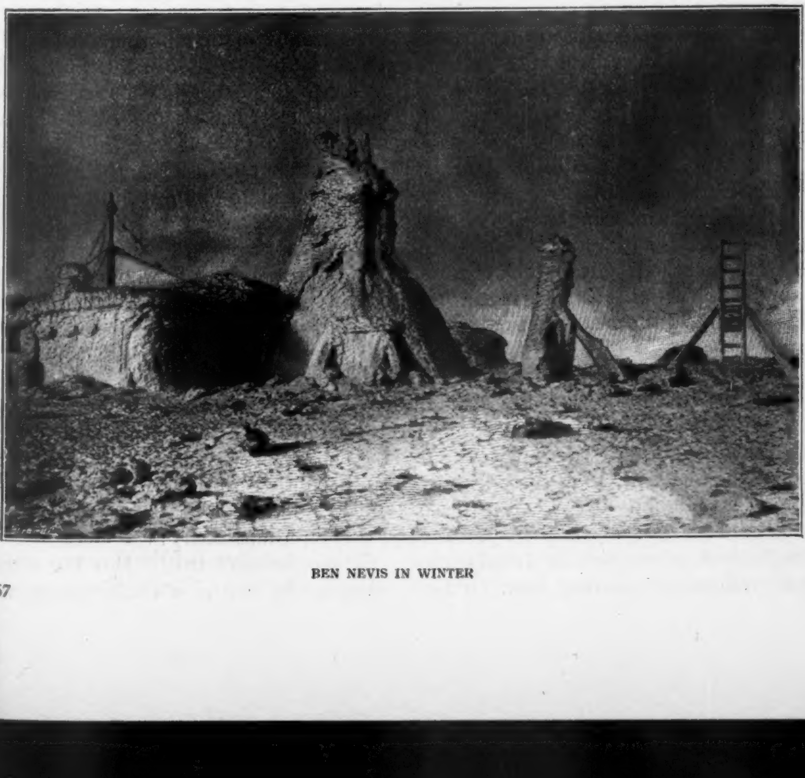
On a subsequent occasion, having made the ascent of the Ben with Mr. Wragge, the earliest observer, when on a visit to this country from his distant Australian home, the writer had a somewhat similar experience. The mist, however, was at a greater distance towards the side of Carn Mòr Dearg, and the "Glories" were not so well defined, and were more fleeting in their duration.

In the view "Fog in the Valleys" the condensation has taken place at a lower level than in the previous case, and occurs most frequently over sheets of water after bright sunshine on a very calm day, causing evaporation which nearly saturates the air immediately above the water. As the temperature falls towards evening fog is formed.

The view "High packed Cirrus" gives a not unusual aspect of cirrus cloud. The cirrus has lost much of its silvery appearance and has become "packed" into more or less stratus form, indicating approaching change of an unfavourable character.

The final view is not of cloud forms, but of the station from which the foregoing views have been taken. It represents the observatory, thermometer-screen, and other objects, incrusted with a coating of ice. This has been formed from the particles of fog on the summit being driven by the air current against the walls and other obstructions, and forming an icy incrustation on all except the stove pipe, whose heat prevented the formation of such a covering.

The first of these "Views above the Clouds" gives a good idea of what the appearance must have been long eons ago,



BEN NEVIS IN WINTER

when the whole country was covered with an ice cap rising to a height of some 2000 feet, as is indicated by the striation on many of the Lochaber mountains. The same summits that we see to-day would rise above the general level, but with this difference, that they would be not dark, as in the picture, but white from their snow covering, at all events till the ice cap began to waste away as the seasons meliorated. When this change had made some progress, the mountains would appear black, while the valleys would still have their lakelike glaciers or ice rivers flowing more or less slowly to the lower levels, and presenting much the same view as is here reproduced, and as was seen by the writer on that August day when the valleys were filled with sunlit mist, the nearer forming seas dotted with islands, the more distant containing silvery-like threads of mist, which looked like rivers flowing through the valleys and lost beneath the distant horizon.

THE MUSEUM SERMON

By the Rev. V. L. WHITECHURCH

HIS name was James West; he had lived for upwards of a year in Little Cranbourne; he was very poor and he had no friends. That was all the villagers knew about him, except that his landlady said he did a "power o' writin', seemin'ly for the newspapers," and old Deacon Gurney of the Methodist chapel was solemnly sad about his spiritual condition, and declared that "'e never entered no plaäce o' worship, not so much as the church, which was, arter all, better than nothin', tho' not to be compared to Zion chapel as a means to eternal salvation."

The village gossips certainly got nothing out of James West. That he had a "past" was evident, even to their slow-thinking brains. The man's rugged, wrinkled face spoke of years of suffering and toil, his steel-blue eyes were stern and unforgiving, the eyes of one who had been bitterly treated at the hands of men and had not forgotten. He was well advanced in years, with almost silver hair and beard, but trouble seemed to have made him old rather than age.

The real reason why he had come to live at Little Cranbourne was because he had saved enough to eke out a small annuity, which, together with the scanty payment of editors who occasionally took his work, was enough to keep him in a cheap place. Little Cranbourne was a cheap place—and, besides, he had grown sick of London, he hated his fellow-men, having been an Ishmael, and Ishmaels of all ages seek the desert.

So Little Cranbourne was his desert—an oasis perhaps—at all events he meant it to be his last halting-place on the journey that had worn him so cruelly.

It was one Saturday evening that he was walking down the village street when something seemed to strike him with sudden amazement. Standing at Deacon Gurney's gate, talking with that worthy, was a Methodist minister, a tall bearded man, in the most orthodox of long black coats and the severest of broad-brimmed shovel hats. He was saying good-night to the deacon at the moment that James West was passing, and the latter caught the sound of his voice as he gazed with an expression of surprise at the strange minister's profile.

It seemed to impress him so much that he hesitated, stopped, gazed after the retreating form of the minister, and then turned to the deacon, who was still standing within his gate:

"Good evening, Mr. Gurney."

"Good evenin', Mr. West."

"That's not your chapel minister, is he?"

"Him? No, he's not the reg'lar. He's a servant o' the Lord from a far country."

The deacon was always grandiloquent and slightly scriptural when it concerned his office.

"Ah, a missionary?"

"No, he ain't that. Not but what some people who live in a Christian country ain't worse nor heathens," said the deacon with a meaning look, "but he comes from preachin' the Gospel in the United States, and he's on a tour in England now tryin' to turn the hearts o' the disobedient. *You* ought to come to hear him, Mr. West."

"What is his name?" asked Mr. West, ignoring the deacon's sarcasm.

"The Reverend William Hurst."

"Umph," muttered the other beneath his breath, "he's changed it then—if it be he." Then he added aloud, "So he's preaching in your chapel to-morrow evening, is he?"

"Yes. He's a-goin' to preach our annual museum sermon."

"Your what?"

"Museum sermon, Mr. West. Ah, it's a custom o' these parts that p'r'aps ye never heerd of. Once a year, down at Zion chapel, we get a strange minister sent us from the centre up at Dullminster, and we lay on the preachin' desk some objects mentioned in the Scripters. We puts 'em before him one by one and then he delivers a suitable discoorse on each. It's won'erful eddifyin', I tell ye, and folks comes from miles round to hear it."

"Does the minister know what you're going to place before him?" asked James West, deeply interested.

"No. We puts the things down while a hymn's being sung and that gives him time to think. Last year we had a powerful minister, preached a beautiful gospel sermon over a han'ful of seed I'd laid afore him, with the application o' the Sower. I ain't made up my mind yet what to give this one to-morrow. I wants to fix on an Old Testament subject. I'd like him to talk about Joseph, only I can't think o' nothin' to lead up to it, except 'twas the dreams he interpreted. I might get seven ears o' corn an'——"

"There was his coat of many colours," said James West very quietly, but with a queer look on his face.

"Ah, so there was. But I ain't got nothin' o' the sort, only an old patched and darned westcoat that I'd be ashamed to show at meetin'."

"Do you know I think I've got the very thing that will do. I'll lend it you with pleasure, and, what's more, I'll come to your chapel to-morrow night and hear this strange museum sermon of yours."

"Ye will?" said the deacon earnestly. "I'll be right pleased to see ye there. Will ye bring the coat with ye?"

"Yes, I'll bring it. And you can put it before the preacher. . . . I think he ought to make something out of it."

"Strange," soliloquised James West as he went his way, "it was his voice and his features. He must have changed his name. . . . To think that I've found him at last—after many years! But I'll not spare him—no, I'll not spare the man who ruined my life and took all that was dearest away from me. A Methodist minister, too! His congregation shall know—to-morrow."

When he reached his rooms he dived to the bottom of a box and brought out a parcel wrapped in tissue paper. Inside was a faded smoking-jacket that once had been very gay, of a bright blue colour, embroidered by hand with red and gold. He looked at it tenderly.

"The only thing I have left of hers," he murmured, "and she worked it for me, before *he* ruined me and took her away!"

* * * * *

A large congregation had assembled the next evening to hear the celebrated "museum" sermon. Deacon Gurney was in his element and arrayed in shining Sunday broadcloth. He had been telling his cronies how he had "talked ser'ously with Mr. West and indooced him to come and hear the Gospel." So, when the latter appeared at the door with a parcel under his arm, the deacon rushed forward to receive him, while those who were near turned their heads to catch a view of the repentant sinner.

"Good evenin', Mr. West," said the deacon. "Glad to welcome ye; I've saved a seat for ye right up in the front, near the minister."

"Thank you," replied James West. "Here is the coat I promised. You'll give it to him, won't you?"

"That I will."

"Not too soon."

"No, we'll wait till he's warmed up a bit and got power. He's goin' to begin with a flail!"

Very shortly the service commenced. A hymn was sung, a long prayer offered by the local minister, and then the strange preacher ascended the rostrum. One or two of the congregation who glanced their eyes in the direction of James West noticed that the latter sat with his head buried in his hand, and attributed it to emotion. He did not look up when Deacon Gurney advanced with due gravity to the pulpit and laid a flail before its occupant.

The preacher thought for a moment or two. Then, opening his Bible, he found a text and read as follows:

"And Araunah said unto David, Let my lord the king take and offer up what seemeth good unto him: behold here be oxen for burnt sacrifice, and threshing instruments and other instruments of the oxen for wood."

From these words he gave a simple little discourse, showing how David had probably collected the flails for firewood, and pointing the moral.

"So, my brethren," he concluded, "we are called upon to 'offer up' unto God, and, like David, we shall find means of doing so always close at hand if we look for them. And the flail is like ourselves. It had hitherto done naught but beat out corn for men. *Now*, it was to waft a sacrifice to the Almighty with its flames. So, let us turn aside before it is too late from the making, the money grubbing, the sordid beating of earth, and rise in the flames of our affections towards God. It is difficult—but sometimes it alters a whole man's life."

There was a far-away look on the preacher's face as he uttered these words. Deacon Gurney approved with a hearty "Amen" and looked at his *protégé*. But James West still sat with his head buried in his hands.

Another hymn, and then a reed was laid in front of the preacher, who took for his subject:

"A reed shaken by the wind."

"I'm goin' to give him the coat now," whispered Deacon Gurney to James West as the next hymn was being commenced, and as he passed to the pulpit.

"Don't unwrap it," said West in reply.

So the deacon laid the parcel in front of the preacher, who, as soon as the hymn was finished, began to unwrap it. James West raised his head and looked the minister full in the face.

The latter took out the coat amidst a dead silence. For one moment he gazed upon it, then he started, turned deathly white, and big drops stood on his forehead as he grasped the pulpit-rail for support. The congregation stared at him, and the deacon was about to go to his assistance, when he took a glass of water that stood by his side, drained it, and then looked at the congregation.

His eyes wandered and shifted nervously until they rested upon a stern, implacable face near the front, and the minister knew that the faded jacket hanging over the pulpit-rail had not been delivered by chance. He met the gaze of James West for a few moments, but saw naught of pity therein, only the triumph of revenge.

Then, with a mighty effort, the minister pulled himself together and opened his Bible. Although from the history of Joseph, the congregation were a little surprised at the particular text he took.

"Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite unto us all the evil which we did unto him."

He paused, and stole another look at James West.

Yes! the Joseph in this case certainly meant to requite him!

"My friends," he began, "we all know the beautiful story of Joseph and his brethren. The coat before us—a coat of many colours—reminds us of that terrible wrong which was committed against Joseph."

Then he went on to expand. He hinted how the sight of that coat in their father's house must often have struck the guilty brethren with a secret dread—a haunting memory of their crime. He enlarged on the fearful wrong they had done their brother—the curse of a crime that was born of jealousy—jealousy the master-passion of many a human heart that goads a man to black sin.

He stole a furtive look at the man in front of the pulpit. There was the same iron, unrelenting hatred.

Then the preacher went on to sketch the subsequent history of Joseph and his grand forgiveness of his brethren.

"Hear them on their knees before their brother," he exclaimed, "acknowledging their crimes and pleading for forgiveness. 'Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren and their sin; for they did unto thee evil; and now we pray thee forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father.'"

There was an ironical smile on James West's face now, and the preacher saw it.

"My friends," he said, "I don't think Joseph forgave his brethren because he had grown rich. I think he would have forgiven them if they had come to him when he was in prison."

James West distinctly snarled and shook his head vehemently. At last the preacher had hit on his own case.

"*In prison*," re-echoed the minister, looking at his adversary.

The two men understood one another.

"In prison—where *they* had put him," he went on.

But James West's head shook again.

Then the preacher expatiated on forgiveness in general, leading up to the Christ who forgave His murderers, and whose followers his congregation were called upon to be.

There was only a cold, jeering-looking sneer on the avenger's face at this.

But the preacher had made up his mind by this time, and had recovered confidence. Besides, he felt that shame, degradation and ruin were pitted against him, and that everything depended upon that sermon. "My friends," he said, "I am going to tell you a true story of wrong—and forgiveness."

The congregation loved an anecdote, and Deacon Gurney gave vent to a loud "Yes—yes—" a kind of spiritual "Hear, hear!"

"There were two men," began the preacher, "not brothers, but so great was their friendship that they were *more* than brothers. They worked in the same office, and they were always together. So their friendship was very bright and happy, until one of them was smitten with the demon of jealousy. It was not on account of a dream, like Joseph's, but because of a woman, whom they both loved, only the one who was jealous had not told his friend.

"His jealousy grew. He did not attempt to stifle it. Under the semblance of friendship he came to hate the other man, especially when the woman favoured him and sent him a present she had worked with her own hands, just as," the speaker went on, "the coat might have been, for aught we know, a present between lovers."

James West was pale now—pale, but only with memory. He wondered what was coming next, but his face had as much hatred in it as ever.

"One day," continued the minister, "the jealous man conceived an idea, just as Joseph's brethren suddenly thought they would kill their brother. He determined to get the man he had called his friend disgraced and imprisoned—to put him out of the way, so that he could win the woman he loved."

"Shame!" cried one or two of the congregation — these discourses being always intermingled with ejaculations from the laity.

"Yes, shame on him!" reiterated the preacher, looking straight at James West. "It was the devil who tempted him and he fell. He embezzled a large sum of money from his employers and forged entries in the books in the other man's handwriting. The fraud was discovered, and the innocent man charged with it, convicted, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude."

The congregation was listening with breathless attention.

"The man who had done this wrong gained his end. He married the woman he loved. She would have nothing more to do with a disgraced convict. They lived together for nearly three years, and then, when a child was born to them, the woman died."

James West's face was hard to look upon now, and the preacher only shot a glance at it.

"Then came the time when the other man left prison, earlier than the one who had wronged him had calculated upon—on a ticket-of-leave. The crime that had been committed had a weak point in it—most crimes have. The ex-convict set to work on his release and discovered the weak point. Although he could not prove his own innocence he found out enough to implicate the man who had wronged him. The latter saw what was about to happen and fled with his infant daughter to America. There, under a new name, he began a fresh career, hiding from his adversary for years—for a long time the man he had wronged was seeking him, and he knew it.

"Then," said the preacher, "there came a time when the heart of the man who had so cruelly wronged his friend was touched by God, and his life was changed."

"Hallelujah!" shouted Deacon Gurney, who had been an intent listener. James West's face only showed ironical scorn.

"Yes, changed," went on the minister. "And his repentance was sincere, because he sought out the man to whom he had done the injury, intending to make reparation, but he never found him, nor could he hear what had become of him."

James West looked unconvinced on this point.

"At length," said the preacher, lowering his voice, "the two men met unexpectedly, and the one who had done the wrong confessed it and implored forgiveness, throwing himself on the mercy of the other, as Joseph's brethren did."

There was a long pause. The preacher looked at James West. The latter returned his gaze with undiminished hatred.

"And the other man refused to forgive him. He meant to have his revenge and make the matter public."

Once more that cold look of hatred.

"You see it was a very hard thing to forgive."

"Yes, yes," cried one or two, and James West himself muttered the same words.

"He pleaded very hard for forgiveness."

Another pause. James West shook his head.

"He knew how much the other had suffered, he knew that nothing that he could do would efface the past. Would not the man forgive him?"

"No," said James West's set lips.

Then a strange thing happened. James West rose to his feet as though about to speak. The congregation, used to occasional emotional scenes in their chapel, listened. But the preacher went on hurriedly.

"At length he pleaded his last hope. He told the man he had wronged about his daughter, a sweet girl of some five-and-twenty summers, the image of the woman they had both loved so well. *She* knew nothing of the crime—she did not know even what her right name really was—she was young and happy and loved her father dearly."

James West had sat down now.

"His ruin would break her heart. Not for his own sake, but for *hers*—the daughter of one who at least had not sinned, in memory of the old love for *her*, the man besought his enemy to spare him further public shame."

Ah, James West was not looking at the preacher now. His head was buried in his hands once more.

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"He forgave his enemy," cried the deacon and one or two others.

The preacher paused, looked at James West, and asked the question again.

"For the sake of the innocent girl—what did he do?"

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The minister finished his sermon on the story of Joseph, applying the idea of this instance of human forgiveness to the divine pardon that God bestows upon man for the sake of the innocent Saviour. But the rest of his discourse was not quite up to the mark—at least to the minds of the hearers. But they were over particular.

So the annual "museum" sermon ended. Deacon Gurney introduced his *protégé* to the minister afterwards.

"I do believe 'twas a call from the Lord," he remarked to a neighbour on the way home. "The tears was standin' in Mr. West's eyes, and the minister, he says, 'You and I must have a talk together,' and Mr. West actually asked him back to supper. I doan't grudge the minister plucking a brand out o' the burnin', or stayin' behind for a reasonable time to quench the flames, so to speak; but I do think he ought to eat bread on the blessed Sabbath with a reg'lar member o' Zion—specially when I meant to ha' asked him myself, and had prepared victuals accordin'."

THE JEWISH COLONY IN LONDON

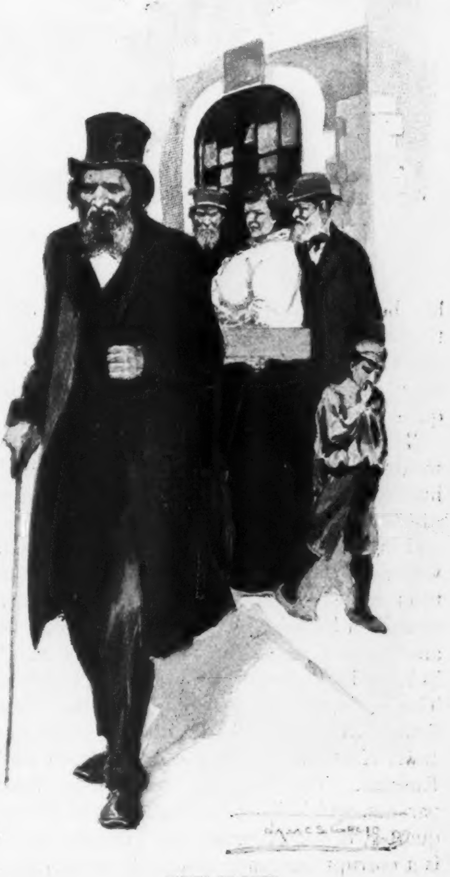
By JAMES STRANG

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

THE Jewish quarter occupies a broad area lying to the north-east of Houndsditch, and is practically bounded on two sides by Bishopsgate and Whitechapel. The modern Jews of London are obviously not the direct successors of the Jewish traders who followed William the Conqueror from Normandy, and who, in the words of Green the historian, "were enabled by the royal protection to establish themselves in separate quarters or 'Jewries' of the chief towns of England." For these Jews of the Norman Conquest were banished towards the close of the thirteenth century by Edward the First, and were strangers to British shores for three and a half centuries, only returning during the time of the Commonwealth under the protecting tolerance of Oliver Cromwell.

The street in the Jewish quarters which has been most frequently described, and is consequently best known, is Petticoat Lane, lying almost directly behind Devonshire House, the headquarters of the Quakers, in Bishopsgate Without. It is now called Middlesex Street. On week-days its roadway is comparatively clear of the Jewish costers' barrows, but on Sundays it is packed with them from pavement to pavement. In Wentworth Street, which runs out of Middlesex Street, the barrow business is in full swing all the week, except on Saturday, which is, of course, the Jewish Sabbath. On these barrows and carts all sorts of incongruous articles are displayed and sold—fish, silk kerchiefs, old iron, biscuits, braces, onions, shawls, medicine, men's suits, ices, sham jewellery, fizzing drinks, delf, boiled peas, collars and dickies, potatoes, and shell-fish—all the barrows mixed up in a fearful and wonderful hotch-potch.

But the crowd is the thing—nearly all Jew men, Jew women, Jew children. The men appear of two types; one, with very hooked nose, long beard, and a certain air of reverend gravity—almost rabbinical—which is deceiving; the other, sallow-complexioned, not so prominent of nose nor so profuse of beard, voluble and without repose. None of the women are pretty and many are ugly, albeit a few of them carry a kind of tawdry grace about them, and all run to flesh and coarseness as they mature. For some inscrutable reason, the Jewish fishwife always seems to be phenomenally fat, while every Jewess, maiden and wife and even grandmother, has a conspicuous love for colour, which is displayed in the gaudy shawl around her shoulders, and the flaming kerchief on



TYPES OF JEWS

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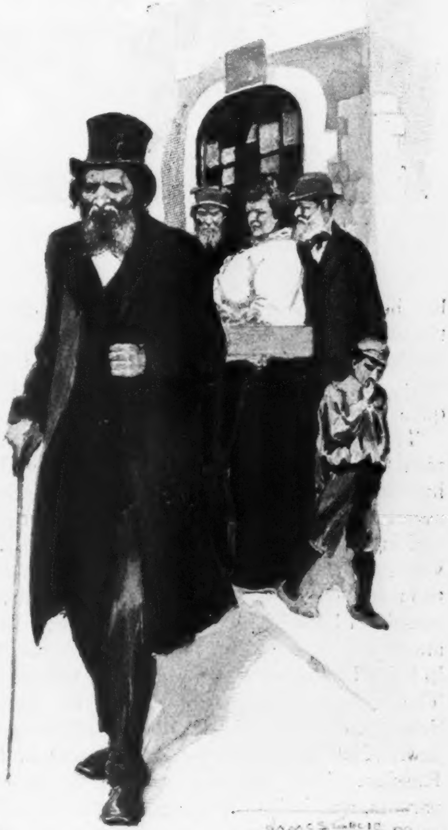
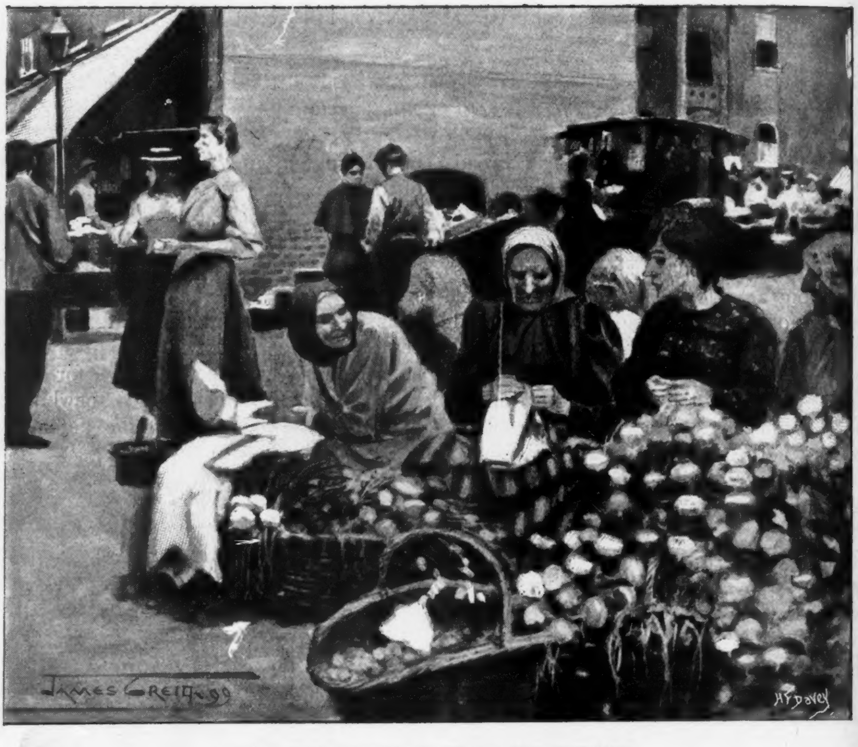


TYPES OF JEWS



CORNER OF WENTWORTH STREET AND PETTICOAT LANE

her head. The children are not less distinctively Hebrew — the very babes are comically so, with their quaint old-world faces, their odd little curly heads, and their queer little monkey eyes.

The Jews of the East End are by no means wholly given up to hawking and huckstering. Running out of Wentworth Street is a narrow alley called Bell Lane, and in this the Jews' Free School is situated. There is an average daily attendance of three thousand children here, who receive their education both in English and Hebrew. In another school, called the Talmud Torah,* in Brick Lane, they are only taught in Hebrew. The boys and girls who attend the Free School are almost all the children of foreign Jews, Austrian, Polish, German, Dutch and Russian. The language spoken by their parents, and indeed, throughout the Jewish quarter, is not Hebrew, but Yiddish, which is a corrupt language founded on German. When the children are first brought to the school by their fathers, there is, in nearly every instance, great difficulty in getting from the father the correct name of his child, even although the master speaks Yiddish fluently. The father will give the name simply as, say Jacob, and when asked for the other name will add Aaron, which does not mean that the proper name of the child is Jacob Aaron, but that the father's name is Aaron and that he is calling the child "Jacob the son of Aaron." It is invariably after considerable trouble that the surname is secured.

The facility with which these children of foreign Jews pick up English at school, although they may hear nothing but Yiddish spoken at home, is marvellous. They acquire the language so rapidly that in a year they can generally command it well enough to converse fluently with their teachers. This, as explained to me by one of their most eminent men, is to be accounted for by heredity. First, because they have inherited from their wandering race the faculty of seizing upon the language of the people among whom they have chanced to settle; second, because they are the heirs of a much more ancient civilisation than that of any European nation.

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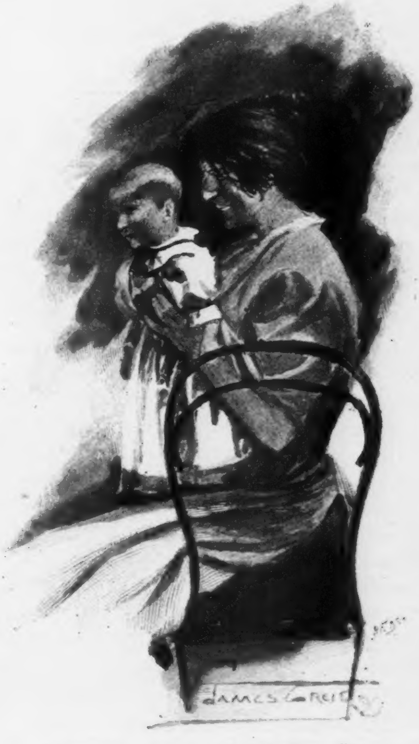
* Teaching of the Law.

The Jewish colony is marked by the absence of what may be called crimes as distinguished from vices. Unlike the Italians, their offences are not against the person but against property. Within a comparatively recent date they were notorious as dealers in stolen goods. The vices which yet cling tenaciously to them are want of cleanliness, lying, and even perjury. As to the first, the Jews seem to have been always a dirty race, judging by the hygienic laws which Moses found it necessary to impose upon them. With regard to the others, their apologists declare that the taint of deceit and untruthfulness is largely owing to the fact that most of them are refugees from countries in which oppression and corrupt administration prevail, and where they were driven by persecution into habits of double-dealing, lying, bribery and perjury, to try and save their wretched skins.

The foreign Jews do not huddle together indiscriminately within the confines of their colony. Thus, there is an odd little passage going under an archway in Bell Lane and issuing into Tenter's Grounds—which is mainly inhabited by Dutch Jews. Roughly speaking, it forms a parallelogram, bounded by Tenter Street, Shepherd Street, Tilley Street and White's Row, and is cut into sections by Palmer, Freeman, and Butler Streets. The houses are neat two-storied dwellings, quiet in comparison with the surrounding neighbourhood. The little windows have a hinged shutter outside, to right and left, and the two shutters are swung back during the day and bolted against the wall. These seven short streets are very clean, possibly from habits which their inhabitants or their ancestors acquired in Holland. The most filthy spot in the colony is also the most densely populated and is to be found among the Polish and Austrian Jews on the other side of Commercial Street, which is a great main artery intersecting the modern Ghetto. This dirty spot is Booth's Buildings, in Booth Street. It consists of some tall brick buildings, each room of which is tenanted by at least one family. The local authorities know it, and on my last visit there its pavements and corners were found to be liberally besprinkled with a powerful disinfectant.

A conspicuous feature of the Jewish quarter is the bills printed in strange unfamiliar characters which are posted on the blank walls and hoardings, while the notices in windows of lodgings to let and of "hands" required for work are commonly in Yiddish. In Brick Lane there is a Yiddish printing office, where jobbing work is done and a newpaper printed and published. This Yiddish paper, which boasts itself of being "the leading Jewish newspaper in Great Britain," is called *The Hashulamith* after the female character in the Song of Solomon, in which our authorised version gives her name as the Shulamite.

Some of the bills have an English translation appended to the Yiddish. The example given here is that of a "kosher" butcher's handbill, and the gentleman



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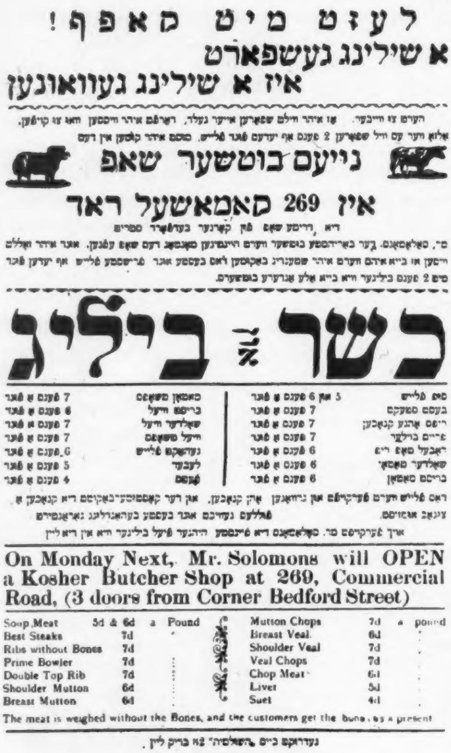


לעזט מיט סאפף!

א שילינג געשפארט

איז א שילינג געוואונען

נייעם בוטשער שאפ

אין 269 סאמאשעל ראד

כשר בילינג

On Monday Next, Mr. Solomons will OPEN a Kosher Butcher Shop at 269, Commercial Road, (3 doors from Corner Bedford Street)

Soup Meat	5d & 6d	a Pound	Mutton Chops	7d	a	pound
Best Steaks	7d		Breast Veal	6d		
Ribs without Bones	7d		Shoulder Veal	7d		
Prime Bowler	7d		Veal Chops	7d		
Double Top Rib	7d		Chop Meat	6d		
Shoulder Mutton	6d		Liver	5d		
Breast Mutton	6d		Suet	4d		

The meat is weighed without the Bones, and the customers get the bones as a present

KOSHER BUTCHER'S HANDBILL

evidently knows the right note to strike in appealing for custom, since he announces that "The meat is weighed without the bones and the customers get the bones as a present." A "kosher" butcher, by the way, is one who deals in meat specially prepared for Jewish consumption, "kosher" meat being drained or reputed to be drained of blood, of which it is against the law for a Jew to partake.

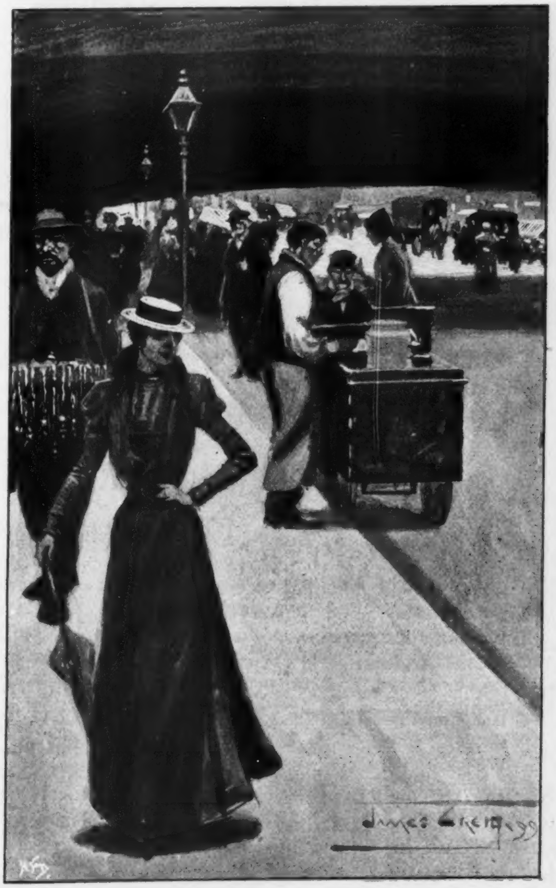
In a lane off Whitechapel High Street, a few hundred yards from Commercial Street and called Black Lion Yard, there are, on the left hand side as you turn in, two small shops tenanted by Jewish scribes. Each has one tiny window, in which are exhibited, in a very modest way, a few Hebrew books, one or two scrolls of the law, and several phylacteries.

What is visible of a phylactery is merely the outer case, the thing itself being a parchment scroll inscribed with passages of scripture. The women do not wear them but every male Jew above a certain age must, during worship in the synagogue, wear not only a *talith* or sacred scarf, but two phylacteries. That age is thirteen, when a Hebrew boy undergoes the ceremony of *Bar-Mitzval* or confirmation, the equivalent to admission to membership in the Christian Church. One of the phylacteries, the case of which is a plain one, is strapped upon the upper part of the left arm, to which it is fastened by a strap which passes seven times round the arm and hand, being so wound round the palm of the hand as to form the letter *Shin*, which is the first letter in the word *Shaddai*, meaning Almighty. The other, of which the case is divided inside into four compartments and has on the outside two Hebrew signs, is strapped upon the forehead between the eyes. The cases are made of leather, sewed together in such a way that the parchment within is securely beyond touch and sight. I have, however, taken the liberty of forcibly opening one and abstracting the parchment scroll with the Hebrew characters inscribed upon it. These must on no account be mechanically printed, but inscribed by hand, and in the original of this one the marks of the ruled lines to guide the scribe are quite visibly indented.

The passages written on the phylactery parchment are Deuteronomy vi. 4–9, and this passage, beginning "Hear O Israel," is to a Jew the most sacred in all the Scripture, and contains the last words which he utters or hears uttered when dying; Deuteronomy xi. 13–21, and some four other passages. The phylacteries are thus bound upon the worshipper because of the command in these passages concerning the words spoken, "Thou shalt bind them for a a sign upon thine hand and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes." It is, in fact, a literal fulfilling of "the letter of the law." The Jew will further tell you that they are bound on the arm because the arm is the symbol of strength and physical labour, and on the left arm because it is nearer the heart than the right, while it is bound on the forehead as the symbol of intelligence and thought. Devout Jews likewise obey the other command in the same chapters in Deuteronomy, namely, "Thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thine house," for on the outside of each door in the house of an orthodox Jew there is placed a *mazzuzoth*, which is simply a box or case containing another such parchment scroll as the phylactery cases enclose.

The East End Jews are a hard-working and frugal people, with simple tastes and few wants. In spite of their unwholesome surroundings, the mortality among them compares very favourably with that of other poor districts of London, and this has been set down as being largely a result of their admirable temperance in eating and drinking. They have a partiality for fish, which they cook in a special way of their own, and the beer with which the English working man, of the baser sort, loves to soak himself and becloud his brains, seems to have no deadly fascination for them. One prejudice against the Jews appears to be based on some misconception. Hard as the Jew may be in business, keen at driving a bargain, sharp perhaps to unscrupulousness in taking advantage, no man can be more generous and open-handed than the Jew who has succeeded in business and made money. It is true that the moneyed Hebrew too often shows a certain instinct for flashy display, a barbaric Oriental taste for finery, leading to vulgar ostentation in diamonds and dress, but he is commonly free with his money in other and more commendable ways. He is hospitable in entertaining, and generous in his friendships, observing, in this respect, none of the national narrowness which, combined with the marvellous vitality of the race, has preserved the Jews as a separate people for ages. This, however, touches a world of which the dwellers in the true Jewish colony of London know nothing. It is as foreign to them as are the revels of Mayfair and the pleasures of Belgravia to the English folk who huddle together in the dismal slums of the East End, or the Surrey side of the Thames. Not that the poor Jews are without their amusements. They have their concerts and dances, their theatricals and clubs, and their merry private junketings. Poverty stricken many of them may be, but never hopeless. They take the buffetings and floutings of fortune with the same pathetic patience and courage which make the voiceless and tearless struggle of London's own poor so wondrous and tragic.

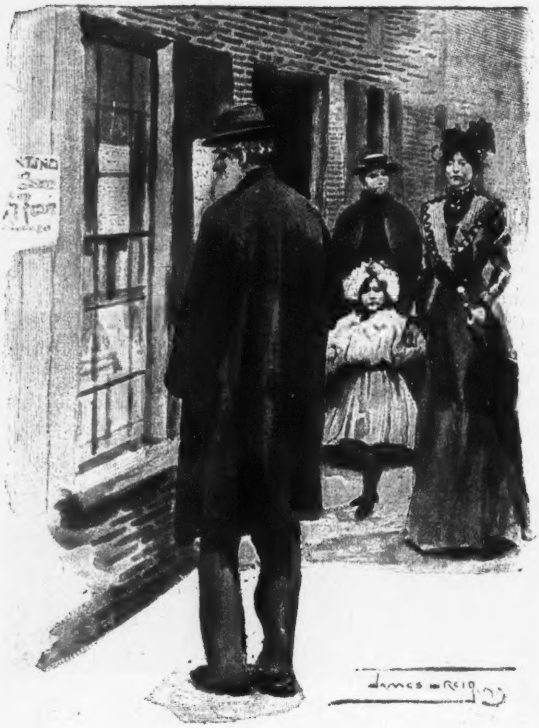
There is, in this connection, one striking characteristic of the Jewish community, speaking in a wider sense than merely of the Jewish colony of the East End, which is worthy of note, and that is the benevolence with which the flourishing members of the race subscribe to the needs of their own poor. To such an extent, indeed, is this charity carried, that a well known Jew—who



BRICK LANE ON SUNDAY

is a strong individualist, it should be explained—said to me the other day that this indiscriminating alms-giving had produced a certain amount of demoralisation. The word *schnorrer*, he observed, means a beggar belonging to that peculiar type which has been produced by a profuse charity which manufactures mendicancy.

It has only been possible to touch lightly and imperfectly on a subject which could well stand longer and more intent consideration. For there is a fascinating attraction in this strange people—as winning in some ways as they are repellent in others—wanderers through the ages from land to land, who have handed down from generation to generation the laws and traditions of their fathers, and still fulfil to the letter the law received in the Desert of Sinai, dwelling as an ancient and separate race in modern London and tenaciously nourishing, amid surroundings so different and unsympathetic, the ceremonies of the olden faith which have been transmitted to them from the dim and distant past.



JEWISH SCRIBE'S SHOP, BLACK LION YARD

CHRISTMAS GAMES OF YESTERDAY

By JOUBERT JEANS

IT is said that we do not now have, in the matter of weather, such good old-fashioned Christmases as of yore—those which Scott had in mind when he wrote:

> Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
> But let it whistle as it will
> We'll keep our Christmas merry still!

Nor do we celebrate this festive season as our grandfathers did. The times have changed, and we with them; and so rapidly has the new order of things come upon us that the outward peculiarities of even our fathers' younger days seem almost as far away as is ancient history. How many "young men and maidens" of to-day know of "The Peace Egg," "Mumming," "Death and the Lady," "The Old Horse," "The Old Ram," and several other purely Christmas games of a hoary nature? It may be safely said that to ninety-nine per cent. of the country they are wholly unknown, and that the little knowledge existing of them covers a very limited area of Yorkshire and Lancashire—where they seem to have made their last struggle against the crushing prosaicism of modernity. In addition to this, the knowledge is probably confined to those who have no further acquaintance with a sixpenny magazine than seeing one on a bookstall, for in the later days of these games they were but played among the comparatively illiterate poor. "Morris Dancing" is not here included, because all fairly well-read people know something of it: nor is it possible, in a magazine article, to bring more than a few of these old pastimes before the reader.

"The Peace Egg"—a decidedly enigmatical title, as will be presently seen—is simply a little play with all the necessary characters but a heroine. Its *dramatis personæ* were ten, and boys acted it. The youngsters would begin their preparations as soon as December set in—having the needful "property" dresses and such made by their sisters and mothers, their swords at the nearest blacksmith's shop (when new ones were required), and rehearsing their parts ready for public display. On Christmas Eve—their "first night"—they would sally forth, their arms and gaudy attire hidden by old cloaks or overcoats a world too large for them, and enter the first hotel, prosperous dwelling, or common inn that came in their way. (Until some thirty years ago no door was closed against these merry little mummers.) On entering the room nine of the players would range themselves by the walls, and the diminutive Clown—tricked out as a mediæval jester—throwing off his cloak and shaking his short belled staff, would step on to the middle of the floor and open with:

Room, room, brave gentlemen, and give us room to sport;
For in this room we wish for to resort—
Resort, resort, and to repeat our merry rhyme;
For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas-time.
The time they cut up goose-pies that now ought to appear
While we enact a little of our merry Christmas here,—
At the sound of the trumpet, the beat of the drum;
So make room, good gentlemen, and let our actors come.
We are the merry actors who fight for our meat,
We are the merry actors that traverse the street,
We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,
So step in St. George, thou champion, and clear the way!

Here he retires to the wall, and the hero, unsheathing his sword, springs forward, announces his name and station in true tournament fashion, and begins to relate a couple of his doughty deeds—the grandiloquent passage being wound up with:

I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,
Resolved within a dungeon deep to meet her fate;
When, lo! the monster almost struck me dead,
But by my valour I cut off his head!

It is now his turn to give way, and the one taking his place says:

I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name!
With sword and buckler by my side I hope to win great fame;
And for to fight with me I see thou art not able,
For with my trusty broadsword I soon will thee disable!
St. George: Disable, disable? It lies not in thy power,
For with my ever-conquering spear I soon will thee devour!

Being of the old heroic kind they lose no time in needless talk; but fall to, and Slasher is wounded. At this the Clown leaps forward, calling out:

A doctor! A doctor! Ten thousand pounds for a doctor!

One of the others replies that he will fetch the required leech; whereat the whimsical-looking little fellow—dressed in a beaver hat of ancient style, an after-dinner suit of similar age, and with bottles and vials half-thrust into all his pockets—comes to the front and declares himself. Then, regardless of the wounded one at their feet, the following dialogue is spoken:

Clown: Are you the doctor?
Doctor: Yes, and plainly may you see
By my face and activity. (*With a leap and a grimace.*)
Clown: Oh! Then I'll give you ten pounds to cure this poor man.
Doctor: Jack, though ten pounds be thy fee,
I'm an honest man, and I'll only take five of thee.
Clown (*aside*): You'll look wondrous cunning if you get any. (*Aloud*): How far have you travelled in doctorship?
Doctor: From Italy, Titaly, High Germany, France and Spain,
And now returned to cure the diseases in old England again.
Clown: What, so far and no farther?
Doctor: Oh yes, a great deal farther.

Whereupon he tells of a number of impossible travels and adventures, and concludes them with:

From the fire-side to the cupboard-door, upstairs, and into bed.

Clown : Oh! And what diseases can you cure?
Doctor : All sorts.
Clown : What's all sorts?
Doctor : The itch, the pitch, the palsy, and the gout.
If a man's got nineteen devils in his skull
I'll cast twenty of them out.
I cured Sir Harry of a "hangnail"
Almost fifty-five yards long:
Surely I can cure this poor man.
Here, Jack, take a little of my niff-naff,
And let it run down thy thriff-thraff;
And if thou be not quite slain,
Rise, Jack, and fight again.

Slasher duly obeys his medico in the matter of rising, but the fighting he leaves for another day. After bidding St. George a proper sad farewell, he departs, and the hero once more proclaims his name and country to all whom they may concern, not forgetting to add on a few more of his exploits in derring-do. Then come forward the King of Egypt, the Black Prince of Paradise—who is the King's son, and Mahometanism is evident in the title, Hector the royal henchman, and a "Turkish Champion." These St. George, after some talk with each one in turn, systematically places *hors de combat.* They are followed by another kind of jester, who calls himself Beelzebub; the last to appear being the smallest urchin of the party. He is attired to represent the old-time orthodox Prince of Evil, has a large money-box strapped to his shoulders, a witch's broom in his hand, and his words are:

Here come I, little Devil-Doubt;
If you don't give me money I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want, and money I crave;
If you don't give me money I'll sweep you to your grave.

Thus day and evening till the New Year is in they will be strolling players, and obtain from one to two pounds each during the time.

"The Old Horse," and "The Old Ram," or, as it was commonly known, "The Old Tup," are also boys' games. The former is really a song, or dirge, allegorical of the dead year, and at times young men would play it. So, too, the latter may be; but, if so, the allegory requires considerable effort to trace out. For the purpose of it the lads obtain a cured sheepskin; to this they attach a wooden head with the lower jaw working on hinges, and pulled up now and then by a piece of string rove through a staple in the roof of the mouth. Next a stout stick is fastened to the back of the head on the under-side; a boy—bent as if playing at leap-frog—gets beneath the skin, takes in one hand the stick and in the other the string that works the jaw, and all is ready. Like the party with "The Peace Egg," they go almost wherever they list—for this game, although very rarely, is met with to-day. On entering the room they gather around the "Tup," and sing their song, of which three stanzas are:

This Ram was fed at Derby, all on the Derby moor,
And sure it is his like, Sirs, was never seen before;
Fay-lay, fay-lay, fol-the-dol-lair-al-i-day!

The wool that grew on his back, Sirs, it grew so mighty high,
That the eagles built their nests, Sirs, for we heard the young ones cry;
Fay-lay, fay-lay, fol-the-dol-lair-al-i-day!

The butcher that killed this Ram, Sirs, was in danger of his life;
For he was up to the middle in blood, Sirs, crying out for a longer knife;
Fay-lay, fay-lay, fal-the-dol-lair-al-i day!

Both of the foregone are also money-gathering games; and in that, as in their somewhat sportive nature, they are the opposite of "Death and the Lady." This is essentially an allegory, and is doubtless akin to the masques of earlier times. Its characters are four, the two mentioned in the title, a doctor, and the lady's daughter. When played, "Death" seems always to have been habited in a long flowing white robe, a skeleton-mask and head-gear, and armed with a dart; while the others wore the dress of their time, and face-masks to hide their identity. Here the "Lady" represents the dying year, the "Daughter" the coming year, "Death" stands for inevitable decay, and Nature is most likely meant by the "Doctor." It is doubtful if any living person has seen this little play, which was always set about in a very earnest mood and played as seriously; the actors being generally young men and women. The dialogue is begun by "Death," who says:

Fair lady, pray now cast your robes aside;
No longer may you glory in your pride.
Take leave of each and all base earth-delight,
For here I come to summon you away this night.
LADY: Pray, what bold attempt is this! Pray let me know
From whence she (the daughter) came, and whither I must go!
Am I a lady who must stoop and bow
To such a pale-faced visitor? Who art thou?
DEATH (*smiling*): Dost thou not know me? I will tell thee, then.
'Tis I who conquer all the sons of men.
(*Sternly*): No pits of honour from my dart are free! (*He strikes.*)
My name is DEATH. Hast thou never heard of me?
LADY (*falling in the "Daughter's" arms*):
Ah yes, yes: I've heard of thee time after time,
But, being in the glory of my prime,
I little thought thou wouldst have come so soon.
Why must my morning sun go down at noon?
DEATH: Talk none of that. 'Tis better you are mute.
There is no time to spare so to dispute.
Your gold and jewels all, you leave behind;
Your honour, e'en, shall fly like chaff before the wind.

Here the "Lady" pleads to be allowed to live a little longer for her "Daughter's" sake: but "Death" smiles and is obdurate. Then she strives to gain her wish through the "Doctor's" means; still in vain—he answers that he cannot help her. She finds fault with the medical art, because it can do her no good (surely a proof that the unknown author had been favoured with some glimmerings into woman's nature), brings the "Daughter's" persuasion to bear on "Death," and finally succumbs at the last one's stern behest. Could anything be more typical of the days which can never be again? To let the imagination riot amongst these things and the kindred elements of "holly night" is to see Christmas as it was a hundred to three hundred years ago.

Then come the "Mummers." Mumming is a style of merriment with many forms, and though still fairly well known to the working classes in the North, there are many thousands of people to-day who have never seen it in any shape. Perhaps the commonest form, and almost the only surviving one, used by the girls is that of putting on some strange article of dress, a mask, and a man's hat or cap; then—two or three making up a party—taking dusters, blacklead brushes, and the like, and invading a neighbour's house and generally "tidying it up" to their satisfaction. No matter what the family and guests are doing at the moment, the "Mummers" proceed with their self-allotted task, and rarely indeed are they interfered with. During the work not a word is said by them; and if one of them yields to the verbal temptations of a person of the house to make her speak, the others instantly rush out in order to keep their secret. Here we see a parallel to the house-sprites of Saxon days and to Robin Goodfellow, as a proof of which, if the "Mummers" find a house with the door unlocked and its inhabitants temporarily out, they will quickly put things topsy-turvy and decamp. Among the young men mumming is done mostly as disguised minstrels. But sometimes half-a-dozen or so of youths and girls of a similar age will band together, mask themselves, and go to the houses of their friends, acting some dumb-show previously arranged on. And

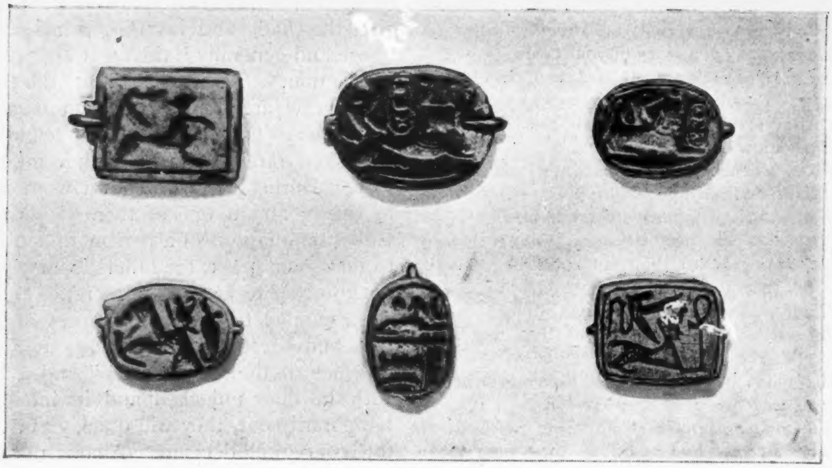
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery

. . . . .

But, O! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

Last, for which there is here space to mention, come the little girls with their "Wassail Song": children who never dream what wassail songs once meant. Beyond the Humber this is still a great thing with those too young to share in the other festal games. They usually go in twos; their "properties" consisting of an oblong box—probably just emptied of its dry soap—some cheap muslin, a doll of good dimensions, and some fruit, holly and mistletoe. With this—on its humble analogy to the Manger and the Child we need not dwell, the reader will see it all—between them they walk from house to house, singing their song, opening with:

Here we come a-wassailing,
So fair to be seen,
Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green:
Love and joy come to you,
And to you a wassail too,
And God send you all a happy New Year;
A New Year, a New Year,
And God send you all a happy New Year.



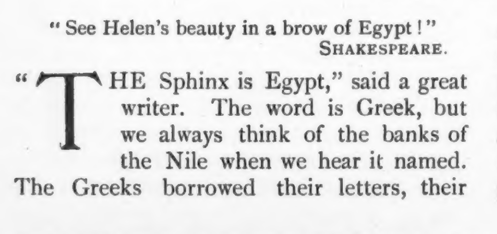
EGYPTIAN SCARABS

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE

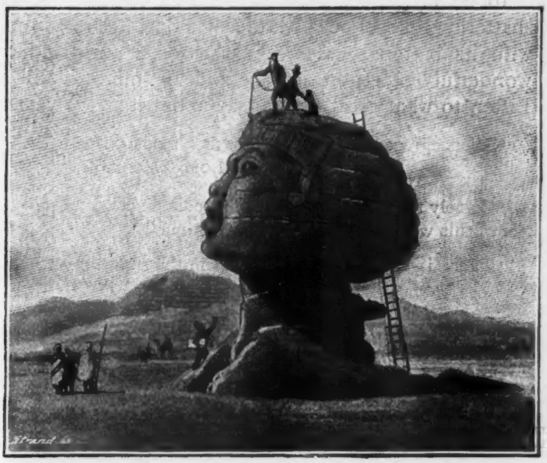
By JOHN WARD, F.S.A.

> "See Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt!"
> SHAKESPEARE.

"THE Sphinx is Egypt," said a great writer. The word is Greek, but we always think of the banks of the Nile when we hear it named. The Greeks borrowed their letters, their art, and their symbols from the Egyptians, the ancient pioneers of the earliest civilisation. The coin of Chios, which gave us Homer, bears a sphinx, the Egyptian fabulous animal—half human, half lion—the symbol of the union of the intellectual and the physical powers. But the Greeks added wings to the creature: being a poetic people, theirs had to seem able to soar aloft, when required! The word also conveys the notion of an enigma, a riddle. The Great Sphinx is such to this day. When was it made? by whom? what was its countenance? we constantly feel inclined to ask. "The Sphinx must solve its own riddle," says Emerson. When he wrote he did not know that this had been in part accomplished. When recently the sand that had veiled its form for two thousand years was cleared out, there was discovered between its enormous paws a granite stele erected by Thothmes IV. (about 1530 B.C.). On this the king states that he had been commanded by the god Khepra in a dream to "free my image from the sand of the desert which is spoiling me." Not only did Thothmes do this and restore the image, but a small temple before the figure, built by him, bears his royal cartouche, and commits the ancient monument to the care of his successors. Then Mariette,



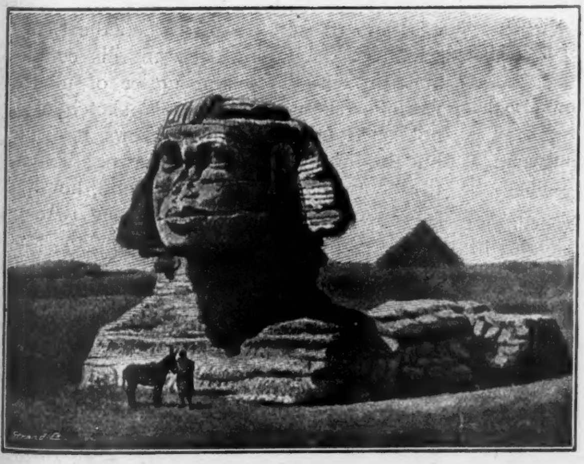
THE GRANITE STELE, RECORDING THE REPAIRS TO THE SPHINX, MADE BY THOTHMES



THE SPHINX, IN 1800

From Denon's Engraving, illustrating Napoleon's Expedition to Egypt

later still, found an inscription recording that the Sphinx existed in the time of Khufu (Cheops, who built the Great Pyramid close by, 3730 B.C.). Thus part of the riddle was solved; we know how ancient it is. But Maspero carried its origin back to the time of Mena the first king (4400 B.C.). The Sphinx is carved out of the living rock. The whole figure is 170 feet long and 70 feet high. It was possibly intended for a portrait of the king who was intended to be buried in it or who had it made. It might even have been a likeness of Mena himself (as the kings after death became gods and were worshipped), looking out towards his city of Memphis. An accidental likeness to a human head may have been found in a craggy spur of natural rock, which suggested the sculpturing of it. However that may be, the stone of the same formation and strata originally existed around. To-day we find, about half a mile off to the south, a bluff of the original rock still remaining at a similar elevation. This is another proof of the great antiquity of this unique monument, for all the stone available on the spot was used up in after times for tombs and pyramids. The ancient sacred object was spared, and stood up "an isle of stone in the desert," as it is described in a Greek poem carved on one of the paws. Now the sand is 40 feet above it, and the part that is cleared out seems like a pit. The high road from the Nile was once close to the Pyramid platform, and passed by it, and a paved court and steps leading up to the great figure was uncovered by the French in 1798, and again by Mariette in our own days, but now is again swallowed up by the sand.



THE SPHINX, IN 1840

From a Drawing by David Roberts, R.A.

In Pliny's time (A.D. 40) it was perfect, and he was much struck with its beauty. He said a king had been buried in it, and the square shaft of a tomb remains, cut deep downwards from the centre of the back. This tomb is of great depth, and has never been properly explored. An Arab geographer, Abd el Latif, describes (in A.D. 1200) its face as being very beautiful, the mouth graceful and lovely, and as if smiling graciously, and the face still bearing freshly its red paint. It seems to have been forgotten for centuries, save by the Bedouins, who supposed it to be an Afreet, and used it as a target, shattering its shapely features.* But, even with its battered visage, it has a weird and wonderful effect on the beholder's mind. Listen to what great writers say about it:

> "Science, regarded by ignorance as a monster."
> LORD BACON.

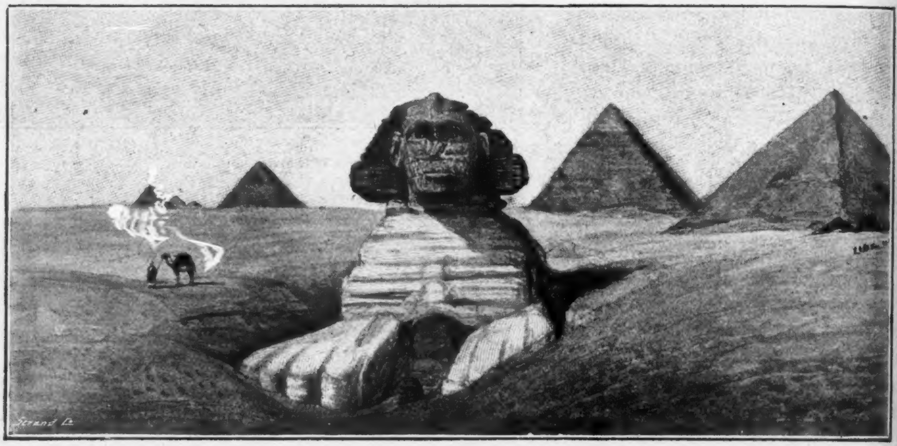
> "Comely the creature is, but its comeliness is not of this world."—KINGLAKE'S "Eöthen."

> "There is something stupendous in the sight of that tremendous head. . . . If it was the giant representative of Royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchres."—DEAN STANLEY.

> "Look up into those eyes, so full of meaning, though so fixed!"—MISS MARTINEAU.

> "Nature! the Sphinx, its emblem, shows also the claws of a lioness."—CARLYLE.

> "Its calm, majestic expression of countenance."
> KENRICK.



THE SPHINX, AS NOW EXCAVATED

We have seen that a king had the Sphinx unburied and restored: the event was considered worthy of a carved granite stele, which still stands where Thothmes placed it 3425 years ago. I have picked up in various parts of Egypt scarabs or royal seals of the time, bearing on each a sphinx, evidently recording the event as important, as the monarch's cartouche is placed beside! It is wonderful how little things like this have been preserved to this day as proofs of history.*

The sand came back again and swallowed up the Sphinx, stele, and temple, and nought was exposed but the head when the French scientific expedition, early in this century, first brought it to the notice of modern Europe. I submit Denon's sketch of it, published in 1810, which shows its state, but the head is incorrectly drawn. To give the poor Sphinx justice I append, however, a copy of a drawing made about 1840 by a British artist, which shows how the sand had risen after Caviglia's removal of it, but is correct in all details of the face as we now find it. It also shows how ruined the body had become, and the neck thinned away. All traces of the head-dress, which in Egyptian royal statues falls down over the shoulders and chest, had disappeared. This is owing to the soft decaying white strata of which the lower part, all beneath the head, unfortunately, is composed. It has not been done by violence altogether, but by the persistent "sand blast" of the desert for thousands of years. No doubt the whole body was sculptured as carefully as the head, in its original state.* The part composing the head is of such durable stone, that (had the Bedouins left it alone) the nose would have been entire, no doubt, the golden collar round the neck, the uræus diadem on the head. It remained for me this year to discover what the face had been like—and that accidentally.

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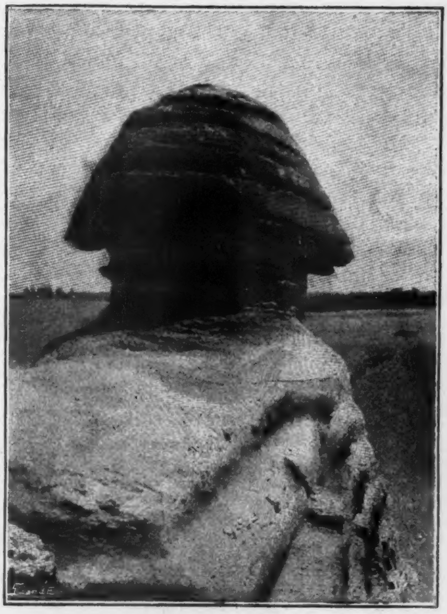
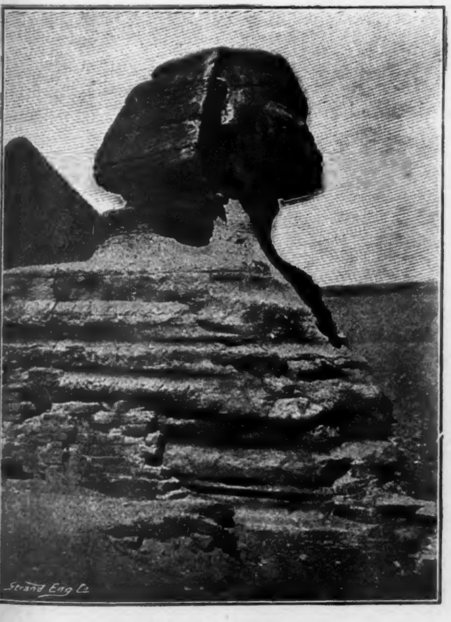
* They now spare it to earn money by acting as guides, and demand "baksheesh" for showing it, climbing to its head like monkeys and capering on the top, much to its danger. The stone of the neck is soft and worn away, while that of the head is hard. Any day these wild wretches may thus cause the great overweighted head to tumble off, and there are no guardians or police on the spot to prevent this happening. This neglect of the Government is wrong: it is the fault of the French, who say that Napoleon promised that the Arabs should never be interfered with at the Pyramids, but such foolish promises are not binding on us in the least degree.

* About, and after this time too, the Sphinx became popular, and numerous avenues (or *dromos*) of these curious hybrids were erected at Thebes, Sakkarah, and elsewhere. They were on a much smaller scale, as many as one hundred being placed in parallel lines leading up to the temples.



SPHINX—BACK OF THE HEAD IN ITS PRESENT STATE

(Showing how the "sand-blast" of the desert has worn away the head-dress)



THE SPHINX—PRESENT STATE

One lovely day in spring I went out for a day's sketching, accompanied by my old friend Ali Gabri, who was Dr. Petrie's attendant in 1880–82 (during all the time of his great survey of the Pyramids of Gizeh). Dr. Petrie, in the important volume he published thereon, says that Ali Gabri, "too true a gentleman to talk much about himself," was "one of the most intelligent men of the place." Ali worships the name of Petrie, and carefully preserves "the dry comfortable tomb" in which his master and he abode during the great work, hoping he will some day come back to inhabit it.

I had often tried on many previous visits to paint the Sphinx; in some points of light it seems to gleam with life, and the eyes to shine. But this is hard to catch, and I had never succeeded to my satisfaction. To-day the countenance seemed more expressive than usual, and I essayed to try again, my faithful Ali sitting beside me, holding my sketching umbrella over me, for the sun was of the hottest. I suppose I showed impatience at my non-success, for presently I heard Ali's gentle voice: "Ah sir! if you could have seen the Sphinkes before she was broke, it would be better." Not lifting my head from my work, I replied, "I wish I had, Ali." Waiting a little while, he said, "I don't want those men to hear" (there were a number of

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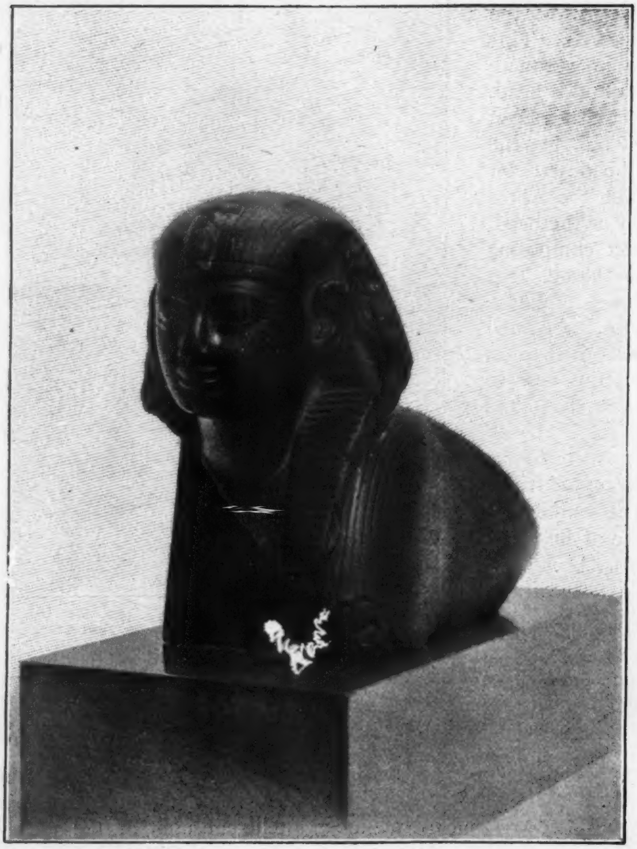
* Ali Gabri told me that, during the recent excavations at the back and sides, he saw the hind legs and tail, at the north side, quite perfect, and beautifully sculptured.



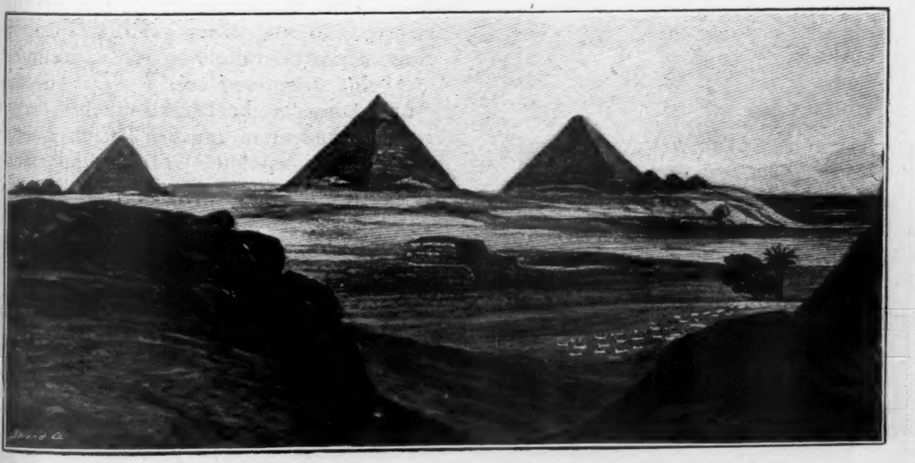
THE SMALL SPHINX IN GREEN BASALT, SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL (IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR)

Arabs about), "but I found a little Sphinkes one day, with the head not a bit broke." "And what did you do with it, Ali?" After a little time he fumbled in his draperies, and produced from their voluminous folds a small bundle wrapped up in a red kerchief, which he opened, and handed me a beautiful little Sphinx, in green basalt, with the head, neck, shoulder, and side quite perfect. So sweet was it in expression, a smile playing on the lips, the eyes clearly defined, with the earnest far-away look of a favourite dog staring into his master's face trying to express what he cannot utter! The hair tied at the back of the head in a knot or *queue*, the royal diadem of the sacred uræus, emblem of divine authority, the kingly collar — all were there. The eyelids marked round upon the cheek, treated as in the amulets that were worn as protections against the evil eye ("The Eye of Horus" was the right; the left eye signified the moon—protection by day and night.) I give a photograph of this little Sphinx, which is unique; there is nothing like it in the British or the Cairo Museums. It is only a fragment, and the stand is, of course, new, that it might be held up properly. I was astonished at the strange chance which gave me one Sphinx to unriddle the other, at the very moment when I was trying to imagine what the face had been like. Ali told me he had found it in the rubbish-heap of Khafra's Pyramid-temple, and had kept it for my coming, saying nothing about his discovery till I should happen on my next visit to be, as usual, trying to sketch the Great Sphinx. My little treasure had possibly been one of the votive offerings to the temple of the time of Khafra. I have often searched over this same heap of chippings in the foundation of that temple—alabaster, granite, diorite, nothing bigger than road metal! Every fragment with a polished side, showing it had been part of a bowl, vase, statue, statuette, sarcophagus, or inscription, broken into small fragments by wanton, vindictive violence of iconoclasts. The destruction must have been long ago, for the fractured bottom of my little figure is darkened in tint; "weathered," a great geologist said to me, "by the atmosphere and wear of a geological epoch." The head must have been trodden downward in the sand, for its polish is quite perfect and the weathered portion is much deeper in colour. I would not let it be cleaned, so some of the desert sand adheres about the ears yet. The basalt is so hard that a sharp penknife will hardly scratch it. Ali said green stone objects had never been found before in this locality. I begged him to search unremittingly for fragments, and I am not without hope that when I return to my "sphinkes" next season some more of it might turn up. I wish it had had more of the lion's body and the claws, for the paws of the Great Sphinx are but poor Græco-Roman restorations, when the soft sculptured rock of the older nation's work had decayed. They are merely built of smallish stones, and have no characteristic of Egyptian art. But on Thothmes's stele there are two views of the Sphinx he restored, and we can therefore see their character.

My friend Professor Sayce was at that time residing in his dahabeah, near Cairo, and when I had done sketching I went off at once to exhibit my wonderful "find." He was "delighted with it"; he "never saw anything like it: it is a treasure indeed; it is unique. It is the same class of work as on Khafra's statue, or perhaps older. The green basalt," he said, "is an exceedingly rare stone in Egypt, though the Assyrians had cylinders of it about 6000 B.C."

Khafra's great statues, which are now in the Cairo Museum, are above life size and made of diorite, a stone quite as hard as green basalt. They are the finest works of their kind, and were found in the great temple beside the Sphinx at the bottom of the deep shaft, into which the ancient despoilers had hurled them. The heads of these statues resemble the work on my little Sphinx. The head-dress, treatment of the hair, the ears, the mouth and eyes are the same art. The ornament (a gold decoration worn by royalty) falls down on the shoulders and neck of both. So it did, doubtless, on the Great Sphinx originally, but, as I explained above, this part of the rock is soft and worn away by decay and the effect of sandstorms, and has utterly disappeared. In the small Sphinx the wig and the golden collar fall on the shoulders, veiling the junction of the human and leonine body. Dr. Petrie, to whom it was shown, said that the little Sphinx is the most beautiful thing of the kind he has ever seen, and that if Ali said it came from Khafra's Pyramid-temple (and he is a perfectly truthful man), then it must be of the Fourth Dynasty, for nothing later was ever found in the wonderful heap of chippings of worked alabaster and granite at that temple

Lord Cromer has freed the Desert from Dervishes. Would that he could turn his great powers to free the Sphinx from the Desert! A sand-pump, such as has removed the bar at Liverpool, could be contrived (by some of his engineers, such as Major Brown or Captain Lyons), which would soon clear away the masses of accumulated desert dust, and let us see the ancient monument in its



THE NINE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH, WITH THE SPHINX proud original isolation! Archæologists believe (as Miss Edwards wrote long ago) that many of the lost tombs of the First, Second, and Third Dynasties may still exist underneath these sheltering sands, awaiting discovery.

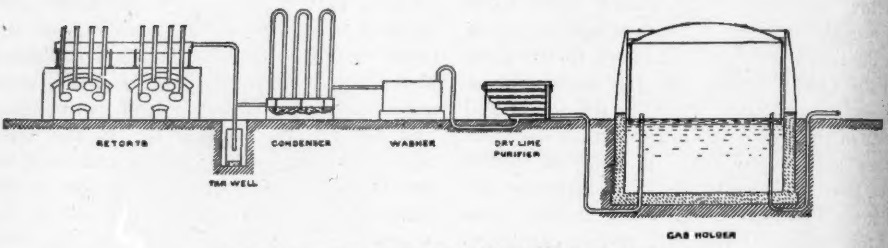


DIAGRAM SHOWING GAS-MAKING APPARATUS WITH TAR-TANK

THE WONDERS OF COAL TAR

By DAVID PATERSON, F.C.S.

COAL-TAR, as no doubt most of our readers are aware, is a by-product in the manufacture of ordinary coal-gas. Cannel, or gas coal, is heated in large iron tubes or retorts, and there it is decomposed by the heat into a great number of different substances, which, however, may be conveniently divided into four great classes, thus: (1) Coal-gas. (2) Ammonia and water. (3) Coal-tar. (4) Coke.

The percentage analysis of the results of coal distillation may be tabulated as follows:

Coal-gas	22.25
Ammonia and water	9.25
Coal-tar	8.50
Coke	60.00
	100.00

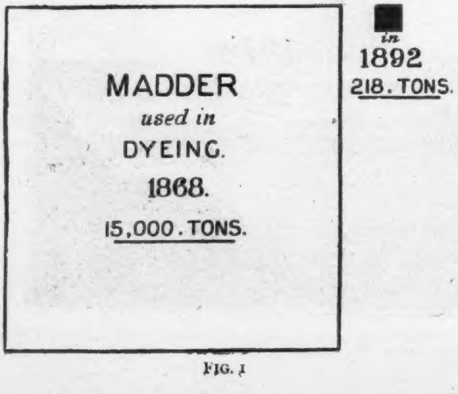


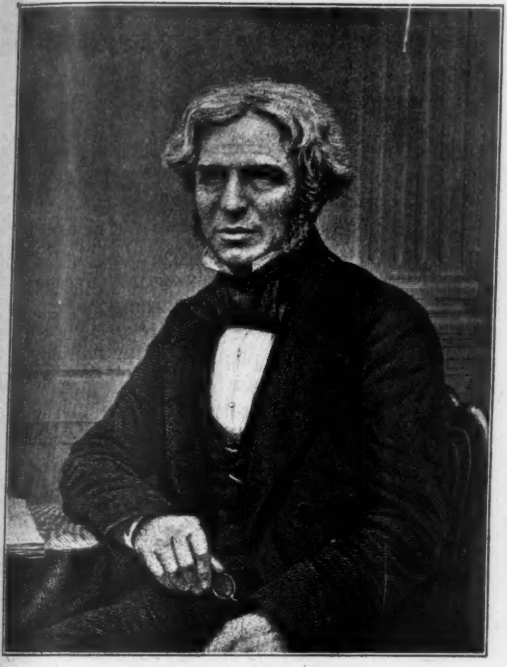
FIG. 1

Ammonia, perhaps better known under the more familiar name of "spirits of hartshorn," is a pungent-smelling gas, which dissolves readily in water, forming the "liquor ammoniæ" of the druggist, and is useful alike to the fine lady for her smelling salts and to the housewife for cleansing purposes. Ammonia may also be converted either into the sulphate of ammonia, extensively used by farmers for enriching poor soils, or into sal-ammoniac, a useful drug employed in medicine

Coal-tar, as will be seen from the annexed table, is a wonderfully complex substance. No less than sixty different substances have been discovered in it, and more are being discovered every year. The majority of these are but of little interest, except to the student of organic chemistry, but there are others of the greatest importance and interest, and to these only we will confine our attention.

CONSTITUENTS OF COAL-TAR

Benzene
Toluene
Xylene
Mesitylene
Pseudo-cumene
Naphthalene
Carbolic acid
Anthracene
Quinoline
Aniline
Di-phenyl
Pyrene
Chrysene
Durene
Pyrrol
Pyridine
Acridine
Toluidine
Lutidine
Cresol, &c. &c.



FARADAY

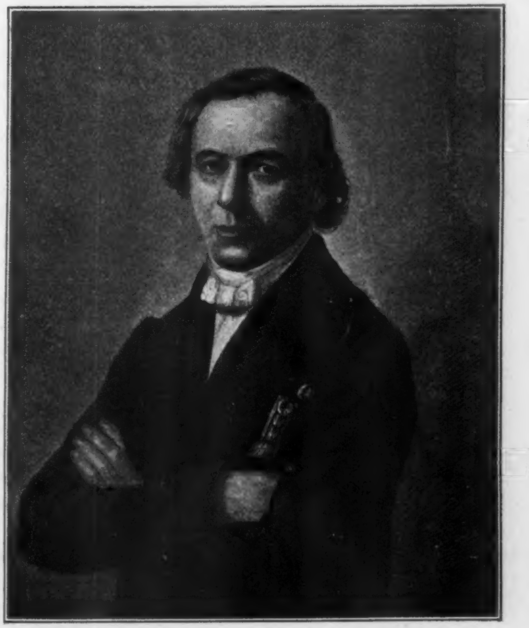
Large quantities of coal-tar are distilled every year in France, Germany, and Belgium for obtaining the various colours and drugs; and in England alone no less than 400,000 tons are distilled annually.

One of the most interesting substances found in tar is benzene—a clear mobile liquid discovered in gas oils by Michael Faraday in 1825. It is used in enormous quantities for the production of aniline, and also of a powerful perfume known as "artificial oil of bitter almonds," or "essence of mirbane," the most important of all the coal-tar scents.

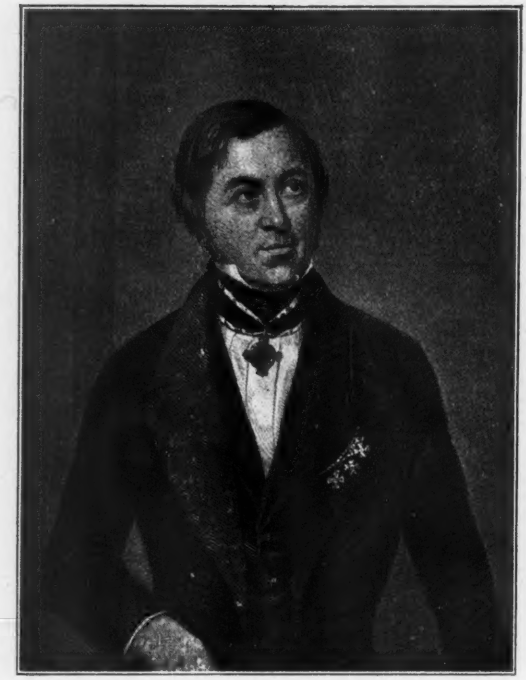
No less than 150 tons of this perfume are used in scenting soaps and other toilet requisites, and the famous Brown Windsor soap is said to derive its pleasing aroma from this coal-tar product. Benzene has the useful property of dissolving fats, resins, and indiarubber, and is therefore of much value in the cleansing of goods by the "dry cleaning" method, and also in the forming of "indiarubber solution," so well known to lovers of the cycle and the football.

In 1820 naphthalene was discovered in tar by Garden. This is a substance crystallising in white pearly plates, and from which we derive some of our most beautiful colours, ranging from a buttercup yellow on the one hand to reds, pinks, greens, and scarlets. To entomologists this naphthalene is of interest, as it is now considered the best preservative for cases of moths, butterflies, insects, and other natural history specimens.

In 1832 anthracene was discovered by Dumas in the heavy oils and greases obtained from tar. This substance is now of immense importance, as it forms the base from which that beautiful and well-known colour Turkey red is now obtained. From time immemorial this valuable dye has been derived from the roots of the madder plant, the colouring principle of which is called "alizarin." The madder was largely cultivated in Turkey, France, and Russia,



DUMAS



MITSCHERLICH

and used to be imported into this country in great quantities for the sake of its valuable dye. Alizarin has the wonderful property of forming various different colours with different chemicals or "mordants," so that a piece of calico, printed with several mordants and dyed in a bath containing alizarin, will come out dyed several different colours. This fact was known as far back in history as 2000 years ago, and is specially mentioned in the writings of Pliny.

But in 1868 two German chemists, Graebe and Libermann, discovered a method of making synthetic or artificial alizarin from the coal-tar product anthracene—a discovery which has completely revolutionised the dyeing and calico-printing industries. This proved a remarkable discovery, not only industrially, but chemically, as it was the first instance of a natural colouring matter being produced synthetically, or by artificial means. The excitement in the dyeing and coal-tar industries was immense. Anthracene, which formerly was considered a useless by-product, and sold at a few shillings a ton and utilised as a cart-grease, immediately rose in price, and shortly after this discovery commanded something like £100 per ton. Indeed, so great was the excitement in Paris that an enterprising chemist offered to the city authorities to strip the asphalt cement from the streets and convert it into this valuable colouring matter!

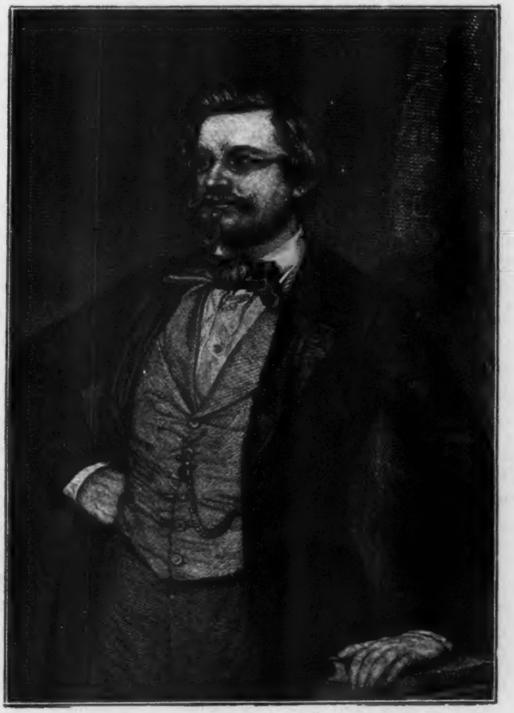
We need scarcely say that this artificial alizarin from tar has now entirely superseded the natural product from the madder plant; and the cultivation of madder, which was once a great and flourishing industry, has now dwindled away, and in the course of a few years will probably be altogether extinct. The amount of madder introduced into Great Britain in 1868, the year of the discovery, was some 15,000 tons, representing a value of £1,170,000 sterling; but in 1892 the consumption of madder had fallen to 218 tons, representing only some £6000 sterling. (See Fig. 1.)

Phenol, or carbolic acid, discovered by Mitscherlich in 1834, is another valuable product of coal-tar. Being one of our most powerful antiseptics and disinfectants, it purifies the atmosphere from any noxious gases and destroys the infectious germs of disease. Its valuable antiseptic properties have been introduced into surgery with great success by the present Lord Lister, President of the Royal Society. From carbolic acid is obtained a valuable series of colouring matters, ranging from a beautiful yellow, *i.e.* picric acid, to reds, orange, browns and many other colours.

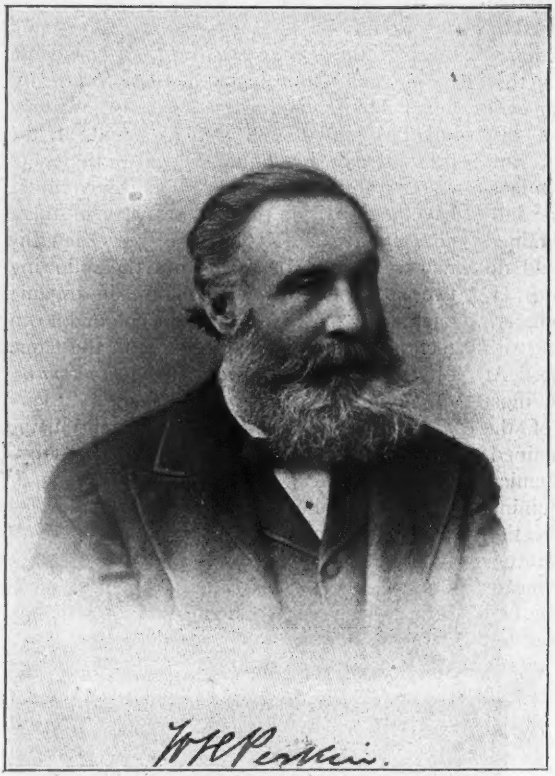
The wonderful substance "aniline" is found only in small quantities in coal-tar, and it would never pay to isolate it on the large scale for commercial purposes. Aniline was originally obtained from the blue colouring matter indigo, hence the origin of its name from the Portuguese name of the indigo plant, *Indigofera anil*. The production of aniline on a sufficiently large scale for industrial purposes only became possible when Zinin, in 1842, showed it could be made from nitro-benzene or the "artificial oil of bitter almonds" already mentioned. All the aniline for the production of the innumerable beautiful colours is obtained from this derivative of benzene. Science has always benefited by taking for its motto that old economic precept, "Gather up the fragments that remain, and let nothing be lost." For over forty years coal-tar was considered a disagreeable and useless by-product, but now it is found to be of much value, and in fact, when we consider the many useful substances, drugs, perfumes and dyes obtained from it, we must wonder how we could do without it. In 1856, Dr. William H. Perkin, then a young man of eighteen, was engaged experimenting on aniline with a view to making an artificial quinine. At that time this valuable drug was most expensive, owing to the scarcity of the Peruvian bark from which it is obtained, and he endeavoured, by suitable chemical methods, to make a synthetic quinine. Though his experiments in that direction were a failure, yet in another sense they were a great success, as they were the means of his making the great discovery of the first aniline colour, namely, mauve. Stories tell us, how one afternoon, tired and disappointed with a day of failures in his laboratory, he mixed all the liquids with which he had been working into a large glass vessel, when, to his astonishment and delight, a beautiful and brilliant colour was produced. Unfortunately such pretty stories of discovery are only to be found in the imagination; the real facts were neither so romantic nor encouraging. What he obtained was a dirty, black, unpromising precipitate, which, after purifying and dissolving, was found to possess the property of dyeing silk and wool a beautiful violetlike colour, which was named *mauve*, and ever afterwards has been known as "Perkins mauve." This was the first colour obtained from coal-tar, and from these experiments has arisen a world-wide industry.

In 1858, Prof. A. W. Hofmann discovered the magnificent colour magenta or aniline red, one of the most brilliant colours known to the dyer. Magenta, when first introduced into the colour industries, was very expensive, costing as much as £5 sterling per gallon (being then used in the liquid state); which at the present day could be sold for some three shillings. After the discovery of magenta there came in quick succession greens, violets, blues, and yellow colouring matters, all the hues of the rainbow, and at the present day the number and varieties of colours are bewildering. Lengthy volumes have been written on the chemistry of these coal-tar dyes, and likewise very lengthy names, as may be seen from the following two specimens of nomenclature in organic chemistry. A modest-looking colour known technically as azo-violet rejoices in the name of *diphenylmethyletherazoalphanaphtholaminealphamonosulphonicacidazoalphanaphtholalphamonosulphonicacid*, and the chemical name for aniline green is, *dibenzylmetamidotetramethyldiamidotriphenyl-carbinol-disulphonate.*

To our readers unacquainted with organic chemistry, such words form interesting word-puzzles, but to the chemist they are not only simple, but of great value in showing him the chemical constitution of the substances.



HOFMANN



W H Perkin.

(Barrauds, Limited, photographers)

DR. PERKIN

The colouring power which can be derived from coal-tar is quite astonishing. From one ton of good cannel-coal is obtained by distillation about 12 gallons coal-tar. From this tar are produced one pound of benzene, one pound toluene, one and a half pounds of phenol or carbolic acid, 6 lbs. of naphthalene, half a pound of anthracene, and a small quantity of xylene. From benzene are obtained fine yellow, orange, green, blue and violet colours; from toluene come magentas and beautiful blues; from phenol, reds, browns and pinks; from naphthalene, reds, yellows and greens; from xylene, the finest scarlets; and from anthracene, the well-known Turkey red. From one pound of coal is obtained one ounce and a half of tar, from which can be derived dyes sufficient to colour the following lengths of flannel three-quarters of a yard wide: 4 inches of Turkey red, 8 inches magenta, 3½ feet scarlet, 2 inches orange, 5 feet of yellow and 2 feet of violet. When we remember that over 10,000,000 tons of coal are used for gas-making every year in this country alone, our minds cannot realise the immense amount of colouring matter which it represents.

The manufacture of coal-tar colours has now assumed immense dimensions, and its development within the short space of time stands unique in the history of commerce. Few of our readers, except those engaged in the chemical and colour trades, can realise its beneficial influence upon allied industries. The raw materials alone exported from England consume annually, before their conversion into colouring matters, somewhere like 70,000 tons strong sulphuric acid, 30,000 tons carbonate of soda, 40,000 tons hydrochloric acid, besides large quantities of various other chemicals. In one large establishment alone are employed over 4000 workpeople, not including 200 clerks and 80 research chemists. Even such figures give us but a poor idea of the great influence such an industry has in promoting trade.

We are indebted to coal-tar not only for beautiful colours, but for some of our most valuable drugs.

It was thus owing to unsuccessful experiments made on coal-tar derivatives for the production of artificial quinine that the coal-tar colours owe their origin. The valuable drug "antipvrine," discovered in 1883 by Dr. Knorr of Erlangen, is considered even better than quinine as an assuager of fevers, and is much cheaper in price. It has been employed with much success in cases of typhoid fever, and in that mysterious epidemic influenza. Another valuable drug from coal-tar is thallium, discovered by Skraup, which has the special power of mitigating yellow fever, or the "yellow Jack," the dread of every colonist. This drug is now manufactured on a large scale by one of the important German coal-tar colour firms—the *Badische Anilin, und Soda*

Fabrik. Phenacetine is another coal-tar drug possessing valuable antipyretic properties. It has been employed with wonderful results in cases of neuralgia, whooping-cough, influenza, &c. Space will not permit to enumerate the many valuable drugs from coal-tar, but we may mention sulphonal, discovered by Prof. Baeyer. This is an hypnotic, producing a deep and quiet sleep lasting for seven or eight hours, after which the patient awakens refreshed and strengthened. It is much used by travellers during the many illnesses and severe hardships incident to African travel.

But perhaps the most remarkable substance obtained from tar is saccharine, which is 220 times sweeter than cane-sugar. (See Fig. 2.) Its discoverer, Fahlberg of Leipzig, has also shown that it possesses considerable antiseptic properties, so that its great sweetening power, combined with its preservative properties, make it useful for sweetening fruit preserves, jams, jellies, &c., where ordinary cane-sugar would mould and ferment in course of time. The taste of this coal-tar sugar is so exceedingly sweet as to deprive the tasting power of the tongue for some time, if a little of the pure and undiluted product be placed on the tongue.

A most interesting and important property of saccharine is that it does not nourish and fatten the body as cane-sugar does. Hence it is of value in certain troubles like diabetes, where it is often recommended by the physician for sweetening tea or coffee in place of cane-sugar.

And yet we have not exhausted the wonders of this marvellous by-product coal-tar. Those of us who have visited the gas-works, and seen the tar-tank, with its dirty appearance and tarry, nauseous smell, would naturally think it the last place in the world from which pleasant perfumes might be expected; yet from coal-tar there comes quite a number.

The delightful perfume "New-mown hay," so suggestive of sunny fields and merry haymakers, comes from tar, and was discovered by Dr. Perkin, of aniline colour fame. It was formerly produced from the sweet-scented grasses and sweet woodruff, which contain the aromatic principle called "cumarin." Likewise the "Essence of Wallflower" has its origin, not in the fragrant flower-bed, but in the tar-tank.

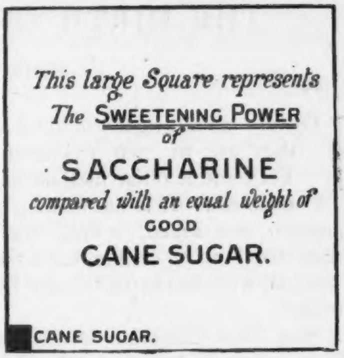

This large Square represents
The SWEETENING POWER
of
SACCHARINE
compared with an equal weight of
GOOD
CANE SUGAR.
CANE SUGAR.

FIG. 2

The essence of mirbane, or artificial oil of bitter almonds, we have already mentioned. It is one of the most largely used coal-tar perfumes, no less than 150 tons being annually employed for scenting soaps.

Vanillin, now obtained from tar, is a delicate flavouring essence resembling the true vanilla from the vanilla bean, and the cultivation of the plant in the Cordilleras and Mauritius has been greatly restricted, from the introduction of this artificial vanilla.

By mixing essence of mirbane with a certain proportion of this coal-tar vanilla, Lord Roscoe has prepared a delightful perfume known as "white heliotrope," and many of the pleasant perfumes which play an important part in the toilet of every pretty maiden and courtly dame are extracted, by the magic of chemistry, from that black and ill-smelling substance tar. What a wonderful transformation this tar has undergone, more wonderful than we could ever dream of!

This useless waste product has been transformed, by the alchemy of science, into a mine of riches; medicines to soothe us in our pain, colours beautiful and varied to satisfy our æsthetic taste, perfumes delicate as from a garden of roses, and a substance sweeter than honey, all from this black and nauseous tar. Surely this romance of science confirms that old and familiar adage, "Fact is stranger than Fiction."

THE MIRTH OF SCHOOL INSPECTION

By G. STANLEY ELLIS

HOW do children get the ideas which they use in their examinations? Yet there is often method in their madness. It is not so long since the question was asked, “Who was the Admirable Crichton?” “He was a famous naval general, who afterwards became Bishop of London.”

Last year Miss Catherine Dodd put this question to 105 elementary school children who were between the ages of ten and fourteen, “What is a policeman, a postman, a soldier, a king, a professor, a member of Parliament, a negro, a school board?” Thirteen per cent. of the children tried to answer all the questions. “Postman, policeman, soldier, and king” were answered correctly by nearly all. “A professor” is “a gentleman that generally plays at balls.” How true it is that an M.P. is “a gentleman who tries to make laws”! “A negro is a man what eats missionaries.” A school board is—and this remark seems to merit “How true!” on the margin as much as any phrase in a lady's novel from the circulating library—“a place where people talk about education to make you vote for them.”

An inspector in orders was trying to make a class form words.

“Now,” he said, “I am a man. What kind of a man am I?” He wanted to extract the compound noun “clergyman.”

“A short man, sir.”

“Yes, yes,” said he, a little huffed. No one likes to be called a short man, especially when he is short. “That is, I am not a particularly tall man. But that is not quite the kind of word I want. Can any one else try?”

“Little man, sir.”

“Well, that's about equal to short, isn't it? Try again.”

“Ugly little man, sir.”

Another inspector, well known for his weight, was trying to extract the word “flesh” from a class. His efforts had failed but, taking hold of his fat cheek between his thumb and forefinger, he pulled it out, and asked,

“What's this?”

The unhesitating answer came promptly, “Pork, sir.”

The same inspector was once giving an object lesson on an umbrella. To illustrate his subject he took his own silk umbrella, which happened to have a small hole in it.

“What is this, boys?”

“An umbrella, sir.”

“And what is this?”

“The stick, sir.”

“And these?”

“The ribs, sir.”

“With what is it covered?”

Silence.

“Surely you know. What kind of an umbrella would you call it?”

“An old 'un, sir.”

Another inspector once said,

“Now you've told me all about the Ancient Britons. What do you know about Modern Britons? Who knows anything about the Duke of Wellington?”

An intelligent little boy put up his hand.

“What do you know about him?”

“Please, sir, father gets his beer there.”

None of these answers, if properly considered, show a want of observation or deduction. However ludicrous the answers may be, they show reasoning, although often from insufficient premisses. It is only when children are taught by rote, and their reasoning powers are not given a chance, that they become stupid. For instance, in the ordinary teaching of grammar:

“What are you learning now, Alice?” asked a young lady of a little girl.

“Grammer, please, miss.”

“Do you like grammar?”

“Can't abear it, miss. But I shall soon leave school now. And then never no more grammer for me.”

A boy of twelve, in Standard Four, being asked a few questions in history, required many hints to make him remember the name of the Queen. No hints could extract from him any information as to her husband or family. He had a hazy notion that one King had had his head cut off, and another had had six wives. That was the sum of his knowledge of history. This is the result of learning dates and dates only. A child saying she was "learning Latin," was asked if she learned declensions, &c.

"Oh, no. We don't learn that. We've only got to roots of words yet."

"And that you find in your English grammar-book. That is not Latin."

"Isn't it? The teacher says it's Latin."

The same child learned that *f* meant loud, *p* soft, *cresc* (pronounced cress) getting loud. Of course she had no knowledge of the Italian words represented by the abbreviations.

"But teacher doesn't know much about music, and we've only got to remember till to-morrow night."

The dangers of learning by rote — an excellent thing for the memory, but not always excellent for the intelligence—were discovered by a Roman Catholic Diocesan Inspector in Liverpool, who told a class to write out the "Hail, Mary," and got one paper:

"Hail, Mary, thou who art most highly honoured a monk swimming."

To prove that intelligent translation and application of the writing on the wall does not always lead to correct results:

"Name the event," said a teacher quite recently, *à propos* of the Peace Congress, "which will render the eighteenth of May, 1899, a memorable date in history."

"The Rotherhithe Vestry Election."

Sometimes peculiar answers are given in higher grades than those of the children in the schools. In a recent Blue-Book there are some translations made at the Training Colleges Examinations of

Une grenouille vit un bœuf,
Qui lui sembla de belle taille,

"A greengrocer lived on beef which seemed to her beautiful cut."

"One person with a girl who resembles a tall *belle*."

"A geraffe (*sic*) lives on beef which seems to him good taste."

"An ugly piece of beef which looks like the beautiful tail."

"An old woman kept a cow who thought she had a pretty tail."

In the Blue-Book report of the Scotch Training Colleges there are recorded answers which must have been considered humorous even in Scotland.

One examinee insisted that Ruskin wrote "The Seven Lumps of Architecture," that Matthew Arnold wrote the "Compleat Angler," and that Jeremy Taylor wrote a "recent music-hall song."

Another, when asked for a metaphor, could only think of "Jones was a lion in the fight. I wonder 'What happened to Jones?'"

"The antlered monarch of the waste" was explained as "A monarch so-called, but in reality a plain man." Another explanation was that the phrase refers to "the antle, which is a very beautiful animal."

The French paper informs us that *épouser* means to marry a man and *marier* to marry a woman. "*Ses épaules et sa poitrine s'etaient beaucoup élargies, bien que sa taille fut restée mince et souple*" was translated "His shoulders were well set up, and his chest expanded, although his food consisted of mince and soup."

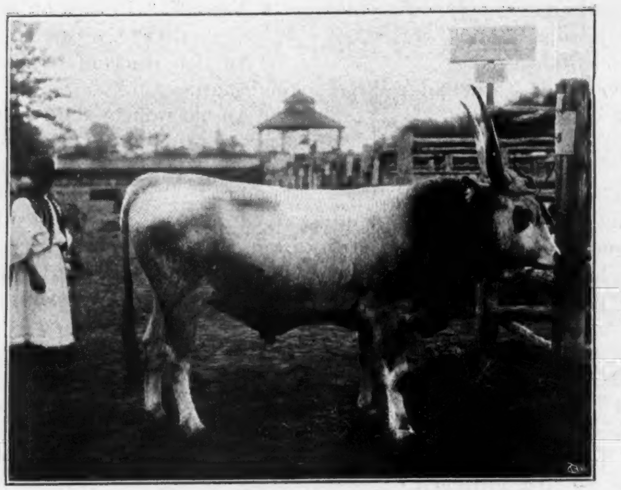
"*Der Knabe schlief in seinem Boote*" was translated "The boy slept in his boots."

"*Solvite corde metum*" is given as "Solved the cord of fear," and "*Vultum demissa*" as "Dismissed the vulture," which is almost as good as the time-honoured "Armed with a virulent cane" for "*Arma virumque cano.*"

To return at the finish to the little ones.

"Why," asked an inspector, "is the sea salt?"

"Because of the salt fish, sir."



HUNGARIAN BULL "BIGE," FROM PERBENYIK

HUNGARIAN CATTLE

By R. HEDGER WALLACE

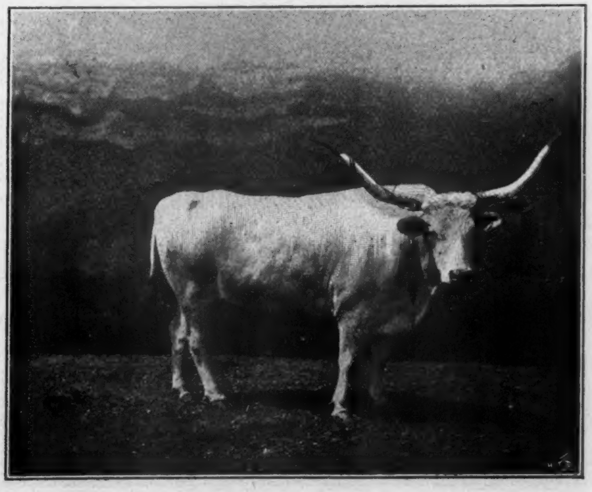
IN the south-eastern corner of the Continent of Europe there exists a race of white cattle, of which little is known in this country, except through references in travellers' tales and tourists' jottings. Apparently even in Austria itself little interest is taken in the famous white race of cattle common to Hungary, for in the work issued by the Austrian Ministry of Agriculture — *i.e.*, *Die Osterreichischen Rinder-Racen* — no plate or photograph of this race is given.

The Hungarians, however, are very proud of their oxen, and they are universally employed as the working cattle of that empire. Teams of these oxen may be seen in all parts of Hungary pulling the plough or dragging lumbering waggons over roads that, in some districts, are indescribably vile. We are able to give illustrations of some of the breeds of this famous race, and most of these, we believe, have never been seen before in this country. These illustrations are taken from a collection of photographs which were lately presented to us by the National Agricultural Society of Hungary, and were obtained from various Hungarian noblemen and landowners through the exertions of the secretary of that society at Budapest. They may, therefore, be regarded as typical specimens or representatives which the National Agricultural Society of the country considers good illustrations of their national race of cattle.

The Hungarian race, along with Podolian cattle of the Galician race, are considered in Austria-Hungary to be more or less pure representatives of prehistoric oxen—the *Bos primigenius* of the zoologist. In this country a similar claim is advanced, without, however, any substantial qualification, for the white and so-called wild cattle preserved in some noblemen's parks. On the other hand, the Podolian cattle are, we think, aboriginal (which the British park cattle are undoubtedly not), though it is considered by some that the present Podolian breed resulted from crossing the Hungarian ox with an ancient race indigenous to Galicia. As far as we are aware no trace of this ancient race exists. Certainly Podolian cattle are nearer the ground and lower in stature than the true Hungarian ox. They are shorter in the legs, shorter and deeper in the body, and their horns are shorter and thicker. Yet the cattle of Podolia are fine-looking animals, being of a white or silver-grey colour, very uniformly tinted over the whole body, but slightly darker on the shoulder and haunches, and with the nostrils and upper lip black. Their horns are carried upright and rather lyre-shaped, black in colour, and, as already pointed out, not long. The slight difference that exists between Podolian and Hungarian cattle may be safely attributed to nature of locality and environment, and not to admixture with some lost type of cattle. They are, as we find them to-day, also an extremely hardy race, for in Moldavia and Bessarabia they are kept in the fields both summer and winter; yet, for fattening purposes, they are much sought after. To the Viennese their meat is unsurpassable, just as "Prime Scotch" is to the Londoner. So that one is not therefore astonished on being told that seventy-five per cent. of the oxen slaughtered in Vienna belong to the Podolian breed and that their meat is distinguished for its tenderness and agreeable flavour.

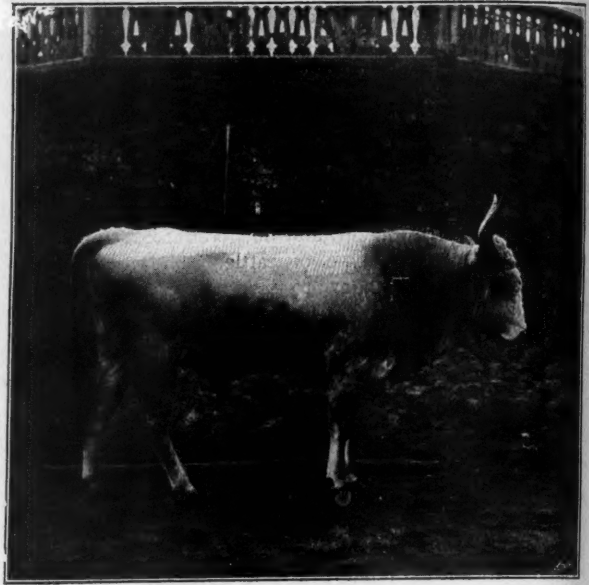
A glance at the map will show that the regions we have so far named—*i.e.*, Galicia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and Podolia—are all eastward of the Carpathian Mountains. Historical geography teaches us that Galicia was twice annexed by Hungary; that Moldavia arose from a migration out of Transylvania and was long a dependency of Hungary; and that Podolia was a part of the kingdom of Galicia till the fourteenth century. Thus we need not wonder why cattle allied to the Hungarian race are found in these districts to-day.

Hungary, besides being guarded on the east by the Carpathian Mountains, is also protected on the south by the Transylvanian Alps, and to the south of this lies that tract of country we call Roumania. Here, also, throughout the country, we find a race of white cattle similar to the Hungarian. These Roumanian white cattle do all the field work and all the cartage in that land, and still maintain much of the form and stamp of the oxen figured on old Roman frescoes. Still, it does not seem that a Roman origin can be claimed for them, although the Roumania of to-day owes its origin to the migration and settlement of Roumans, who thus brought back the name and speech of the old Rome to the first land from which she had withdrawn her power. We would rather say that the Roumanian cattle, along with the other white cattle in neighbouring countries, have come from the original Hungarian race or stock. In saying this we must not be held to be in a position to prove that Hungarian cattle are indigenous to the soil, yet we think the presumption is that it is so. The Hungarians of to-day represent Turanian settlers in that district, who from their seats between the mouths of the Dneiper and the Danube, in the last years of the ninth century, pressed westwards into the lands which had been the Dacia and Pannonia provinces of the Roman Empire when it was in its greatest extent. The Hungarians and Ottoman Turks are the only Turanian settlers in Europe who have grown into nations on European ground, and the Magyars of Hungary and Ottomans of Turkey are the two nations which still speak a Turanian tongue on Aryan soil. Now, as far as our inquiries have carried us, we have been unable to learn of any breed of white cattle special to

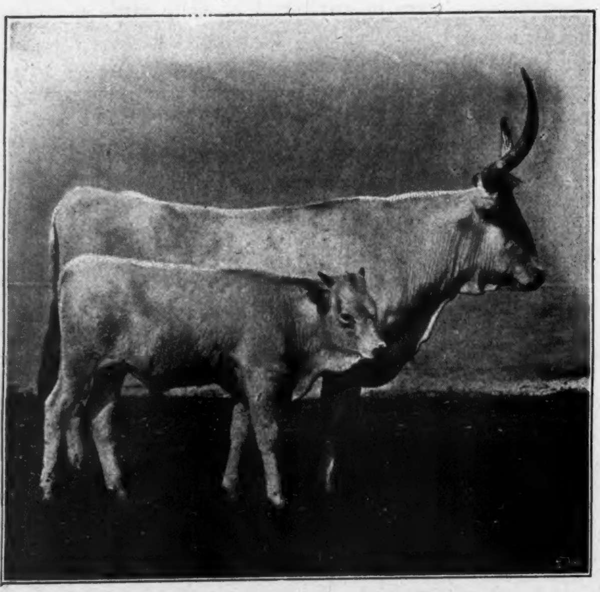


FAT OX, 7 YEARS OLD, FROM MUNKACS

or existing among the Turks in Turkey. If they do not now have this white race of cattle, they then could not have found the breed in the country on immigration, nor did they bring the cattle with them. If the Turks did not bring these cattle with them from their original home, neither, we suppose, did the Magyars, or Turks as they are called by Byzantine writers, who settled in Hungary. These, no doubt, found the present white race of cattle in the country when they migrated into it, for we know that it was from Pannonia the ancient Romans used to draw supplies of white cattle for sacrificial and other purposes. Another indication that this race is indigenous to the soil where they at present exist is that they are the common cattle of both the Turanian and Slavonic races which now occupy the ancient Roman province of Pannonia.



HUNGARIAN BULL "KÁPÁTR," FROM CSONGRAD-SANDORFALVO



HUNGARIAN COW RENDES," WITH CALF, FROM SARKAD

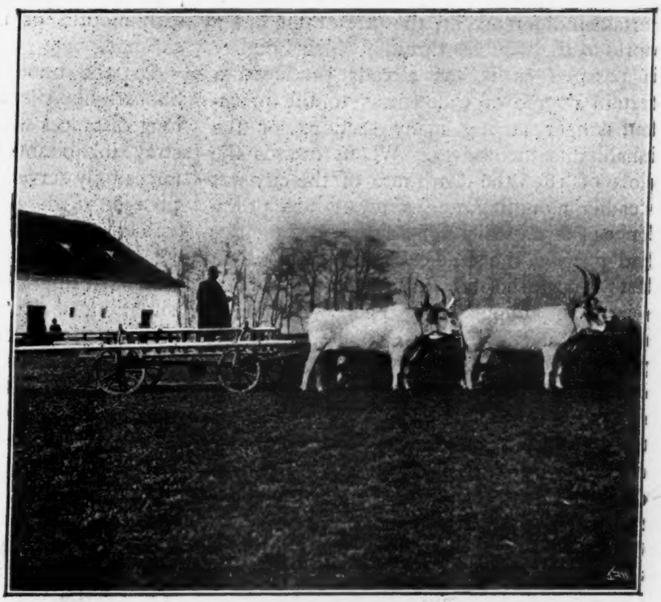
Coming now to the kingdom of Hungary itself, the map shows that there are two distinct regions in this country: a hilly or mountainous region in the south-east corner called Transylvania, and then a great plain extending westwards towards Styria. Each of these regions has its own distinct breed of white cattle—that of Alföld, or the breed of the great plains, and that of Transylvania, or the mountain breed.

Both breeds are white, with a shading of grey on the neck, flanks, and buttocks. The ear is dark, shaded inside; the horns are very long and wide-spreading, tipped with black; while the muzzle, skin round the eye, the eye itself, and the feet are all black. The Transylvanian ox is an animal which is a little smaller than that of Alföld or the true Hungarian, and being a mountain breed is perhaps hardier, stronger, and swifter. It is said that their pace is equal to that of a horse. The Transylvanian breed also has more spreading horns than the true Hungarian, whose horns are carried more uprightly, while the latter is also higher at the withers, lower behind, and not so straight in the back as the Transylvanian animal, and has a less quiet eye. The true Hungarian ox is a large animal, the height at the shoulder running from 4 feet 6 inches to 4 feet 9 inches, and an eight-year-old ox, seen by Professor Wrightson at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, measured 6 feet 11 inches between the tips of the horns.

The Hungarian race are generally considered to be good animals for farm work and they fatten fairly well for the butcher, but they are exceedingly bad milkers.

The animals are bred on ranges (*Puszta*) and are really quite wild, the cows hiding their offspring for five to six weeks in the woods, among bushes or in some secluded spot. The young calf is of a fawn colour at first, but gradually changes to a grey creamy colour, and finally to the shaded white peculiar to the race. As on these ranges fences are unknown, each herd is attended by the *Gulyas* or herdsmen, who are mounted like the cowboys on American cattle ranches, and as the cattle are practically wild it is not safe, when the *Gulyas* are absent, for a stranger to approach them. For hardihood, speed, strength, and endurance the Hungarian cattle are undoubtedly unrivalled, and they can subsist and work on a worse quality of food, than any other race of cattle in Europe. Their sole food, being the natural pasture or herbage, they find on these ranges, except in winter, when they get hay. The breeding animals at this season have grain given to them, but they alone get it. From living in this free feral state they are taken, in fact practically captured, and in time broken in to work and to bear the yoke.

Both the Hungarian and Transylvanian breeds are valued in South-eastern Europe for their working qualities, and are largely used outside of Hungary, especially in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. The farms or ranches where these animals are bred are placed geologically in Franz Toula's geological map of Austria-Hungary in the *Anthropozoisch*, or alluvium and deluvium formation. The white race of cattle common to Hungary and surrounding districts we may thus regard from a general point of view as indigenous to the great plains of alluvium and deluvium in South-eastern Europe, and it is rather a remarkable fact that the cattle on the alluvium of Egypt and India should also be white in colour and have many other features in common with the Hungarian race. They may all have had one common ancestor, but their colour indicates a long period of domestication, and their association with alluvium plains confirms it.



HUNGARIAN OXEN, FARM OF SARKAD

PLAGUE-STRICKEN BOMBAY

A PEEP INTO THE PLAGUE HOSPITALS OF THE CITY

IT is known to all the world that the western capital of India with its population of nearly one million souls has, during the past three years, been visited with a succession of plague epidemics which have well-nigh prostrated the life of this beautiful and prosperous seagirt city. But the long continuance of this terrible pestilence has, perhaps, begun to induce a certain indifference on the part of the outer world to the troubles through which Bombay is passing, as it has already produced a certain degree of callousness to the prevalent danger among many sections of the inhabitants themselves. When towards the close of 1896 the death-rate of the city was steadily mounting, and a mysterious prevalence of fever, which for a number of months had puzzled the medical authorities, was at last recognised as plague, consternation seized the population. The measures of segregation which began to be vigorously pushed, together with the fast-spreading inroads of the disease, produced a widespread panic which affected nearly all sections of the community. Every one who could escape to a place of refuge began to desert the city, especially those whose ancestral homes were in the up-country districts. Goanese servants betook themselves to Goa; mill-workers to the Southern Konkan; Gujarathis to Gujarath.

Long before the hour of the departure of the trains crowds might be seen outside the stations with as much of their earthly belongings as they could carry with them. Outside one of these stations one might see, ranged along the road, a long line of sewing machines, which told the passer-by that the "dirzies," the male seamstresses of Bombay, if we may be allowed the expression, were in full flight, and that the ladies of Bombay would soon realise the indirect effects of the pestilence in a dress famine. Sacred personages were not exempt from the influences of panic, and the "Maharájás" who are worshipped by certain classes as incarnations of Krishna, having less faith than their votaries in the protection afforded by their divine character, decamped to safer regions, carrying their idols with them.

The Marvádés, the money-lenders of Bombay, were amongst the first to resort to this means of escape, but they returned when the horizon cleared to secure their money-interests. Thus Bombay speedily became denuded of a large portion of its population, and the aspect of the city in the early months of 1897 was depressing in the extreme.

In the once busy streets there was a Sabbath-like silence, and one could pass over long distances without meeting any but a few stray inhabitants whose dejected countenances only served to intensify the general impression of desolation.

The contrast between the distress of the people and the external beauty of the city was most impressive. Bombay, beautiful for situation, never looked more beautiful than during these days of desolating sickness. The beauty lent by ocean, by waving palm, by stately architecture, was still there to mock, as it were, the ugliness of human sorrow. When night came, the lurid light reflected in the sky of numberless funeral pyres at the burning ghâts told the day's sad record. For at that time from 200 to 300 were perishing daily by the pestilence.

A year later these experiences, after a lull during the hot season and the rains, were re-enacted except that the panic of the people was less. The sanitary measures of Government had been modified and a greater measure of freedom of movement was granted. This, together with the familiarity with the evil which a year's experience had yielded, induced a change of attitude on the part of the people. They stuck more steadily to their occupations, and when compelled to leave their homes were content to live in the large health-camps provided by the authorities or by their own caste people. A year passed, and with the third visitation, which is not yet ended, the city as a whole seemed inured to its troubles, and business and industry of all kinds continued in great measure undisturbed.

This third visitation has been the severest of the three, both in the extent of its incidence and the type of the disease. The bacillus to which the plague owes its origin appears to have developed in vitality, and the career of the stricken has been briefer, and the percentage of recoveries sadly small. Yet, in spite of this, the people have not deserted their posts. They have had to camp out in sheds of bamboo matting—a slender protection from the piercing winds of the Bombay cold season; but with a resignation of which only the Oriental seems capable they have accepted the situation and abandoned all desperate remedies. Any one passing through Bombay in 1899 and observing its busy docks, its mills in full operation, its streets teeming with a crowded population, would scarcely know that Bombay was a plague-stricken city and that the pestilence was claiming sometimes more than 300 victims daily, were it not for the large masses of temporary dwellings which he would observe in his progress through the island, the numerous hospitals, the frequent and scantily attended funeral processions, and the little two-wheeled ambulance carts which he would meet conveying the stricken to hospital, or the dark red circles painted on the doors of houses and shops in so many of the city streets. On one doorway he might count over forty such rings marking a courtyard where plague during its first visitation had carried off as many victims. We leave to experts the discussion of the plague in its medical aspects, and to sanitary administrators the justification or condemnation of the methods adopted for grappling with the evil. Suffice it to say that the disease has been identified with the Great Plague of London, with the Black Death of a still earlier era; while some again with considerable probability have sought to identify it with the plague which befell the Philistines while the ark dwelt among them. Certainly the part played by the rats in the propagation of plague infection, and the specific outward marks of the disease, have a remarkable correspondence with the facts of the Scripture narrative contained in the First Book of Samuel.

Our object is rather to tell how human sympathy is endeavouring to relieve the sufferers, and to give some impression by a brief sketch of a visit to the hospitals of what is being done and suffered.

The plague hospitals of Bombay are not few in number. Some are general—open to all classes; the majority exist for the relief of the members of special castes and communities. Some are equipped with trained European nurses; in others the patients are attended to by native nurses, or by their own relatives who have free access to the sufferers. Near a thickly populated part of the native city stands one of the largest and best equipped of the general plague hospitals. In its immediate neighbourhood is the cholera hospital, conspicuous by reason of its uncommon fireproof roof. The plague hospitals are largely constructed of light material so as to prove easy victims to fire when that great disinfectant comes to be employed.

When we drove up to the hospital in question we were met by two nurses who had been sent out "from home" on plague duty. These ladies readily complied with our request to be shown over the hospital. The first ward which we visited was an "acute" ward for men. Immediately on entering, one is awed by the suddenness of the transition from the ordinary busy life of the streets to this abode of intensest suffering which lies so near. One is equally impressed by the evident signs of kindly aid in the visits of the physician, and the nurses' unceasing care. The floor of the hospital is constructed of artificial stone, which is washed out with a disinfecting solution twice a day.

The ward was quite full. Many of the patients had ice-bags applied to their heads, while stimulating injections were largely used to help to maintain the action of the heart, the failure of which is one of the consequences of the disease which leads to death.

All round one is met by cries, groans and delirious ravings. Intense suffering is depicted on the faces of the patients. Their bloodshot eyes and pained expression tell of acute distress. Our attention was called to one of the sufferers who was evidently very near death. He seemed to be unconscious. The nurse told us that this man had seemed to rally and that his recovery had been looked for; but he suddenly took a turn for the worse and now he was dying. On entering the women's acute ward, we witnessed a repetition of much the same sad scenes. Here my attention was drawn to a woman who seemed to have lost the power of speech. On inquiring whether this was a form of paralysis brought on by the plague, I was informed that it was not. It was said to be a kind of forgetfulness induced by the disease. When we spoke to the woman she understood and showed that she did understand, but she could not speak. Again the nurse drew our attention to a woman whose case had been considered hopeful at first, but who had become exceedingly ill, had completely lost her reason, and was now in a hopeless condition. This loss of reason is a common effect of the plague. Many of the patients lose their reason. The fever does not always continue. During this year pneumonic symptoms have been conspicuous in a large number of cases.

As an illustration of the rapid and fatal course of the disease, one of the nurses said, "You see how all these beds are filled just now. To-night they may be empty." She meant that death would empty the ward. The following has been known to happen at this hospital. So many cases have arrived in one day seeking admission, that a patient has had to be left outside in the ambulance waiting till the death of a patient in the ward had made a place available. The uncertainty of individual cases is another feature of this hospital work. The cases of native patients, we were told, were particularly uncertain. One of the nurses said: "Sometimes we think a patient is recovering and we leave him for five minutes. On our return we find him dead."

The nurses say that the patients are easily contented. There in hospital they have comfortable cots, a well ventilated ward, and kindly English nurses to tend them, and they are satisfied. To go into the convalescent ward after visiting the others is most refreshing as well as most interesting. The convalescents give one the impression of those who think they have done very well and are pleased with themselves. They are very fond of "salaaming" their visitors, whose presence they welcome. Their faces are full of good cheer, gratitude and self-satisfaction.

The convalescents, when they are well enough to leave hospital, have much to tell regarding the kind treatment they have received in hospital. They are truly grateful for the unselfish care which has been bestowed upon them.

There is another hospital of a more temporary structure than the one described. It presents a pretty appearance with its white walls and the white lilies which were trying to flourish around their edge.

During the monsoon duty in this hospital was very trying for the nurses. They had sometimes, during night duty, to keep an umbrella over their heads to protect themselves against the rain that broke through the flimsy roof. But as soon as possible better quarters were provided which withstood the monsoon rain.

Many may live in Bombay without being aware of the suffering that is near and around them. Indirectly the plague will affect them when servants suffer or flee, but nothing is so fitted to make us realise the actual conditions as a visit to these centres of suffering and self-denying work. Two things stand out conspicuous, the patience of the suffering people, and the noble self-denial of those who minister to them. On the side of the native and the European alike the characteristic qualities of the race have been displayed in some of their best forms. Nothing could surpass the patience of the one or the devotion to sacred duty of the other. May this contact of the races in the hour of suffering and peril serve to bring them ever nearer to each other in mutual sympathy and true brotherhood! Thus something bright and enduring may arise from out of this passing darkness.

M. A. M.

A VICTIM OF PROSPERITY

By ELLEN A. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

COMING into her room she flung an official document on the table.

"There, Bootles! another seven-and-sixpenny worth of useless dog!"

She had said the same thing every January for eight years; it was a standing joke between her and Bootles, but they never tired of it, being one of those exquisite satires whose brilliance is not dimmed by time.

"Once more I am licensed to keep 'one dog,' and you may wink impudently at the next policeman you meet—he can't say anything to you. It's been a hard matter to find the shillings, but not so bad as some years."

And the leaping Bootles, a perfect embodiment of joyous welcome, spoke love and thanks enough to repay a much dearer tax, and as he actively superintended the preparation of their tea, he was the happiest dog in the world.

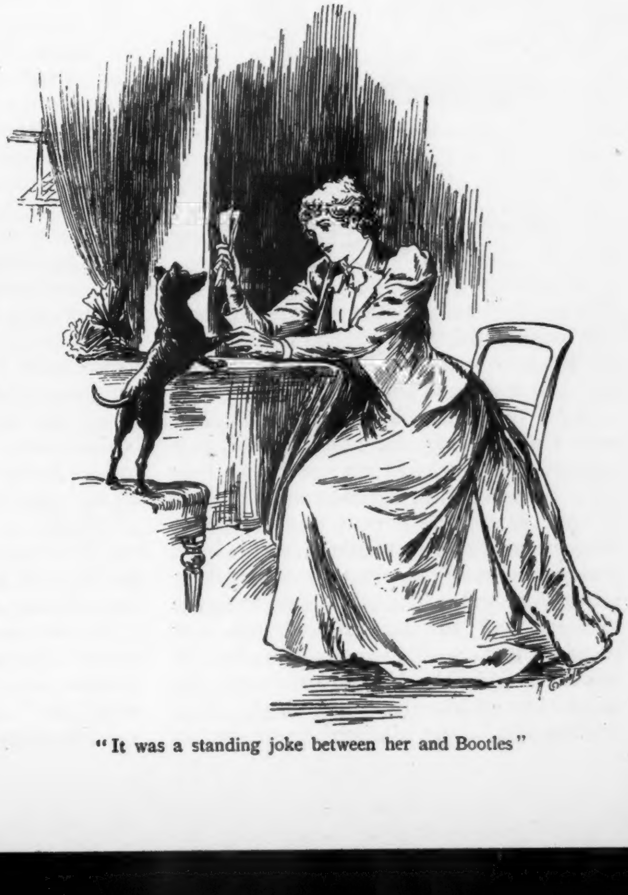
Yet they had known vicissitudes, these two friends, since he had been given to her—a foolish, ecstatic, romping pup—eight years ago, by the boarder downstairs.

She had been ill sometimes and not able to go to business for weeks or even months, and this meant hard times for both. But Bootles, whether lean or fat, bore their reverses with cheerful patience and loved her dearly through them all. He also loved one other, the lodger next door in the dull cheap street, who had been formerly the boarder down stairs.

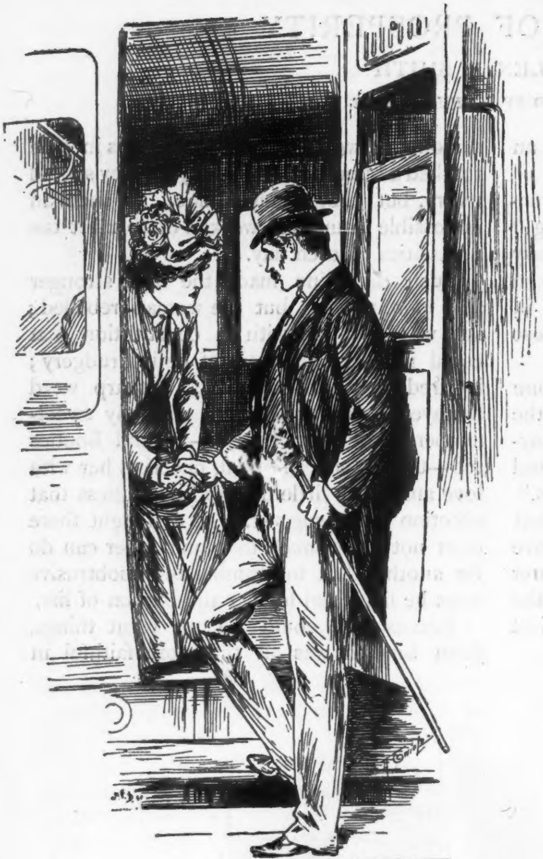
His mistress and this man were both "something in the city"; they went together every morning, and a tender friendship flourished between them that was hardly hopeful enough to be called love. For they were both so poor and struggling that marriage looked as far off as heaven. There was a sort of understanding between them that when his income reached a hundred and fifty a year they should marry, but they rarely alluded to such an impossible future and worked on to meet the necessities of each day.

Such discipline made the man stronger and more patient, but the woman rebelled; she was younger, with a constitution that could ill bear the strain of daily drudgery; it tired her, and sometimes a sharp word betrayed this, for she was naturally sweet-tempered. But her friend—ay, and Bootles too—understood this well, cheering her with love and every little thoughtful kindness that affection could suggest. At first sight there does not seem much that one toiler can do for another, but in numberless unobtrusive ways he lightened for her the burden of life.

Because he could do no great things, John Sinclair was all the more faithful in



"It was a standing joke between her and Bootles"



"He knew that the parting might be the beginning of the end."

little services, and Bootles rejoiced in them both with no divided mind, and for once the old adage concerning the unsuitability of three was made null and void.

Eight times this harmonious trio had seen the old year die into the new, and perhaps only Bootles knew how happy they really were, how dear the companionship was in spite of toil and poverty and the strict economy which made Bootles keep his bone preserve as much a secret from predatory cats as he could. The only feline thing he tolerated was the landlady's kitten, but perhaps that was mere policy, for he was a knowledgable dog, understanding the blind side of elderly ladies. Eight times his tax had been insisted upon by an implacable Government, and then there came a change. Lucy's Uncle—also something in the city, but a very moneyed something—lost his wife, and knowing that for at least a year the etiquette of grief prevented his taking another, he suddenly called to mind his poor relation, remembering that she was ladylike and pleasant to look at. He actually invaded the cheap street—which until then had never contained so expensive a person since it was made—and seemed to gild Lucy's shabby room with the superfluous atmosphere of wealth which he threw off as though unable to consume it on the premises.

Without wasting much time or many words he told her she could come and keep his country house for him, and be mistress of it during the present year if she wished, and that he would give her a suitable allowance for such a position.

"You must dress well, of course," he said with a glance that withered up her frock. "There are visitors always coming and going at my place, and you must be up to the mark. You won't know yourself in well-made clothes and a little good jewellery."

Hardly waiting for her answer he was off in the whirlwind of his self-satisfaction, never dreaming that she could hesitate over such a handsome offer; nor in truth did she, for it meant, practically, a year of rest, of change, and even luxury. She was so jaded that the mere anticipation of such things seemed new life to her; she gloried in them until she remembered John Sinclair and the difference her going would make to him. The parting would be heavier to bear for the one left behind in the old drudgery, and she saw the patient face grow paler as she told him. But for her sake he tried to be very cheerful.

"It will do you no end of good," he said, "and we can write to each other—of course we can write frequently! I suppose you will leave Bootles with me?"

But she was quite indignant at this. "No indeed! I cannot spare him. Where I go, Bootles goes. Uncle Marsh said I might bring him."

So in a very little while John Sinclair got leave of absence for an hour, to see Lucy off by the Brighton train. The parting was cruel to both when it came. Bootles, labelled and disconsolate, looked wistfully from one to the other, conscious of something sadly amiss. His mistress had told him that they were going down into the country—a lovely place where rabbits grew wild, but rabbits save of the Ostend and cooked variety were a dead letter to the cockney Bootles, and her encomiums provoked no doggish enthusiasm. Their destination, however, troubled him but little as long as he and she were together, that was the main point, and the very moment John opened the door of a suitable carriage Bootles was in first with a scrambling audacious haste at which the guard smiled genially, for his official frown had been laid in the dust of a whole silver shilling.

"I thought you'd like him in with you," said John, and although she tried to thank him for this last kindness she could find no voice, and John was nearly as bad. For all his quiet bravery, he knew that this parting might be the beginning of the end between them.

"You'll take care of the little ferns, John? One is delicate and wants more to drink than the others."

"I'll take care of them," he promised her, "and I'll be sure and tell you when my ship comes home."

But for all the real hope he had, the ship might have foundered long since, and they both knew it.

"The train is just off! Good-bye, darling! take care of yourself."

"Good-bye, John! Write me very soon."

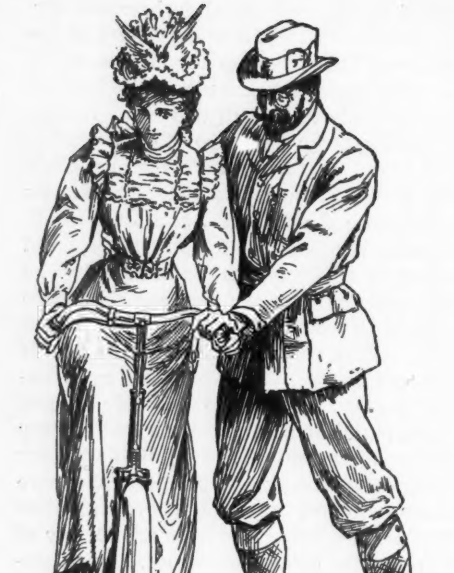
She could not see the kind worn face for tears as the train left him behind, but she had Bootles to console her, and he had—nothing! Nothing but faithfulness and a quiet courage under the shabby coat as he went back to his work.

Uncle Marsh's house near Brighton was quite the grandest that either Lucy or her companion had ever entered in their lives. Money seemed to ooze at every pore, and Bootles, unfortunate Bootles, had the ill luck to disgrace himself the very first evening. A lovely Persian cat was one of the chief ornaments in the drawing-room, and Bootles had glanced askance at it, remembering with difficulty his company manners. But when Lucy took the magnificent animal on her lap, Bootles' hardly maintained forbearance forsook him. He took a flying leap and his mouth was full of Persian fur in a moment. There was a grand hubbub over the insulted cat, hurt only in her dignity, and Bootles was peremptorily consigned to the stables, whilst the Dachs and the Pomeranian could come and go at their pleasure. The master of the house decided this, and Lucy could not rebel, keenly as she felt it. But she did not feel it so keenly as Bootles, and if he could outmanœuvre the vigilance committee of butler or footman or both, he would scuffle wildly past them, and burst into his mistress's room panting with an eager delight that was touching to see. He tripped up the butler once, who was fat and a heavy weight; there was a second hubbub over this, although the cat was considered the more valuable animal of the two, and then Mr. Marsh contemplated the advisability of chaining the fierce Bootles up. Lucy prevented this, but only by discouraging further mutiny, and Bootles began dimly to see that his palmy days were over, even in a pleasant place where rabbits grew wild.

True, his mistress came often to see him, and they had pleasant walks together, but nothing was quite the same; the happy freedom, the dear companionship was gone, for the other dogs went with them, and Bootles had a horrible suspicion that the Persian sat on her knee of an evening when he was shut away from her. He wondered sadly why their old friend John never came down to see them, and almost cried in his tender little way when Lucy mentioned his name. But he noticed that she mentioned it less and less as time went on, for the new life of luxury and prosperity, with its gaiety and change, was slowly making the old one seem dim and far away. She and John corresponded frequently, but at times even he faded into the background of her thoughts, pushed aside by newer interests. Mr. Marsh had laughed over the notion of such an engagement.

"What! my niece marry a poor devil of a clerk, who can barely earn his own bread and cheese! Nonsense, my dear! Unless I am much mistaken, friend Rushton will have a word to say about that."

He was in high good-humour with Lucy just then, for Sydney Rushton was even richer than he himself, and came with a flattering frequency that argued matrimony.



"He taught Lucy to cycle"

And Lucy? Well, her eyes having rested so long on the gloom of poverty, were dazzled and blinded by the glitter of wealth, and she let herself drift on the gilded stream of Mr. Rushton's attentions, without heed of the course they took.

She knew that in spite of shabby coats John Sinclair was a gentleman, and that her Uncle and his associates were not, but they were rich, and she was tired to death of struggling. So without looking forward she lived for each day as it came and the old life slipped away into a distorting mist which showed the discomforts and obscured the blessings.

But Bootles hated Sydney Rushton, for he taught Lucy to cycle, and in a little while the pace grew too fast for the town-bred dog to keep up with. He hated those glittering circles that ran away from him, in spite of desperate effort, and sometimes the temptation assailed him to gnaw the fat plump tyres and make them useless, but he was too faithful ever to do this, and would sit patiently awaiting his mistress's return in order to greet and welcome her. On one of these occasions Sydney Rushton struck him, for the eager little paws against her dress were muddy. Lucy turned on him, her delicate face quivering with indignation.

"How dare you touch my dog! How dare you!"

"But the brute was injuring your dress."

She picked up Bootles, mud and all, and kissed the tan head.

"Let him injure my dress as much as he likes, but never touch him again."

He laughed, but her anger nettled him, and he decided that when she and her dog belonged to him, he would do as he liked. Through that day at least she hated Mr. Rushton as cordially as Bootles himself did, and for a week she carried the dog's dinner herself to the stable, and then the awakened loyalty went to sleep again. She was so occupied with visiting and entertaining that she had no time to remember her old favourite, and for long miserable days Bootles never caught a glimpse of her.

"She doesn't want you now, old chap," said the stable help, who was his friend in a rough way. "You did well enough when you was both poor together, but you are out of it now."

And Bootles listening, drooped his head forlornly and took to creeping about as if he had no right anywhere; his coat grew staring and he lost all pride in himself. The other dogs despised him as a cur of no spirit at all and often ate his dinner as he sat looking wearily on, caring very little if they left him none.

Many months passed, and the time which lagged so sadly with Bootles seemed to Lucy to fly. There was always something going on, and she lived in a whirl—a pleasant whirl, with no hard work in it. The thought did occur to her that Bootles looked very thin, but it just flashed into her mind and out again, being so preoccupied. Moreover she had her own harassments, and a decision was necessary for which she felt hardly ready.

There had been two deaths in John Sinclair's office, and he had written to say that at last his ship had come prosperously home, that his position was better and his income even a little above the coveted amount. But he said nothing beyond these facts, for John had a delicate and scrupulous sense of honour which forbade him to claim her. He was faithful, and it was for her to speak now, and she knew it.

Two hundred a year! To the old Lucy such a sum had seemed a vain dream of opulence, but now she spent nearly that in dress and amusement, for Uncle Marsh with a view to future profits was exceedingly liberal to her. Two hundred a year seen through the golden haze of the Rushton wealth looked ridiculous, absurd almost to vanishing point. Of course she loved John, but it was a great sacrifice, and she would wait a little before answering definitely. A month passed—two months—and still she waited, but a sense of unworthiness dimmed even the auriferous atmosphere in which she lived, and she was irritable and ill at ease. Bootles, too, felt ailing and weak, and one wet evening he made a despairing rush—for the last time—to Lucy's room. He reached it triumphantly and flung himself, a little muddy, trembling heap of joy, upon her dinner dress of white silk. In the far-off happy days of serge dresses they had neither of them minded muddy paws, but now he had done irreparable mischief, and in ordering his instant dismissal she struck him angrily.

He whined piteously as they drove him away, but not with the hardness of the blow.

The next day as she was starting for a drive with Mr. Rushton, the stable help sent a message that he thought the dog was ill.

"Ill!" she repeated doubtingly. "He was quite well yesterday. I'll go and see him at once."

But Mr. Rushton protested, declaring that his horses would not stand and that they were losing the beauty of the day. "He'll be all right," he said, "let me help you in."

And she yielded to his impatience. They were out all the afternoon, and when they returned the stable help sent another message to say that the dog was dying.

The butler who gave the message saw the healthy bloom fade from her face, leaving it deadly white, and if ever a word had power to rouse a sleeping conscience into agonised palpitating life it was the one she repeated.

"*Dying!* Bootles *dying!* Oh! may God forgive me!"

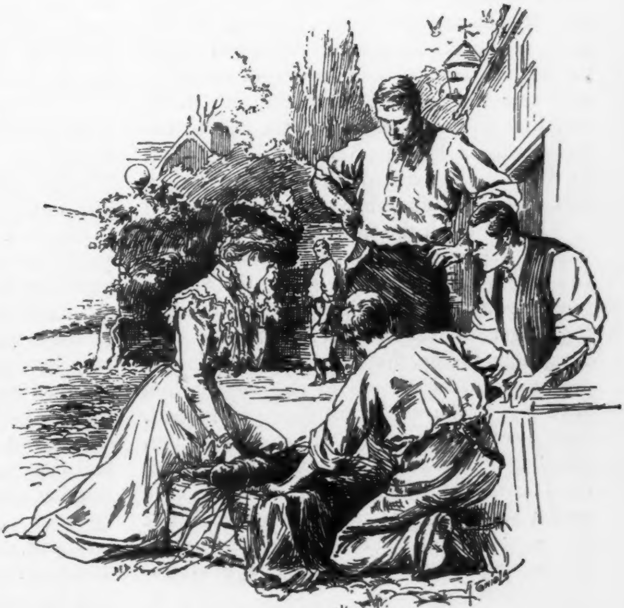
The sudden shock striking at the rock of her oblivion shattered it to atoms, and the living waters of love and remembrance gushed out in a burning flood that bore her down and drowned her in remorse. She went across the yard to Bootles' distant corner, where he lay in his box as though asleep. She touched him lovingly—fearfully.

"Bootles, my darling! what is it?"

But for the first time since they had belonged to each other there was no response —not a quiver of motion. As she lifted the brown head up her voice caught in a deep sob.

"My Bootles! come walking with me?"

His joy at such an invitation had always been pathetic, but now death had blinded



"She wept anguished tears over the piteous little victim" his glazing eyes and deafened his ears even to the passionately loved voice. The tired brown head drooped out of her hands and Bootles was gone.

As she looked at the thin little body, so wasted with fretting and heartbreak, and remembered how she had betrayed his faithful affection, letting him sink out of life unheeded, uncared for, with never a kind word, and her last act of which he was conscious a blow, the bitter waters of remorse closed above her head. With everything blotted out but her sin and its consequences, she wept anguished tears over the piteous little victim of prosperity, and the stablemen standing round, amazed and sympathetic, knew that this was no maudlin grief, but a deeply sorrowing woman in an agony of penitence.

She could remember her other friend now, and her treatment of him—the disloyalty she had contemplated stood out a scarlet sin against the pain of loss. They were the only ones who had loved her faithfully through many years, and she had betrayed them both the one to death and the other——! Supposing God had punished her by taking the man too, so leaving her no place for repentance. He had not written for two months, and it might easily be so. The fear and terror mastered her completely; she could not look at such an apprehension without turning giddy as though the solid earth rocked under her feet. There was only one way of escape—only one voice in the whole world which could comfort her then, and turning to the helper who in his rough way had been kind to Bootles, she begged him to get the dog-cart ready, and drive her to the station.

"I must catch the up-train! I *must!*"

And the man, pitying the suffering on her face which had changed it so utterly in a few moments, did her bidding wordlessly. But the anger of Uncle Marsh and his contemptuous indignation at her folly, was by no means wordless, nor could she answer him anything, for he would not have understood, being worldly-wise only. Moreover to her, standing at last face to face with the tremendous issues of life, he and his like were merely shadows; she saw nothing clearly but her remorse and the chance of atonement, which was as a city of refuge against unquenchable fire.

Without one look back she pressed on to it, grudging every precious moment. The man drove fast, but fear hurried before her. If he, too, should be dead! That was the dread growing stronger as the lights of London flared against a dark sky. If his place was vacant where should she go to die of grief and repentance?

"And to think I have been going to church all these months with my heart growing harder than a stone! God be merciful to me a sinner!"

She was too confused with suspense and fear to remember clearly afterwards how she got into the dull, cheap street, but once there she walked slowly, dreading unspeakably to see no light in his window. It was there, however, and sheer thankfulness made her pause and cling giddily to the railings.

The landlady opening the door cautiously—for it was getting late—remembered her, and allowed her to go upstairs unannounced. The room door was already a trifle open, so Lucy had only to push it noiselessly a few more inches to see John Sinclair sitting alone by the fire. For a wonder he was doing nothing, and looking quite unlike a man who had been recently promoted to greater prosperity. The old patient courage was still there having deep foundations, but the cheerfulness which had lightened each day's toil was gone. He sat listlessly in weariness of spirit, and the prematurely grey head began to droop a little—nearer the earth. Upon the shabby mantelpiece—so carefully dusted—stood Lucy's photograph, and in front of it, as though a shrine, was placed a tiny glass of violets. They were fresh and fragrant, and it broke her heart to see that like Bootles his love outlived her own faithlessness.

She had made as she thought no sound, yet he turned suddenly and saw her, and the great joy transforming his face shamed her, for she knew herself not worthy of his love. It was a wholesome humbling for the woman who had grievously erred, but indescribably bitter. She tried to stammer something of this before John took her to his heart, but he would not listen. It was enough that she had returned to him of her own free will—nothing mattered after that, yet his very first question, as he placed her tenderly in his own armchair, had reference to the little friend who had always shared their joy. His delight was the only thing lacking.

"Where is Bootles, my darling?"

And Lucy, remembering the thin little

body so wasted with fretting, burst into a passion of grief which startled him.

"Bootles is dead! he died to-day! I neglected him shamefully—but he loved me through it all!"

And thus John Sinclair understood everything; he knew why she had been silent through months, leaving him comfortless, but he also knew why she had come back—that love and repentance had drawn her to his side to leave him no more. It was easy to forgive seeing the pain of such a sharp lesson on her suffering face—a terribly sharp lesson yet so sorely needed.

"Don't grieve so, my dear one! In life he loved us dearly and his death has, I think—brought—us—together."

His own voice was not steady then, and for a time neither spoke, yet thanksgiving was in the air.

When he had quieted her into calmness he showed her the ferns of which she had spoken when they parted.

"See, Lucy, the delicate one is now the strongest of them all!"

And in her broken and contrite heart Lucy determined that she too should be found faithful in those little things which make the eternity of us all.

They are far from rich, and Lucy has not one silk gown, but the grace of God is in their house, and children's feet move blithely about it.

The writer likes to think that the divine justice and mercy which allows nothing good to be wasted or lost, permits a faithful little shadow to steal sometimes into the warmth of that hearth, where he is remembered so lovingly still, to rejoice as of old in their joy.

The story most precious to the children is the story of Bootles, for although mother is always sad when she tells it, a lovely light shines through her tears—a tender grace of deep humility which to the children makes her face most beautiful.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR DECEMBER

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

TWO DEFENCES

FIRST SUNDAY

The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe. The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and as a high wall in his own conceit.—Prov. xviii. 10, 11.

I. *FACT*

IT is rare to find any connection between two adjacent verses in the Book of Proverbs. Therefore the exceptions in which such connection is visible become the more remarkable. Here we find one of these, in which two sorts of defence are set side by side. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower" whether we think so or not. But on the other hand, "the rich man's wealth" is only "in his own conceit" his strong city, and his imagination does not make its dream true. So fact and fancy, truth and illusion, are brought into comparison and contrast by the juxtaposition of the two sayings.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower." That very frequent Old Testament expression, "the name of the Lord," and its New Testament equivalent, "the name of Jesus," means a great deal more than the syllables by which He is designated. It means the character of God so far as revealed, or the side of His nature which is turned to humanity. Thus it comes to be nearly synonymous with the other expression, "the face of the Lord," only that the one suggests nomenclature and the other, visibility. It is not the syllables that spell Jehovah, but the whole conception of God which has been flashed, or rather poured in gradually progressive illumination, into a dark world, which the Old Testament writers mean by "the name of the Lord." We know more of it than they did, for in Jesus, "the angel of the covenant," God has put His whole name, which before had been spoken "by divers portions and in divers manners." He is to us the full revelation of the God who, after all revelation, remains unrevealed, and who in the earliest revelation was so far revealed as that humble souls could find in the Name their strong habitation to which they might continually resort.

Two great thoughts, which have often been regarded as antagonistic, are clearly implied in the phrase—viz., the imperfection, and yet the reality, of our knowledge of God. His name is not the same as Himself, but it is that by which He is known. Our knowledge of Him is incomplete, but what we do know is His real name, that is to say, it corresponds to the realities of His nature, and may be absolutely and for ever trusted. The imperfect revelation, in terms that finite beings can comprehend, is valid though imperfect, and asks for, and will repay, our complete reliance.

To say that the Name is a strong tower, then, is just to say that in God's revealed character lies all that we, defenceless, need for security and peace. The glories that make it up are all enlisted on our side. Perfect wisdom, perfect power, perfect love, immortal duration stand engaged to make us blessed. The enemies round us are many, calamities storm in on every life, sin lies in our hearts and weighs on our lives and ruffles our consciences; death beats down all other defences, and forces his entrance into the very citadel. But the Name is a sufficient refuge. Whatever man needs, God is and gives. There is our hiding place from dangers and dreads, from pains and sorrows, from losses and sins.

"The righteous runneth into it." To run into the fortress is to trust in the Name, as, indeed, one Old Testament word for faith teaches, by its literal meaning of fleeing to a refuge. The open country is filled with the invaders' army, and the helpless peasants gather their poor goods together, and hurry to the fort, behind the walls of which they are safe. Would they go at the pace of a funeral march? There is urgency implied in the word. Effort and promptness are inherent in Faith. The man, conscious of his need and convinced of God's power to defend from all ill, will run, and not dawdle, into the tower. Did Lot go leisurely when he fled to the mountain, and saw in the sky in front of him the reflection of the flames which he could not lose time by turning round to gaze at? "The angels hastened Lot, the Lord being merciful to him." He mercifully hastens us, if we will yield to the impelling hand laid on our shoulders. We must stay inside when we have once gone inside, or we shall not be safe. If one of the refugees ventures outside the gates, perhaps to gather flowers, perhaps to draw water from some favourite well, the skirmishers will pick him up and carry him off.

But it is the "righteous" that runs in and is safe. So then, the condition for our having the Lord as defence is one that we cannot fulfil. The New Testament solves the difficulty, for it teaches us that the same faith, which is the act of running into the strong tower, is the means by which we can become righteous. None dwell in the city, which has salvation for walls and bulwarks, except the "righteous nation which keepeth the truth," but we all may belong to that nation, whatever our past has been, and we become its members by faith.

The word rendered "is safe" means "is high." He who takes refuge in the strong tower climbs by a winding staircase to the upper chamber, far above the reach of the arrows shot from the plain. Though exposed to the common ills of life, we may dwell on high amid the "munitions of rocks," with our bread given to us in famine and our water sure in every time of drought.

SECOND SUNDAY

The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and is safe. The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and as a high wall in his own conceit.—Prov. xviii. 10, 11.

II. *FANCY*

THAT the name of the Lord is a strong tower is fact, whatever men may think, and whether they shelter themselves in it or not. Faith grasps reality, when it lays hold on the hope set before it in the revelation of God's character. Imagination, in its Christian use, does not create, but vividly realises, the objects of faith. But whoever finds security in anything but God is the sport of delusions, and the victim of his own baseless imaginings. So, side by side with the picture of the solid and impregnable fortress which we tenant by faith, is set here the companion picture of the flimsy defences, which cast a glamour over men, and make them think themselves walled about and safe, when they are really shelterless in the open. "*His* strong city," says the Proverb, thereby implying that it is not strong in itself, but only in his imagination — a thought which is still more clearly expressed in the parallel clause, where the man's "own conceit" gives the attribute of height and therefore protection from assailants, to the "wall." Fancy, then, and delusion are the architects that build the defences for those who will not run into the defence that is already built for all.

Of course a man may have wealth or any other created good, and not conceit it to be his fortress. Not possession but reliance on the thing possessed is struck at in this saying. Scripture has no foolish condemnation of riches or other material advantages, nor any ascetic injunctions to despise and renounce these. An Apostle puts in one sentence the prohibition against trusting in riches, and the recognition that they are given us by God richly, and meant to be enjoyed. But we can all verify from our own experience the fact that to possess without undue trust is very difficult indeed. The temptation besets us all, whether rich or poor. The well-to-do man who fancies that outward good will shield him from life's evils is the same in inmost character as the poor man who thinks that if he had only a little more of it he would escape them. Turn the one inside out, as it were, and you have the other.

So it is with regard to money or earthly love or any creatural good. To have and to enjoy it is right. To recognise that it does contribute to gladden and bless life is due to the loving Giver, but to invest it with the power of shielding us from the ills that are sure to frown on us is to desert realities for illusions. Will any or all of these keep away tears, or wipe them away? Will they repel sorrow, or turn aside the edge of pain's sword, or prevent sin's assaults, or allow us to be of good cheer in spite of disease and death? Will they enable us to look on the ranks of the besiegers with a quiet smile, as he might do who stood on the high battlements of some maiden fortress, and was sure that the vain siege would soon be raised? There is but one fortress where we can be thus secure. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe." Abiding there, we shall hear the ancient promise repeated concerning every besieger: "He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there."

All other defences are only illusory. They are like the mud forts of some barbarous tribe, behind which they boast in fancied safety, till the shells of the besieger pound the frail walls into dust about their ears, or like the canvas stretched on wooden frames that do duty for strong fortifications in a theatre.

The way to keep ourselves within the true limits in regard to confidence in external good is to take refuge in the only sure shelter, the name of the Lord, which we do by trust and communion. When we dwell in God as our defence, we see through the insufficiency of others. Isaiah uses the contrast of these two kinds of defence in his solemn vision of Judgment, when he paints the hail sweeping away the false refuge, and the floods destroying the hiding-place, and points in contrast to the sure foundation, on which whosoever buildeth shall not need to hasten from one submerged eminence to another to escape the inundation. Jesus repeated the warning in still more solemn tones, when He told of the house that fell because built on sand, and the house that stood though the rain came down on it from above and the floods swirled round it from beneath, and the winds smote it on every side, because it was founded on the rock.

THIRD SUNDAY

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Philip. iv. 13.

STRENGTH IN CHRIST

THIS expression of triumphant consciousness of power must be taken in its connection with the preceding context, in which the Apostle has been stating his ability to endure and use the most opposite conditions. He gathers these together in this utterance, which substantially means that he is ready for any fortune, able to bear what is imposed and to do what is commanded. Action is but half—and the lesser half—of life. It is well to be able to say truly, "I can do all things," but it is sometimes harder to do nothing but stand still, and endure the pelting of the pitiless storm. Paul has just said that he has learned to be content in every state. His meaning is "self-sufficing" rather than "content," and if we clear that word from its lower meaning, and understand it as expressing the disposition which is not at the mercy of externals, we apprehend the Apostle rightly. It is but the prolongation of the same thought when he says that he can do all things. He sets the example which we should all try to follow. We should be self-sufficing in so far that we are lords of circumstances, not they of us. In some great cathedrals the temperature will vary little all the year round. When the midsummer sun is blazing on the open space in front and when the icicles are hanging from the eaves, the thick walls keep the thermometer within at the same height. The normal heat of the blood in the healthy body is identical at the pole and the equator. Christians should carry their own atmosphere with them.

"I have strength for everything" may be said in many keys, and express many moods. It may be the language of hopeless self-conceit, or of levity which underestimates the gravity of life. Many a man has thrown himself into the struggle with a light heart, saying, "I can do all things," who has had to say, before grey hairs have begun to show on his head, "I can do nothing." But if we lean on Almighty strength, what on other lips sounds arrogant and insane presumption, that is sure to be beaten down, comes to be an utterance fitted for the most self-distrustful and weakest.

Paul's self-sufficingness was based on his assurance that he had a better self than his natural self. Therefore he goes on to lay bare the foundation of it when he says, "through Christ." His "I" may be very weak, and by no means self-sufficing, but he could say "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," and that indwelling Christ makes reasonable the most triumphant confidence. "Through Christ" does not fully express the Apostle's mind here, for what he says is "in Christ," and that great expression, so continually recurring in so many connections in his writings, must not be emptied of its deep meaning, as it so often is. One of the weaknesses of modern Christianity is that the fact of the reciprocal indwelling of Christ in the Christian and of the Christian in Christ has so small a place in it. We cannot speak too much, but we may speak and think too exclusively, of Christ *for* us, and we may, and many do, allow that great truth to obscure its sister truth of Christ *in* us and we in Him.

As the branch is in the vine, so are we in Christ; as the soul is in the body, so is Christ in us. And it is by union with Jesus, and by dwelling in Him as the atmosphere in which we "live and move and have our being," that this utterance of the Apostle may on our lips cease to be the language of presumption and become humble trust. Trust, meditation, practical obedience—these three will lead us into the depths of that blessed indwelling, in which Christ becomes the life of our lives, the soul of our souls, the strength of our weakness, our all in all.

The Apostle uses a remarkable word, which is but partially represented by "strengtheneth," for it is a compound, and means "strengthened within." Other sources of power act from without; Jesus glides into a heart and, established there, opens His stores and infuses strength. An empty jar plunged into the ocean comes up full. If we immerse ourselves in Jesus, He will minister strength. The sap from the trunk percolates to every branchlet and tendril, and brings thither one Life and manifold fruitfulness. If we keep ourselves in union with Him, these great words will become a reality in us. They are countersigned by Christ's own words, and the confidence of the servant, when he says, "I can do all things," ceases to seem too exuberant, when we hear the Master promising, "All things are possible to him that believeth."

FOURTH SUNDAY

Say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither.—Mark xi. 3.

THE LORD'S NEED

Do our Lord's minute instructions to the two disciples whom He sent for the colt point to superhuman knowledge or to a previous arrangement with its owner? Perhaps the latter. The animal evidently belonged to a disciple, to whom the message that the Lord needed it would appeal. He may have been a guest at the modest feast on the previous evening, and the arrangement may have been made then. A similar explanation may be true of the other incident, when Jesus again sent two disciples to prepare the Passover, and similarly told them what they would find. As the end drew near He exercised more influence in shaping events than He had done, and while, on the one hand, the secrecy as to the place for the Passover meal was meant to baffle Judas, the equally intentional publicity of the entrance into Jerusalem was meant to assert His claim to be the Messiah. The supposition of a previous understanding with the owner of the colt is, then, in harmony with Christ's attitude at the time.

His action at the final crisis was unlike all His previous conduct. He had hitherto been careful to damp down popular enthusiasm and to discourage any recognition of Him as the King of Israel; but now He deliberately set Himself to cast an effervescing element into the cauldron, at the moment when excitement ran highest and the danger of a popular revolt was greatest, among the crowds gathered for the Passover.

The "need" for the colt was created by His deliberate resolve to "fulfil" in symbolic detail the prophecy of the King who should come to Zion, typifying His peaceful dominion by riding, not on the war-horse of a conqueror, but on the slow-pacing ass. Jesus would have fulfilled the prophecy as really if He had never ridden into the city, but the literal accomplishment of the prophetic figure was a help to weak vision.

The fact that He had to borrow the animal on which He would display His royal state suggests the union in Him of absolute authority and utter poverty. He was a King, but He was a pauper-king. He claimed universal dominion, and yet had to borrow the animal by riding on which He claimed it. The same blending of humiliation and majesty runs through all His life, and wherever there appears a special instance of the one, close beside it is sure to be seen an instance of the other. He had to be obliged to fishermen for a boat, but from that borrowed pulpit He spoke divine wisdom. He had to be obliged to a lad in the crowd for barley loaves and fishes, but He took them into His hands and fed thousands. He had to owe His grave to Joseph, but He rose from it the Lord of Life. When He for once desired to stand forth as King, He had to borrow His regalia, and was indebted to this anonymous peasant for the colt on which He was meekly enthroned.

But the message to that villager opens out into a wider thought, for Christ cannot assume His kingdom without His servants' help. He has done all that the world's salvation requires, but for the application of His finished work to individuals, He hath need of us. Men are "fellow-labourers with God." We are Christ's tools, the instruments by which He establishes His kingdom. "God mend all," said one, and he was answered, "We must help Him to mend it."

"The Lord hath need of him," that was all. No explanation is given, nor motive adduced for compliance. So kings speak. Jesus expects us to brush aside our own convenience and everything else. It should be enough that He needs us or anything that is ours. For He has absolute power over us, and He has acquired it in the only way in which it can be acquired, by absolute surrender of Himself. He gave Himself for us, and therefore expects that we shall have no reserves nor reluctances when He says: "I need you or yours."

In one view of the words, "Straightway he will send him hither," they suggest the prompt and glad surrender with which a true disciple will meet Christ's requirement. Delaying generally ends by declining. The Psalmist laid emphasis on the swiftness of his obedience: "I made haste and delayed not, but made haste to keep Thy commandments." But another view of the words makes them part of the message to the owner of the colt: "Say ye that the Lord hath need of him, and that straightway he will send him hither again." Christ only wishes a short loan of the animal, and it will come back far more precious in its master's eyes than ever it was before. Of course it would be, if the man was a disciple. How in coming days he would look at the colt and think of the honour that had been done him when Jesus rode on *his* animal! If we wish anything to become precious, we shall be wise to lend it to Jesus, and when it comes back, as certainly it will, the touch of His fingers will have left abiding fragrance. We are of most worth to ourselves when we give ourselves to Him. Our possessions become most truly ours, our loves and joys are sweetest and brightest, when we lay them at His feet. What I give to Him, He will return enhanced, and it will be more truly and blessedly mine. The altar sanctifies and ennobles the giver and the gift.

FIFTH SUNDAY

The name of the one was Gershom . . . and the name of the other was Eliezer.—Exod. xviii. 3 and 4.

GERSHOM AND ELIEZER

THESE two names which Moses gave his sons afford a pathetic glimpse into the feelings with which he began his exile and the better ones which succeeded. The first, "Gershom," according to one explanation, means banishment, and according to another, "a stranger there," and in either rendering expresses a sense of homelessness. It brings up the bitter contrast between Egypt and the desert, the refined and luxurious life of the court and what he had to endure as a wandering shepherd. But as years went on he grew accustomed to his position, and so, when his second child was born, his murmurings had been hushed and he looked beyond circumstances, and reached out his hand to grasp God's, as the name Eliezer, "God is my help," witnesses. It was worth while to be sent into the desert for a third part of his life, and to have purposes and hopes broken off short, in order to have burnt into him these two thoughts in their combination. Life will have done its best for us if it has taught us to weld together these two convictions—of being strangers here, and having God for our help.

We are all strangers here. Man, alone of creatures, is obviously disproportioned to his environment, and has capacities transcending the present, and desires that can never be appeased by anything beneath the stars. But Christian people should more especially feel that they are far from the land of which their deepest nature makes them citizens. The world meets and satisfies so many desires that we are ever tempted to forget how much of our best selves it does not satisfy.

Strenuous and continuous effort is therefore imperative, to keep fresh and operative the consciousness that our true affinities are not here. There is a home-sickness which is a sign of health. Where our loved ones are is home, as many of us blessedly, and some of us sadly, know. If Jesus is our Love, our home will be where He is, sitting at the right hand of God.

But we must carry the name of Moses' other child with us too, if the consciousness of being strangers here is not to pain and sadden us. In that name lies the secret of contemplating the homelessness of our souls and the transiency of their transient dwelling place, and yet being glad. If that Divine Companion is with us, it matters little whether we are in Pharaoh's palace or in a tent in the desert. On the other hand, our hearts will not grasp God as our helper in any thorough and satisfying fashion, unless and until they have steadfastly kept hold of the conviction that we are strangers here. When we feel the rush of the stream of time sweeping us away from all other moorings, we anchor ourselves in God. When other props are known to be unreliable, we rest our whole weight on the one strong central pillar, which bears up the Universe. When the floods are out, men flee to the high grounds.

That second conviction will illuminate perplexed and problematic providences. When Moses fled from Egypt he thought that his life's work was rent in twain, and when he found himself only a shepherd to an Arab Sheikh, he, no doubt, said to himself: "This is not my proper sphere, I am out of my element and thrown away here." But long before the forty years were over, he had learned to look more sanely, that is to say more thankfully, at his past and to say, "The God of my fathers was my help, and He delivered me from the sword of Pharaoh." What at first seemed disaster was at last discerned to be deliverance. It will be so with us, if we keep ourselves in communion with God.

All the past will be mellowed by distance, like the stony hills that lie purple on the horizon, and even on earth we shall get far enough away from many perplexing experiences to recognise that in sending them, not less than in enabling us to pass through them, the Lord was our help. So may we turn these two convictions into one prayer, and ask Him to be

Our help while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

FROM AN IDLER'S DAY-BOOK

BY WILLIAM CANTON

Do you recollect Esmond's account of his visit to his mother's grave in the convent cemetery at Brussels?—"I felt as one who had been walking below the sea, and treading amidst the bones of shipwrecks." It has been with something of the same feeling that I have read Mr. Melville's "Life of Thackeray."* It is hardly thirty-six years since Thackeray died in his sleep in the early hours of the day before Christmas, and what a stillness has fallen on that epoch of the Victorian "giants"! Of the well-known names of those days many are already forgotten; the new generation have perhaps never heard them mentioned; to see them in print awakens no associations in *their* memories; and even we grey creatures, who were then curly lads with a splendid gift of hero-worship, are awed by the consciousness that those brilliant figures in literature have dwindled and darkened into inarticulate shades. Their mighty line-of-battle critiques in the Quarterlies, their three-decker fiction, their leviathan epics have all vanished from the seas. Leagues of slumberous brine weigh over them; bathybian ooze, which has no pulse of life, settles between decks. I feel as one who has been walking below the sea, and treading amidst the bones of shipwrecks.

Of course there must still be a number of men and women alive who knew Thackeray, and some few who could add materially to our knowledge of him, but Mr. Melville unfortunately does not bring any personal knowledge to his task, and he does not appear to have had access to unpublished correspondence or to have come in contact with any of his intimate friends. It is, I suppose, too late to expect any "official" life, and in the absence of such a biography as probably might have been written had not Thackeray himself (according to the story) protested against "any of this when I go," Mr. Melville's ample volumes are to be welcomed as the most comprehensive memorial of the great novelist that we are likely to possess. The book seems to contain everything of real interest that can be gathered by dint of extensive research. Unhappily it is disfigured by an unreasonably large number of misprints for which it seems almost impossible to find an excuse. One can understand that Home's "immortal tragedy of Douglas" might be ascribed by an inauspicious compositor to a Mr. "Howe," but how could the "reader" have allowed Clytemnestra to figure twice on the same page as "Chytemnestra," or let "Venus preparing the Armour of Moss" pass without a query? And these are not the most irritating or the most inconvenient of the many slips.

Thackeray, who came of a good stock which can be traced to the middle of the fourteenth century, was born at Calcutta on the 18th July, 1811. He lost his father in childhood, and at the age of six he was brought to England for his education. On the voyage home the ship touched at an island, where the black servant took the little fellow a long tramp through the hills, till they came to a garden where a man was walking. "That's he!" said the black man; "that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day and all the little children he can lay hands on!" Twenty-three years later Thackeray was among the crowd of spectators who filled the streets of Paris to see the remains of the Corsican Ogre borne to their last resting-place at the Invalides, on the 15th December, 1840. He was educated at the Charterhouse (where the head gown-boy has the privilege of sleeping on the bed in which he died), went to Cambridge and left without taking a degree, and afterwards travelled on the Continent. At Weimar he visited Goethe and was received at the splendid yet homely court of the Grand Duke.

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* "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray." By Lewis Melville. With twenty-five portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. Hutchinson & Co. 32s.

From the beginning he had shown a leaning to art, but in spite of his predilections, the loss of his fortune and the pressure of circumstances diverted his energies into another direction. He was five and twenty, and entirely dependent on his salary as Paris correspondent of the *Constitutional*—an unlucky venture in which his stepfather and himself were deeply involved—when he married Isabella Gethan Creagh Shawe, daughter of an Irish Colonel. Four years later, on the birth of his third child—Harriet Marion, afterwards Mrs. Leslie Stephen—his wife fell into a serious illness which developed into mental disorder, and after many months of travelling from watering-place to watering-place in the hope of improvement, the poor lady had to be placed in seclusion. This is one of the tragedies of literary history. Thackeray was not yet thirty. His two little girls—for the second child had died—were all that was left to furnish him with a purpose in life or to sweeten the duty of living. The ordeal lasted for twenty-three years before release came to him in sleep. But if one's sympathy wells up at the thought of the loneliness and suffering of the husband, let us not forget the wife. Mrs. Thackeray lived to be seventy-five, and those who had forgotten her existence and the pitiful story of her fate, felt a shock of compassion, indeed almost of awe, when her death was announced in January, 1894. "Is it marvellous," Mr. Melville asks, "that Thackeray was able to see the existence of evil as well as of good in the world? The wonder is that he did not become a second Swift, lashing the world and himself with a savage satire; blaspheming at God, cursing at man, sneering at good and evil alike, in some new 'Gulliver's Travels.' Instead, however, this great sorrow chastened his soul, and made his later writings more sympathetic than his earlier; and the only use he made of his grand power of sarcasm was to chide, nearly always with gentle hand, the follies of his fellow-men, in the endeavour to show to them the path of honour, virtue, goodness, and mercy, which he himself endeavoured to follow." Through his life the fountains of laughter and tears sprang close together, and any breath of wind might shake the tree of sorrow. "I hear you have written a book upon Ireland, and are always making fun of the Irish; you don't like us," said Trollope's groom to him one day. "God help me!" replied Thackeray, turning away his head, as his eyes filled at the thought of his wife, born in County Cork, "all that I have loved best in the world is Irish."

It is strange to think that Thackeray should have been so long mistaken for an embittered cynic, though, if I do not err, the evil tradition has not yet wholly died out. But neither in his life nor in his books was he the sneering misanthrope he was so often represented to be. He had, it is true, a penetrating eye for all manner of shams and impostures and insincerities, and he plucked off their gaudy masks with a ruthless hand, but no man was ever more tender and considerate towards human weakness or distress. Side by side with the trenchant and fearless spirit of the man of the world ran the spirit of childhood, frank, innocent, and gay. Ample evidence might surely be produced to substantiate this view, but I will content myself with an incident which Mr. Melville quotes from an article by Miss Corkran in *Temple Bar*, 1888, and which may still be unknown to some of my readers. "I can distinctly recall," she writes, "the big, white head, the spectacles, the rosy face, and the sweet, sunny smile which positively illumined his countenance and made it almost beautiful. I grew to love the broad broken nose, and used to wonder how a boy at any period could have been so wildly audacious as to punch that feature. I wondered at the softness and the gentleness of his voice and manner, and why so great an author should care to come amongst us children in such a simple friendly way. He had a formidable appearance, being over six feet, and broad in proportion. But evidently he was not too tall or too great to take an interest in our childish games. . . . One late afternoon, after having told us delightful stories, Mr. Thackeray remarked that he must leave at once, he was so terribly hungry. We coaxed him to remain, and told him we really could give him a good dinner. 'There is nothing, my dears, you can give me,' he answered, with a funny little sigh; 'for I could only eat a chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant.' 'Yes, I tan,' exclaimed my three-year-old sister; and we saw her disappear into a big cupboard. She emerged a few seconds later, with a look of triumph on her fat little face, holding in her hands a wooden rhinoceros and elephant from her Noah's Ark; and putting the two animals on a plate, she handed them with great gravity to Mr. Thackeray. Never can I forget the look of delight on the great man's face; how he laughed and rubbed his hands with glee; and then, taking the child up in his arms, kissed her, remarking, 'Ah, little rogue, you already know the value of a kiss.' Then he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips, and pretended to devour the elephant and rhinoceros."

To account for the fact that even in his thirty-sixth year Thackeray was practically unknown outside his own circle, Mr. Melville advances what seems to be a satisfactory explanation—he "had not given the public a fair chance to discover him." A vast amount of his work was anonymous; when he did sign it was, with three exceptions, some fantastic pseudonym. Had he stuck to one name it would have been familiar enough, but that very familiarity, as Thackeray himself perceived, would have had serious disadvantages. The name of the most gifted writer becomes cheap when it is sown broadcast over newspapers and periodicals. Mr. Melville's explanation, plausible in itself, is confirmed by the surprise with which many will discover the enormous amount of work Thackeray actually did during the years in which he met with scant recognition. Similarly Mr. Melville has hit on the best answer to those who have confessed themselves unable to understand how Thackeray could have known sufficient of the Upper Ten to be able to depict society in "Vanity Fair." Their contention that it was only the success of that book which gave him the *ntrée* to that exclusive world is little warranted. Thackeray was socially of good standing, at Cambridge he made lasting friendships with the best men of his time, during his stay abroad he moved among people of rank and breeding. That is one side of the matter; on the other, a man born "gentle" may learn a good deal of the Upper Ten without actually being included in the magic circle.

As to "Vanity Fair," one reflects with amazement that not only did the earlier numbers fail to attract attention, but the advisability of stopping the publication was mooted. Fortunately as the story advanced the sale increased rapidly, but even at the climax of success the circulation was only about six thousand copies, while the parts of Dickens's novels ran into scores of thousands. Like "Jane Eyre," "Vanity Fair" is still instanced as one of the famous books which were hawked about from publisher to publisher. "Barabbas" has doubtless many sins to answer for, but this was not of them. On the noble heritage of fiction which he has bequeathed to us it is unnecessary to dwell, unless it be to note that two works which he projected were never written—a History of the Reign of Queen Anne and a novel of the time of Henry V., "in which the ancestors of my present characters, Warringtons, Pendennises, and the rest, shall be introduced; it will be a most magnificent performance, and nobody will read it." Mr. Melville describes in detail his lecturing tours at home and in America: the real point of interest about them is that they were undertaken to provide for his girls and their mother after he was gone. That seems to have been his chief anxiety and aim in life. Doubtless he was stimulated by the success of his work and by the exhilaration of the mere act of creation; but long before the weariness of overwork fell upon him he was hopeful of obtaining some official post in which he might enjoy comparative rest. Towards the end his burthen grew heavy on his shoulders. "I never take up the pen without an effort. I write only from necessity." "I would like to rest my head in some quiet corner." When the hour of his rest at last came, he was aged and worn out at fifty-two. "His hands," said Dickens, who saw him lying in his coffin shrunken and wasted, "were quite thin, like those of an old man of eighty." It is good to think that a few days before his death the old quarrel between the two novelists was composed at last. They met on the steps of the Athenæum, and passed each other; "then Thackeray turned back, and with outstretched hand went up to Dickens and said he could no longer bear to be on any but the old terms of friendship; and the men shook hands heartily, and once again were friends." The Middle Temple, of which he was a member, asked to be allowed to bury him in the Temple, where Goldsmith lies, but the offer was declined, and fifteen hundred persons, including the foremost men of art and letters, were assembled in Kensal Green Cemetery when his remains were committed to the earth. Nearly thirty years later his wife was laid beside him.

Few, I take it, will demur to the terms in which Mr. Melville sums up Thackeray's achievements and the range of his powers—"a novelist than whom none are greater and few his equal; a poet, in his own line, excelled by none; a writer of the finest burlesque in the language; an art-critic of no mean capacity; a draughtsman and caricaturist almost the equal of Doyle; an essayist who ranks with Addison and Montaigne." Yet it is odd to think that among his brilliant contemporaries there were those who failed to appreciate his greatness. Mr. Ruskin saw in him the "meat fly" which settled on "whatever one had for dinner, and made one sick of it;" and even at the moment when men's judgments of the dead are most generous Matthew Arnold wrote: "I cannot say that I thoroughly liked him, though we were on friendly terms; and he is not, to my thinking, a great writer." Carlyle showed the clearer insight when he said: "He had many fine qualities; no guile or malice against any mortal; a big mass of a soul, but not strong in proportion; a beautiful vein of genius lay straggling about in him. Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style."

A little while ago Mr. E. E. Speight published, under the title "The Temple Reader," the most delightful and at the same time the most judicious selection from English literature that I am acquainted with. A companion volume of the same series, "Stories from the Northern Sagas," selected from various translations and edited by Albany F. Major and E. E. Speight (Horace Marshall & Son, 1s. net), has just appeared; and though it will probably appeal to a narrower circle of readers, it is an admirable introduction to the enthralling chronicles of Viking raids and adventures. Here will be found, among other mighty feats, the Norse account of the Battle of Stamford Bridge, the story of the discovery of America by Leif the son of Eric the Red, and the Breaking of London Bridge by King Olaf the Saint, and, best of all, perhaps, the series of incidents and adventures from the Saga of King Olaf Tryggvasson. Those who remember the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" will know what fresh and stirring romance goes to the making of the Norse Sagas.

In his "Cluster of Quiet Thoughts" Mr. Langbridge revealed his possession of a quite wonderful gift for packing not only thought but emotion into veritable nutshells of verse. Where most other poets would demand pages, he asks for a couplet or a quatrain; when he takes a whole page it must seem to him that he has the amplitude of stellar space for his portion. Even his titles he converts into seed-plots, which break into flower when you are in the right mood. Consider these, for instance: "Have a wide Chimney-corner to thy Heart," "None covers his Life with his Hat," "Truth finds Grass outside thy Paddock," "Work and Rest are both Builders," "Rise with the Lark, and with the Lark to Heaven." The best proof of work of this kind, however, is "the preein' o't." Let us "pree."

IT IS THE TRIFLES MATTER MOST

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,
But little ones go in and out all day.

RISE WITH THE LARK, AND WITH THE LARK TO HEAVEN

Prayer is the matin lark that sings,
Bathed in pure heaven, elate, apart;
Then, dropping earthward, folds her wings,
And sits upon the heart.

SIN HAS A SIN ON EITHER ARM

"Who knocks so loud?'—" A little lonely Sin.'
"Slip through," we answer, and all Hell is in.

The title of the small volume of which I am speaking is "Little Tapers: a Day-book of Verses," and it is published by the Religious Tract Society.

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